

OLD AND NEW LONDON.









A WATERMAN IN DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE.

# OLD AND NEW LONDON

*A NARRATIVE OF*  
ITS HISTORY, ITS PEOPLE, AND ITS PLACES.

BY JOHN R. F. GARDNER

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.



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## LONDON AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.



WRITING the history of a vast city like London is like writing a history of the ocean—the area is so vast, its inhabitants are so multifarious, the treasures that lie in its depths so countless. What aspect of the great chameleon city shall one select? for, as Boswell, with more than his usual sense, once remarked, “London is to the politician merely a seat of government, to the grazier a cattle market, to the merchant a huge exchange, to the dramatic enthusiast a congeries of theatres, to the man of pleasure an assemblage of taverns.” If we follow one path alone, we must neglect other roads equally important; let us, then, consider the metropolis as a whole, for, as Johnson’s friend well says, “the intellectual man is struck with London as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible.” In histories, in biographies, in scientific records, and in chronicles of the past, however humble, let us gather materials for a record of the great and the wise, the base and the noble, the odd and the witty, who have inhabited London and left their names upon its walls. Wherever the glimmer of the cross of St. Paul’s can be seen, we shall wander from street to alley, from alley to street, noting almost every event of interest that has taken place there since London became a city.

Had it been our lot to write of London before the Great Fire, we should have only had to visit 65,000 houses. If in Dr. Johnson's time, we might have done like energetic Dr. Birch, and have perambulated the twenty-mile circuit of London in six hours' hard walking; but who now could put a girdle round the metropolis in less than double that time? The houses now grow by streets at a time, and the nearly four million inhabitants would take a lifetime to study. Addison probably knew something of London when he called it "an aggregate of various nations, distinguished from each other by their respective customs, manners, and interests—the St. James's courtiers from the Cheapside citizens, the Temple lawyers from the Smithfield drovers;" but what would the *Spectator* say now to the 157,600 domestic servants, the 33,600 commercial clerks, the 31,600 carpenters, the 22,900 dressmakers, the 31,000 shoemakers, the 23,500 tailors, the 12,000 butchers, the 7,100 publicans, &c., to which the population returns of 1871 depose, all of whom he would have to observe and visit before he could say he knew all the ways, customs, humours—the joys and sorrows, in fact—of this great centre of civilisation?

The houses of old London are incrustated as thick with anecdotes, legends, and traditions as an old ship is with barnacles. Strange stories about strange men grow like moss in every crevice of its bricks. Let us, then, roll together like a great snowball the mass of information that time and our predecessors have accumulated, and reduce it to some shape and form. Old London is passing away even as we dip our pen in the ink, and we would fain erect quickly our itinerant photographic machine, and secure some views of it before it is gone. Roman London, Saxon London, Norman London, Elizabethan London, Stuart London, Queen Anne's London, we shall in turn rifle to fill our museum, on whose shelves the Roman lamp and the vessel full of tears will stand side by side with Vanessa's fan; the sword-knot of Rochester by the note-book of Goldsmith. The history of London is an epitome of the history of England. Few great men indeed that England has produced but have some associations that connect them with London. To be able to recall these associations in a London walk is a pleasure perpetually renewing, and to all intents inexhaustible.

Let us, then, at once, without longer halting at the gate, seize the pilgrim staff and start upon our voyage of discovery, through a dreamland that will be now Goldsmith's, now Gower's, now Shakespeare's, now Pope's London. In Cannon Street, by the

old central milestone of London, grave Romans will meet us and talk of Cæsar and his legions. In Fleet Street we shall come upon Chaucer beating the malapert Franciscan friar; at Temple Bar, stare upwards at the ghastly Jacobite heads. In Smithfield we shall meet Froissart's knights riding to the tournament; in the Strand see the misguided Earl of Essex defending his house against Queen Elizabeth's troops, who are turning towards him the cannon on the roof of St. Clement's church.

But let us first, rather than glance at scattered pictures in a gallery which is so full of them, measure out, as it were, our future walks, briefly, glancing at the special doors where we shall billet our readers. This brief summary will serve to broadly epitomise the subject, and will prove the ceaseless variety of interest which it involves.

We have selected Temple Bar, that old gateway, as a point of departure, because it is the centre, as near as can be, of historical London. It is in itself full of interest. We begin with it as a rude wooden building, which, after the Great Fire, Wren turned into an arch of stone, with a room above, where Messrs. Childs, the bankers, used to store their books and archives. The heads of some of the Rye House conspirators, in Charles II.'s time, first adorned the Bar; and after that, one after the other, many rash Jacobite heads, in 1715 and 1745, arrived at the same bad eminence. In many a royal procession and many a City riot, this gate has figured as a halting-place and a point of defence. The last rebel's head was blown down in 1772; and the last spike was not removed till the beginning of the present century. In the Popish Plot days of Charles II. vast processions used to come to Temple Bar to illuminate the supposed statue of Queen Elizabeth, in the south-east niche (though it probably really represented Anne of Denmark); and at great bonfires at the Temple gate the frenzied people burned effigies of the Pope, while thousands of squibs were discharged, with shouts that frightened the Popish Portuguese Queen, at that time living at Somerset House, forsaken by her dissolute scapegrace of a husband.

Turning our faces now towards the black dome that rises like a half-eclipsed planet over Ludgate Hill, we first pass along Fleet Street, a locality full to overflowing with ancient memorials, and in its modern aspect not less interesting. This street has been from time immemorial the high road for royal processions. Richard II. has passed along here to St. Paul's, his parti-coloured robes jingling with golden bells; and Queen Elizabeth, be-ruffled and be-fardingaled, has glanced at those gable-ends east



of St. Dunstan's, as she rode in her cumbrous plumed coach to thank God at St. Paul's for the scattering and shattering of the Armada. Here Cromwell, a king in all but name and twice a king by nature, received the keys of the City, as he rode to Guildhall to preside at the banquet of the obsequious Mayor. William of Orange and Queen Anne both plattered over these stones to return thanks for victories over the French; so did George III., when he came to thank God for his partial restoration from insanity; and so did Queen Victoria in 1872, to give thanks for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from grievous sickness.

We recall many odd figures in this street: the old printers who succeeded Caxton, who published for Shakespeare or who timidly speculated in Milton's epic, that great product of a sorry age; next, the old bankers, who, at Child's and Hoare's, laid the foundations of permanent wealth, and from simple City goldsmiths were gradually transformed to great capitalists. Izaak Walton, honest shopkeeper and patient angler, eyes us from his latticed window near Chancery Lane; and close by we see the child Cowley reading the "Fairy Queen" in a window-seat, and already feeling in himself the inspiration of his later years. The lesser celebrities of later times call to us as we pass. Garrick's friend Hardham, of the snuff-shop; and that busy, vain demagogue, Alderman Waithman, whom Cobbett abused because he was not zealous enough for poor hunted Queen Caroline. Then there are the shop where barometers were first sold, the great watchmakers, Tompion and Pinchbeck, to chronicle, and the two churches to notice. St. Dunstan's is interesting for its early preachers, the good Romaine and the pious Baxter; and St. Bride's has anecdotes and legends of its own, and a peal of bells which have in their time excited as much admiration as those giant hammermen at the old St. Dunstan's clock, which are now in Regent's Park. The newspaper offices, too, furnish many curious illustrations of the progress of that great organ of modern civilisation, the press. At the "Devil" we meet Ben Jonson and his club; and at John Murray's old shop we stop to see Byron lunging with his stick at favourite volumes on the shelves, to the bookseller's great but concealed annoyance. Nor do we forget to sketch Dr. Johnson at Temple Bar, bantering his fellow Jacobite, Goldsmith, about the warning heads upon the gate; at Child's bank pausing to observe the dinnerless authors returning downcast at the rejection of brilliant but fruitless proposals; or stopping with Boswell, one hand upon a street post, to shake the night air with his Cyclopean laughter. Varied as the

colours in a kaleidoscope are the figures that will meet us in these perambulations; nautable as an opal are the feelings they arouse. To the man of facts they furnish facts; to the man of imagination, quick-changing fancies; to the man of science, curious memoranda; to the historian, bright-worded details, that vivify old pictures now often dim in tone; to the man of the world, traits of manners; to the general thinker, aspects of feelings and of passions which expand the knowledge of human nature; for all these many-coloured stones are joined by the one golden string of London's history.

But if Fleet Street itself is rich in associations, its side streets, north and south, are yet richer. Here anecdote and story are clustered in even closer compass. In these side bins lies hid the choicest wine; for when Fleet Street had long since become two vast rows of shops, authors, wits, poets, and memorable persons of all kinds, still inhabited the "closes" and alleys that branch from the main thoroughfare. Nobles and lawyers long dwelt round St. Dunstan's and St. Bride's. Scholars, poets, and literati of all kind, long sought refuge from the grind and busy roar of commerce in the quiet inns and "closes," north and south. In what was Shire Lane we come upon the great Kit-Kat Club, where Addison, Garth, Steele, and Congreve disported; and we look in on that very evening when the Duke of Kingston, with fatherly pride, brought his little daughter, afterwards Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and, setting her on the table, proposed her as a toast. Following the lane down till it becomes a nest of coiners, thieves, and bullies, we pass on to Bell Yard, to call on Pope's lawyer friend, Fortescue; and in Chancery Lane we are deep among the lawyers again. Ghosts of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce, from the Middle Ages downwards, haunt this thoroughfare, where Wolsey once lived in his pride and state. Izaak Walton dwelt in this lane once upon a time; and that mischievous adviser of Charles I., the Earl of Strafford, was born here. Hazlitt resided in Southampton Buildings when he fell in love with the tailor's daughter and wrote that most stultifying confession of his vanity and weakness, "The New Pygmalion." Fetter Lane brings us fresh stores of subjects, all essentially connected with the place, deriving an interest from and imparting a new interest to it. Praise-God-Barebones, Dryden, Otway, Baxter, and Mrs. Brownrigg form truly a strange bouquet. By mutual contrast the incongruous group serves, however, to illustrate various epochs of London life, and the background serves to explain the actions and the social position of each and all these motley beings.



In Crane Court, the early home of the Royal Society, Newton is the central personage; and we tarry to sketch the progress of science and to smile at the crudity of its early experiments and theories. In Bolt Court we pause to see a great man die. Here especially Dr. Johnson's figure ever stands like a statue, and we shall find his black servant at the door and his dependents wrangling in the front parlour. Burke and Boswell are on their way to call, and Reynolds is taking coach in the adjoining street. Nor is even Shoe Lane without its associations, for at the north-east end the corpse of poor, dishonoured Chatterton lies still under some neglected rubbish heap; and close by the brilliant Cavalier poet, Lovelace, pined and perished, almost in beggary.

The southern side of Fleet Street is somewhat less noticeable. Still, in Salisbury Square the worthy old printer Richardson, amid the din of a noisy office, wrote his great and pathetic novels; while in Mitre Buildings Charles Lamb held those delightful conversations, so full of quaint and kindly thoughts, which were shared in by Hazlitt and all the people whom Lamb has immortalised in "Elia"—bibulous Burney, George Dyer, Holcroft, Coleridge, Hone, Godwin, and Leigh Hunt.

Whitefriars and Blackfriars are our next places of pilgrimage, and they open up quite new lines of reading and of thought. Though the Great Fire swept them bare, no district of London has preserved its old lines so closely; and, walking in Whitefriars, we can still stare through the gate that once barred off the brawling Copper Captains of Charles II.'s *Alsatia* from the contemptuous Templars of King's Bench Walk. Whitefriars was at first a Carmelite convent, founded, before Blackfriars, on land given by Edward I.; the chapter-house was given by Henry VII. to his physician, Dr. Butts (a man mentioned by Shakespeare), and in the reign of Edward VI. the church was demolished. Whitefriars then, though still partially inhabited by great people, soon sank into a sanctuary for runaway bankrupts, cheats, and gamblers. The hall of the monastery was turned into a theatre, where many of Dryden's plays first appeared. The players favoured this quarter, where, in the reign of James I., two henchmen of Lord Sanquhar, a revengeful young Scottish nobleman, shot at his own door a poor fencing-master, who had accidentally put out their master's eye several years before in a contest of skill. The two men were hung opposite the Whitefriars gate in Fleet Street. This disreputable and lawless nest of river-side alleys was called *Alsatia*, from its resemblance to the seat of the war then raging on the frontiers of France, in the dominions

of King James's son-in-law, the Prince Palatine. Its roystering bullies and shifty money-lenders are admirably sketched by Shadwell in his *Squire of Alsatia*, an excellent comedy freely used by Sir Walter Scott in his "Fortunes of Nigel," who has laid several of his strongest scenes in this once scampish region. That great scholar Selden lived in Whitefriars with the Countess Dowager of Kent, whom he was supposed to have married; and, singularly enough, the best edition of his works was printed in Dogwell Court, Whitefriars, by those eminent printers, Bowyer & Son. At the back of Whitefriars we come upon Bridewell, the site of a palace of the Norman kings. Cardinal Wolsey afterwards owned the house, which Henry VIII. reclaimed in his rough and not very scrupulous manner. It was the old palace to which Henry summoned all the priors and abbots of England, and where he first announced his intention of divorcing Katherine of Arragon. After this it fell into decay. The good Ridley, the martyr, begged it of Edward VI. for a workhouse and a school. Hogarth painted the female prisoners here beating hemp under the lash of a cruel turnkey; and Pennant has left a curious sketch of the herd of girls whom he saw run like hounds to be fed when a gaoler entered.

If Whitefriars was inhabited by actors, Blackfriars was equally favoured by players and by painters. The old convent, removed from Holborn, was often used for Parliaments. Charles V. lodged here when he came over to win Henry against Francis; and Burbage, the great player of "Richard the Third," built a theatre in Blackfriars, because the Precinct was out of the jurisdiction of the City, then ill-disposed to the players. Shakespeare had a house here, which he left to his favourite daughter, the deed of conveyance of which sold, in 1841, for £165 15s. He must have thought of his well-known neighbourhood when he wrote the scenes of Henry VIII., where Katherine was divorced and Wolsey fell, for both events were decided in Blackfriars Parliaments. Oliver, the great miniature painter, and Jansen, a favourite portrait painter of James I., lived in Blackfriars, where we shall call upon them; and Vandyke spent nine happy years here by the river side. The most remarkable event connected with Blackfriars is the falling in of the floor of a Roman Catholic private chapel in 1623, by which fifty-nine persons perished, including the priest, to the exultation of the Puritans, who pronounced the event a visitation of Heaven on Popish superstition. Pamphlets of the time, well rummaged by us, describe the scene with curious exactness, and mention the slaughter

escapes of several persons on the "Fatal Vespers," as they were afterwards called.

Leaving the racket of Alsatia and its wild doings behind us, we come next to that great monastery of lawyers, the Temple—like Whitefriars and Blackfriars, also the site of a bygone convent. The warlike Templars came here in their white cloaks and red crosses from their first establishment in Southampton Buildings, and they held it during all the Crusades, in which they fought so valorously against the Paynim, till they grew proud and corrupt, and were suspected of worshipping idols and ridiculing Christianity. Their work done, they perished, and the Knights of St John took possession of their halls, church, and cloisters. The incoming lawyers became tenants of the Crown, and the parade-ground of the Templars and the river-side terrace and gardens were tenanted by more peaceful occupants. The manners and customs of the lawyers of various ages, their quaint revels, fox-huntings in hall, and dances round the coal fire, deserve special notice, and swarms of anecdotes and odd sayings and doings buzz round us as we write of the various denizens of the Temple—Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Lamb, Coke, Plowden, Jefferies, Cowper, Butler, Parsons, Sheridan, and Tom Moore; and we linger at the pretty little fountain and think of those who have celebrated its praise. Every binn of this cellar of lawyers has its story, and a volume might well be written in recording the toils and struggles, successes and failures, of the illustrious owners of Temple chambers.

Thence we pass to Ludgate, where that old London inn, the "Belle Sauvage," calls up associations of the early days of theatres, especially of Banks and his wonderful performing horse, that walked up one of the towers of Old St. Paul's. Hone's shop will remind us of the delightful books he published, aided by Lamb and Leigh Hunt. The ancient entrance of the city, Ludgate, has quite a history of its own. It was a debtors' prison, rebuilt in the time of King John from the remains of demolished Jewish houses, and was enlarged by the widow of Stephen Forster, Lord Mayor in the reign of Henry VI., who, tradition says, had been himself a prisoner in Ludgate, till released by a rich widow, who saw his handsome face through the grate, and married him. St. Martin's Church, Ludgate, is one of Wren's churches, and is chiefly remarkable for its stolid conceit in always getting in the way of the west front of St. Paul's.

The great Cathedral has been the scene of events that illustrate almost every age of English history. This is the third St. Paul's. The first, often supposed to have been built on the site of a Roman

temple of Diana, was burnt down in the last year of William the Conqueror. Innumerable events connected with the history of the City happened here, from the killing a bishop at the north door, in the reign of Edward II., to the public exposure of Richard II.'s body after his murder; while at the Cross in the churchyard the authorities of the City, and even our kings, often attended the public sermons, and in the same place the citizens once held their Folk-motes, riotous enough on many an occasion. Great men's tombs abounded in Old St. Paul's—John of Gaunt, Lord Bacon's father, Sir Philip Sydney, Donne, the poet, and Vandyke being very prominent among them. Fired by lightning in Elizabeth's reign, when the Cathedral had become a resort of newsmongers and a thoroughfare for porters and carriers, it was partly rebuilt in Charles I.'s reign by Inigo Jones. The repairs were stopped by the civil wars, when the Puritans seized the funds, pulled down the scaffolding, and turned the church into a cavalry barrack. The Great Fire swept all clear for Wren, who now found a fine field for his genius; but vexatious difficulties embarrassed him at the very outset. His first great plan was rejected, and the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) is said to have insisted on side recesses, that might serve as chantry chapels when the church became Roman Catholic. Wren was accused of delays and chidden for the faults of petty workmen, and, as the Duchess of Marlborough laughingly remarked, was dragged up and down in a basket two or three times a week for a paltry £200 a year. The narrow escape of Sir James Thornhill from falling from a scaffold while painting the dome is a tradition of St. Paul's, matched by the terrible adventure of Mr. Gwyn, who when measuring the dome slid down the convex surface till his foot was stayed by a small projecting lump of lead. This leads us naturally on to the curious monomaniac who believed himself the slave of a demon who lived in the bell of the Cathedral, and whose case is singularly deserving of analysis. We shall give a short sketch of the heroes whose tombs have been admitted into St. Paul's, and having come to those of the great demi-gods of the old wars, Nelson and Wellington, pass to anecdotes about the clock and bells, and arrive at the singular story of the soldier whose life was saved by his proving that he had heard St. Paul's clock strike thirteen. Queen Anne's statue in the churchyard, too, has given rise to epigrams worthy of preservation, and the progress of the restoration of the Cathedral will be carefully detailed.

Cheapside, famous from the Battle of Marston, which our wandering feet. The north side of the river was a field as late as the reign of Edward I.

and tournaments were held there. The knights, whose deeds Froissart has immortalised, broke spears there, in the presence of the Queen and her ladies, who smiled on their champions from a wooden tower erected across the street. Afterwards a stone shed was raised for the same sights, and

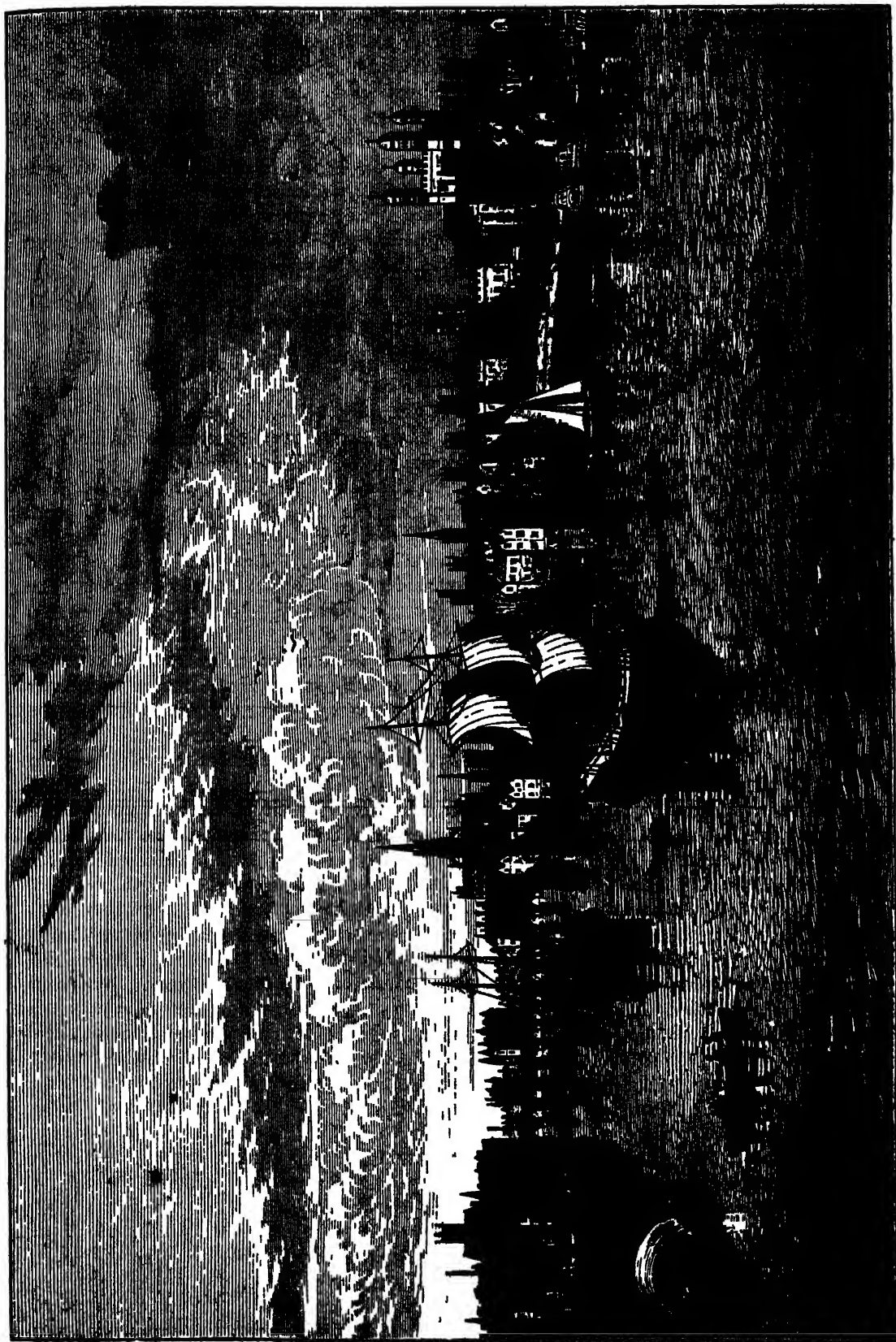
rising, who was besieged there, and eventually burned out and put to death. The great Cross of Cheapside recalls many interesting associations, for it was one of the nine Eleanor crosses. Regit for many coronations, it was eventually pulled down by the Puritans during the civil wars. Then



THE OLD WOODEN TEMPLE BAR (see page 2).  
*As Erected in the Reign of James I*

there Henry VIII, disguised as a yeoman, with a halbert on his shoulder, came on one occasion to see the great City procession of the night watch by torchlight on St. John's Eve. Wren afterwards, when he rebuilt Bow Church, provided a balcony in the tower for the Royal Family to witness similar pageants. Old Bow Church, we must not forget to record, was seized in the reign of Richard I. by Longbeard, the desperate ringleader of a Saxon

there was the Standard, near Bow Church, where Wat Tyler and Jack Cade beheaded several objectionable nobles and citizens; and the great Conduit at the east end—each with its memorable history. But the great feature of Cheapside is, after all, Guildhall. This is the hall which Whittington paved and where Walworth once ruled. In Guildhall Lady Jane Grey and her husband were tried; here the Jesuit Garnet was arraigned



SOUTH-EAST VIEW OF LONDON IN 1890.  
*From an Engraving by Wood, in Mr. Crerar's Collection.*

for his share in the Gunpowder Plot; here also Charles I. appealed to the Common Council to arrest Hampden and the other patriots who had fled from his eager claws into the friendly City; and here, in the spot still sacred to liberty, the Lords and Parliament declared for the Prince of Orange. To pass this spot without some salient anecdotes of the various Lord Mayors would be a disgrace; and the banquets themselves, from that of Whittington, when he threw Henry V.'s bonds for £60,000 into a spice bonfire, to those in the present reign, deserve some notice and comment. The curiosities of Guildhall in themselves are not to be lightly passed over, for they record many vicissitudes of the great City; and Gog and Magog are personages of importance secondary only to that of Lord Mayor.

Then the Mansion House, built in 1789, leads us to much chat about "gold chains, warm furs, broad banners and broad faces;" for a folio might be well filled with curious anecdotes of the Lord Mayors of various ages—from Sir John Norman, who first went in procession to Westminster by water, to Sir John Shorter (James II.), who was killed by a fall from his horse as he stopped at Newgate, according to custom, to take a tankard of wine, nutmeg, and sugar. There is a word to say of many a celebrity in the long roll of Mayors—more especially of Beckford, who is said to have startled George III. by a violent patriotic remonstrance, and of the notorious John Wilkes, that ugly demagogue, who led the City in many an attack on the King and his unwise Ministers.

The tributaries of Cheapside also abound in interest, and mark various stages in the history of the great City. Bread Street was the bread market of the time of Edward I., and is especially honoured for being the birthplace of Milton; and in Milk Street (the old milk market) Sir Thomas More was born. Gutter Lane reminds us of its first Danish owner; and many other turnings have their memorable legends and traditions.

The Halls of the City Companies, the great hospitals, and Gothic schools, will each by turn detain us; and we shall not forget to call at the Bank, the South-Sea House, and other great proofs of past commercial folly and present wealth. The Bank, projected by a Scotch theorist in 1691 (William III.), after many migrations, settled down in Threadneedle Street in 1734. It has a history of its own, and we shall see during the Gordon Riots the old pewter inkstands melted down for bullets, and, prodigy of prodigies! Wilkes himself rushing out to seize the cowardly ringleaders!

By many old houses of good pedigree and by several City churches worthy a visit, we come at last to the Monument, which Wren erected and which Cibber decorated. This pillar, which Pope compared to "a tall bully," once bore an inscription that greatly offended the Court. It attributed the Great Fire of London, which began close by there, to the Popish faction; but the words were erased in 1831. Littleton, who compiled the Dictionary, once wrote a Latin inscription for the Monument, which contained the names of seven Lord Mayors in one word:—

"Fordo-Watermanno-Harrisono-Hookero-Vinero-Sheldono-Davisonam."

But the learned production was, singularly enough, never used. The word, which Littleton called "an heptastic vocable," comprehended the names of the seven Lord Mayors in whose mayoralties the Monument was begun, continued, and completed.

On London Bridge we might linger for many chapters. The first bridge thrown over the Thames was a wooden one, erected by the nuns of St. Mary's Monastery, a convent of sisters endowed by the daughter of a rich Thames ferryman. The bridge figures as a fortified place in the early Danish invasions, and the Norwegian Prince Olaf nearly dragged it to pieces in trying to dispossess the Danes, who held it in 1008. It was swept away in a flood, and its successor was burnt. In the reign of Henry II., Pious Peter, a chaplain of St. Mary Colechurch, in the Poultry, built a stone bridge a little further west, and the king helped him with the proceeds of a tax on wool, which gave rise to the old saying that "London Bridge was built upon woolpacks." Peter's bridge was a curious structure, with nineteen pointed arches and a drawbridge. There was a fortified gatehouse at each end, and a gothic chapel towards the centre, dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, the murdered Archbishop of Canterbury. In Queen Elizabeth's reign there were shops on either side, with flat roofs, arbours, and gardens, and at the south end rose a great four-storey wooden house, brought from Holland, which was covered with carving and gilding. In the Middle Ages, London Bridge was the scene of affrays of all kinds. Soon after it was built, the houses upon it caught fire at both ends, and 3,000 persons perished, wedged in among the flames. Henry III. was driven back here by the rebellious De Montfort, Earl of Leicester. Wat Tyler entered the City by London Bridge; and, later, Richard II. was received here with gorgeous ceremonies. It was the scene of one of Henry V.'s greatest triumphs, and also



of his stately funeral procession. Jack Cade seized London Bridge, and as he passed slashed in two the ropes of the drawbridge, though soon after his head was stuck on the gate-house. From this bridge the rebel Wyatt was driven by the guns of the Tower; and in Elizabeth's reign water-works were erected on the bridge. There was a great conflagration on the bridge in 1632, and eventually the Great Fire almost destroyed it. In the Middle Ages countless rebels' heads were stuck on the gate-houses of London Bridge. Brave Wallace's was placed there; and so were the heads of Henry VIII.'s victims—Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Sir Thomas More, the latter trophy being carried off by the stratagem of his brave daughter. Garnet, the Gunpowder-Plot Jesuit, also contributed to the ghastly triumphs of justice. Several celebrated painters, including Hogarth, lived at one time or another on the bridge; and Swift and Pope used to frequent the shop of a witty bookseller, who lived under the northern gate. One or two celebrated suicides have taken place at London Bridge, and among these we may mention that of Sir William Temple's son, who was Secretary of War, and Eustace Budgell, a broken-down author, who left behind him as an apology the following sophism:—

"What Cato did and Addison approved, cannot be wrong."

Pleasanter is it to remember the anecdote of the brave apprentice, who leaped into the Thames from the window of a house on the bridge to save his master's infant daughter, whom a careless nurse had dropped into the river. When the girl grew up, many noble suitors came, but the generous father was obdurate. "No," said the honest citizen; "Osborne saved her, and Osborne shall have her." And so he had; and Osborne's great grandson throve and became the first Duke of Leeds. The frequent loss of lives in shooting the arches of the old bridge, where the fall was at times five feet, led at last to a cry for a new bridge, and one was commenced in 1824. Rennie designed it, and in 1831 William IV. and Queen Adelaide opened it. One hundred and twenty thousand tons of stone went to its formation. The old bridge was not entirely removed till 1832, when the bones of the builder, Pious Peter of Colechurch, were found in the crypt of the central chapel, where tradition had declared they lay. The iron of the piles of the old bridge was bought by a cutler in the Strand, and produced steel of the highest quality. Part of the old stone was purchased by Alderman

Harmer, to build his house, Ingress Abbey, near Greenhithe.

Southwark, a Roman station and cemetery, is by no means without a history. It was burned by William the Conqueror, and had been the scene of battles against the Danes. It possessed palaces, monasteries, a mint, and fortifications. The Bishops of Winchester and Rochester once lived here in splendour; and the locality boasted its four Elizabethan theatres. The Globe was Shakespeare's summer theatre, and here it was that his greatest triumphs were attained. What was acted there is best told by making Shakespeare's share in the management distinctly understood; nor can we leave Southwark without visiting the "Tabard Inn," from whence Chaucer's nine-and-twenty jovial pilgrims set out for Canterbury.

The Tower rises next before our eyes; and as we pass under its battlements the grimmest and most tragic scenes of English history seem again rising before us. Whether Cæsar first built a tower here or William the Conqueror, may never be decided; but one thing is certain, that more tears have been shed within these walls than anywhere else in London. Every stone has its story. Here Wallace, in chains, thought of Scotland; here Queen Anne Boleyn placed her white hands round her slender neck, and said the headsman would have little trouble. Here Catharine Howard, Sir Thomas More, Cranmer, Northumberland, Lady Jane Grey, Wyatt, and the Earl of Essex all perished. Here, Clarence was drowned in a butt of wine and the two boy princes were murdered. Many victims of kings, many kingly victims, have here perished. Many patriots have here sighed for liberty. The poisoning of Overbury is a mystery of the Tower, the perusal of which never wearies though the dark secret be unsolvable; and we can never cease sympathise with that brave woman, the Countess of Nithsdale, who risked her life to save her husband's. From Laud and Strafford we turn to Eliot and Hutchinson—for Cavaliers and Puritans were both by turns prisoners in the Tower. From Lord William Russell and Algernon Sydney we come down in the chronicle of suffering to the Jacobites of 1715 and 1745; from them to Wilkes, Lord George Gordon, Burdett, and, last of all the Tower prisoners, to the infamous Thistlewood.

Leaving the crimson scaffold on Tower Hill, we return as sightseers to glance over the armoury and to catch the sparkle of the Royal jewels. Here is the identical crown which the daring villain, Blood, stole, and the heart-shaped ruby that the Black Prince once wore; here we see the swords, sceptres, and diadems of many of our monarchs. In the

armour are suits on which many lances have splintered and swords struck; the imperishable steel clothes of many a dead king are here, unchanged since the owners doffed them. This suit was the Earl of Leicester's—the "Kenilworth" earl, for see his cognizance of the bear and ragged staff on the horse's chanfron. This richly-gilt suit was worn by the ill-starred son of James II., Prince Henry, who, as many thought, was poisoned by Buckingham; and this quaint mask, with ram's horns and spectacles, belonged to Will Somers, Henry VIII.'s jester.

From the Tower we break away into the far east, among the old clothes shops, the bird markets, the costermongers, and the weavers of Whitechapel and Spitalfields. We are far from jewels here and Court splendour, and we come to plain working people and their homely ways. Spitalfields was the site of a priory of Augustine canons, however, and has ancient traditions of its own. The weavers, of French origin, are an interesting race—we shall have to sketch their sayings and doings; and we shall search Whitechapel diligently for old houses and odd people. The district may not furnish so many interesting scenes and anecdotes as the West End, but it is well worthy of study from many modern points of view.

Smithfield and Holborn are regions fertile in associations. Smithfield, that broad plain, the scene of so many martyrdoms, tournaments, and executions, forms an interesting subject for a diversified chapter. In this market-place the ruffians of Henry VIII.'s time met to fight out their quarrels with sword and buckler. Here the brave Wallace was executed like a common robber; and here "the gentle Mortimer" was led to a shameful death. The spot was the scene of great jousts in Edward III.'s chivalrous reign, when, after the battle of Poitiers, the Kings of France and Scotland came seven days running to see spears shivered and "the Lady of the Sun" bestow the prizes of valour. In this same field Walworth slew the rebel Wat Tyler, who had treated Richard II. with insolence, and by this prompt blow dispersed the insurgents, who had grown so dangerously strong. In Henry VIII.'s reign poisoners were boiled to death in Smithfield; and in cruel Mary's reign the Protestant martyrs were burned in the same place. "Of the two hundred and seventy-seven persons burnt for heresy in Mary's reign," says a modern antiquary, "the greater number perished in Smithfield; and ashes and charred bodies have been dug up opposite to the gateway of Bartholomew's Church and at the west end of Long Lane." After the Great Fire the houseless citizens were sheltered here in tents. Over against the corner where the

Great Fire abated is Cock Lane, the scene of the rapping ghost, in which Dr. Johnson believed and concerning which Goldsmith wrote a catchpenny pamphlet.

Holborn and its tributaries come next, and are by no means deficient in legends and matter of general interest. "The original name of the street was the Hollow Bourne," says a modern etymologist, "not the Old Bourne;" it was not paved till the reign of Henry V. The ride up "the Heavy Hill" from Newgate to Tyburn has been sketched by Hogarth and sung by Swift. In Ely Place once lived the Bishop of Ely; and in Hatton Garden resided Queen Elizabeth's favourite, the dancing chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton. In Furnival's Inn Dickens wrote "Pickwick." In Barnard's Inn died the last of the alchemists. In Staple's Inn Dr. Johnson wrote "Rasselas," to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral. In Brooke Street, where Chatterton poisoned himself, lived Lord Brooke, a poet and statesman, who was a patron of Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, and who was assassinated by a servant whose name he had omitted in his will. Milton lived for some time in a house in Holborn that opened at the back on Lincoln's Inn Fields. Fox Court leads us to the curious inquiry whether Savage, the poet, was a conscious or an unconscious impostor; and at the Blue Boar Inn Cromwell and Ireton discovered by stratagem the treacherous letter of King Charles to his queen, that rendered Cromwell for ever the King's enemy. These are only a few of the countless associations of Holborn.

Newgate is a gloomy but an interesting subject for us. Many wild faces have stared through its bars since, in King John's time, it became a City prison. We shall look in on Sarah Malcolm, Mrs. Brownrigg, Jack Sheppard, Governor Wall, and other interesting criminals; we shall stand at Wren's elbow when he designs the new prison, and follow the Gordon Rioters when they storm in over the burning walls.

The Strand stands next to Fleet Street as a central point of old memories. It is not merely full, it positively teems. For centuries it was a fashionable street, and noblemen inhabited the south side especially, for the sake of the river. In Essex Street, on a part of the Temple, Queen Elizabeth's rash favourite (the Earl of Essex) was besieged, after his hopeless foray into the City. In Arundel Street lived the Earls of Arundel; in Buckingham Street Charles I.'s greedy favourite began a palace. There were royal palaces, too, in the Strand, for at the Savoy lived John of Gaunt; old Somerset House was built by the Protector Somerset with

the stones of the churches he had pulled down. Henrietta Maria (Charles I.'s Queen) and poor neglected Catherine of Braganza dwelt at Somerset House; and it was here that Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, the zealous Protestant magistrate, was supposed to have been murdered. There is, too, the history of Lord Burleigh's house (in Cecil Street) to record; and of Northumberland House, with the recollections of its many noble inmates. On the other side of the Strand we have to note Butcher Row (now pulled down), where the Gunpowder Plot conspirators met; Exeter House, where Lord Burleigh's wily son lived; and, finally, Exeter 'Change, where the poet Gay lay in state. Nor shall we forget Cross's menagerie and the elephant Chunee; nor omit mention of many of the eccentric old shopkeepers who once inhabited the 'Change. At Charing Cross we shall stop to see the old Cromwellians die bravely, and to stare at the pillory, where in their time many incomparable scoundrels ignominiously stood. The Nelson Column and the surrounding statues have stories of their own; and St. Martin's Lane is specially interesting as the haunt of half the painters of the early Georgian era. There are anecdotes of Hogarth and his friends to be picked up here in abundance, and the locality generally deserves exploration, from the quaintness and cleverness of its former inhabitants.

In Covent Garden we break fresh ground. We found St. Martin's Lane full of artists, Guildhall full of aldermen, the Strand full of noblemen—the old monastic garden will prove to be crowded with actors. We shall trace the market from the first few sheds under the wall of Bedford House to the present grand temple of Flora and Pomona. We shall see Evans's a new mansion, inhabited by Ben Jonson's friend and patron, Sir Kenelm Digby, alternately tenanted by Sir Harry Vane, Denzil Holles (one of the five refractory members whom Charles I. went to the House of Commons so imprudently to seize), and Admiral Russell, who defeated the French at La Hogue. The ghost of Parson Ford, in which Johnson believed, awaits us at the doorway of the Hummums. There are several duels to witness in the Piazza; Dryden to call upon as he sits, the arbiter of wits, by the fireside at Will's Coffee House; Addison is to be found at Button's; at the "Bedford" we shall meet Garrick and Quin, and stop a moment at Tom King's, close to St. Paul's portico, to watch Hogarth's revellers fight with swords and shovels, that frosty morning when the painter sketched the prim old maid going to early service. We shall look in at the Tavern, where Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller at work on portraits of

beauties of the Carolan and Jacobean Courts; remembering that in the same rooms Sir James Thornhill afterwards painted, and poor Richard Wilson produced those fine landscapes which so few had the taste to buy. The old hustings deserve a word; and we shall have to record the lamentable murder of Miss Ray by her lover, at the north-east angle of the square. The neighbourhood of Covent Garden, too, is rife with stories of great actors and painters, and nearly every house furnishes its quota of anecdote.

The history of Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres supplies us with endless anecdotes of actors, and with humorous and pathetic narratives that embrace the whole region both of tragedy and comedy. Quin's jokes, Garrick's weaknesses, the celebrated O. P. riots, contrast with the miserable end of some popular favourites and the caprices of genius. The oddities of Munden, the humour of Liston, only serve to render the gloom of Kean's downfall more terrible, and to show the wreck and ruin of many unhappy men, equally wilful though less gifted. There is a perennial charm about theatrical stories, and the history of these theatres must be illustrated by many a sketch of the loves and rivalries of actors, their fantastic tricks, their practical jokes, their gay progress to success or ruin. Changes of popular taste are marked by the changes of character in the pieces that have been performed in various ages; and the history of the two theatres will include various illustrative sketches of dramatic writers, as well as actors. There was a vast interval in literature between the tragedies of Addison and Murphy and the comedies of Holcroft, O'Keefe, and Morton; the descent to modern melodrama and burlesque must be traced through various gradations, and the reasons shown for the many modifications both classes of entertainments have undergone.

Westminster, from the night St. Peter came over from Lambeth in the fisherman's boat, and chose a site for the Abbey in the midst of Thorney Island, to the present day, has been a spot where the pilgrim to historic shrines loves to linger. Need we remind our readers that Edward the Confessor built the Abbey, or that William the Conqueror was crowned here, the ceremony ending in tumult and blood? How vast the store of facts upon which we have to cull! We see the Jew being beaten nearly to death for daring to attend the coronation of Richard I.; we observe Edward I. watching the sacred stone of Scotland being rolled beneath his coronation chair; we behold the first time, at Richard II.'s coronation, the challenger being led into the Hall, to challenge all who follow



allegiance; we see, at the funeral of Anne of Bohemia, Richard beating the Earl of Arundel for wishing to leave before the service is over. We hear the *Te Deum* that is sung for the victory of Agincourt, and watch Henry VI. selecting a site for a resting-place; we hear for the last time, at the coronation of Henry VIII., the sanction of the Pope bestowed upon an English monarch; we pity poor Queen Caroline attempting to enter the Abbey to see her worthless husband crowned, and we view

through them: in St. James's seeing Charles II. feeding his ducks or playing "pall-mall;" in Hyde Park observing the fashions and extravagancies of many generations. "Romeo" Coates will whisk past us in his fantastic chariot, and the beaux and oddities of many generations will pace past us in review. There will be celebrated duels to describe, and various strange follies to deride. We shall see Cromwell thrown from his coach, and shall witness the foot-races that Pepys describes. Dryden's



BRIDEWELL IN 1666 (see page 4)

the last coronation, and draw auguries of a purer if not a happier age. The old Hall, too, could we neglect that ancient chamber, where Charles I. was sentenced to death, and where Cromwell was throned in almost regal splendour? We must see it in all its special moments; when the seven bishops were acquitted, and the shout of joy shook London as with an earthquake; and when the rebel lords were tried. We must hear Lord Byron tried for his duel with Mr. Chaworth, and mad Lord Ferrers condemned for shooting his steward. We shall get a side-view of the shameless Duchess of Kingston, and hear Burke and Sheridan grow eloquent over the misdeeds of Warren Hastings.

The parks now draw us westward, and we wander

gallants and masked ladies will receive some mention, and we shall tell of bygone encampments and of many events now almost forgotten.

Kensington will recall many anecdotes of William of Orange, his beloved Queen, stupid Prince George of Denmark, and George II., who all died at the palace, the old seat of the Finches. We are sure to find good company in the gardens. Still as when Tickell sang, every walk

"Seems from afar a moving tulip bed,  
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,  
And chintz, the rival of the showery bow."

There is Newton's house at South Kensington to visit, and Wilkie's and Mrs. Inchbald's; and,

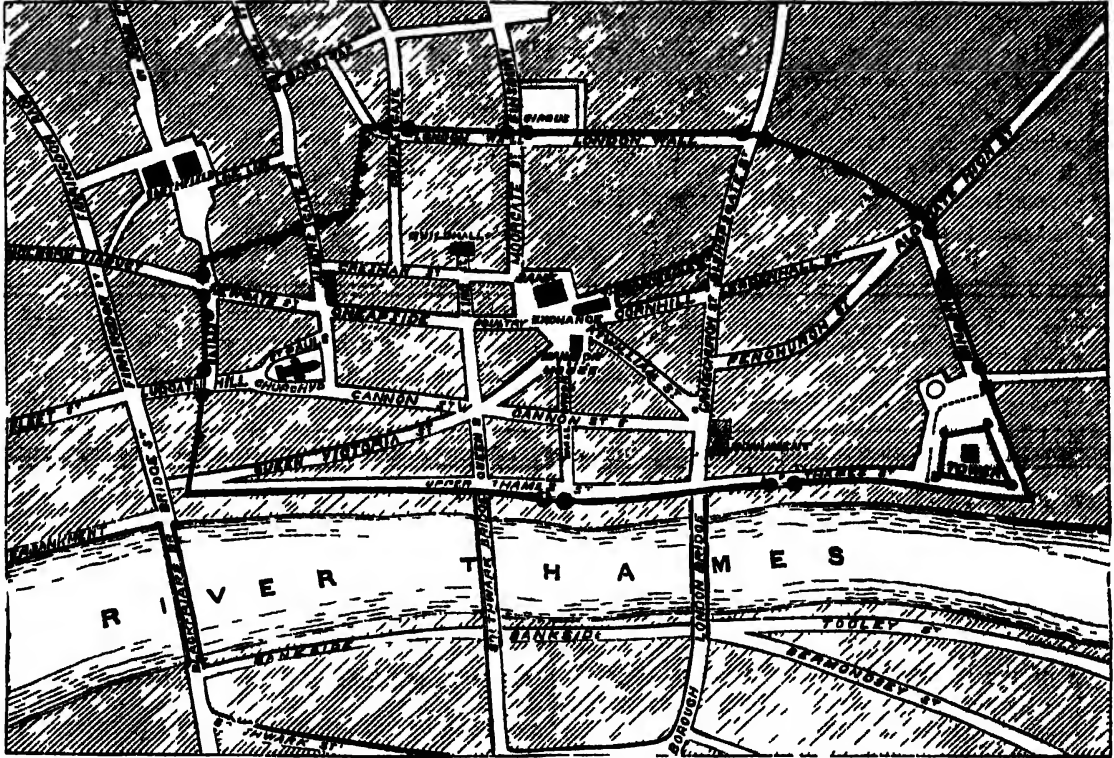
above all, there is Holland House, the scene of the delightful Whig coteries of Tom Moore's time. Here Addison lived to regret his marriage with a lady of rank, and here he died. At Kensington Charles James Fox spent his youth.

And now Chelsea brings us pleasant recollections of Sir Thomas More, Swift, Sir Robert Walpole, and Atterbury. "Chelsith," Sir Thomas More used to call it when Holbein was lodging in his house and King Henry, who afterwards

fiddled. Saltero was a barber, who drew teeth, drew customers, wrote verses, and collected curiosities.

"Some relics of the Sheban queen  
And fragments of the famed Bob Crusoe."

Swift lodged at Chelsea, over against the Jacobite Bishop Atterbury, who so nearly lost his head. In one of his delightful letters to Stella Swift describes "the Old Original Chelsea Bun House," and the r-r-r-rare Chelsea buns. He used to leave his best gown and perriwig at Mrs. Vanhomrig's, in



PART OF MODERN LONDON SHOWING THE ANCIENT WALL (see page 20)

beheaded his old friend, used to come to dinner, and after dinner walk round the garden with his arm round his host's neck. More was fond of walking on the flat roof of his gate-house, which commanded a pleasant prospect of the Thames and the fields beyond. Let us hope the tradition is not true that he used to bind heretics to a tree in his garden. In 1717 Chelsea contained only 350 houses, and these in 1725 had grown to 1,350. There is Cheyne Walk, so called from the Lords Cheyne, owners of the manor; and we must not forget Don Saltero and his famous coffee-house, the oddities of which Steele pleasantly sketched in the *Tatler*. The Don was famous for his skill in brewing punch and for his excellent playing on the

Suffolk Street, then walk up Pall Mall, through the park, out at Buckingham House, and on to Chelsea, a little beyond the church (5,748 steps), he says, in less than an hour, which was leisurely walking even for the contemplative and observant dean. Smollet laid a scene of his "Humphrey Clinker" in Chelsea, where he lived for some time.

The Princess Elizabeth, when a girl, lived at Chelsea, with that dangerous man, with whom she is said to have fallen in love, the Lord Admiral, Seymour, afterwards beheaded. He was the second husband of Katherine Parr, one of the many wives of Elizabeth's father. Cremorne was, in Walpole's days, the villa of Lord Cremorne, an Irish nobleman; and near here, at a river-side

contagiated, in misery and cynical obscurity, the greatest of our modern landscape painters, Turner. Then there is Chelsea Hospital to visit. This hospital was built by Wren; Charles II., it is said at Nell Gwynn's suggestion, originated the good work, which was finished by William and Mary. Dr. Astruc, that good man so beloved by the Pope, was physician here, and the Rev. Philip Francis, who translated Horace, was chaplain. Nor can we leave Chelsea without remembering Sir Hans Sloane, whose collection of antiquities, sold for £20,000, formed the first nucleus of the British Museum, and who resided at Chelsea; nor shall we forget the Chelsea china manufactory, one of the earliest porcelain manufactories in England, patronized by George II., who brought over German artificers from Brunswick and Saxony. In the reign of Louis XV. the French manufacturers began to regard it with jealousy and petitioned their king for special privileges. Ranelagh, too, that old pleasure-garden which Dr. Johnson declared was "the finest thing he had ever seen," deserves a word; Horace Walpole was constantly there, though at first, he preferred Vauxhall; and Lord Chesterfield was so fond of it that he used to say he should order all his letters to be directed there.

The West End squares are pleasant spots for our purpose, and at many doors we shall have to make a call. In Landsdowne House (in Berkeley Square) it is supposed by many that Lord Shelburne, Colonel Barre, and Dunning wrote "Junius"; certain it is that the Marquis of Landsdowne, in 1809, acknowledged the possession of the secret, but died the following week, before he could disclose it. Here, in 1774, that persecuted philosopher, Dr. Priestley, the librarian to Lord Shelburne, discovered oxygen. In this square Horace Walpole (that delightful letter-writer) died, and Lord Clive destroyed himself. Then there is Grosvenor Square, where that fat, easy-going Minister, Lord North, lived, where Wilkes the notorious resided, and where the Cato-Street conspirators planned to kill all the Cabinet Ministers, who had been invited to dinner by the Earl of Harrowby. In Hanover Square we visit Lord Rodney, &c. In St. James's Square we recall William III. coming to the Earl of Romney's to see fireworks let off and, later, the Prince Regent, from a balcony, displaying to the people the Eagles captured at Waterloo. Queen Caroline resided here during her trial, and many of Charles II.'s gall beauties also resided in the same spot. In Cavendish Square we stop to describe the splendid projects of that great Duke of Chandos whom

Pope ridiculed. Nor are the lesser squares by any means devoid of interest.

In Pall Mall the laziest gleaner of London traditions might find a harvest. On the site of Carlton House—the Prince Regent's palace—were, in the reign of Henry VI., monastic buildings, in which (under Henry VIII.) Erasmus afterwards resided. They were pulled down at the Reformation. Nell Gwynn lived here, and so did Sir William Temple, Swift's early patron, the pious Boyle, and that poor puff-ball of vanity and pretence—Bubb Doddington. Here we have to record the unhappy duel at the "Star and Garter" tavern between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, and the murder of Mr. Thynne by his rival, Count Koningsmark. There is Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery to notice, and Dodsley's shop, which Burke, Johnson, and Garrick so often visited. There is also the origin of the Royal Academy, at a house opposite Market Lane, to chronicle many club-houses to visit, and curious memorabilia of all kinds to be sifted, selected, contrasted, mounted, and placed in sequence for view.

Then comes Marylebone, formerly a suburb, famous only for its hunting park (now Regent's Park), its gardens, and its bowling-greens. In Queen Elizabeth's time the Russian ambassadors were sent to hunt in Marylebone Park; Cromwell sold it—deer, timber, and all—for £13,000. The Marylebone Bowling Greens, which preceded the gardens, were at first the resort of noblemen and gentlemen, but eventually highwaymen began to frequent them. The Duke of Buckingham (whom Lady Mary Wortley Montagu glances at in the line,

"Some dukes at Marybone bowl time away")

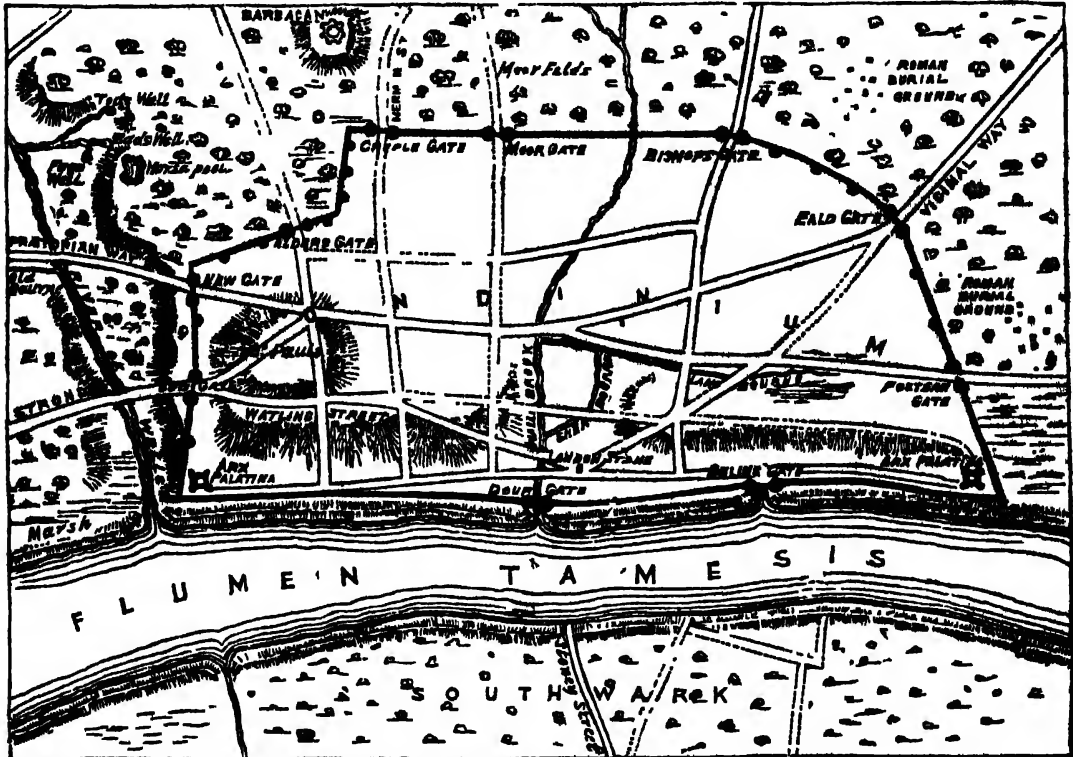
used, at an annual dinner to the frequenters of the gardens, to give the agreeable toast—"May as many of us as remain unchanged next spring meet here again." Eventually burlettas were produced—one written by Chatterton; and Dr. Arne conducted Handel's music. Marylebone, in the time of Hogarth, was a favourite place for prize fights and back-sword combats, the great champion being Figg, that bullet-headed man with the bald, plastered head, whom Hogarth has represented mounting grim sentry in his "Southwark Fair." The great building at Marylebone began between 1718 and 1729. In 1739 there were only 577 houses in the parish; in 1851 there were 16,669. In many of the nooks and corners of Marylebone we shall find curious facts and stories worth the unravelling.

The eastern squares, in Bloomsbury and St. Pancras, are regions not by any means to be lightly

passed by. Bloomsbury Square was built by the Earl of Southampton, about the time of the Restoration, and was thought one of the wonders of England. Baxter lived here when he was tormented by Judge Jefferies; Sir Hans Sloane was one of its inhabitants; so was that great physician, Dr. Radcliffe. The burning of Mansfield House by Lord George Gordon's rioters has to be minutely described. In Russell Square we visit the houses of Sir Thomas Lawrence and of Judge Talfourd, and search for

Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Sir Joseph Banks, and Burnet, the historian, were all inhabitants of this locality.

Islington brings us back to days when Henry VIII came there to hawk the partridge and the heron, and when the London citizens wandered out across the northern fields to drink milk and eat cheese-cakes. The old houses abound in legends of Sir Walter Raleigh, Topham, the strong man, George Morland, the artist, and Henderson, the actor. At Canonbury, the old tower of the country house of



PLAN OF ROMAN LONDON (see page 20).

that celebrated spot in London legend, "The Field of the Forty Footsteps," where two brothers, it is said, killed each other in a duel for a lady, who sat by watching the fight. Then there is Red Lion Square, where tradition says some faithful adherents, at the Restoration, buried the body of Cromwell, to prevent its desecration at Tyburn; and we have to cull some stories of a good old inhabitant, Jonas Hanway, the great promoter of many of the London charities, the first man who habitually used an umbrella and Dr. Johnson's spirited opponent on the important question of tea. Soho Square, too, has many a tradition, for the Duke of Monmouth lived there in great splendour; and in Hogarth's time Mrs. Cornelys made the square celebrated by her masquerades, which in time became fashionable.

The Prior of St. Bartholomew recalls to us Goldsmith, who used to come there to hide from his creditors, go to bed early, and write steadily.

At Highgate and Hampstead we shall scour the northern uplands of London by no means in vain, as we shall find Belsize House, in Charles II.'s time, openly besieged by robbers and, long afterwards, highwaymen swarming in the same locality. The chalybeate wells of Hampstead lead us on to the Heath, where wolves were to be found in the twelfth century and highwaymen as late as 1800. Good company awaits us at pleasant Hampstead—Lord Erskine, Lord Chatham, Keble, Abbot, Leigh Hunt, and Sir T. Powell, and many others; Wilkes, and Colley Cibber; Mrs. Fanny Hill, Dick Steele, and Joanna Beattie. As the

for ages a mere hamlet, a forest, it once boasted a bishop's palace, and there we gather, with free hand, memories of Sacheverell, Rowe, Dr. Watts, Hogarth, Coleridge, and Lord Mansfield; Ireton, Marvell, and Dick Whittington, the worthy demi-god of London apprentices to the end of time.

Lambeth, where Harold was crowned, can hold its own in interest with any part of London—for it once possessed two ecclesiastical palaces and many places of amusement. Lambeth Palace itself is a spot of extreme interest. Here Wat Tyler's men dragged off Archbishop Sudbury to execution, here, when Laud was seized, the Parliamentary soldiers turned the palace into a prison for Royalists and demolished the great hall. Outside the walls of the church James II.'s Queen cowered in the December rain with her child, till a coach could be brought from the neighbouring inn to convey her to Gravesend to take ship for France. The Gordon rioters attacked the palace in 1780, but were driven off by a detachment of Guards. The Lollards' Tower has to be visited, and the sayings and doings of a long line of prelates to be reviewed. Vauxhall brings us back to the days when Walpole went there with Lady Caroline Petersham and helped to stew chickens in a china dish over a lamp; or we go further back and accompany Addison and the worthy Sir Roger de Coverley, and join them over a glass of good ale and a slice of hung beef.

Astley's Amphitheatre recalls to us many amusing stories of that old soldier, Ducrow, and of his friends, and rivals, which join on very naturally to those other theatrical traditions to which Drury Lane and Covent Garden have already led us.

So we mean to roam from flower to flower, over as varied a garden as the imagination can well conceive. There have been brave workers before us in the field, and we shall build upon good foundations. We hope to be catholic in our selections; we shall prune away only the superfluous; we shall condense anecdotes only where we think we can

make them pithier and racier. We will neglect no fact that is interesting, and blend together all that old Time can give us bearing upon London. Street by street we shall delve and rake for illustrative story, despising no book, however humble, no pamphlet, however obscure, if it only throws some light on the celebrities of London, its topographical history, its manners and customs. Such is a brief summary of our plan.

St. Paul's rises before us with its great black dome and stately row of sable columns; the Tower, with its central citadel, flanked by the spear-like masts of the river shipping; the great world of roofs spreads below us as we launch upon our venturesome voyage of discovery. From Boadicea leading on her scythed chariots at Battle Bridge to Queen Victoria in the Thanksgiving procession of yesterday is a long period over which to range. We have whole generations of Londoners to defile before us—painted Britons, hooded Saxons, mailed Crusaders, Chaucer's men in hoods, friars, citizens, warriors, Shakespeare's friends, Johnson's companions, Goldsmith's jovial "Bohemians," Hogarth's fellow-painters, soldiers, lawyers, statesmen, merchants. Nevertheless, at our spells they will gather from the four winds, and at our command march off to their old billets in their old houses, where we may best cross-examine them and collect their impressions of the life of their times.

The subject is as entertaining as any dream Imagination ever evoked and as varied as human nature. Its classification is a certain bond of union, and will act as an excellent cement for the multiform stones with which we shall rear our building. Lists of names, dry pedigrees, rows of dates, we leave to the herald and the topographer; but we shall pass by little that can throw light on the history of London in any generation, and we shall dwell more especially on the events of the later centuries, because they are more akin to us and are bound to us by closer sympathies.

## CHAPTER I.

### ROMAN LONDON.

Buried London—Our Early Relations—The Founder of London—A distinguished Visitor at Romney Marsh—Cæsar re-visits the "Town on the Lake"—The Borders of Old London—Cæsar fails to make much out of the Britons—King Brown—The Derivation of the name of London—The Queen of the Iceni—London Stone and London Roads—London's Earlier and Newer Walls—The Site of St. Paul's—Fabulous Claims to Idolatrous Renown—Existing Relics of Roman London—Treasures from the Bed of the Thames—What we Tread underfoot in London—A vast Field of Story.

EIGHTEEN feet below the level of Cheapside lies hidden Roman London, and deeper even than that is buried the earlier London of those savage charioteers who, long ages ago, bravely confronted the legions of Rome. In nearly all parts of the

City there have been discovered tessellated pavements, Roman tombs, lamps, vases, sandals, keys, ornaments, weapons, coins, and statues of the ancient Roman gods. So the present has grown up upon the ashes of the past.



Trees that are to live long grow slowly. Slow and stately as an oak London grew and grew, till now nearly four million souls represent its leaves. Our London is very old. Centuries before Christ there probably came the first few half-naked fishermen and hunters, who reared, with flint axes and such rude tools, some miserable huts on the rising ground that, forming the north bank of the Thames, slopes to the river some sixty miles from where it joins the sea. According to some, the river spread out like a vast lake between the Surrey and the Essex hills in those times when the first half-savage settlers found the low slopes of the future London places of health and defence amid a vast and dismal region of fen, swamp, and forest. The heroism and the cruelties, the hopes and fears of those poor barbarians, darkness never to be removed has hidden from us for ever. In later days monkish historians, whom Milton afterwards followed, ignored these poor early relations of ours, and invented, as a more fitting ancestor of Englishmen, Brute, a fugitive nephew of Æneas of Troy. But, stroll on where we will, the pertinacious savage, with his limbs stained blue and his flint axe red with blood, is a ghost not easily to be exorcised from the banks of the Thames, and in some Welsh veins his blood no doubt flows at this very day. The founder of London had no historian to record his hopes: a place where big salmon were to be found, and plenty of wild boars were to be met with, was probably his highest ambition. How he bartered with Phœnicians or Gauls for amber or iron no Druid has recorded. How he slew the foraging Belgæ, or was slain by them and dispossessed, no bard has sung. Whether he was generous and heroic as the New Zealander, or ap-like and thievish as the Bushman, no ethnologist has yet proved. The very ashes of the founder of London have long since turned to earth, air, and water.

No doubt the few huts that formed early London were fought for over and over again, as wolves wrangle round a carcass. On Cornhill there probably dwelt petty kings who warred with the kings of Ludgate; and in Southwark there lurked or burrowed other chiefs who, perhaps by intrigue or force, struggled for centuries to get a foothold in Thames Street. But to such infusoria History (glorying only in offenders, criminals, and robbers on the largest scale) justly pays no heed. This alone we know, that, the early rulers of London before the Christian era passed away like the wild beasts they fought and slew, and their very names have perished. One line of an old blind Greek poet might have immortalised them among the money

nations that crowded into Troy or swarmed under its walls; but, alas for them, that line was never written! No, Founder of London! thy name was written on fluid ooze of the marsh, and the first tide that washed over it from the Nore obliterated it for ever. Yet, perhaps even now thou sleepest as quietly fathoms deep in soft mud, in some still nook of Barking Creek, as if all the world were ringing with thy glory.

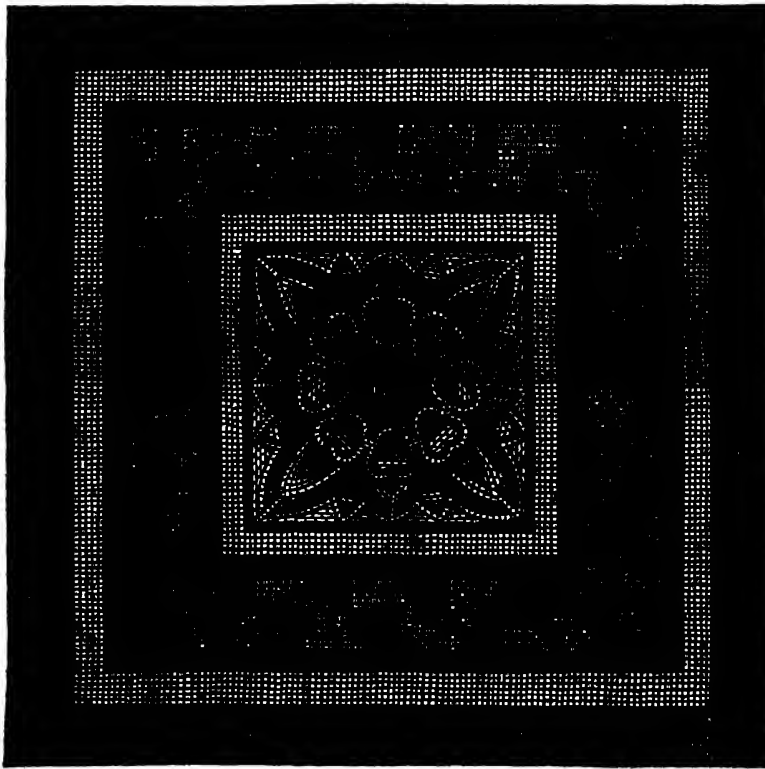
But descending quick to the lower but safer and firmer ground of fact, let us cautiously drive our first pile into the shaky morass of early London history.

A learned modern antiquary, Thomas Lewin, has proved, as nearly as any such things can be proved, that Julius Cæsar and 8,000 men, who had sailed from Boulogne, landed near Romney Marsh about half-past five o'clock on Sunday the 27th of August, 55 years before the birth of our Saviour. Centuries before that very remarkable August day on which the brave standard-bearer of Cæsar's Tenth Legion sprang from his gilt galley into the sea and, eagle in hand, advanced against the javelins of the painted Britons who lined the shore, there is now no doubt London was already existing as a British town of some importance, and known to the fishermen and merchants of the Gauls and Belgians. Strabo, a Greek geographer who flourished in the reign of Augustus, speaks of British merchants as bringing to the Seine and the Rhine shiploads of corn, cattle, iron, hides, slaves, and dogs, and taking back brass, ivory, amber ornaments, and vessels of glass. By these merchants the desirability of such a depôt as London, with its great and always navigable river, could not have been long overlooked.

In Cæsar's second and longer invasion in the next year (54 B.C.), when his 28 many-oared triremes and 560 transports, &c., in all 800, poured on the same Kentish coast 21,000 legionaries and 2,000 cavalry, there is little doubt that his strong foot left its imprint near that cluster of stockaded huts (more resembling a New Zealand pah than a modern English town) perhaps already called London—Llyn-don, the "town on the lake." After a battle at Challock Wood, Cæsar and his men crossed the Thames, as is supposed, at Coway Stakes, an ancient ford a little above Walton and below Weybridge. Cassivellaunus, King of Hertfordshire and Middlesex, had just slain in war Immanuent, King of Essex, and had driven out his son Mandubert. The Trinobantes, Mandubert's subjects, joined the Roman spearman against the 4,000 scythed chariots of Cassivellaunus and the Catycephali. Straight as the flight of an

now was Cæsar's march upon the capital of Cassivellaunus, a city the barbaric name of which he either forgot or disregarded, but which he merely says was "protected by woods and marshes." This place north of the Thames has usually been thought to be Verulamium (St. Alban's); but it was far more likely London, as the Cassi, whose capital was Verulamium, were among the traitorous tribes who joined Cæsar against their oppressor Cassivellaunus. Moreover, Cæsar's brief description of the spot perfectly applies to Roman London, for

least is certain, that the legionaries carried their eagles swiftly over his stockades of earth and fallen trees, drove away the blue-stained warriors, and swept off the half-wild cattle stored up by the Britons. Shortly after, Cæsar returned to Gaul, having heard while in Britain of the death of his favourite daughter Julia, the wife of Pompey, his great rival. His camp at Richborough or Rutupia was far distant; the dreaded equinoctial gales were at hand; and Gaul, he knew, might at any moment of his absence start into a flame. His inglorious



ANCIENT ROMAN PAVEMENT FOUND IN THREADNEEDLE STREET, 1841 (see page 21).

ages protected on the north by a vast forest, full of deer and wild boars, and which, even as late as the reign of Henry II., covered a great region, but has now shrunk into the not very wild districts of St John's Wood and Caen Wood. On the north the town found a natural moat in the broad fens of Moorfields, Finsbury, and Houndsditch, while on the south ran the Fleet and the Old Bourne. Indeed, according to that credulous enthusiast, Stukeley, Cæsar, marching from Staines to London, encamped on the site of Old St. Pancras Church, round which edifice Stukeley found evident traces of a great Prætorian camp. However, whether Cassivellaunus, the King of Middlesex and Hertfordshire, had his capital at London or St. Alban's, this much at

campaign had lasted just four months and a half—his first had been far shorter. As Cæsar himself wrote to Cicero, our rude island was defended by stupendous rocks, there was not a scrap of the gold that had been reported, and the only prospect of booty was in slaves, from whom there could be expected neither "skill in letters nor in music." In sober truth, all Cæsar had won from the people of Kent and Hertfordshire had been blows and buffets, for there were *men* in Britain even then. The prowess of the British charioteers became a standing joke in Rome against the soldiers of Cæsar. Horace and Tibullus both speak of the Briton as unconquered. The bow which the strong Roman hand had for a moment bent quickly

relapsed to its old shape the moment Cæsar, mounting his tall galley, turned his eyes towards Gaul.

The Mandubert who sought Cæsar's help is by some thought to be the son of the semi-fabulous King Lud (King *Brown*), the mythical founder of London, and, according to Milton, who, as we have said, follows the old historians, a descendant

conjecture is, however, now the most generally received, as it at once gives the modern pronunciation, to which Llyn-don would never have assimilated. The first British town was indeed a simple Celtic hill fortress, formed first on Tower Hill, and afterwards continued to Cornhill and Ludgate. It was moated on the south by the river, which it controlled;



PART OF OLD LONDON WALL, NEAR FALCON SQUARE (see page 21).

of Brute of Troy. The successor of the warlike Cassivellaunus had his capital at St. Alban's; his son Cunobelin (Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*)—a name which seems to glow with perpetual sunshine as we write it—had a palace at Colchester; and the son of Cunobelin was the famed Caradoc, or Caractacus, that hero of the Silures, who struggled bravely for nine long years against the generals of Rome.

Celtic etymologists differ, as etymologists usually do, about the derivation of the name of London. *Lon*, or *Long*, meant, they say, either a lake, a wood, a populous place, a plain, or a ship-town. This last

by fens on the north; and on the east by the marshy low ground of Wapping. It was a high, dry, and fortified point of communication between the river and the inland country of Essex and Hertfordshire, a safe sixty miles from the sea, and central as a depôt and meeting-place for the ~~land~~ of Kent and Middlesex.

Hitherto the London about which we have been conjecturing has been a mere cloud. The first mention of real London is by Tacitus, writing in the reign of Nero (A.D. 54), that a century after the landing of Cæsar, the town was of his so full of vigour and so many of his



that it seems fit rather to be engraved on steel than written on perishable paper, says that Londinium, though not, indeed, dignified with the name of colony, was a place highly celebrated for the number of its merchants and the confluence of traffic. In the year 61 London was probably still without walls, and its inhabitants were not Roman citizens, like those of Verulamium (St. Alban's). When the Britons, roused by the wrongs of the fierce Boadicea (Queen of the Iceni, the people of Norfolk and Suffolk), bore down on London, her back still "bleeding from the Roman rods," she slew in London and Verulamium alone 70,000 citizens and allies of Rome; impaling many beautiful and well-born women, amid revelling sacrifices, in the grove of Andate, the British Goddess of Victory. It is supposed that after this reckless slaughter the tigress and her savage followers burned the cluster of wooden houses that then formed London to the ground. Certain it is, that when deep sections were made for a sewer in Lombard Street in 1786, the lowest stratum consisted of tessellated Roman pavements, their coloured dice laying scattered like flower leaves, and above that of a thick layer of wood ashes, as of the *débris* of charred wooden buildings. This ruin the Romans avenged by the slaughter of 80,000 Britons in a butchering fight, generally believed to have taken place at King's Cross (otherwise Battle Bridge), after which the fugitive Boadicea, in rage and despair, took poison and perished.

London probably soon sprang, phoenix-like, from the fire, though history leaves it in darkness to enjoy a lull of 200 years. In the early part of the second century Ptolemy, the geographer, speaks of it as a city of the Kentish people; but Mr. Craik very ingeniously conjectures that the Greek writer took his information from Phœnician works descriptive of Britain, written before even the invasion of Cæsar. Theodosius, a general of the Emperor Valentinian, who saved London from gathered hordes of Scots, Picts, Franks, and Saxons, is supposed to have repaired the walls of London, which had been first built by the Emperor Constantine early in the fourth century. In the reign of Theodosius, London, now called Augusta, became one of the chief, if not the chief, of the seventy Roman cities in Britain. In the famous "Itinerary" of Antoninus (about the end of the third century) London stands as the goal or starting-point of seven out of the fifteen great central Roman roads in England. Camden considers the London Stone, now enshrined in the south wall of St. Swithin's Church, Cannon Street, to have been the central milestone of Roman England, from which all the chief roads radiated, and by which the distances

were reckoned. Wren supposed that Watling Street, of which Cannon Street is a part, was the High Street of Roman London. Another street ran west along Holborn from Cheapside, and from Cheapside probably north. A northern road ran by Aldgate, and probably Bishopsgate. The road from Dover came either over a ferry near the site of the present London Bridge or higher up at Dowgate, from Stoney Street on the Surrey side.

Early Roman London was scarcely larger than Hyde Park. Mr. Roach Smith, the best of all authorities on the subject, gives its length from the Tower to Ludgate, east and west, at about a mile; and north and south, that is from London Wall to the Thames, at about half a mile. The earliest Roman city was even smaller, for Roman sepulchres have been found in Bow Lane, Moorgate Street, Bishopsgate Within, which must at that time have been beyond the walls. The Roman cemeteries of Smithfield, St. Paul's, Whitechapel, the Minories, and Spitalfields, are of later dates, and are in all cases beyond the old line of circumvallation, according to the sound Roman custom fixed by law. The earlier London Mr. Roach Smith describes as an irregular space, the five main gates corresponding with Bridgegate, Ludgate, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and Aldgate. The north wall followed for some part the course of Cornhill and Leadenhall Street; the eastern Billiter Street and Mark Lane; the southern Thames Street; and the western the east side of Walbrook. Of the larger Roman wall, there were within the memory of man huge, shapeless masses, with trees growing upon them, opposite what is now Finsbury Circus. In 1852 a piece of Roman wall on Tower Hill was rescued from the improvers, and built into some stables and out-houses; but not before a careful sketch had been effected by the late Mr. Fairholt, one of the best of our antiquarian draughtsmen. The later Roman London was in general outline the same in shape and size as the London of the Saxons and Normans. The newer walls Pennant calculates at 3 miles 165 feet in circumference, they were 22 feet high, and guarded with forty lofty towers. At the end of the last century large portions of the old Roman wall were traceable in many places, but time has devoured almost the last morsels of that great *pièce de résistance*. In 1763 Mr. Gough made a drawing of a square Roman tower (one of three) then standing in Houndsditch. It was built in alternate layers of massive square stones and red tiles. The old loophole for the sentinel had been enlarged into a square latticed window. In 1857, while digging foundations for houses on the north-east side of Aldermanbury Postern, the workmen

came on a portion of the Roman wall strengthened by blind arches. All that now substantially remains of the old fortification is a bastion in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate; a fragment in St. Martin's Court, off Ludgate Hill; another portion exists in the Old Bailey, concealed behind houses; and a fourth, near George Street, Tower Hill. Portions of the wall have, however, been also broached in Falcon Square (one of which we have engraved), Bush Lane, Scott's Yard, and Cornhill, and others built in cellars and warehouses from opposite the Tower and Cripplegate.

The line of the Roman walls ran from the Tower straight to Aldgate, there making an angle, it continued to Bishopsgate. From there it turned westward to St. Giles's Churchyard, where it veered south to Falcon Square. At this point it continued west to Aldersgate, running under Christ's Hospital, and onward to Giltspur Street. There forming an angle, it proceeded directly to Ludgate towards the Thames, passing to the south of St. Andrew's Church. The wall then crossed Addle Street, and took a course along Upper and Lower Thames Street towards the Tower. In Thames Street the wall has been found built on oaken piles, on these was laid a stratum of chalk and stones, and over this a course of large, hewn sandstones, cemented with quicklime, sand, and pounded tile. The body of the wall was constructed of ragstone, flint, and lime, bonded at intervals with courses of plain and curve-edged tiles.

That Roman London grew slowly there is abundant proof. In building the new Exchange, the workmen came on a gravel-pit full of oyster-shells, cattle bones, old sandals, and shattered pottery. No coin found there being later than Severus indicates that this ground was bare waste outside the original city until at least the latter part of the third century. How far Roman London eventually spread its advancing waves of houses may be seen from the fact that Roman wall-paintings, indicating villas of men of wealth and position, have been found on both sides of High Street, Southwark, almost up to St. George's Church; while one of the outlying Roman cemeteries bordered the Kent Road.

From the horns of cattle having been dug up in St. Paul's Churchyard, the monks, ever eager to discover traces of that Paganism on which they engrafted Christianity, conjectured that a temple of Diana once stood on the site of St. Paul's. A stone altar, with a rude figure of the amazon goddess sculptured upon it, was indeed discovered in making the foundations for Goldsmiths' Hall, Cheapside; but this was a mere votive or private

altar, and proves nothing; and the ox bones, it any, found at St. Paul's, were perhaps rather thrown into a rubbish-heap outside the old walls. As to the Temple of Apollo, supposed to have been replaced by Westminster Abbey, that is merely an invention of rival monks to glorify Thorney Island, and to render its antiquity equal to the fabulous claims of St. Paul's. Nor is there any positive proof that shrines to British gods ever stood on either place, though that they may have done so is not at all improbable.

The existing relics of Roman London are far more valuable and more numerous than is generally supposed. Innumerable tessellated pavements, masterpieces of artistic industry and taste, have been found in the City. A few of these should be noted. In 1854 part of the pavement of a room, twenty-eight feet square, was discovered, when the Excise Office was pulled down, between Bishopsgate Street and Broad Street. The central subject was supposed to be the Rape of Europa. A few years before another pavement was met with near the same spot. In 1841 two pavements were dug up under the French Protestant Church in Threadneedle Street. The best of these we have engraved. In 1792 a circular pavement was found in the same locality; and there has also been dug up in the same street a curious female head, the size of life, formed of coloured stones and glass. In 1805 a beautiful Roman pavement was disinterred on the north-east angle of the Bank of England, near the gate opening into Lothbury, and is now in the British Museum. In 1803 a fine specimen of pavement was found in front of the East-India House, Leadenhall Street, the central design being Bacchus reclining on a panther. In this pavement twenty distinct times had been successfully used. Other pavements have been cut through in Crosby Square, Bartholomew Lane, Fenchurch Street, and College Street. The spoil, according to Mr. Roach Smith, seems to have risen over them at the rate of nearly a foot in a century.

The statuary found in London should also not be forgotten. One of the most remarkable pieces was a colossal bronze head of the Emperor Hadrian,\* dredged up from the Thames a little below London Bridge. It is now in the British Museum. A colossal bronze hand, thirteen inches long, was also found in Thames Street, near the Tower. In 1857, near London Bridge, the dredgers found a beautiful bronze Apollino, a Mercury of exquisite design, a priest of Cybele, and a figure supposed to be Jupiter. The Apollino and Mercury are masterpieces of ideal beauty and

grace. In 1842 a *chef d'œuvre* was dug out near the old Roman wall in Queen Street, Cheapside. It was the bronze stooping figure of an archer. It has silver eyes; and the perfect expression and anatomy display the highest art.

In 1825 a graceful little silver figure of the child Harpocrates, the God of Silence, looped with a gold chain, was found in the Thames, and is now in the British Museum. In 1839 a pair of gold armlets were dug up in Queen Street, Cheapside. In a kiln in St. Paul's Churchyard, in 1677, there were found lamps, bottles, urns, and dishes. Among other relics of Roman London drifted down by time we may instance articles of red glazed pottery, tiles, glass cups, window glass, bath scrapers, gold hair-pins, enamelled clasps, sandals, writing tablets, bronze spoons, forks, distaffs, bells, dice, and mill-stones. As for coins, which the Romans seem to have hid in every conceivable nook, Mr. Roach Smith says that within twenty years upwards of 2,000 were, to his own knowledge found in London, chiefly in the bed of the Thames. Only one Greek coin, as far as we know, has ever been met with in London excavations.

The Romans left deep footprints wherever they trod. Many of our London streets still follow the lines they first laid down. The river bank still heaves beneath the ruins of their palaces. London Stone, as we have already shown, still stands to mark the starting-point of the great roads that they designed. In a lane out of the Strand there still exists a bath where their sinewy youth laved their limbs, dusty from the chariot races at the Campus Martius at Finsbury. The pavements trodden by the feet of Hadrian and Constantine still lie buried under the restless wheels that roll over our City streets. The ramparts which the legionaries guarded have not yet crumbled to dust, though the rude people they conquered have themselves long since grown into conquerors. Roman London now exists only in fragments, invisible save to the prying antiquary. As the seed is to be found hanging to the root of the ripe wheat, so some filaments of the first germ of London, of the British hut and the Roman villa, still exist hidden under the foundations of the busy city that now teems with thousands of inhabitants. We tread under foot daily the pride of our old oppressors.

## CHAPTER II.

### TEMPLE BAR.

Temple Bar—The Golgotha of English Traitors—When Temple Bar was made of Wood—Historical Pageants at Temple Bar—The Associations of Temple Bar—Mischievous Processions through Temple Bar The First grim Trophy—Rye-House Plot Conspirators

TEMPLE BAR was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, in 1670-72, soon after the Great Fire had swept away eighty-nine London churches, four out of the seven City gates, 460 streets, and 13,200 houses, and had destroyed fifteen of the twenty-six wards, and laid waste 436 acres of buildings, from the Tower eastward to the Inner Temple westward.

The old black gateway, once the dreaded Golgotha of English traitors, separated, it should be remembered, the Strand from Fleet Street, the city from the shire, and the Freedom of the City of London from the Liberty of the City of Westminster. As Hatton (1708—Queen Anne) says,—“This gate opens not immediately into the City itself, but into the Liberty or Freedom thereof.” We need hardly say that nothing can be more erroneous than the ordinary London supposition that Temple Bar ever formed part of the City fortifications. Mr. Gilbert à Beckett, laughing at this tradition, once said in *Punch*: “Temple Bar has always seemed to me a weak point in the fortifications of London. Bless you, the besieging army would never stay to bombard it—they would dash through the barber’s.”

The Bar, after having been for many years a great obstruction to the traffic, was removed in the winter of 1877-8, whilst the New Law Courts were in process of erection. The Bar was of Portland stone, which London smoke alternately blackens and calcines; and each façade had four Corinthian pilasters, an entablature, and an arched pediment. On the west (Strand) side, in two niches, stood, as eternal sentries, Charles I. and Charles II., in Roman costume. Charles I. long ago lost his bâton, as he once deliberately lost his head. Over the keystone of the central arch there used to be the royal arms. On the east side were James I. and Elizabeth (by many able writers supposed to be Anne of Denmark, the queen of James I.). She was pointing her white finger at Child’s; while he, looking down on the passing cabs, seemed to say, “I am nearly tired of standing; suppose we go to Whitehall, and sit down a bit?”

These affected, mean statues, with their crinkly drapery, were the work of a vain, half-crazed sculptor, named John Bushnell, who died mad in 1701. Bushnell, who had visited Rome and

Venice, executed Cowley's monument in Westminster Abbey, and the statue of Charles I., Clarendon, and Gresham, in the old Exchange.

The arch over the eastern side of the arch bore the inscription, which was all but obliterated by time:—

"In the year 1670, Sir Samuel Starling, Mayor; in the year 1671, Sir Richard Ford, Lord Mayor; and in the year 1672, Sir George Winterton, Lord Mayor."

All these persons were friends of Pepys.

The upper part of the Bar was flanked by scrolls, but the fruit and flowers once sculptured on the pediment, and the supporters of the royal arms over the posterns, had crumbled away. In the centre of each facade was a semi-circular-headed, ecclesiastical-looking window, that cast a dim horn light into a room above the gate, held of the City, at an annual rent of some £50, by Messrs. Childs, the bankers, as a sort of muniment-room for their old account-books. There was here preserved, among other costlier treasures of Mammon, the private account-book of Charles II. The original Child was a friend of Pepys, and is mentioned by him as quarrelling with the Duke of York on Admiralty matters. The Child who succeeded him was a friend of Pope, and all but led him into the South-Sea-Bubble speculation.

There is no extant historical account of Temple Bar in which the following passage from Strype (George I.) is not to be found embedded like a fossil; it is, in fact, nearly all we London topographers know of the early history of the Bar:—"Anciently," says Strype, "there were only posts, rails, and a chain, such as are now in Holborn, Smithfield, and Whitechapel bars. Afterwards there was a house of timber erected across the street, with a narrow gateway and an entry on the south side of it under the house." This structure is to be seen in the view of London in the British Museum, 1680 (James I.), and in Hollar's seven-sheet map of London (Charles II.).

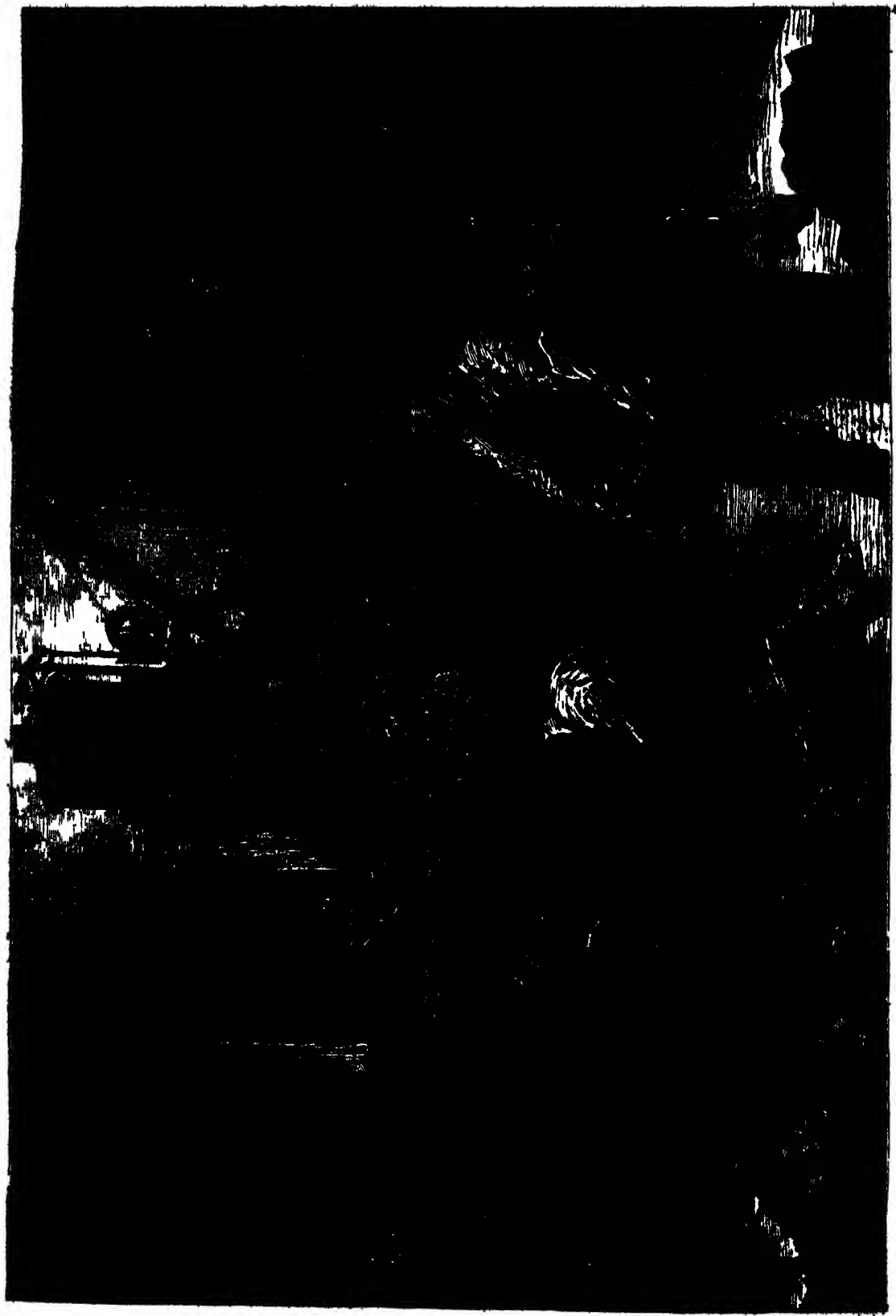
The date of the erection of the "wooden house" is not to be ascertained; but there is the house plain enough, in a view of London to which Maitland affixes the date about 1560 (the second year of Elizabeth); so we may perhaps safely put it down as early as Edward VI. or Henry VIII. Indeed, if a certain scrap of history is correct—i.e., that bluff King Hal once threatened, if a certain Bill did not pass the Commons, a little quicker, to fix the heads of several refractory M.P.s on the top of Temple Bar—the date of the erection of the old City gate is to be ascertained.

After Simon de Montfort's death, at the battle of Evesham, 1265, Prince Edward, afterwards Edward I., punished the rebellious Londoners, who had befriended Montfort, by taking away all their street chains and bars, and locking them up in the Tower.

The earliest known documentary and historical notice of Temple Bar is in 1327, the first year of Edward III.; and in the thirty-fourth year of the same reign we find, at an inquisition before the Mayor, twelve witnesses deposing that the corporation of the City had, time out of mind, had free ingress and egress from the City to Thames and from Thames to the City, through the great gate of the Temple, situate within Temple Bar.

This referred to some dispute about the right of way through the Temple, built in the reign of Henry I. In 1384 Richard II. granted a licence for paving Strand Street from Temple Bar to the Savoy, and collecting tolls to cover such charges.

The historical pageants that have taken place at Temple Bar deserve a notice, however short. On the 5th of November, 1422, the corpse of that brave and chivalrous king, the hero of Agincourt, Henry V., was borne to its rest at Westminster Abbey by the chief citizens and nobles, and every doorway from Southwark to Temple Bar had its mournful torch-bearer. In 1502-3 the hearse of Elizabeth of York, queen of Henry VII., halted at Temple Bar, on its way from the Tower to Westminster, and at the Bar the Abbots of Westminster and Bermondsey blessed the corpse, and the Earl of Derby and a large company of nobles joined the sable funeral throng. After sorrow came joy, and after joy sorrow—*ita vita*. In the next reign poor Anne Boleyn, radiant with happiness and triumph, came through the Bar (May 31, 1534), on her way to the Tower, to be welcomed by the clamorous citizens, the day before her ill-starred coronation. Temple Bar on that occasion was new painted and repaired, and near it stood singing men and children—the Fleet Street conduit all the time running claret. The old gate figured more conspicuously the day before the coronation of that wondrous child, Edward VI. Two hog-heads of wine were then ladled out to the thirsty mob, and the gate at Temple Bar was painted with battlements and buttresses, richly hung with cloth of Arras, and all in a flutter with "English standard flags." There were eight "English" peters, blowing their best, besides "a goodly regale," with children singing, in the year 1555, when Edward VI. died. Mary Tudor, came through the Bar, according to ancient English custom, on the



THE LAST OF TEMPLE BAR, 1877 (From a Contemporary Drawing.)

before her coronation, she did not ride on horse-back, as Edward had done, but sat in a chariot covered with cloth of tissue and drawn by six horses draped with the same. Minstrels piped and trumpeted at Ludgate, and Temple Bar was newly painted and hung.

Old Temple Bar, the background to many historical scenes, figures in the rash rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt. When he had fought his way down Piccadilly to the Strand, Temple Bar was thrown open to him, or forced open by him;

God solemnly at St. Paul's. The City waits stood in triumph on the roof of the gate. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen, in scarlet gowns, welcomed the queen and delivered up the City sword, then on her return they took horse and rode before her. The City Companies lined the north side of the street, the lawyers and gentlemen of the Inns of Court the south. Among the latter stood a person afterwards not altogether unknown, one Francis Bacon, who displayed his wit by saying to a friend, "Mark the courtiers! Those who



TEMPLE BAR, WEST FRONT, IN 1710. (From Mr Crace's Collection).

but when he had been repulsed at Ludgate he was hemmed in by cavalry at Temple Bar, where he surrendered. This foolish revolt led to the death of innocent Lady Jane Grey, and brought sixty brave gentlemen to the scaffold and the gallows.

On Elizabeth's procession from the Tower before her coronation, January, 1559, Gogmagog the Albion, and Corineus the Briton, the two Guildhall giants, stood on the Bar; and on the south side there were chorister lads, one of whom, richly attired as a page, bade the queen farewell in the name of the whole City. In 1588, the glorious year in which the Armada was defeated, Elizabeth passed through the Bar on her way to return thanks to

bow first to the citizens are in debt; those who bow first to us are at law!"

In 1601, when the Earl of Essex made his insane attempt to rouse the City to rebellion, Temple Bar, we are told, was thrown open to him; but Ludgate being closed against him on his retreat from Chesp-side, he came back by boat to Essex House, where he surrendered after a short and useless resistance.

King James made his first public entry into his royal City of London, with his consort and son Henry, upon the 15th of March, 1603-4. The king was mounted upon a white genet, and rode through the crowded streets under a canopy held by eight gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, the representatives of the Barons of the Cinque Ports,



and passed under six arches of triumph, to take his leave at the Temple of Janus, erected for the occasion at Temple Bar. This edifice was fifty-seven feet high, proportioned in every respect like a temple.

In June, 1649 (the year of the execution of Charles), Cromwell and the Parliament dined at Guildhall in state, and the mayor, says Whitelocke, delivered up the sword to the Speaker, at Temple Bar, as he had before done to King Charles.

Philips, Milton's nephew, who wrote the continuation of Baker's Chronicle, describes the ceremony at Temple Bar on the proclamation of Charles II. The old oak gates being shut, the king-at-arms, with tabard on and trumpet before him, knocked and gravely demanded entrance. The Lord Mayor appointed some one to ask who knocked. The king-at-arms replied, that if they would open the wicket, and let the Lord Mayor come thither, he would to him deliver his message. The Lord Mayor then appeared, tremendous in crimson velvet gown, and on horseback; of all things in the world, the trumpets sounding as the gallant knight pricked forth to demand of the herald, who he was and what was his message. The bold herald, with his hat on, answered, "regardless of Lindley Munay, who was unknown, 'We are the herald-at-arms appointed and commanded by the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament, and demand admittance into the famous City of London, to proclaim Charles II. King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, and we expect your speedy answer to our demand.' An alderman then replied, 'The message is delivered, and the gates were thrown open.'"

When William III. came to see the City and the Lord Mayor's Show in 1689, the City militia, holding lighted flambeaux, lined Fleet Street as far as Temple Bar.

The shadow of every monarch and popular hero since Charles II.'s time has rested for at least a passing moment at the old gateway. Queen Anne passed here to return thanks at St. Paul's for the victory of Blenheim. Here Marlborough's coach ominously broke down in 1714, when he returned in triumph from his voluntary exile.

George III. passed through Temple Bar, young and happy, the year after his coronation, and again when, old and almost broken-hearted, he returned thanks for his partial recovery from insanity; and in our time that graceless son of his, the Prince Regent, came through the Bar in 1814, to thank God at St. Paul's for the downfall of Bonaparte.

On the 9th November, 1837, the accession of

Queen Victoria, Sir Peter Laurie, picturesque in scarlet gown, Spanish hat, and black feathers, presented the City sword to the Queen at Temple Bar; Sir Peter was again ready with the same weapon in 1844, when the Queen opened the new Royal Exchange; but in 1851, when her Majesty once more visited the City, the old ceremony was (wrongly, we think) dispensed with.

At the funeral of Lord Nelson, the honoured corpse, followed by downcast old sailors, was met at the Bar by the Lord Mayor and the Corporation; and the Great Duke's funeral car, and the long train of representative soldiers, rested at the Bar, which was hung with black velvet.

A few earlier associations connected with the present Bar deserve a moment or two's recollection. On February 12th, when General Monk—"Honest George," as his old Cromwellian soldiers used to call him—entered London, dislodged the "Rump" Parliament, and prepared for the Restoration of Charles II., bonfires were lit, the City bells rung, and London broke into a sudden flame of joy. Pepys, walking homeward about ten o'clock, says—"The common joy was everywhere to be seen. The number of bonfires—there being fourteen between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge, east of Catherine Street, I could at one time tell thirty-one fires."

On November 17, 1679, the year after the sham Popish Plot concocted by those matchless scoundrels, Titus Oates, an expelled naval chaplain, and Bedloe, a swindler and thief, Temple Bar was made the spot for a great mob pilgrimage, on the anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth. The ceremonial is supposed to have been organised by that restless plotter against a Popish succession, Lord Shaftesbury, and the gentlemen of the Green Ribbon Club, whose tavern, the "King's Head," was at the corner of Chancery Lane, opposite the Inner Temple gate. To scare and vex the Papists, the church bells began to ring out as early as three o'clock on the morning of that dangerous day. At dusk the procession of several thousand half-crazed torch-bearers started from Moorgate, along Bishopsgate Street, and down Houndsditch and Aldgate (passing Shaftesbury's house imagine the roar of the monster mob, the wave of torches, and the fiery fountains of smoke at that point!), then through Leadenhall Street and Cornhill, by the Royal Exchange, along Cheapside and on to Temple Bar, where the people awaited the puppets. In a torrent of fire the noisy Protestants passed through the exulting City, making the Papists cower and shudder in their garrets and cellars, and before the flaming deluge opened a storm of shouting people.

This procession consisted of fifteen groups of priests, Jesuits, and friars, two following a man on a horse, holding up before him a dummy, dressed to represent Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, a Protestant justice and wood merchant, supposed to have been murdered by Roman Catholics at Somerset House. It was attended by a body-guard of 150 sword-bearers and a man roaring a political cry of the time through a brazen speaking-trumpet. The great bonfire was built up mountain high opposite the Inner Temple gate. Some zealous Protestants, by pre-arrangement, had crowned the prim and meagre statue of Elizabeth, upon the east side of the Bar, with a wreath of gilt laurel, and placed under her hand, which pointed to Child's Bank, a golden glistening shield, with the motto, "The Protestant Religion and Magna Charta," inscribed upon it. Several lighted torches were stuck before her niche. Lastly, amidst a fiery shower of squibs from every door and window, the Pope and his companions were toppled into the huge bonfire, with shouts that reached almost to Charing Cross.

These mischievous processions were continued till the reign of George I. There was to have been a magnificent display in November, 1711, when the Whigs were dreading the contemplated peace with the French and the return of Marlborough. But the Tories, declaring that the Kit-Cat Club was urging the mob to destroy the house of Harley, the Minister, and to tear him to pieces, seized on the wax figures in Drury Lane, and forbade the ceremony.

As early as two years after the Restoration, Sir Balthazar Gerbier, a restless architectural quack and adventurer of those days, wrote a pamphlet proposing a sumptuous gate at Temple Bar, and the levelling of the Fleet Valley. After the Great Fire Charles II. himself hurried the erection of the Bar, and promised money to carry out the work. During the Great Fire, Temple Bar was one of the stations for constables, 100 firemen, and 30 soldiers.

The Rye-House Plot brought the first trophy to the Golgotha of the Bar, in 1684, twelve years after its erection. Sir Thomas Armstrong was deep in the scheme. If the discreditable witnesses examined against Lord William Russell are to be believed, a plot had been concocted by a few desperate men to assassinate "the Blackbird and the Goldfinch"—as the conspirators called the King and the Duke of York—as they were in their coach on their way from Newmarket to London. This plan seems to have been the suggestion of Rumbold, a maltster, who lived in a lonely moated farmhouse, called Rye House, about eighteen miles from London, near the river Ware, close to a by-road that leads from Bishop Stortford to Hoddesdon.

Charles II. had a violent hatred to Armstrong, who had been his Gentleman of the Horse, and was supposed to have incited his illegitimate son, the Duke of Monmouth, to rebellion. Sir Thomas was hanged at Tyburn. After the body had hung half an hour, the hangman cut it down, stripped it, lopped off the head, threw the heart into a fire, and divided the body into four parts. The fore-quarter (after being boiled in pitch at Newgate) was set on Temple Bar, the head was placed on Westminster Hall, and the rest of the body was sent to Stafford, which town Sir Thomas represented in Parliament.

Eleven years after, the heads of two more traitors—this time conspirators against William III.—joined the relic of Armstrong. Sir John Friend was a rich brewer at Aldgate. Parkyns was an old Warwickshire county gentleman. The plotters had several plans. One was to attack Kensington Palace at night, scale the outer wall, and storm or fire the building; another was to kill William on a Sunday, as he drove from Kensington to the chapel at St. James's Palace. The murderers agreed to assemble near where Apsley House now stands. Just as the royal coach passed from Hyde Park across to the Green Park, thirty conspirators agreed to fall on the twenty-five guards, and butcher the king before he could leap out of his carriage. These two Jacobite gentlemen died bravely, proclaiming their entire loyalty to King James and the "Prince of Wales."

The unfortunate gentlemen who took a moody pleasure in drinking "the squeezing of the rotten Orange" had long passed on their doleful journey from Newgate to Tyburn before the ghastly procession of the brave and unlucky men of the rising in 1715 began its mournful march.\*

Sir Bernard Burke mentions a tradition that the head of the young Earl of Derwentwater was exposed on Temple Bar in 1716, and that his wife drove in a cart under the arch while a man hired for the purpose threw down to her the beloved head from the parapet above. But the story is entirely untrue, and is only a version of the way in which the head of Sir Thomas More was removed by his son-in-law and daughter from London Bridge, where that cruel tyrant Henry VIII. had placed it. Some years ago, when the Earl of

\* Amongst these we must not forget Joseph Sullivans, who was executed at Tyburn for high treason, for enlisting men in the service of the Pretender. In the collection of broadsides belonging to the Society of Antiquaries there is one of great interest, entitled "Perkins against Perkins, a dialogue between Sir William Perkins and Major Sullivan, the two loggerheads upon Temple Bar, concerning the present juncture of affairs." Date uncertain.



Derwentwater's coffin was found in the family vault, the head was lying safe with the body. In 1716 there was, however, a traitor's head spiked on the Bar—that of Colonel John Oxburgh, the victim of mistaken fidelity to a bad cause. He was a brave Lancashire gentleman, who had surrendered with his forces at Preston. He displayed signal courage and resignation in prison, forgetting himself to comfort others.

The next victim was Mr. Christopher Layer, a young Norfolk man and a Jacobite barrister, living in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. He plunged deeply into the Atterbury Plot of 1722, and, with Lords North and Grey, enlisted men, hired officers, and, taking advantage of the universal misery caused by the bursting of the South Sea Bubble, planned a general rising against George I. The scheme was, with four distinct bodies of Jacobites, to seize the Tower and the Bank, to arrest the king and the prince, and capture or kill Lord Cadogan, one of the Ministers. At the trial it was proved that Layer had been over to Rome, and had seen the Pretender, who, by proxy, had stood godfather to his child. Troops were to be sent from France; barricades were to be thrown up all over London. The Jacobites had calculated that the Government had only 14,000 men to meet them—3,000 of these would be wanted to guard London, 3,000 for Scotland, and 2,000 for the garrisons. The original design had been to take advantage of the king's departure for Hanover, and, in the words of one of the conspirators, the Jacobites were fully convinced that "they should walk King George out before Lady-day." Layer was hanged at Tyburn, and his head fixed upon Temple Bar.

Years after, one stormy night in 1753, the rebel's skull blew down, and was picked up by a non-juring attorney, named Pierce, who preserved it as a relic of the Jacobite martyr. It is said that Dr. Richard Rawlinson, an eminent antiquary, obtained what he thought was Layer's head, and desired in his will that it should be placed in his right hand when he was buried. Another version of the story is, that a spurious skull was foisted upon Rawlinson, who died happy in the possession of the doubtful treasure. Rawlinson was bantered by Addison for his pedantry, in one of the *Tatlers*, and was praised by Dr. Johnson for his learning.

The 1745 rebellion brought the heads of fresh victims to the Bar, and this was the last triumph of barbarous justice. Colonel Francis Towneley's was the sixth; that of Fletcher (his fellow-officer), the seventh and last. The Earls of Kilmarnock and Campbell, Lord Balmerino, and thirty-seven other rebels (thirty-six of them having been captured in

Carlisle) were tried the same session. Towneley was a man of about fifty-four years of age, nephew of Mr. Towneley of Towneley Hall, Lancashire (of the "Towneley Marbles" family), who had been tried and acquitted in 1715, though many of his men were found guilty and executed. The nephew had gone over to France in 1727, and obtained a commission from the French king, whom he served for fifteen years, being at the siege of Philipsburg, and close to the Duke of Berwick when that general's head was shot off. About 1740, Towneley stole over to England to see his friends and to plot against the Hanover family; and as soon as the rebels came into England, he met them between Lancaster and Preston, and came with them to Manchester. At the trial Roger McDonald, an officer's servant, deposed to seeing Towneley on the retreat from Derby, and between Lancaster and Preston riding at the head of the Manchester regiment on a bay horse. He had a white cockade in his hat and wore a plaid sash.

George Fletcher, who was tried at the same time as Towneley, was a rash young chapman, who managed his widowed mother's provision shop "at Salford, just over the bridge in Manchester." His mother had begged him on her knees to keep out of the rebellion, even offering him a thousand pounds for his own pocket, if he would stay at home. He bought a captain's commission of Murray, the Pretender's secretary, for fifty pounds; wore the smart white cockade and a Highland plaid sash lined with white silk; and headed the very first captain's guard mounted for the Pretender at Carlisle. A Manchester man deposed to seeing at the Exchange a sergeant, with a drum, beating up for volunteers for the Manchester regiment.

Fletcher, Towneley, and seven other unfortunate Jacobites were hanged on Kennington Common. Before the carts drove away, the men flung their prayer-books, written speeches, and gold-laced hats gaily to the crowd. Mr. James (Jemmy) Dawson, the hero of Shenstone's touching ballad, was one of the nine. As soon as they were dead the hangman cut down the bodies, disembowelled, beheaded, and quartered them, throwing the hearts into the fire. A monster—a fighting-man of the day, named Buckhorse—is said to have actually eaten a piece of Towneley's flesh, to show his loyalty. Before the ghastly scene was over, the heart of one unhappy spectator had already broken. The lady to whom James Dawson was engaged to be married followed the rebels to the common, and even came near enough to see, with pallid face, the fire kindling, the axe, the coffins, and all the other dreadful

preparations. She bore up bravely, until she heard her lover was no more. Then she drew her head back into the coach, and crying out, "My dear, I follow thee—I follow thee! Lord God, receive our souls, I pray Thee!" fell on the neck of a companion and expired. Mr. Dawson had behaved gallantly in prison, saying, "He did not care if they put a ton weight of iron upon him, it would not daunt him."

A curious old print of 1746, full of vulgar triumph, reproduces a "Temple Bar, the City Golgotha," representing the Bar with three heads on the top of it, spiked on long iron rods. The devil looks down in ribald triumph from above, and waves a rebel banner, on which, besides three coffins and a crown, is the motto, "A crown or a grave." Underneath are written these patriotic but doggerel lines:—

"Observe the banner which would all enslave,  
Which misled traitors did so proudly wave  
The devil seems the project to surprise;  
A fiend confused from off the trophy flies.

While trembling rebels at the fabric gaze,  
And dread their fate with horror and amaze,  
Let Britain's sons the emblematic view,  
And plainly see what is rebellion's due."

The heads of Fletcher and Townley were put on the Bar August 12, 1746. On August 15th Horace Walpole, writing to a friend, says he had just been roaming in the City, and "passed under the new heads on Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spy-glasses at a halfpenny a look." According to Mr. J. T. Smith, an old man living in 1825 remembered the last heads on Temple Bar being visible through a telescope across the space between the Bar and Leicester Fields.

Between two and three A.M., on the morning of January 20, 1766, a mysterious man was arrested by the watch as he was discharging, by the dim light, musket bullets at the two heads then remaining upon Temple Bar. On being questioned by the puzzled magistrate, he affected a disorder in his senses, and craftily declared that the patriotic reason for his eccentric conduct was his strong attachment to the present Government, and that he thought it not sufficient that a traitor should merely suffer death; that this provoked his indignation, and it had been his constant practice for three nights past to amuse himself in the same manner. "And it is much to be feared," says the past record of the event, "that the man is a near relation to one of the unhappy sufferers." Upon searching this very suspicious marksman, about fifty musket bullets were found on him, wrapped up in a paper on which was written the motto, "Requirit ille vitam."

After this, history leaves the heads of the unhappy Jacobites—those lips that love had kissed, those cheeks children had patted—to moulder on in the sun and in the rain, till the last day of March, 1772, when one of them (Towneley or Fletcher) fell. The last stormy gust of March threw it down, and a short time after a strong wind blew down the other; and against the sky no more relics remained of a barbarous and unchristian revenge. In April, 1773, Boswell, whom we all despise and all like, dined at courtly Mr. Beauchamp's with Dr. Johnson, Lord Charlemont (Hogarth's friend), Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other members of the literary club, in Gerrard Street, Soho, it being the awful evening when Boswell was to be balloted for. The conversation turned on the new and commendable practice of erecting monuments to great men in St. Paul's. The Doctor observed: "I remember once being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. Whilst we stood at Poet's Corner, I said to him,—

"Forſitan et noſtrum nomen miſcebitur illis."

When we got to Temple Bar he ſtopped ſhort, and pointing to the heads upon it, ſillyly whiſpered,—

"Forſitan et noſtrum nomen miſcebitur illis."

This anecdote, ſo full of clever, arch wit, is ſufficient to endear the old gateway to all lovers of London and of Goldſmith.

According to Mr. Timbs, in his "London and Weſtmiſter," Mrs. Black, the wife of the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, when asked if ſhe remembered any heads on Temple Bar, uſed to reply, in her bruiſque, hearty way, "*Boys, I recollect the name well! I have ſeen on that Temple Bar about which you aſk, two human heads—two traitors' heads—ſpiked on iron poles. There were two; I ſaw one fall (March 31, 1772). Women ſhrieked as it fell; men, as I have heard, ſhrieked. One woman near me fainted. Yes, boys, I recollect ſeeing human heads upon Temple Bar.*"

The cruel-looking ſpikes were removed early in the preſent century. The panelled oak gates were often renewed, though certainly ſhutting them, top often never wore them out.

As early as 1790 Alderman Pickett (who built the St. Clement's arch), with other ſubverſive reformers, tried to pull down Temple Bar. It was pronounced unworthy of form, of no antiquity, an ambuſcade for pickpockets, and a record of only the dark and crimſon pages of hiſtory.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1791, chronicling the clearance of the City, ſays: "The ſtructure, ſtretching upon the building, was a monument

be surprising if certain amateurs, busy in improving the architectural concerns of the City, should at length request of their brethren to allow the Bar or grand gate of entrance into the City of London to stand, after they have so repeatedly sought to obtain its destruction." In 1852 a proposal for its repair and restoration was defeated in the Common Council; and twelve months later, a number of bankers, merchants, and traders set their hands to a petition for its removal altogether, as serving no practical purpose, as it impeded ventilation and

of this sum £480 for his four stone monarchs. The mason was John Marshall, who carved the pedestal of the statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross and worked on the Monument in Fish Street Hill. In 1636 Inigo Jones had designed a new arch, the plan of which still exists. Wren, it is said, took his design of the Bar from an old temple at Rome.

The old Bar, once a protection, then an ornament, became an obstruction—the too narrow neck of a large decanter—a bone in the throat of Fleet

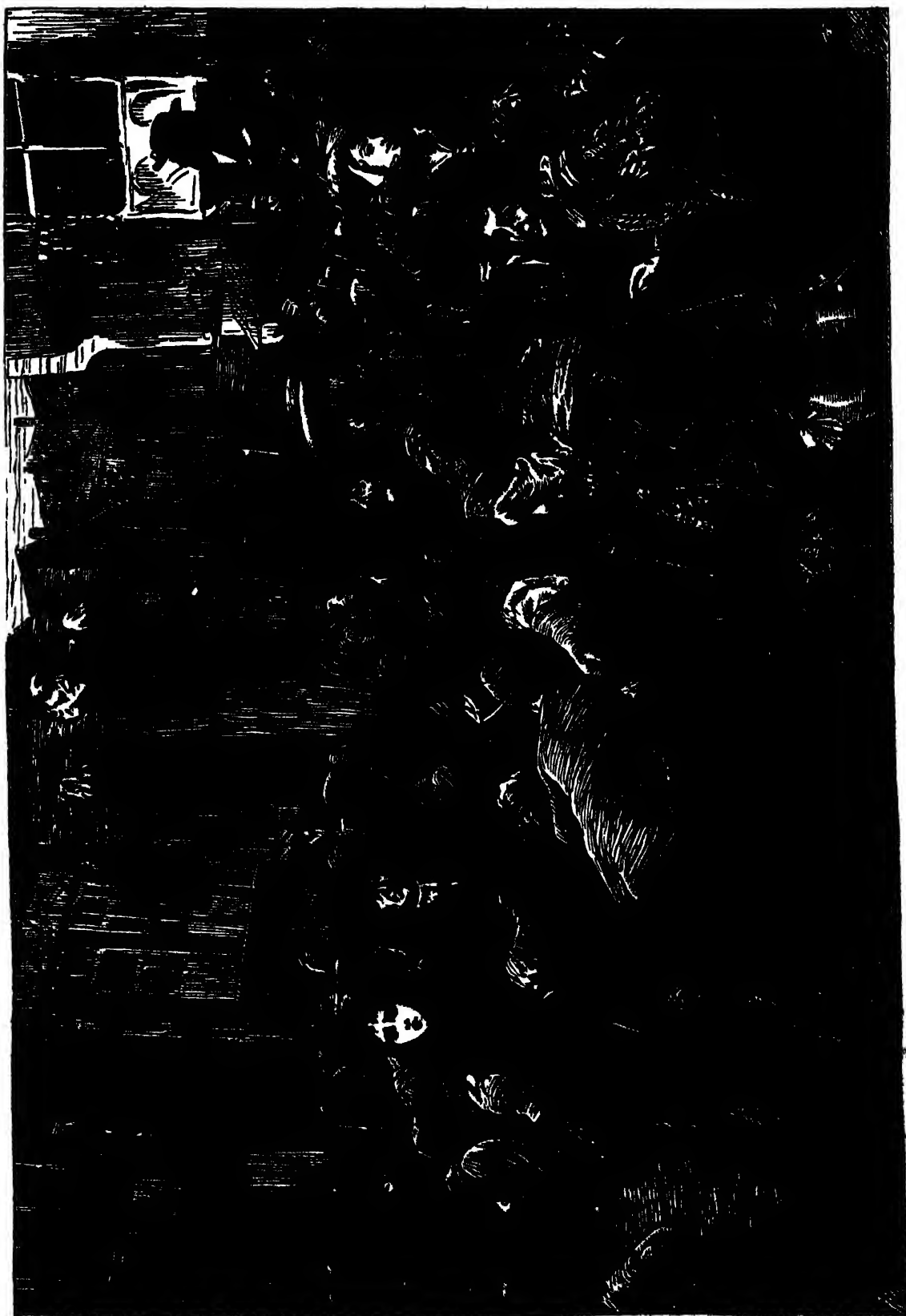


THE ROOM OVER TEMPLE BAR, 1876 (see page 37).

retarded improvements. Since then Mr. Heywood has proposed to make a circus at Temple Bar, leaving the archway in the centre; and Mr. W. Burges, the architect, suggested a new arch in keeping with the new Law Courts opposite.

It is a singular fact that the "Parentalia," a chronicle of Wren's works written by Wren's clever son, contains hardly anything about Temple Bar. According to Mr. Noble, the Wren manuscripts in the British Museum, Wren's ledger in the Bodleian, and the Record Office documents, are equally silent; but from a folio at the Guildhall, entitled "Expenses of Public Buildings after the Great Fire," it would appear that the Bar cost altogether £1,397 10s.; Bushnell, the sculptor, receiving out

Street. It also became dilapidated and dangerous, and was eventually removed, as already stated, in 1877-8. Yet to the last we felt a lingering fondness for the old barrier that we had seen draped in black for a dead hero and glittering with gold in honour of a young bride. We had shared the sunshine that brightened it and the gloom that has darkened it, and we felt for it a species of friendship, in which it mutely shared. It is worthy of notice here that the visit of Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales to St. Paul's Cathedral, in the month of February, 1872, mentioned by us in a previous chapter, was the very last occasion on which Royalty passed in state through the gates of Temple Bar.



TITUS OATES IN THE PILLORY (in 1684)

## CHAPTER III.

## FLEET STREET—GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

Frauds in Fleet Street—Chaucer and the Friar—The Duchess of Gloucester doing Penance for Witchcraft—Riots between Law Students and Citizens—  
‘Prentice Riots—Oates in the Pillory—Entertainments in Fleet Street—Shop Signs—Burning the Boot—Trial of Hardy—Queen Caroline’s Funeral

ALAS, for the changes of time! The Fleet, that little, quick-flowing stream, once so bright and clear, is now a sewer! but its name remains immortalised by the street called after it.

Although, according to a modern antiquary, a Roman amphitheatre once stood on the site of the Fleet Prison, and Roman citizens were probably interred outside Ludgate, we know but little whether Roman buildings ever stood on the west side of the City gates. Stow, however, describes a stone pavement supported on piles being found, in 1595, near the Fleet Street end of Chancery Lane; so that we may presume the soil of the neighbourhood was originally marshy. The first British settlers there must probably have been restless spirits, impatient of the high rents and insufficient room inside the City walls, and willing, for economy, to risk the forays of any Saxon pirates who chose to steal up the river on a dusky night and sack the outlying cabins of London.

There were certainly rough doings in Fleet Street in the Middle Ages, for the City chronicles tell us of much blood spilt there and of many deeds of violence. In 1228 (Henry III.) we find, for instance, one Henry de Buke slaying a man named Le Ireis, or Le Tylor, of Fleet Bridge, then fleeing to the church of St. Mary, Southwark, and there claiming sanctuary. In 1311 (Edward II.) five of the king’s not very respectable or law-fearing household were arrested in Fleet Street for a burglary; and though the weak king demanded them (they were perhaps servants of his Gascon favourite, Piers Gaveston, whom the barons afterwards killed), the City refused to give them up, and they probably had short shrive. In the same reign, when the Strand was full of bushes and thickets, Fleet Street could hardly have been ~~convenient~~. Still, some shops in Fleet Street were, no doubt, even in Edward II.’s reign, of importance, for we find, in 1321, a Fleet Street bootmaker supplying the luxurious king with “six pairs of boots, with tassels of silk and drops of silver-gilt, the price of each pair being 5s.” In Richard II.’s reign it is especially mentioned that Wat Tyler’s fierce Kentish men sacked the Savoy church, and part of the Temple, and destroyed two forges which had been originally erected on each side of St. Dunstan’s Church by the Knight Templars. The Priory of St. John of Jerusalem had paid a rent of

15s. for these forges, which same rent was given for more than a century after their destruction.

The poet Chaucer is said to have beaten a saucy Franciscan friar in Fleet Street, and to have been fined 2s. for the offence by the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple; so Speight had heard from one who had seen the entry in the records of the Inner Temple.

In King Henry IV.’s reign another crime disturbed Fleet Street. A Fleet Street goldsmith was murdered by ruffians in the Strand, and his body thrown under the Temple Stairs.

In 1440 (Henry VI.) a strange procession startled London citizens. Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, did penance through Fleet Street for witchcraft practised against the king. She and certain priests and necromancers had, it was said, melted a wax figure of young King Henry before a slow fire, praying that as that figure melted his life might melt also. Of the duchess’s confederates, the Witch of Ely was burned at Smithfield, a canon of Westminster died in the Tower, and a third culprit was hung, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn. The duchess was brought from Westminster, and landed at the Temple Stairs, from whence, with a tall wax taper in her hand, she walked bareheaded to St. Paul’s, where she offered at the high altar. Another day she did penance at Christ Church, Aldgate; a third day at St. Michael’s, Cornhill, the Lord Mayor, sheriffs, and most of the Corporation following. She was then banished to the Isle of Man, and her ghost, they say, still haunts Peel Castle.

And now, in the long panorama of years, there rises in Fleet Street a clash of swords and a clatter of bucklers. In 1441 (Henry VI.) the general effervescence of the times spread beyond Ludgate, and there was a great affray in Fleet Street between the hot-blooded youths of the Inns of Court and the citizens, which lasted two days; the chief man in the riot was one of Clifford’s Inn, named Harbottle; and this irrepressible Harbottle and his fellows only the appearance of the mayor and sheriffs could quiet. In 1458 (in the same reign) there was a more serious riot of the same kind; the students were then driven back by archers from the Conduit near Shoe Lane to their several inns, and some slain, including “the Queen’s attorney,” who certainly ought to have known better and kept closer to his parchments. Even the king’s meek

nature was roused at this; he committed the principal governors of Furnival's, Clifford's, and Barnard's inns to the castle of Hertford, and sent for several aldermen to Windsor Castle, where he either rated or imprisoned them, or both.

Fleet Street often figures in the chronicles of Elizabeth's reign. On one visit it is particularly said that she often graciously stopped her coach to speak to the poor; and a green branch of rosemary given to her by a poor woman near Fleet Bridge was seen, not without marvellous wonder of such as knew the presenter, when her Majesty reached Westminster. In the same reign we are told that the young Earl of Oxford, after attending his father's funeral in Essex, rode through Fleet Street to Westminster, attended by seven score horsemen, all in black. Such was the splendid and proud profusion of Elizabeth's nobles.

James's reign was a stormy one for Fleet Street. Many a time the ready 'prentices snatched their clubs (as we read in "The Fortunes of Nigel"), and, vaulting over their counters, joined in the fray that surged past their shops. In 1621 particularly, three 'prentices having abused Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, as he passed their master's door in Fenchurch Street, the king ordered the riotous youths to be whipped from Aldgate to Temple Bar. In Fleet Street, however, the apprentices rose in force, and shouting "Rescue!" quickly released the lads and beat the marshalsmen. If there had been any resistance, another thousand sturdy 'prentices would soon have carried on the war.

Nor did Charles's reign bring any quiet to Fleet Street, for then the Templars began to draw out their swords. On the 12th of January, 1627, the Templars, having chosen a Mr. Palmer as their Lord of Misrule, went out late at night into Fleet Street to collect his rents. At every door the jovial collectors winded the Temple horn, and if at the second blast the door was not courteously opened, my lord cried majestically, "Give fire, gunner!" and a sturdy smith burst the panels open with a huge sledge-hammer. The horrified Lord Mayor being appealed to soon arrived, attended by the watch of the ward and men armed with halberts. At eleven o'clock on the Sunday night the two monarchs came into collision in Hare Alley (now Hare Court). The Lord of Misrule bade my Lord Mayor come to him; but Palmer omitting to take off his hat, the halberts flew sharply round him, his subjects were soundly beaten, and he was dragged off to the Compter. There, with soiled finery, the new year's king was kept two days in durance, the attorney-general at last fetching the fallen monarch

away in his own coach. At a court masque soon afterwards the king made the two rival potentates join hands; but the King of Misrule had, nevertheless, to refund all the five shillings' he had exacted, and repair all the Fleet Street doors his too handy gunner had destroyed. The very next year the quarrelsome street broke again into a rage, and four persons lost their lives. Of the rioters, two were executed within the week. One of these was John Stanford, of the duke's chamber, and the other Captain Nicholas Ashurst. The quarrel was about politics, and the courtiers seem to have been the offenders.

In Charles II.'s time the pillory was sometimes set up at the Temple gate; and here the wretch Titus Oates stood, amidst showers of unsavoury eggs and the curses of those who had learnt to see the horror of his crimes. Well said Judge Withers to this man, "I never pronounce criminal sentence but with some compassion; but you are such a villain and hardened sinner, that I can find no sentiment of compassion for you." The pillory had no fixed place, for in 1670 we find a Scotchman suffering at the Chancery Lane end for telling a victualler that his house would be fired by the Papists; and the next year a man stood upon the pillory at the end of Shoe Lane for insulting Lord Coventry, as he was starting as ambassador for Sweden.

In the reign of Queen Anne those pests of the London streets, the "Mohocks," seem to have infested Fleet Street. These drunken desperadoes—the predecessors of the roysterers who, in the times of the Regency, "boxed the Charlies," broke windows, and stole knockers—used to find a cruel pleasure in surrounding a quiet homeward-bound citizen and pricking him with their swords. Addison makes worthy Sir Roger de Coverley as much afraid of these night-birds as Swift himself; and the old baronet congratulates himself on escaping from the clutches of "the emperor and his black men," who had followed him half-way down Fleet Street. He, however, boasts that he threw them out at the end of Norfolk Street, where he doubled the corner, and scuttled safely into his quiet lodgings.

From Elizabethan times downwards, Fleet Street was a favourite haunt of showmen. Concerning these popular exhibitions Mr. Noble has, with great industry, collected the following curious enumeration:—

"Ben Jonson," says our trusty authority, "in *Every Man in his Humour*, speaks of 'a new motion of the city of Nineveh, with Jonas and the whale, at Fleet Bridge.' In 1611 'the Fleet Street



mandrakes' were to be seen for a penny; and years later the giants of St. Dunstan's clock caused the street to be blocked up, and people to lose their time, their temper, and their money. During Queen Anne's reign, however, the wonders of Fleet Street were at their height. In 1702 a model of Amsterdam, thirty feet long by twenty feet wide, which had taken twelve years in making, was exhibited in Bell Yard; a child, fourteen years old, without thighs or legs, and eighteen inches high, was to be seen 'at the "Eagle and Child," a grocer's shop, near Shoe Lane;' a great Lincolnshire ox, nineteen hands high, four yards long, as lately shown at Cambridge, was on view 'at the "White Horse," where the great elephant was seen;' and 'between the "Queen's Head" and "Crooked Billet," near Fleet Bridge,' were exhibited daily 'two strange, wonderful, and remarkable monstrous creatures—an old she-dromedary, seven feet high and ten feet long, lately arrived from Tartary, and her young one; being the greatest rarity and novelty that ever was seen in the three kingdoms before.' In 1710, at the 'Duke of Marlborough's Head,' in Fleet Street (by Shoe Lane), was exhibited the 'moving picture' mentioned in the *Tatler*; and here, in 1711, 'the great posture-master of Europe,' eclipsing the deceased Clarke and Higgins, greatly startled sight-seeing London. 'He extends his body into all deformed shapes; makes his hip and shoulder-bones meet together; lays his head upon the ground, and turns his body round twice or thrice, without stirring his face from the spot; stands upon one leg, and extends the other in a perpendicular line half a yard above his head; and extends his body from a table with his head a foot below his heels, having nothing to balance his body but his feet; with, several other postures too tedious to mention.'

"And here, in 1718, De Hightrehight, the fire-eater, ate burning coals, swallowed flaming brimstone, and sucked a red-hot poker, five times a day!

"What will my billiard-loving friends say to the St. Dunstan's Inquest of the year 1720? 'Item, we present Thomas Bruce, for suffering a gaming-table (called a billiard-table, where people commonly frequent and game) to be kept in his house.' A score of years later, at the end of Wine Office Court, was exhibited an automaton clock, with three figures or statues, which at the word of command poured out red or white wine, represented a grocer shutting up his shop and a blackamoor who struck upon a bell the number of times asked. Giants and dwarfs were special features in Fleet Street. At the 'Rummer,' in Three Kings' Court, was to be seen an Essex woman, named Gordon,

not nineteen years old, though seven feet high, who died in 1737. At the 'Blew Boar and Green Tree' was on view an Italian giantess, above seven feet, weighing 425 lbs., who had been seen by ten reigning sovereigns. In 1768 died, in Shire Lane, Edward Bamford, another giant, seven feet four inches in height, who was buried in St. Dunstan's, though £200 was offered for his body for dissection. At the 'Globe,' in 1717, was shown Matthew Buchinger, a German dwarf, born in 1674, without hands, legs, feet, or thighs, twenty-nine inches high; yet can write, thread a needle, shuffle a pack of cards, play skittles, &c. A facsimile of his writing is among the Harleian MSS. And in 1712 appeared the Black Prince and his wife, each three feet high; and a Turkey horse, two feet odd high and twelve years old, in a box. Modern times have seen giants and dwarfs, but have they really equalled these? In 1822 the exhibition of a mermaid here was put a stop to by the Lord Chamberlain."

In old times Fleet Street was rendered picturesque, not only by its many gable-ended houses adorned with quaint carvings and plaster stamped in patterns, but also by the countless signs, gay with gilding and painted with strange devices, which hung above the shop-fronts. Heraldry exhausted all its stores to furnish emblems for different trades. Lions blue and red, falcons, and dragons of all colours, alternated with heads of John the Baptist, flying pigs, and hogs in armour. On a windy day these huge masses of painted timber creaked and waved overhead, to the terror of nervous pedestrians, nor were accidents by any means rare. On the 2nd of December, 1718 (Queen Anne), a signboard opposite Bride Lane, Fleet Street, having loosened the brickwork by its weight and movement, suddenly gave way, fell, and brought the house down with it, killing four persons, one of whom was the queen's jeweller. It was not, however, till 1761 (George II.) that these dangerous signboards were ordered to be placed flat against the walls of the houses.

When Dr. Johnson said, "Come and let us take a walk down Fleet Street," he proposed no very easy task. The streets in his early days, in London, had no side-pavements, and were roughly paved, with detestable gutters running down the centre. From these gutters the jumbling coaches of those days liberally scattered the mud on the unoffending pedestrians who happened to be crossing at the time. The sedan-chairs, too, were awkward impediments, and choleric people were disposed to fight for the wall. In 1766, when Lord Eldon came to London as a schoolboy, and



put up at that humble hostelry the "White Horse," in Fetter Lane, he describes coming home from Drury Lane with his brother in a sedan. Turning out of Fleet Street into Fetter Lane, some rough fellows pushed against the chair at the corner and upset it, in their eagerness to pass first. Dr. Johnson's curious nervous habit of touching every street-post he passed was cured in 1766, by the laying down of side-pavements. On that occasion it is said two English paviours in Fleet Street bet that they would pave more in a day than four Scotchmen could. By three o'clock the Englishmen had got so much ahead that they went into a public-house for refreshment, and, afterwards returning to their work, won the wager.

In the Wilkes' riot of 1763, the mob burnt a large jack-boot in the centre of Fleet Street, in ridicule of Lord Bute; but a more serious affray took place in this street in 1769, when the noisy Wilkites closed the Bar, to stop a procession of 600 loyal citizens *en route* for St. James's, to present an address denouncing all attempts to spread sedition and uproot the constitution. The carriages were pelted with stones, and the City marshal, who tried to open the gates, was bedaubed with mud. Mr. Boehm and other loyalists took shelter in "Nando's Coffee House." About 150 of the frightened citizens, passing up Chancery Lane, got to the palace by a devious way, a hearse with two white horses and two black following them to St. James's Palace. Even there the Riot Act had to be read and the Guards sent for. When Mr. Boehm fled into "Nando's," in his alarm, he sent home his carriage containing the address. The mob searched the vehicle, but could not find the paper, upon

which Mr. Boehm hastened to the Court, and arrived just in time with the important document.

The treason trials of 1794 brought more noise and trouble to Fleet Street. Hardy, the secretary to the London Corresponding Society, was a shoemaker at No. 161; and during the trial of this approver of the French Revolution, Mr. John Scott (afterwards Lord Eldon) was in great danger from a Fleet Street crowd. "The mob," he says, "kept thickening round me till I came to Fleet Street, one of the worst parts that I had to pass through, and the cries began to be rather threatening. 'Down with him!' 'Now is the time, lads; do for him!' and various others, horrible enough; but I stood up, and spoke as loud as I could: 'You may do for me, if you like; but, remember, there will be another Attorney-General before eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and the king will not allow the trials to be stopped.' Upon this one man shouted out, 'Say you so? you are right to tell us. Let us give him three cheers, my lads!' So they actually cheered me, and I got safe to my own door."

There was great consternation in Fleet Street in November, 1820, when Queen Caroline, attended by 700 persons on horseback, passed publicly through it to return thanks at St. Paul's. Many persons in alarm barricaded their doors and windows. Still greater was the alarm in August, 1821, when the queen's funeral procession went by, after the deplorable fight with the Horse Guards at Cumberland Gate, when two of the rioters were killed.

With this rapid sketch of a few of the events in the history of Fleet Street, we begin our patient peregrination from house to house.

## CHAPTER IV.

### FLEET STREET (*continued*).

Dr. Johnson in Ambuscade at Temple Bar—The First Child—Dryden and Black Will—Rupert's Jewels—Telson's Bank—The Apollo Club at the "Devil"—"Old Sir Simon the King"—"Mull Sack"—Dr. Johnson's Supper to Mrs. Lennox—Will Waterproof at the "Cock"—The Duel at "Dick's Coffee House"—Lintot's Shop—Pope and Warburton—Lamb and the *Albion*—The Palace of Cardinal Wolsey—Mrs. Salmon's Waxwork—Isaac Walton—Præd's Bank—Murray and Byron—St. Dunstan's—Fleet Street Printers—Hoare's Bank and the "Golden Bottle"—The Real and Spurious "Mitre"—Hone's Trial—Cobbett's Shop—"Peela's Coffee House."

THERE is, in an almost unknown essay by Dr. Johnson, a delightful passage that connects him indissolubly with the neighbourhood of Temple Bar. The essay, written in 1756 for the *Universal Visitor*, is entitled "A Project for the Employment of Authors," and is full of humour, which, indeed, those who knew him best considered the chief feature of Johnson's genius. We rather pride ourselves on the discovery of this pleasant bit of autobiography:—"It is my practice," says Johnson,

"when I am in want of amusement, to place myself for an hour at Temple Bar, or any other narrow pass much frequented, and examine one by one the looks of the passengers, and I have commonly found that between the hours of eleven and four every sixth man is an author. They are seldom to be seen very early in the morning or late in the evening, but about dinner-time they are all in motion, and have one uniform eagerness in their faces, which gives little opportunity of discerning

their hopes or fears, their pleasures or their pains. But in the afternoon, when they have all dined, or composed themselves to pass the day without a dinner, their passions have full play, and I can perceive one man wondering at the stupidity of the public, by which his new book has been totally neglected; another cursing the French, who fright away literary curiosity by their threat of an invasion;

No. 1—formerly a quiet, grave-looking house, next to Temple Bar, but now being replaced by a building more worthy of the site—is the oldest banking-house in London except one. For two centuries gold has here been shovelled about, and reams of bank-notes have been shuffled over by practised thumbs. Private banks originated in the stormy days before the Civil War, when wealthy



DR. TITUS OATES.

another swearing at his bookseller, who will advance no money without copy; another perusing as he walks his publisher's bill; another murmuring at an unanswerable criticism; another determining to write no more to a generation of barbarians; and another wishing to try once again whether he cannot awaken the drowsy world to a sense of his merit." This extract seems to us to form an admirable companion picture to that in which we have already shown Goldsmith bantering his brother Jacobite, Johnson, as they looked up together at the grim heads on Temple Bar.

citizens, afraid of what might happen, entrusted their money to their goldsmiths to take care of till the troubles had blown over. In the time of the Stuarts, Francis Child, an industrious apprentice of the old school, married the daughter of his master. William Wheeler, a goldsmith, who lived one door west of Temple Bar, and in due time succeeded to his estate and business. In the first London Directory (1677), among the fifty-eight goldsmiths, thirty-eight of whom lived in Lombard Street, "Blanchard & Child," at the "Marygold," Fleet Street, figure conspicuously as "keeping

running cashes." The original Marygold (sometimes mistaken for a rising sun), with the motto, "Ainsi mon ame," gilt upon a green ground, elegantly designed in the French manner, is still to be seen in the bank "shop," and a marigold in full bloom still blossoms on the bank cheques. In the year 1678 it was at Mr. Blanchard's, the goldsmith's, next door to Temple Bar, that Dryden the poet, bruised and angry, deposited £50 as a reward for any one who would discover the bullies

the firm long preserved the dusty books of the unfortunate alderman, who fled to Holland. On the sallow leaves over which the poor alderman once groaned, you can read the items of our sale of Dunkirk to the French, the dishonourable surrender of which drove the nation almost to madness, and hastened the downfall of Lord Clarendon, who, was supposed to have built a magnificent house (on the site of Albemarle Street, Piccadilly) with some of the very money. Charles II. himself banked here,



TEMPLE BAR AND THE "DEVIL TAVERN" (see page 39).

of Lord Rochester who had beaten him in Rose Alley, for some scurrilous verses really written by the Earl of Dorset. The advertisement promises, if the discoverer be himself one of the actors, he shall still have the £50, without letting his name be known or receiving the least trouble by any prosecution. Black Will's cudgel was, after all, a clumsy way of making a reporter. In the course of the eighteenth century, the firm was joined by the descendants of Alderman Backwell, who had been nearly ruined by the iniquitous and arbitrary closing of the Exchequer in 1672 by order of Charles II., that needy and unprincipled king; but the worthy alderman lived to retrieve his position. In a quaint oak-panelled room over Temple Bar

and drew his thousands with all the careless nonchalance of his nature. Nell Gwynne, Pepys, of the "Diary," and Prince Rupert also had accounts at Child's, and some of these ledgers were hoarded over Temple Bar in that Venetian-looking room, approached by strange prison-like passages, for which chamber Messrs. Child paid the City a rent of £21 a year.

When Prince Rupert died at his house in the Barbican, the valuable jewels of the old cavalry soldier, valued at £20,000, were disposed of in a lottery, managed by Mr. Francis Child, the goldsmith; the king himself, who took a half-boyish, like, half-boyish interest in the matter, sold the tickets among all the lords and ladies at Whitehall.

In North's "Life of Lord Keeper Guildford," the courier and lawyer of the reign of Charles II., there is an anecdote that pleasantly connects Child's bank with the fees of the great lawyers who in that evil reign ruled in Chancery Lane.—

"The Lord Keeper Guildford's business increased," says his biographer, "even while he was solicitor, to be so much as to have overwhelmed one less dexterous; but when he was made Attorney-General, though his gains by his office were great, they were much greater by his practice, for that flowed in upon him like an orage, enough to overwhelm one that had not an extraordinary readiness in business. His skull-caps, which he wore when he had leisure to observe his constitution, as I touched before, were now destined to lie in a drawer, to receive the money that came in by fees. One had the gold, another the crowns and half-crowns, and another the smaller money. When these vessels were full, they were committed to his friend (the Hon. Roger North), who was constantly near him, to tell out the cash and put it into the bank according to the contents; and so they went to the bankers, Blanchard & Child, goldsmiths, Temple Bar."

Year by year Sir Francis Child grew in fame and honour. He was alderman, sheriff, Lord Mayor, President of Christ's Hospital, and M.P. for the City, and finally, dying in 1713, full of years, was buried under a grand black marble tomb in Fulham churchyard, and his account closed for ever. The family went on living in the sunshine. Sir Robert, the son of the Sir Francis, was also alderman of his ward, and, on his death, his brother, Sir Francis, succeeded to all his father's dignities, became an East India director, and in 1725 received the special thanks of the citizens for promoting a special act for regulating City elections. Another member of this family (Sir Josiah Child) deserves special mention as one of the earliest writers on political economy and a man much in advance of his time. He saw through the old fallacy about the balance of trade, and explained clearly the true causes of the commercial prosperity of the Dutch. He also condemned the practice of each parish paying for its own poor, an evil which all Poor-law reformers have endeavoured to alter. Sir Josiah was at the head of the East India Company, already feeling its way towards the gold and diamonds of India. His brother was Governor of Bombay, and by the marriage of his numerous daughters, the rich merchant became allied to several peers and peeresses of England. The grandson of Alderman Blackwell married a daughter of the second Sir

Francis Child, and his daughter married William Praed, the Truro banker, who early in the present century opened a bank at 189, Fleet Street. So, like three strands of a gold chain, the three banking families were welded together. In 1689 Child's bank seems to have for a moment tottered, but was saved by the timely loan of £1,400 proffered by that overbearing woman, the Duchess of Marlborough. Hogarth is said to have made an oil sketch of the scene, which was sold at Hodgson's sale-room in 1834, and has since disappeared.

In Pennant's time (1793) the original goldsmith's shop seems to have still existed in Fleet Street, in connection with this bank. The principal of the firm was the celebrated Countess of Jersey, a former earl having assumed the name of Child, on the countess inheriting the estates of her maternal grandfather, Robert Child, Esq., of Osterly Park, Middlesex. A small full-length portrait of this great beauty of George IV.'s court, painted by Lawrence in his elegant but meretricious manner, hung in the first-floor room of the old bank. The last Child died early in this century. In Chapter 1, Book I, of his "Tale of Two Cities," Dickens has sketched Child's bank with quite an Hogarthian force and colour. He has playfully exaggerated the smallness, darkness, and ugliness of the building, of which he describes the partners as so proud, but there is all his usual delightful humour in the description, occasionally passing into caricature:—

"Thus it had come to pass that Telson's was the triumphant perfection of inconvenience. After knocking open a door of idiotic obstinacy with a weak rapier in its throat, you fell into Telson's down two steps, and came to your senses in a miserable little shop with two little counters, where the oldest of men made your cheque shake as if the wind rustled it, while they examined the signature by the dimmest of windows, which were always under a shower-bath of mud from Fleet Street, and which were made the dingier by their own iron bars and the heavy shadow of Temple Bar. If your business necessitated your seeing 'the House,' you were put into a species of Condemned Hold at the back, where you meditated on a mis-spent life, until the House came with its hands in its pockets, and you could hardly blink at it in the dismal twilight."

In 1788 (George III.) the firm purchased the renowned "Devil Tavern," next door eastward, and upon the site erected a row of houses up a dim court called Child's Place, under which, on its demolition in 1879, some twenty feet below the level of the street, were found a series of stone arches, which had probably once formed part of an ancient chapel.

The old "Devil Tavern" (No. 1, Fleet Street) had stood next the goldsmith's shop ever

since the time of James I. Shakespeare himself must, day after day, have looked up at the old sign of St. Dunstan tweaking the Devil by the nose, that flaunted in the wind near the Bar. Perhaps the sign was originally a compliment to the goldsmith's men who frequented it, for St. Dunstan was, like St. Eloy, a patron saint of goldsmiths, and himself worked at the forge as an amateur artificer of church plate. It may, however, have only been a mark of respect to the saint, whose church stood hard by, to the east of Chancery Lane. At the "Devil" the Apollo Club, almost the first institution of the kind in London, held its merry meetings, presided over by that grim yet jovial despot, Ben Jonson. The bust of Apollo, skilfully modelled from the head of the Apollo Belvidere, that once kept watch over the door, and heard in its time millions of witty things and scores of fond recollections of Shakespeare by those who personally knew and loved him, is still preserved at Child's bank. They also show there among their heirlooms "The Welcome," probably written by immortal Ben himself, which is full of a jovial inspiration that speaks well for the canary at the "Devil." It used to stand over the chimney-piece, written in gilt letters on a black board, and some of the wittiest and wisest men of the reigns of James and Charles must have read it over their cups. The verses run,—

"Welcome all who lead or follow  
To the oracle of Apollo," &c.

Beneath these verses some enthusiastic disciple of the author has added the brief epitaph inscribed by an admirer on the crabb'd old poet's tombstone in Westminster Abbey,—

"O, rare Ben Jonson."

The rules of the club (said to have been originally cut on a slab of black marble) were placed above the fireplace. They were devised by Ben Jonson, in imitation of the rules of the Roman entertainments, collected by the learned Lipsius; and, as Leigh Hunt says, they display the author's usual style of elaborate and compiled learning, not without a taste of that dictatorial self-sufficiency that made him so many enemies. They were translated by Alexander Brome, a poetical attorney of the day, who was one of Ben Jonson's twelve adopted poetical sons. We have room only for the first few, to show the poetical character of the club:—

"Let none but guests of chambers higher come;  
Let none but those, who would not keep home;  
Let none but such, who would not be at home;  
Let none but such, who would not be at home;  
Let none but such, who would not be at home;  
Let none but such, who would not be at home."

The later rules forbid the discussion of serious and sacred subjects. No itinerant fiddlers (who then, as now, frequented taverns) were to be allowed to obtrude themselves. The feasts were to be celebrated with laughing, leaping, dancing, jests, and songs, and the jests were to be "without reflection." No man (and this smacks of Ben's arrogance) was to recite "insipid" poems, and no person was to be pressed to write verse. There were to be in this little Elysium of an evening no vain disputes, and no lovers were to mope about unsocially in corners. No fighting or brawling was to be tolerated, and no glasses or windows broken, nor was tapestry to be torn down in wantonness. The rooms were to be kept warm; and, above all, any one who betrayed what the club chose to do or say was to be, *volens volens*, banished. Over the clock in the kitchen some wit had inscribed in neat Latin the merry motto, "If the wine of last night hurts you, drink more to-day, and it will cure you"—a happy version of the dangerous axiom of "Take a hair of the dog that bit you."

At these club feasts the old poet with "the mountain belly and the rocky face," as he has painted himself, presided, ready to enter the ring against all comers. By degrees the stern man with the worn features, darkened by prison cell and hardened by battle-fields, had mellowed into a Falstaff. Long struggles with poverty had made Ben arrogant, for he had worked as a bricklayer in early life and had served in Flanders as a common soldier; he had killed a rival actor in a duel, and had been in danger of having his nose slit in the pillory for a libel against King James's Scotch courtiers. Intellectually, too, Ben had reason to claim a sort of sovereignty over the minor poets. His *Every Man in his Humour* had been a great success; Shakespeare had helped him forward, and been his bosom friend. Parts of his *Sejanus*, such as the speech of Envy, beginning,—

"Light, I salute thee, but with wounded nerves,  
Wishing thy golden splendour pitchy darkness,"

are as sublime as his songs, such as

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,"

are graceful, serious, and lyrical. The ~~pass~~ <sup>power</sup> of his power and the command he had of the lyre no one could deny; his learning ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> Camden could vouch for. He had written the beautiful of court masques; his ~~Robert~~ <sup>Robert</sup> was preferred to Falstaff. Alas! no ~~Peter~~ <sup>Peter</sup> at ~~Beauwell~~ <sup>Beauwell</sup> has noted the talk of those evenings.

A few glimpses of the ~~past~~ <sup>past</sup> and but a few. One night at the "Devil" a society



gentleman was boastful of his property. It was all he had to boast about among the poets; Ben, chafed out of all decency and patience, at last roared, "What signify to us your dirt and your clods? Where you have an acre of land I have ten acres of wit!" "Have you so, good Mr. Wise-acre," retorted Master Shallow. "Why, now, Ben," cried out a laughing friend, "you seem to be quite stung." "I' faith, I never was so pricked by a hobnail before," growled Ben, with a surly smile.

Another story records the first visit to the "Devil" of Randolph, a clever poet and dramatist, who became a clergyman, and died young. The young poet, who had squandered all his money away in London pleasures, on a certain night, before he returned to Cambridge, resolved to go and see Ben and his associates at the "Devil," cost what it might. But there were two great obstacles—he was poor, and he was not invited. Nevertheless, drawn magnetically by the voices of the illustrious men in the Apollo, Randolph at last peeped in at the door among the waiters. Ben's quick eye soon detected the eager, pale face and the scholar's threadbare habit. "John Bo-peep," he shouted, "come in!" a summons Randolph gladly obeyed. The club-men instantly began rhyming on the meanness of the intruder's dress, and told him if he could not at once make a verse he must call for a quart of sack. There being four of his tormentors, Randolph, ready enough at such work, replied as quick as lightning:—

"I, John Bo-peep, and you four sheep,  
With each one his good fleece;  
If that you are willing to give me your shilling,  
'Tis fifteen pence apiece."

"By the Lord!" roared the giant president, "I believe this is my son Randolph!" and on his owning himself, the young poet was kindly entertained, spent a glorious evening, was soaked in sack, "sealed of the tribe of Ben," and became one of the old poet's twelve adopted sons.

Shakerley Marmion, a contemporary dramatist of the day, has left a glowing Rubenesque picture of the Apollo evenings, evidently coloured from life. Careless, one of his characters, tells his friends he is full of oracles, for he has just come from Apollo. "From Apollo?" says his wondering friend. Then Careless replies, with an inspired fervour worthy of a Cavalier poet who fought bravely for King Charles:—

"From the heaven  
Of my delight, where the boon Delphic god  
Drinks sack and keep his bacchanalia,  
And has his incense and his altars smoking,

And speaks in sparkling prophecies; thence I come,  
My brains perfumed with the rich Indian vapour,  
And heightened with conceits. . . .  
And from a mighty continent of pleasure  
Sails thy brave Careless."

Simon Wadloe, the host of the "Devil," who died in 1627, seems to have been a witty butt of a man, much such another as honest Jack Falstaff; a merry boon companion, not only witty himself, but the occasion of wit in others, quick at repartee, fond of proverbial sayings, curious in his wines. A good old song, set to a fine old tune, was written about him, and called "Old Sir Simon the King." This was the favourite old-fashioned ditty in which Fielding's rough and jovial Squire Western afterwards delighted.

Old Simon's successor, John Wadloe (probably his son), made a great figure at the Restoration procession by heading a band of young men all dressed in white. After the Great Fire John rebuilt the "Sun Tavern," behind the Royal Exchange, and was loyal, wealthy, and foolish enough to lend King Charles certain considerable sums, duly recorded in Exchequer documents, but not so duly paid.

In the troublous times of the Commonwealth the "Devil" was the favourite haunt of John Cottington, generally known as "Mull Sack," from his favourite beverage of spiced sherry negus. This impudent rascal, a sweep who had turned highwayman, with the most perfect impartiality rifled the pockets alternately of Cavaliers and Roundheads. Gold is of no religion; and your true cut-purse is of the broadest and most sceptical Church. He emptied the pockets of Lord Protector Cromwell one day, and another he stripped Charles II., then a Bohemian exile at Cologne, of plate valued at £1,500. One of his most impudent exploits was stealing a watch from Lady Fairfax, that brave woman who had the courage to denounce, from the gallery at Westminster Hall, the persons who, she considered, were about to become the murderers of Charles I. "This lady" (and a portly handsome woman she was, to judge by the old portraits), says a pamphlet-writer of the day, "used to go to a lecture on a week-day to Ludgate Church, where one Mr. Jacomb preached, being much followed by the Puritans. Mull Sack, observing this, and that she constantly wore her watch hanging by a chain from her waist, against the next time she came there dressed himself like an officer in the army; and having his comrades attending him like troopers, one of them takes off the pin of a coach-wheel that was going upwards through the gate, by which means it falling off, the

passage was obstructed, so that the lady could not alight at the church door, but was forced to leave her coach without. Mull Sack, taking advantage of this, readily presented himself to her ladyship, and having the impudence to take her from her gentleman usher who attended her alighting, led her by the arm into the church; and by the way, with a pair of keen sharp scissors for the purpose, cut the chain in two, and got the watch clear away, she not missing it till the sermon was done, when she was going to see the time of the day."

The portrait of Mull Sack has the following verses beneath:—

"I walk the Strand and Westminster, and scorn  
To march i' the City, though I bear the horn.  
My feather and my yellow band accord,  
To prove me courtier; my boot, spur, and sword,  
My smoking-pipe, scarf, garter, rose on shoe,  
Show my brave mind t' affect what gallants do.  
I sing, dance, drink, and merrily pass the day,  
And, like a chimney, sweep all care away."

In Charles II.'s time the "Devil" became frequented by lawyers and physicians. The talk now was about drugs and latitats, jalap and the law of escheats. Yet, still good company frequented it, for Steele describes Bickerstaff's sister Jenny's wedding entertainment there in October, 1709; and in 1710 (Queen Anne) Swift writes one of those charming letters to Stella to tell her that he had dined on October 12th at the "Devil," with Addison and Dr. Garth, when the good-natured doctor, whom every one loved, stood treat, and there must have been talk worth hearing. In the Apollo chamber the intolerable court odes of Colley Cibber, the poet laureate, used to be solemnly rehearsed with ficing music; and Pope, in "The Dunciad," says, scornfully:—

"Back to the 'Devil' the loud echoes roll,  
And 'Coll' each butcher roars in Hockly Hole."

But Colley had talent and he had brass, and it took many such lines to put him down. A good epigram on these public recitations runs thus:—

"When laureates make odes, do you ask of what sort?  
Do you ask if they're good or are evil?  
You may judge: from the 'Devil' they come to the Court,  
And go from the Court to the 'Devil.'"

Dr. Kenrick afterwards gave lectures on Shakespeare at the Apollo. This Kenrick, originally a rule-maker, and the malicious assailant of Johnson and Garrick, was the Croker of his day. He originated the *London Review*, and when he assailed Johnson's "Shakespeare," Johnson laughingly replied, "That he was not going to be bound by Kenrick's rules."

In 1746 the Royal Society held its annual dinner in the old consecrated room, and in the year 1759 concerts of vocal and instrumental music were given in the same place. It was an upstairs chamber probably detached from the tavern, and lay up a "close," or court. A bottle of wine found in the vaults here in 1879, probably was as old as this dinner.

The last ray of light that fell on the "Devil" was in 1751. Dr. Johnson, then busy all day with his six amanuenses in a garret in Gough Square compiling his Dictionary, at night enjoyed his elephantine mirth at a club in Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row. One night at the club, Johnson proposed to celebrate the appearance of Mrs. Lennox's first novel, "The Life of Harriet Stuart," by a supper at the "Devil Tavern." Mrs. Lennox was a lady for whom Johnson had the greatest esteem, ranking her afterwards above Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Hannah More, or even his favourite, Miss Burney. Sir John Hawkins, that somewhat malign rival of Boswell, describes the night in a manner, for him, unusually genial. "Johnson," says Hawkins (and his words are too pleasant to condense), "proposed to us the celebrating the birth of Mrs. Lennox's first literary child, as he called her book, by a whole night spent in festivity. Upon his mentioning it to me, I told him I had never sat up a night in my life; but he continuing to press me, and saying that I should find great delight in it, I, as did all the rest of the company, consented." (The club consisted of Hawkins, an attorney; Dr. Salter, father of a master of the Charter House; Dr. Hawkesworth, a popular author of the day; Mr. Ryland, a merchant; Mr. John Payne, a bookseller; Mr. Samuel Dyer, a young man training for a Dissenting minister; Dr. William M'Ghie, a Scotch physician; Dr. Barker and Dr. Bathurst, young physicians.) "The place appointed was the 'Devil Tavern;' and there, about the hour of eight, Mrs. Lennox and her husband (a tide-waiter in the Customs), a lady of her acquaintance, with the club and friends, to the number of twenty, assembled. The supper was elegant; Johnson had directed that a magnificent hot apple-pie should make a part of it, and this he would have stuck with bay leaves, because, forsooth, Mrs. Lennox was an authoress and had written verses; and, further, he had prepared for her a crown of laurel, with which, but not till he had invoked the Muses by some ceremonies of his own invention, he encircled her brows. The night passed, as must be imagined, in pleasant conversation and harmless mirth, intermingled at different periods with the refreshment of coffee and tea. About five a.m., Johnson's face



shone with meridian splendour, though his drink had been fully lemonade; but the far greater part of the company had deserted the colours of Bacchus, and were with difficulty rallied to partake of a second refreshment of coffee, which was scarcely ended when the day began to dawn.

opposite side of Fleet Street, still preserves the memory of the great club-room at the "Devil."

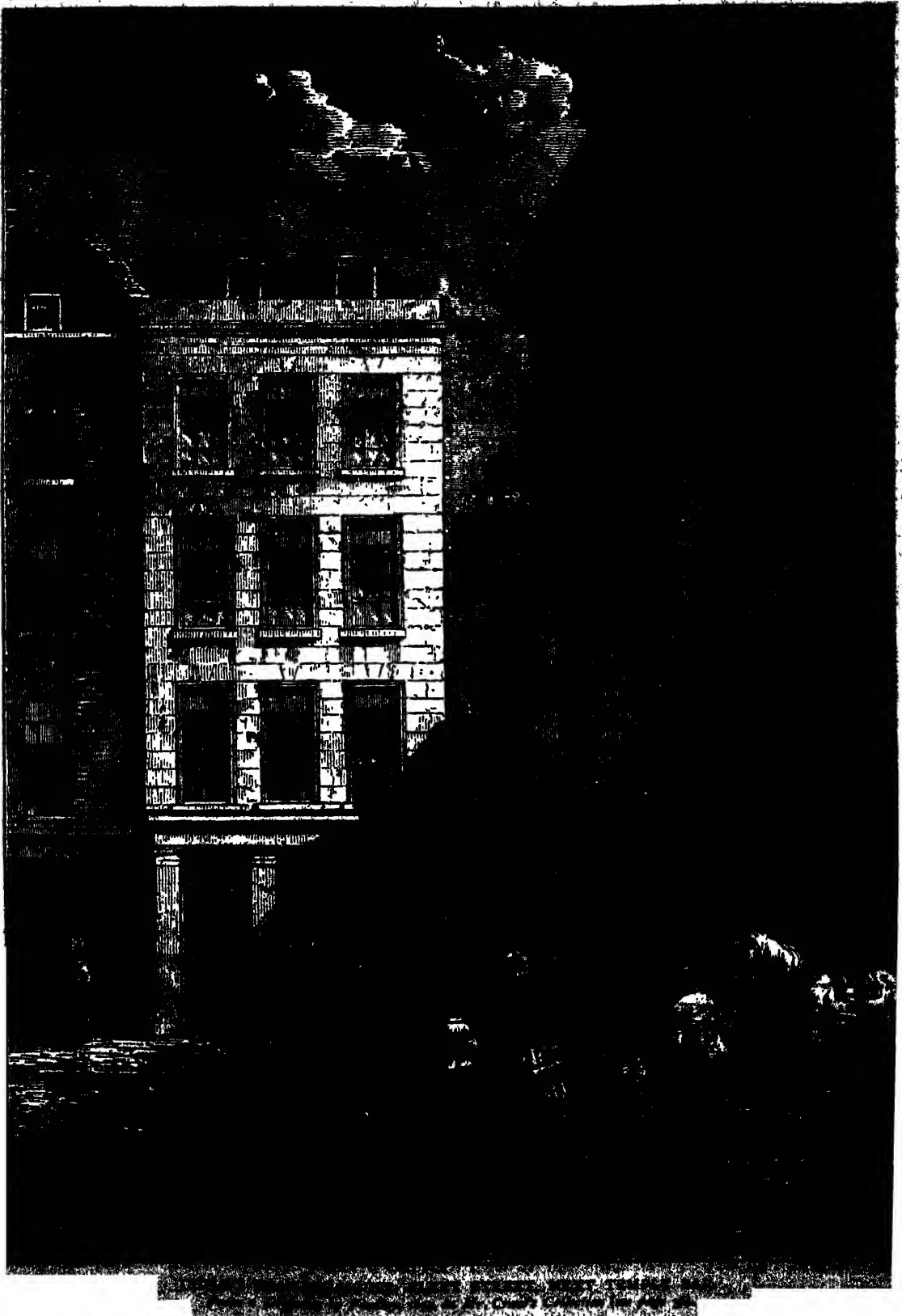
In 1764, on an Act passing for the removal of the dangerous projecting signs, the weather-beaten picture of the saint, with the Devil gibbering over his shoulder, was nailed up flat to the front of the



TEMPLE BAR IN DR. JOHNSON'S TIME (see page 41).

This phenomenon began to put us in mind of our reckoning; but the waiters were all so overcome with sleep that it was two hours before a bill could be had, and it was not till near eight that the breaking of the street-door gave the signal of the departure." How can I dredge up the notes of such a night's conversation from the small river of oblivion! The Apollo Court, on the

old gable-ended house. In 1775, Collins, a public lecturer and mimic, gave a satirical lecture at the "Devil" on modern oratory. In 1776 some young lawyers founded there a Pandemonium Club; and after that there is no further record of the "Devil" till it was pulled down and removed by the neighboring bankers. In its stead there was a "Devil Tavern" at Charles Dumas and a



room, "The Tavern" at St. Dunstan's; but these are all now gone.

"Cock Tavern" (No. 11), opposite the Temple, has been immortalised by Tennyson as thoroughly as "Devil" was by Ben Jonson. The playful verses inspired by a pint of generous port have made

"The victim of a legend blow  
Among the chops and steaks"

for ever, though old Will Waterproof has long since disappeared for the last time the well-known cellar-keeper. The poem which has embalmed his name was, we believe, written when Mr. Tennyson had chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields. At that time the room was lined with wainscoting, and the silver tankards of special customers hung in glittering rows in the bar. This tavern was shut up at the time of the Plague, and the advertisement announcing such closing is still extant. Pepys, in his "Diary," mentions bringing hither Mrs. Knipp, an actress, of whom his wife was very jealous, and here the gay couple "drank, eat a lobster, and sang, and mighty merry till almost midnight." On his way home to Seething Lane, the amorous Navy Office clerk with difficulty avoided two thieves with clubs, who met him at the entrance into the ruins of the Great Fire near St. Dunstan's. These dangerous meetings with Mrs. Knipp went on for one night Mrs. Pepys came to his bedside and attempted to pinch him with the red-hot tongs. The waiters at the "Cock" are fond of showing one of the old tokens of the house in the reign of Charles II. The old carved chimney-piece is of the age of James I.; and there is a delightful reminder that the gilt bird that struts with such self-assured importance over the portal was the work of that great carver, Grinling Gibbons.

"The Coffee House" (No. 8, south) was kept in Charles II.'s time by a Mrs. Yarrow and her daughter, who were much admired by the young Templars who patronised the place. The Rev. James Miller, reviving an old French comedietta by Molière, called "The Coffee House," and introducing malicious allusions to the landlady and her fair daughter, so exasperated the young barristers who frequented "Dick's" that they went in a body and threw the play from the boards. The author then wrote an apology, and published the play; but unluckily the artist who illustrated it took the Bar at "Dick's" as the background of his sketch. The Templars grew madder than ever at this, and Mr. Miller, who translated Voltaire's "Mahomet" for Garrick, never came up to the surface again. It was at "Dick's" that Cowper the poet showed the first symptoms of derangement.

When his mind was off its balance he read a letter in a newspaper at "Dick's," which he believed had been written to drive him to suicide. He went away and tried to hang himself; the garter breaking, he then resolved to drown himself; but, being hindered by some occurrence, repented for the moment. He was soon after sent to an asylum in Huntingdon.

In 1681 a quarrel arose between two hot-headed gallants in "Dick's" about the size of two dishes they had both seen at the "St. John's Head" in Chancery Lane. The matter eventually was roughly ended at the "Three Cranes" in the Vintry—a tavern mentioned by Ben Jonson—by one of them, Rowland St. John, running his companion, John Stiles, of Lincoln's Inn, through the body. The old coffee-house was demolished about 1875.

The "Rainbow Tavern" (No. 15, south) was the second coffee house started in London. Four years before the Restoration, Mr. Farr, a barber, began the trade here, trusting probably to the young Temple barristers for support. The vintners grew jealous, and the neighbours, disliking the smell of the roasting coffee, indicted Farr as a nuisance. But he persevered, and the Arabian drink became popular. A satirist had soon to write regretfully,—

"And now, alas! the drink has credit got,  
And he's no gentleman that drinks it not."

About 1780, according to Mr. Timbs, the "Rainbow" was kept by Alexander Moncreiff, grandfather of the dramatist who wrote *Tom and Jerry*.

Bernard Lintot, the bookseller, who published Pope's "Homer," lived in a shop between the two Temple gates (No. 16). In an inimitable letter to the Earl of Burlington, Pope has described how Lintot (Tonson's rival) overtook him once in Windsor Forest, as he was riding down to Oxford. When they were resting under a tree in the forest, Lintot, with a keen eye to business, pulled out "a mighty pretty 'Horace,'" and said to Pope, "What if you amused yourself in turning an ode till we mount again?" The poet smiled, but said nothing. Presently they remounted, and as they rode on Lintot stopped short, and broke out, after a long silence: "Well, sir, how far have we got?" "Seven miles," replied Pope, naively. He told Pope that by giving the hungry critics a dinner of a piece of beef and a pudding, he could make them see beauties in any author he chose. After all, Pope did well with Lintot, for he gained £5,320 by his "Homer." Dr. Young, the poet, once unfortunately sent to Lintot a letter stating

for Tonson, and the first words that Lintot read were: "That Bernard Lintot is so great a scoundrel." In the same shop, which was then occupied by Jacob Robinson, the publisher, Pope first met Warburton. An interesting account of this meeting is given by Sir John Hawkins, which it may not be out of place to quote here. "The friendship of Pope and Warburton," he says, "had its commencement in that bookseller's shop which is situate on the west side of the gateway leading down the Inner Temple Lane. Warburton had some dealings with Jacob Robinson, the publisher, to whom the shop belonged, and may be supposed to have been drawn there on business; Pope might have made a call of the like kind. However that may be, there they met, and entering into conversation, which was not soon ended, conceived a mutual liking, and, as we may suppose, plighted their faith to each other. The fruit of this interview and of the subsequent communications of the parties was the publication, in November, 1739, of a pamphlet with this title, 'A Vindication of Mr. Pope's "Essay on Man," by the Author of "The Divine Legation of Moses." Printed for J. Robinson.' At the Middle Temple Gate, Benjamin Motte, successor to Ben Tooke, published Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," for which he had grudgingly given only £200.

The third door from Chancery Lane (No. 197, north side), Mr. Timbs points out, was in Charles II.'s time a tombstone-cutter's; and here, in 1684, Howel, whose "Letters" give us many curious pictures of his time, saw a huge monument to four of the Oxenham family, at the death of each of whom a white bird appeared fluttering about their bed. These miraculous occurrences had taken place at a town near Exeter, and the witnesses' names duly appeared below the epitaph. No. 197 was afterwards Rackstrow's museum of natural curiosities and anatomical figures; and the proprietor put Sir Isaac Newton's head over the door for a sign. Among other prodigies was the skeleton of a whale more than seventy feet long. Donovan, a naturalist, succeeded Rackstrow (who died in 1772) with his London museum. Then, by a harlequin change, No. 197 became the office of the *Albion* newspaper. Charles Lamb was turned over to this journal from the *Morning Post*. The editor, John Fenwick, the "Bigot" of Lamb's "Essay," was a needy, sanguine man, who had purchased the paper of a person named Lovell, who had stood in the pillory for a libel against the Prince of Wales. For a long time Fenwick contrived to pay the Stamp Office dues by

says Lamb, in his delightful way, "attached our small talents to the forlorn fortunes of our friend. Our occupation was now to write treason." Lamb hinted at possible abdications. Blocks, axes, and Whitehall tribunals were covered with flowers of so cunning a periphrasis—as, Mr. Bayes says, never naming the *thing* directly—that the keen eye of an Attorney-General was insufficient to detect the lurking snake among them.

At the south-west corner of Chancery Lane (No. 193) once stood an old house said to have been the residence of that unfortunate reformer, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, who was burnt in St. Giles's Fields in 1417 (Henry V.) In Charles II.'s reign the celebrated Whig Green Ribbon Club used to meet here, and from the balcony flourish their periwigs, discharge squibs, and wave torches, when a great Protestant procession passed by, to burn the effigy of the Pope at the Temple Gate. The house, five stories high and covered with carvings, was pulled down for City improvements in 1799.

Upon the site of No. 192 (east corner of Chancery Lane) the father of Cowley, that fantastic poet of Charles II.'s time, it is said carried on the trade of a grocer. In 1740 a later grocer there sold the finest caper tea for 24s. per lb., his fine green for 18s. per lb., hyson at 16s. per lb., and bohea at 7s. per lb.

No house in Fleet Street has a more curious pedigree than that gilt and painted shop opposite Chancery Lane (No. 17, south side), falsely called "the palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey." It was originally the office of the Duchy of Cornwall, in the reign of James I. It is just possible that it was the house originally built by Sir Amyas Paulet, at Wolsey's command, in resentment for Sir Amyas having set Wolsey, when a mere parish priest, in the stocks for a brawl. Wolsey, at the time of the ignominious punishment, was schoolmaster to the children of the Marquis of Dorset. ~~He~~ was confined to this house for five or six years, to appease the proud cardinal, who lived in Chancery Lane. Sir Amyas rebuilt his prison, covering the front with badges of the cardinal. It was afterwards "Nando's," a famous coffee-house, where Thurlow picked up his first great brief. One night Thurlow, arguing here keenly about the ~~celebrated~~ Douglas case, was heard by some lawyers with delight, and the next day, to his astonishment, was appointed junior counsel. This ~~case~~ ~~made~~ him a silk gown, and so his fortune was made by that one lucky night at "Nando's." No. 17 was afterwards the place where Mrs. Salmon (the Madame Tassaud of early times) exhibited her

waxwork kings and queens. There was a figure on crutches at the door; and Old Mother Shipton, the witch, kicked the astonished visitor as he left. Mrs. Salmon died in 1812. The exhibition was then sold for £500, and removed to Water Lane. When Mrs. Salmon first removed from St. Martin's-a-Grand to near St. Dunstan's Church, she announced, with true professional dignity, that the new locality "was more convenient for the quality's coaches to stand unmolested." Her "Royal Court of England" included 150 figures. When the exhibition removed to Water Lane, some thieves one night got in, stripped the effigies of their finery, and broke half of them, throwing them into a heap that almost touched the ceiling.

Tonson, Dryden's publisher, commenced business at the "Judge's Head," near the Inner Temple gate, so that when at the Kit-Kat Club he was not far from his own shop. One day Dryden, in a rage, drew the greedy bookseller with terrible force:—

"With leering looks, bull-faced, and speckled fair,  
With two left legs and Judas-coloured hair,  
And frowzy pores that taint the ambient air."

The poet promised a fuller portrait if the "dog" tormented him further.

Opposite Mrs. Salmon's, two doors west of old Chancery Lane, till 1799, when the lawyer's lane was widened, stood an old, picturesque, gabled house, which was once the milliner's shop kept, in 1624, by that good old soul, Isaak Walton. He was on the Vestry Board of St. Dunstan's, and was constable and overseer for the precinct next Temple Bar; and on pleasant summer evenings he used to stroll out to the Tottenham fields, rod in hand, to enjoy the gentle sport which he so much loved. He afterwards (1632) lived seven doors up Chancery Lane, west side, and there married the sister of that good Christian, Bishop Ken, who wrote the "Evening Hymn," one of the most simply beautiful religious poems ever written. It is pleasant in busy Fleet Street to think of the good old citizen on his guileless way to the river Lea, conning his verses on the delights of angling.

Praed's Bank (No. 189, north side) was founded early in this century by Mr. William Praed, a banker of Truro. The house had been originally the shop of Mrs. Salmon, till she moved to opposite Chancery Lane, and her wax kings and frail queens were replaced by piles of strong boxes and chests of gold. The house was rebuilt in 1802, from the designs of Sir John Soane, whose curious museum still exists in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Praed, that delightful poet of society, was of the banker's

family, and in him the poetry of refined wealth found a fitting exponent. Fleet Street, indeed, is rich in associations connected with bankers and booksellers; for at No. 19 (south side) we come to Messrs Gosling's. This bank was founded in 1650 by Henry Pinckney, a goldsmith, at the sign of the "Three Squirrels"—a sign still to be seen in the ironwork over the centre window. The original sign of solid silver, about two feet in height, made to lock and unlock, was discovered in the house in 1858. It had probably been taken down on the general removal of out-door signs and forgotten. In a secret service-money account of the time of Charles II., there is an entry of a sum of £646 8s. 6d. for several parcels of gold and silver lace bought of William Gosling and partners by the fair Duchess of Cleveland, for the wedding clothes of the Ladies Sussex and Lichfield.

No. 32 (south side), still a publisher's, was originally kept for forty years by William Sandby, one of the partners of Snow's bank in the Strand. He sold the business and goodwill in 1762 for £400, to a lieutenant of the Royal Navy, named John M'Murray, who, dropping the Mac, became the well-known Tory publisher. Murray tried in vain to induce Falconer, the author of "The Shipwreck," to join him as a partner. The first Murray died in 1793. In 1812 John Murray, the son of the founder, removed to 50, Albemarle Street. In the *Athenæum* of 1843 a writer describes how Byron used to stroll in here fresh from his fencing-lessons at Angelo's or his sparring-bouts with Jackson. He was wont to make cruel lunges with his stick at what he called "the spruce books" on Murray's shelves, generally striking the doomed volume, and by no means improving the bindings. "I was sometimes, as you will guess," Murray used to say with a laugh, "glad to get rid of him." Here, in 1807, was published "Mrs. Rundell's Domestic Cookery," in 1809, the *Quarterly Review*; and, in 1811, Byron's "Childe Harold."

The original Columbarian Society, long since extinct, was born at offices in Fleet Street, near St. Dunstan's. This society was replaced by the Pholoperisteron, dear to all pigeon-fanciers, which held its meetings at "Freemasons' Tavern," and eventually amalgamated with its rival, the National Columbarian, the fruitful union producing the National Peristeronic Society, now a flourishing institution, meeting periodically at "Evans's," and holding a great fluttering and most pleasant annual show at the Crystal Palace. It is on these occasions that clouds of carrier-pigeons are let off, to decide the speed with which the swiftest and best



nained bird can reach a certain spot (a flight, of course, previously known to the bird), generally in Belgium.

The first St. Dunstan's Church—"in the West," as it is now called, to distinguish it from one near Tower Street—was built prior to 1237. The present building was erected in 1831. The older church stood thirty feet forward, blocking the carriage-way, and shops with projecting signs were built against the east and west walls. The churchyard was a favourite locality for booksellers. One of the most interesting stories connected with the old building relates to Felton, the fanatical assassin of the Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of Charles I. The murderer's mother and sisters lodged at a haberdasher's in Fleet Street, and were attending service in St. Dunstan's Church when the news arrived from Portsmouth; they swooned away when they heard the name of the assassin. Many of the clergy of St. Dunstan's have been eminent men. Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament, did duty here. The poet Donne was another of the St. Dunstan's worthies; and Sherlock and Romaine both lectured at this church. The rectory house, sold in 1693, was No. 183. The clock of old St. Dunstan's was one of the great London sights in the last century. The giants that struck the hours had been set up in 1671, and were made by Thomas Harrys, of Water Lane, for £35 and the old clock. Lord Hertford purchased them, in 1830, for £210, and set them up at his villa in Regent's Park. When a child he was often taken to see them; and he then used to say that some day he would buy "those giants." Hatton, writing in 1708, says that these figures were more admired on Sundays by the populace than the most eloquent preacher in the pulpit within; and Cowper, in his "Table Talk," cleverly compares dull poets to the St. Dunstan's giants:—

"When labour and when dulness, club in hand,  
Like the two figures at St. Dunstan stand,  
Beating alternately, in measured time,  
The clock-work unannalium of rhyme."

The most interesting relic of modern St. Dunstan's is that unobtrusive figure of Queen Elizabeth at the east end. This figure first came to the old church from Ludgate when the City gates were destroyed in 1786. It was bought for £16 10s. when the old church came to the ground, and was re-erected near the werry entrance. The companion statues of King Lud and his two sons were deposited in the werry, bene-house. On one occasion, when a lecturer was preaching at the old church of St. Dunstan's, there arose a public squabbling in the werry. Some were of the

the building falling. Every face turned pale; but the preacher, full of faith, sat calmly down in the pulpit till the panic subsided, then, resuming his sermon, said reprovingly, "We are in the service of God, to prepare ourselves that we may be fearless at the great noise of the dissolving world when the heavens shall pass away and the elements melt with fervent heat."

Mr. Noble, in his record of this parish, has remarked on the extraordinary longevity attained by the incumbents of St. Dunstan's. Dr. White held the living for forty-two years; Dr. Grant, for fifty-nine; the Rev. Joseph Williamson (Wilkes's chaplain) for forty-one years; while the Rev. William Romaine continued lecturer for forty-six years. The solution of the problem probably is that a good and secure income is the best promoter of longevity. Several members of the great banking family of Hoare are buried in St. Dunstan's; but by far the most remarkable monument in the church bears the following inscription:—

"HOBSON JUDKINS, Esq., late of Clifford's Inn, the Honest Solicitor, who departed this life June 30, 1812. This tablet was erected by his clients, as a token of gratitude and respect for his honest, faithful, and friendly conduct to them throughout life. Go, reader, and imitate Hobson Judkins."

Among the burials at St. Dunstan's noted in the registers, the following are the most remarkable:—1559-60, Doctor Oglethorpe, the Bishop of Carlisle, who crowned Queen Elizabeth; 1664, Dame Bridgett Browne, wife of Sir Richard Browne, major-general of the City forces, who offered £1,000 reward for the capture of Oliver Cromwell; 1732, Christopher Pinchbeck, the inventor of the metal named after him and a maker of musical clocks. The Plague seems to have made great havoc in St. Dunstan's. In 1665, out of 856 burials, 568 in only three weeks are marked "P." for Plague. The church, built in 1830-3, was designed by George Gilbert Scott, and died on the twelfth day after the completion of the outer shell, leaving his soul to finish his work. The church is of a flimsy Gothic, the style revival having hardly then commenced. The eight bells are from the old church. The two heads over the chief entrance are portraits of Tyndale and Dr. Donne; and the painted window is the gift of the Hoare family.

According to Aubrey, Drayton, the great topographical poet, lived at "the bay-window house next the east end of St. Dunstan's Church." It is a clearly proved fact that the Great Fire stopped just three doors past St. Dunstan's, as did also, Mr. Timbs says, another remarkable

1770; so it is not impossible that the author of "The Polyolbion," that good epic poem, once lived at the present No. 180, though the next house eastward is certainly older than its neighbour. We have given a drawing of the house.

That shameless rogue, Edmund Curll, lived at

translators lay three in a bed at the "Pewter Platter Inn" at Holborn. He published the most disgraceful books and forged letters. Curll, in his revengeful spite, accused Pope of pouring an emetic into his half-pint of canary when he and Curll and Lintot met by appointment at the "Swan Tavern,"



MRS. SALMON'S WAXWORK, FLEET STREET—"PALACE OF HENRY VIII. AND CARDINAL WOLSEY" (see page 45).

the "Dial and Bible," against St Dunstan's Church. When this clever rascal was put in the pillory at Charing Cross, he persuaded the mob he was in for a political offence, and so secured the pity of the crowd. The author of "John Bunce" describes Curll as a tall, thin, awkward man, with goggle eyes, splay feet, and knock-knees. His

Fleet Street. By St. Dunstan's, at the "Homer's Head," also lived the publisher of the first correct edition of "The Dunciad."

Among the booksellers who crowded round old St. Dunstan's were Thomas Marsh, of the "Prince's Arms," who printed Stow's "Chronicles;" and William Griffith, of the "Falcon," in St. Dunstan's



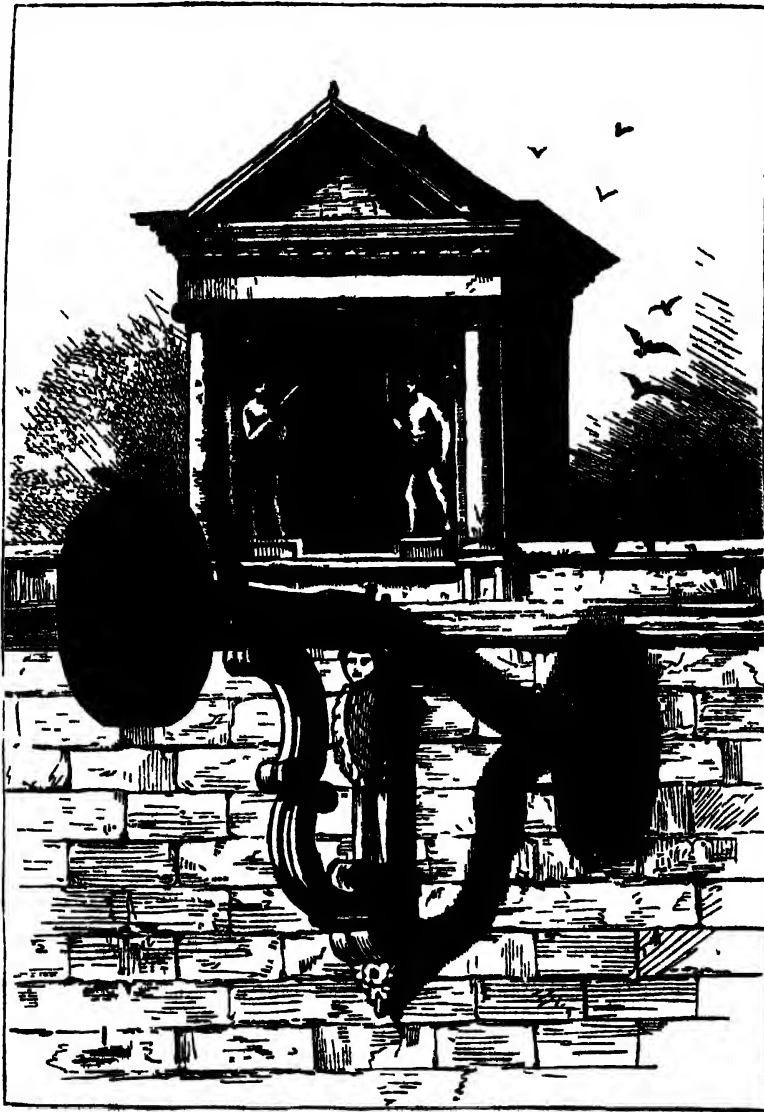


ST. PAUL'S FROM THE STRAND



Churchyard, who, in the year 1565, issued, without the authors' consent, *Gorboduc*, written by Thomas Norton and Lord Buckhurst, the first real English tragedy and the first play written in English blank verse. John Smethwicke, a still more honoured name, "under the diall" of St. Dunstan's Church,

the three timid publishers who ventured on a certain poem, called "The Paradise Lost," giving John Milton, the blind poet, the enormous sum of £5 down, £5 on the sale of 1,300 copies of the first, second, and third impressions, in all the munificent recompense of £20, the agreement



81 DUNSTAN'S CLOCK (see page 47).

published "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet." Richard Marriot, another St. Dunstan's bookseller, published Quarles' "Emblems," Dr. Donne's "Sermons," that delightful, simple-hearted book, Isaak Walton's "Complete Angler," and Butler's "Hudibras," that wonderful mass of puns and quibbles, pressed close as potted meat. Matthias Walker, a St. Dunstan's bookseller, was one of

was given to the British Museum in 1852, by Samuel Rogers, the banker poet.

Nor in this list of Fleet Street printers must we forget to insert Richard Pynson, from Normandy, who had worked at Caxton's press, and was a contemporary of De Worde. According to Mr. T. C. Noble, to whose work we are deeply indebted, Pynson printed, at his office, the "George"

in the Strand, and afterwards beside St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street), no less than 215 works. The first of these, completed in the year 1483, was probably the first book printed in Fleet Street, afterwards a gathering-place for the ink-stained craft. A copy of this book, "Dives and Pauper," was sold a few years since for no less than £49. In 1497 the same busy Frenchman published an edition of "Terence," the first Latin classic printed in England. In 1508 he became printer to King Henry VII., and after this produced editions of Fabyan's and Froissart's "Chronicles." He seems to have had a bitter feud with a rival printer, named Robert Rudman, who pirated his trade-mark. In one of his books he thus quaintly falls foul of the enemy: "But truly Rudeman, because he is the rudest out of a thousand men. . . . Truly I wonder now at last that he hath confessed it in his own typography, unless it chanced that even as the devil made a cobbler a mariner, he made him a printer. Formerly this scoundrel did prefer himself a bookseller, as well skilled as if he had started forth from Utopia. He knows well that he is free who pretendeth to books, although it be nothing more."

To this brief chronicle of early Fleet Street printers let us add Richard Bancks, who, in 1600, at his office, "the sign of the White Hart," printed that exquisite fairy poem, Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." How one envies the "reader" of that office, the compositors—nay, even the sable imp who pulled the proof, and snatched a passage or two about Mustard and Pease Blossom in a surreptitious glance! Another great Fleet Street printer was Richard Grafton, the printer, as Mr. Noble says, of the first correct folio English translation of the Bible, by permission of Henry VIII. When in Paris, Grafton had to fly with his books from the Inquisition. After his patron Cromwell's execution, in 1540, Grafton was sent to the Fleet for printing Bibles; but in the happier times of Edward VI. he became king's printer at the Grey Friars, now Christ's Hospital. His former fellow-worker in Paris, Edward Whitchurch, set up his press at De Worde's old house, the "Sun," near the Fleet Street conduit. He published the "Paraphrase of Erasmus," a copy of which, Mr. Noble says, existed, with its desk-chains, in the vestry of St. Benet's, Gracechurch Street. Whitchurch married the widow of Archbishop Cranmer.

The "Hercules Pillars" (now No. 27, Fleet Street, south) was a celebrated tavern as early as the reign of James I., and in the now nameless alley by its side several houses of entertainment nestled themselves. The tavern is interesting to us

chiefly because it was a favourite resort of Pepys, who frequently mentions it in his quaint and graphic way.

No. 37 (Hoare's Bank), south, is well known by the golden bottle that still hangs, exciting curiosity, over the fanlight of the entrance. Popular legend has it that this gilt case contains the original leather bottle carried by the founder when he came up to London, with the usual half-crown in his pocket, to seek his fortune. Sir Richard Colt Hoare, however, in his family history, destroys this romance. The bottle is merely a sign adopted by James Hoare, the founder of the bank, from his father having been a citizen and cooper of the city of London. James Hoare was a goldsmith who kept "running cash" at the "Golden Bottle" in Cheapside in 1677. The bank was removed to Fleet Street between 1687 and 1692. The original bank, described by Mr. Timbs as "a low-browed building with a narrow entrance," was pulled down about fifty years since. In the records of the debts of Lord Clarendon is the item, "To Mr. Hoare, for plate, £27 10s. 3d.;" and, by the secret service expenses of James II., "Charles Duncombe and James Hoare, Esqrs." appear to have executed for a time the office of master-workers at the Mint. A Sir Richard Hoare was Lord Mayor in 1713; and another of the same family, sheriff in 1740-41 and Lord Mayor in 1745, distinguished himself by his preparations to defend London against the "Pretender." In an autobiographical record still extant of the shrievalty of the first of these gentlemen, the writer says:—"After being regaled with sack and walnuts, I returned to my own house in Fleet Street, in my private capacity, to my great consolation and comfort." This Richard Hoare, with Beau Nash, Lady Hastings, &c., founded, in 1716, the Bath General Hospital, to which charity the firm still continue treasurers; and to this same philanthropic gentleman, Robert Nelson, who wrote the well-known book on "Fasts and Festivals," gave £100 in trust as the first legacy to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Mr. Noble quotes a curious broadside still extant in which the second Sir Richard Hoare, who died in 1754, denies a false and malicious report that he had attempted to cause a run on the Bank of England, and to occasion a disturbance in the City, by sending persons to the Bank with ten notes of £10 each. What a state of commercial wealth, to be shaken by the sudden demand of a mere £100!

Next to Hoare's once stood the "Mitre Tavern," where some of the most interesting of the meetings between Dr. Johnson and Boswell took place.

The old tavern was pulled down, in 1829, by the Messrs. Hoare, to extend their banking-house. The original "Mitre" was of Shakespeare's time. In some MS. poems by Richard Jackson, a contemporary of the great poet, are some verses beginning, "From the rich Lavinian shore," inscribed as "Shakespeare's rime, which he made at ye 'Mitre,' in Fleet Street." The balcony was partly burnt during the Great Fire, and had to be pulled down. Here, in June, 1763, Boswell came by solemn appointment to meet Johnson, so long the god of his idolatry. They had first met at the shop of Davis, the actor and bookseller, and afterwards near an eating-house in Butcher Row. Boswell describes his feelings with delightful sincerity and self-complacency. "We had," he says, "a good supper and port wine, of which Johnson then sometimes drank a bottle. The orthodox High Church sound of the Mitre, the figure and manner of the celebrated Samuel Johnson, the extraordinary power of his conversation, and the pride arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had ever before experienced." That memorable evening Johnson ridiculed Colley Cibber's birthday odes and Paul Whitehead's "grand nonsense," and ran down Gray, who had declined his acquaintance. He talked of other poets, and praised poor Goldsmith as a worthy man and excellent author. Boswell fairly won the great man by his frank avowals and his adroit flattery. "Give me your hand," at last cried the great man to the small man: "I have taken a liking to you." They then finished a bottle of port each, and parted between one and two in the morning. As they shook hands, on their way to No. 1, Inner Temple Lane, where Johnson then lived, Johnson said, "Sir, I am glad we have met. I hope we shall pass many evenings, and mornings too, together." A few weeks after the Doctor and his young disciple met again at the "Mitre," and Goldsmith was present. The poet was full of love for Dr. Johnson, and speaking of some scapegrace, said tenderly, "He is now become miserable, and that insures the protection of Johnson." At another "Mitre" meeting, on a Scotch gentleman present praising Scotch scenery, Johnson uttered his bitter gibe, "Sir, let me tell you that the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England." In the same month Johnson and Boswell met again at the "Mitre." The latter confessed his nerves were much shaken by the old port and the late tavern hours; and Johnson laughed at people who had accepted a pension

from the house of Hanover abusing him as a Jacobite. It was at the "Mitre" that Johnson urged Boswell to publish his "Travels in Corsica;" and at the "Mitre" he said finely of London, "Sir, the happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we sit than in all the rest of the kingdom." It was here the famous "Tour to the Hebrides" was planned and laid out. Another time we find Goldsmith and Boswell going arm-in-arm to Bolt Court, to prevail on Johnson to go and sup at the "Mitre;" but he was indisposed. Goldsmith, since "the big man" could not go, would not venture at the "Mitre" with Boswell alone. At Boswell's last "Mitre" evening with Johnson, May, 1778, Johnson would not leave Mrs. Williams, the blind old lady who lived with him, till he had promised to send her over some little dainty from the tavern. This was very kindly and worthy of the man who "had the coat but not the heart of a bear." From 1728 to 1753 the Society of Antiquaries met at the "Mitre," and discussed subjects then wrongly considered frivolous. The Royal Society held also conclaves at the same celebrated tavern; and here, in 1733, Thomas Topham, the strongest man of his day, in the presence of eight persons, rolled up with his iron fingers a large pewter dish. In 1788 the "Mitre" ceased to be a tavern, and became; first Macklin's Poet's Gallery, and then an auction-room. The present spurious "Mitre Tavern," in Mitre Court, was originally known as "Joe's Coffee-House."

It was at No. 56 (south side) that Lamb's friend, William Hone, the publisher of the delightful "Table Book" and "Every-day Book," commenced business about 1812. In 1815 he was brought before the Wardmote Inquest of St. Dunstan's for placarding his shop on Sundays, and for carrying on a retail trade as bookseller and stationer, not being a freeman. The Government had no doubt suggested the persecution of so troublesome an opponent, whose defence of himself is said to have all but killed Lord Ellenborough, the judge who tried him for publishing blasphemous parodies. In 1815 Hone took great interest in the case of Eliza Fenning, a poor innocent servant girl, who was hung for a supposed attempt to poison her master, a law stationer in Chancery Lane. It was afterwards believed that a nephew of Mr. Turner really put the poison in the dough of some dumplings, in revenge at being kept short of money.

Mr. Cyrus Jay, a shrewd observer, was present at Hone's trial, and has described it with vividness.

"Hone defended himself firmly and well, but he had no spark of eloquence about him. For years afterwards I was often with him, and he was made a great deal of in society. He became very religious, and died a member of Mr. Clayton's Independent chapel, worshipping at the Weigh House. The last important incident of Lord Ellenborough's political life was the part he took as presiding judge in Hone's trials for the publication of certain blasphemous parodies. At this time he was suffering from the most intense exhaustion, and his constitution was sinking under the fatigues of a long and sedulous discharge of his important duties. This did not deter him from taking his seat upon the bench on this occasion. When he entered the court, previous to the trial, Hone shouted out, 'I am glad to see you, Lord Ellenborough. I know what you are come here for; I know what you want.' 'I am come to do justice,' replied his lordship. 'My wish is to see justice done.' 'Is it not rather, my lord,' retorted Hone, 'to send a poor devil of a bookseller to rot in a dungeon?' In the course of the proceedings Lord Ellenborough more than once interfered. Hone, it must be acknowledged, with less vehemence than might have been expected, requested him to forbear. The next time his lordship made an observation, in answer to something the defendant urged in the course of his speech, Hone exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, 'I do not speak to you, my lord, you are not my judge; these,' pointing to the jury, 'these are my judges, and it is to them that I address myself.' Hone avenged himself on what he called the Chief Justice's partiality; he wounded him where he could not defend himself. Arguing that Athanasius was not the author of the creed that bears his name, he cited, by way of authority, passages from the writings of Gibbon and Warburton to establish his position. Fixing his eyes on Lord Ellenborough, he then said, 'And, further, your lordship's father, the late worthy Bishop of Carlisle, has taken a similar view of the same creed.' Lord Ellenborough could not endure this allusion to his father's heterodoxy. In a broken voice he exclaimed, 'For the sake of decency, forbear!' The request was immediately complied with. The jury acquitted Hone, a result which is said to have killed the Chief Justice; but this is probably not true. That he suffered in consequence of the trial is certain. After he entered his private room, when the trial was over, his strength had so far deserted him that his son was obliged to put his hat on for him. But he quickly recovered his spirits; and on his way home, in passing through Charing Cross, he pulled

the check-string, and said, 'It just occurs to me that they sell here the best herrings in London; buy six.' Indeed Dr. Turner, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, who accompanied him in his carriage, said that so far from his nerves being shaken by the hootings of the mob, Lord Ellenborough only observed that their saliva was worse than their bite. . . .

"When Hone was tried before him for blasphemy, Lord Tenterden treated him with great forbearance; but Hone, not content with the indulgence, took to vilifying the judge. 'Even in a Turkish court I should not have met with the treatment I have experienced here,' he exclaimed. 'Certainly,' replied Lord Tenterden; 'the bow-string would have been round your neck an hour ago.'"

That sturdy political writer, William Cobbett, lived at No. 183 (north), and there published the *Political Register*. In 1819 he wrote from America, declaring that if Sir Robert Peel's Bank Bill passed, he would give Castlereagh leave to lay him on a gridiron and broil him alive, while Sidmouth stirred the coals, and Canning stood by and laughed at his groans. In 1827 he announced in his *Register* that he would place a gridiron on the front of his shop whenever Peel's Bill was repealed. The "Small Note Bill" was repealed, when there was a reduction of the interest of the National Debt. The gridiron so often threatened never actually went up, but it was to be seen a few years ago nailed on the gable end of a candle manufacturer's at Kensington. The two houses next to Cobbett's (184 and 185) are the oldest houses standing in Fleet Street.

"Peele's Coffee-House (Nos. 177 and 178, north side) once boasted a portrait of Dr. Johnson, said to be by Sir Joshua Reynolds, on the keystone of the mantelpiece. This coffee-house is of antiquity, but is chiefly memorable for its useful files of newspapers and for its having been the central committee-room of the Society for Repealing the Paper Duty. The struggle began in 1858, and eventually triumphed, thanks to the president, the Right Hon. T. Milner-Gibson, and the chairman, the late Mr. John Cassell. The house within the last few years has been entirely rebuilt. In former times "Peele's Coffee-House" was quite a house of call and post-office for money-lenders and bill-discounters; though crowds of barristers and solicitors also frequented it, in order to consult the files of London and country newspapers which were boarded there for more than a century. Mr. Jay has left us an amusing sketch of one of the former frequenters of "Peele's"—the late Sir William Owen Rindley,



a bench of the Middle Temple. This methodical old gentleman had never travelled in a stage-coach or taken any carriage in his life, and had not for years read a book. He came in for dinner at the same hour every day, except in Term-time, and was very

angry if any loud talkers disturbed him at his evening paper. He once requested the instant discharge of a waiter at "Peele's," because the civil but ungrammatical man had said, "There are a leg of mutton, and there is chops."

## CHAPTER V.

### FLEET STREET (*continued*).

The "Green Dragon"—The "Bolt-in-Tun"—Tompion and Pinchbeck—The "Horn in the Hoop"—St. Dunstan's and his Manacles—Peele and his Contributions—The "Globe Evening"—The "Morning Advertiser"—The "Standard"—The "London Magazine"—A Strange Story—Richardson, Watchman—Simon Willard—Richardson and his "35."

THE original "Green Dragon" (No. 56, south) was destroyed by the Great Fire, and the new building set six feet backward. During the Popish Plot several anti-papal clubs met here; and from the windows Roger North stood to see the shouting, torch-waving procession pass along, to burn the Pope's effigy at Temple Bar. In the "Discussion Forum" many barristers of note, many judges, and Lord Chancellors of the future have tried their eloquence when young men.

No. 64 (south) was long a well-known coaching house, the "Bolt-in-Tun." In a grant to the White Friars, in the fifteenth century, it is spoken of as "Hospitium vocatum Le Boltenton." The old inn was demolished a few years ago, but its name is preserved in Bolt-in-Tun Yard, and the railway booking-office which partly occupies its site.

At No. 67 (corner of Whitefriars Street) once lived that famous watchmaker of Queen Anne's reign, Thomas Tompion, who is said, in 1700, to have begun a clock for St. Paul's Cathedral which was to go for a hundred years without winding up. He died in 1713. His apprentice, George Graham, invented, as Mr. Noble tells us, the horizontal escapement, in 1724. He was succeeded by Mudge and Dutton, who in 1768, made Dr. Johnson his first watch. The old shop was (1850) one of the last in Fleet Street to be modernised.

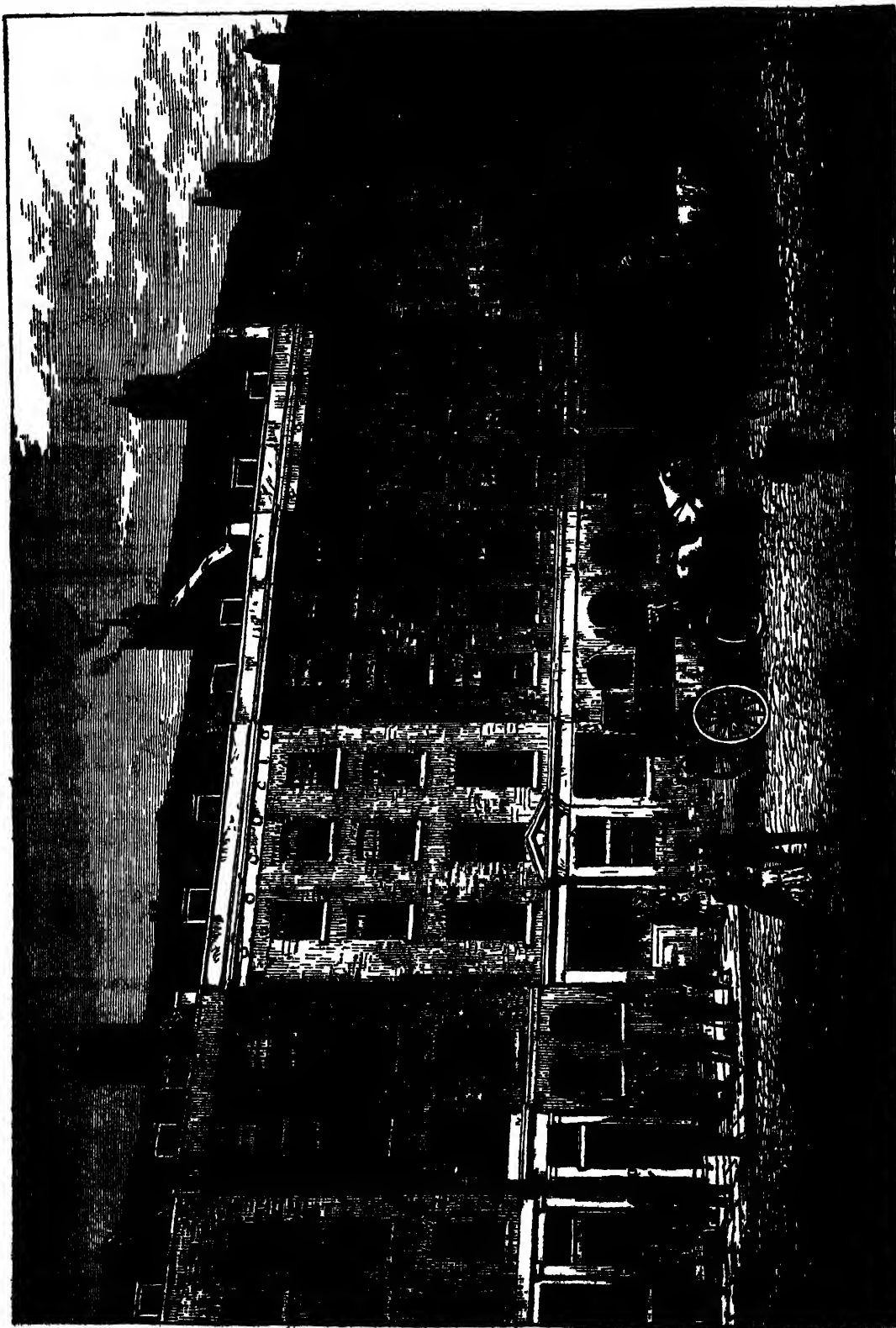
Between Bolt and Johnson's Courts (152-166, north)—say near "Anderton's Hotel"—there lived, in the reign of George II., at the sign of the "Astronomer's Musical Clock," Christopher Pinchbeck, an ingenious musical-clockmaker, who invented the "cheap and useful imitation of gold" which still bears his name. Pinchbeck often exhibited his musical apparatus in a booth at Bartholomew Fair and in conjunction with Fawkes the Conjurer, at Southwark. According to Mr. Edwards Wood, the author of "Curiosities of Clocks and Watches,"

an exquisite musical clock, worth about £500, for Louis XIV., and a fine organ for the Great Mogul, valued at £300. He died in 1783. He removed to Fleet Street from Clerkenwell in 1721. His clocks played tunes and imitated the notes of birds. In 1765 he set up, at the Queen's House, a clock with four faces, showing the age of the moon, the day of the week and month, the time of sun rising, &c.

No. 161 (north) was the shop of Thomas Hardy, that agitating bootmaker, secretary to the London Corresponding Society, who was implicated in the John Horne Tooke trials of 1794; and next door, years after (No. 162), Richard Carlisle, a "free-thinker," opened a lecturing, conversation, and discussion establishment, preached the "only true gospel," hung effigies of bishops outside his shop, and was eventually quieted by nine years' imprisonment, a punishment by no means undeserved. No. 76 (south) was once the entrance to the printing-office of Samuel Richardson, the author of "Clarissa," who afterwards lived in Salisbury Square, and there held levees of his admirers, to whom he read his works with an innocent vanity which occasionally met with disagreeable rebuffs.

"Anderton's Hotel" (No. 164, north side) occupies the site of a house given, as Mr. Noble says, in 1405, to the Goldsmiths' Company, under the singular title of "The Horn in the Hoop," probably at that time a tavern. In the register of St. Dunstan's is an entry (1597), "Ralph slain at the Horne, buried," but no further record exists of this hot-headed roysterer. In the reign of King James I. the "Horn" is described as "between the 'Red Lion,' over against Serjeants' Inn, and Three-legged Alley."

The "Horn" (No. 169, north) was started in 1844 as an organ of the extreme Evangelical party. The first promoters were the late Mr. James Agnew, a brother of Sir Andrew Agnew, and Mr. Andrew

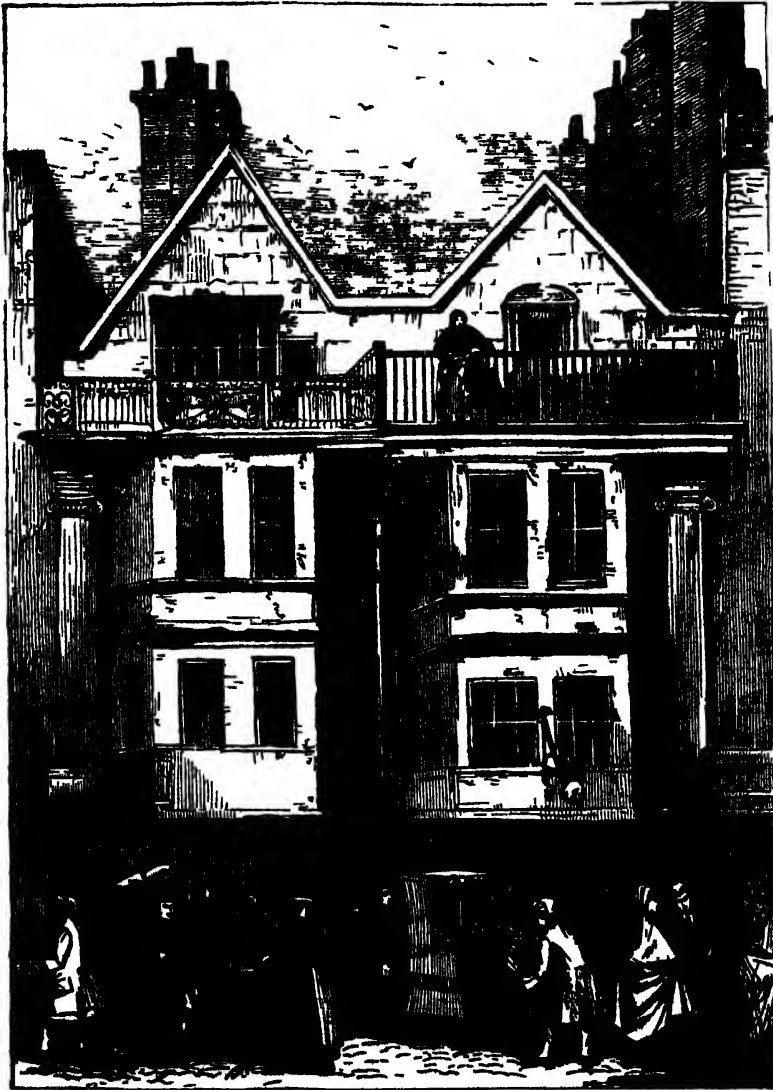


HOARE'S OLD BANKING HOUSE, FROM A DRAWING BY SHEPHERD, 1838, IN MR. CRACE'S COLLECTION (see page 50).

Hamilton, of West Ham Common, the first secretary of the Alliance Insurance Company. Among their supporters were Henry Law, Dean of Gloucester, and Francis Close, afterwards Dean of Carlisle. Amongst its earliest writers was Dr. (now Cardinal) John Henry Newman, of Oxford. The paper was all but dying when a new "whip"

became celebrated for its uncompromising religious tone, and, as Mr. James Grant truly says, for the earliness and accuracy of its politico-ecclesiastical information.

The old church of St. Bride (Bridget) was of great antiquity. As early as 1235 we find a turbulent foreigner, named Henry de Battle, after slaying



OLD HOUSES IN FLEET STREET, NEAR ST. DUNSTON'S CHURCH (see page 52).

was made for money, and the Rev. Henry Blunt, of Chelsea, became for a short time its editor. The *Record* at last began to flourish and to assume a bolder and a more independent tone. Dean Milman's neology, the peculiarities of the Irvingites, and the dangerous Oxford Tracts, were all denounced in it. In due course the *Record* began to appear three times a week, and

one Thomas de Hall on the king's highway, flying for sanctuary to St. Bride's, where he was guarded by the aldermen and sheriffs, and examined in the church by the Constable of the Tower. The murderer, after confessing his crime, abjured the realm. In 1413 a priest of St. Bride's was hung for an intrigue in which he had been detected. William Venor, a warden of the Fleet Prison, asked

a body and side-aisles in 1480 (Edward IV.) At the Reformation there were orchards between the parsonage gardens and the Thames. In 1637, a document in the Record Office, quoted by Mr. Noble, mentions that Mr. Palmer, vicar of St. Bride's, at the service at seven a.m., sometimes omitted the prayer for the bishop, and, being generally lax as to forms, often read the service without surplice, gown, or even his cloak. This worthy man, whose living was sequestered in 1642, is recorded, in order to save money for the poor, to have lived in a bed-chamber in St. Bride's steeple. He founded an almshouse in Westminster, upon which Fuller remarks, in his quaint way, "It giveth the best light when one carrieth his lantern before him." The brother of Pepys was buried here in 1664 under his mother's pew. The old church was swallowed up by the Great Fire, and the present building erected in 1680, at a cost of £11,430 5s. 11d. The tower and spire were considered master-pieces of Wren. The spire, originally 234 feet high, was struck by lightning in 1754, and it is now only 226 feet high. It was again struck in 1803. The illuminated dial (the second erected in London) was set up permanently in 1827. The Spital sermons, now preached in Christ Church, Newgate Street, were preached in St. Bride's from the Restoration till 1797. They were originally all preached in the yard of the hospital of St. Mary Spital, Bishopsgate. Mr. Noble has ransacked the records relating to St. Bride's with the patience of old Stow. St. Bride's, he says, was renowned for its tithe-rate contests; but after many lawsuits and great expense, a final settlement of the question was come to in the years 1705-6. An Act was passed in 1706, by which Thomas Townley, who had rented the tithes for twenty-one years, was to be paid £1,200 within two years, by quarterly payments and £400 a year afterwards. In 1869 the impropriate rectory of St. Bridget and the tithes thereof, except the advowson, the parsonage house, and Easter-dues offerings, were sold by auction for £2,700. It may be here worthy to note, says Mr. Noble, that in 1705 the number of rateable houses in the parish of St. Bride was 1,016, and the rental £18,374; in 1868 the rental was £205,407 gross, £168,996 rateable.

Mr. Noble also records pleasantly sundry musical feats accomplished on the bells of St. Bride's. In 1710 ten bells were cast for this church by Abraham Rudhall, of Gloucester, and on the 11th of January, 1717, it is recorded that the first complete peal of 5,040 grandsire caters ever rung was effected by the "London scholars." In 1718 two treble bells were added; and on the 9th of January,

1724, the first peal ever completed in this kingdom upon twelve bells was rung by the college youths; and in 1726 the first peal of Bob Maxims, one of the ringers being Mr. Francis (afterwards Admiral) Geary. It was reported by the ancient ringers, says our trustworthy authority, that every one who rang in the last-mentioned peal left the church in his own carriage. Such was the dignity of the "campanularian" art in those days. When St. Bride's bells were first put up, Fleet Street used to be thronged with carriages full of gentry, who had come far and near to hear the pleasant music float aloft. During the terrible Gordon Riots, in 1780, Brasbridge, the silversmith, who wrote an autobiography, says he went up to the top of St. Bride's steeple to see the awful spectacle of the conflagration of the Fleet Prison, but the flakes of fire, even at that great height, fell so thickly as to render the situation untenable.

Many great people lie in and around St. Bride's; and Mr. Noble gives several curious extracts from the registers. Among the names we find Wynkyn de Worde, the second printer in London; Baker, the chronicler; Lovelace, the Cavalier poet, who died of want in Gunpowder Alley, Shoe Lane; Ogilby, the translator of Homer; the Countess of Orrery (1710); Elizabeth Thomas, a lady immortalised by Pope; and John Hardham, the Fleet Street tobacconist. The entrance to the vault of Mr. Holden (a friend of Pepys), on the north side of the church, is a relic of the older building. Inside St. Bride's are monuments to Richardson, the novelist; Nichols, the historian of Leicestershire; and Alderman Waithman. Among the clergy of St. Bride's Mr. Noble notes John Cardmaker, who was burnt at Smithfield for heresy, in 1555, Fuller, the Church historian and author of the "Worthies," who was lecturer here; Dr. Isaac Madox, originally an apprentice to a pastrycook, and who died Bishop of Winchester in 1759; and Dr. John Thomas, vicar, who died in 1793. There were two John Thomases among the City clergy of that time. They were both chaplains to the king, both good preachers, both skinted, and both died bishops!

The present approach to St. Bride's, designed by J. P. Papworth, in 1824, cost £10,000, and was urged forward by Mr. Blades, a Tory tradesman of Ludgate Hill, and a great opponent of Alderman Waithman. A fire that had destroyed some rickety old houses gave the requisite opportunity for letting air and light round poor, smothered-up St. Bride's.

The office of *Punch* (No. 85, south side) was built to occupy the site of the small school, in the house of a tailor, in which Milton once earned a precarious

living. Here, ever since 1841, the pleasant jester of Fleet Street has scared folly by the jangle of his bells and the blows of his staff. The best and most authentic account of the origin of *Punch* is to be found in the following communication to *Notes and Queries*, September 30, 1870. Mr. W. H. Wills, who was one of the earliest contributors to *Punch*, says:—

"The idea of converting *Punch* from a strolling to a literary laughing philosopher belongs to Mr. Henry Mayhew, former editor (with his school-fellow Mr. Gilbert à Beckett) of *Figaro in London*. The first three numbers, issued in July and August, 1841, were composed almost entirely by that gentleman, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Henry Plunkett ('Fusbos'), Mr. Stirling Coyne, and the writer of these lines. Messrs. Mayhew and Lemon put the numbers together, but did not formally dub themselves editors until the appearance of their 'Shilling's Worth of Nonsense.' The cartoons, then 'Punch's Pencilings,' and the smaller cuts, were drawn by Mr. A. S. Henning, Mr. Newman, and Mr. Alfred Forester ('Crowquill'); later, by Mr. Hablot Browne and Mr. Kenny Meadows. The designs were engraved by Mr. Ebenezer Landells, who occupied also the important position of 'capitalist.' Mr. Gilbert à Beckett's first contribution to *Punch*, 'The Above-bridge Navy,' appeared in No. 4, with Mr. John Leech's earliest cartoon, 'Foreign Affairs.' It was not till Mr. Leech's strong objection to treat political subjects was overcome, that, long after, he began to illustrate *Punch's* pages regularly. This he did, with the brilliant results that made his name famous, down to his untimely death. The letterpress description of 'Foreign Affairs' was written by Mr. Percival Leigh, who—also after an interval—steadily contributed. Mr. Douglas Jerrold began to wield *Punch's* baton in No. 9. His 'Peel Regularly Called in' was the first of those withering political satires, signed with a 'J' in the corner of each page opposite to the cartoon, that conferred on *Punch* a wholesome influence in politics. Mr. Albert Smith made his *début* in this wise:—At the birth of *Punch* had just died a periodical called (I think) the *Cosmorama*. When moribund, Mr. Henry Mayhew was called in to resuscitate it. This periodical bequeathed a comic census-paper filled up, in the character of a showman, so cleverly that the author was eagerly sought at the starting of *Punch*. He proved to be a medical student hailing from Chertsey, and signing the initials A. S.—'only,' remarked Jerrold, 'two-thirds of the truth, perhaps.' This pleasant supposition was, however, reversed at the very first introduction. On that occasion Mr. Albert Smith sent the 'copy' of the opening of 'The

Physiology of the London Medical Student.' The writers already named, with a few volunteers selected from the editor's box, filled the first volume, and belonged to the ante-'B. & E.' era of *Punch's* history. The proprietary had hitherto consisted of Messrs. Henry Mayhew, Lemon, Coyne, and Landells. The printer and publisher also held shares, and were treasurers. Although the popularity of *Punch* exceeded all expectation, the first volume ended in difficulties. From these storm-tossed seas *Punch* was rescued and brought into smooth water by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, who acquired the copyright and organised the staff. Then it was that Mr. Mark Lemon was appointed sole editor, a new office having been created for Mr. Henry Mayhew—that of Suggestor-in-Chief; Mr. Mayhew's contributions, and his felicity in inventing pictorial and in 'putting' verbal witticisms, having already set a deep mark upon *Punch's* success. The second volume started merrily. Mr. John Oxenford contributed his first *jeu d'esprit* in its final number on 'Herr Dübler and the Candle-Couater.' Mr. Thackeray commenced his connection in the beginning of the third volume with 'Miss Tickletohy's Lectures on English History,' illustrated by himself. A few weeks later a handsome young student returned from Germany. He was heartily welcomed by his brother, Mr. Henry Mayhew, and then by the rest of the fraternity. Mr. Horace Mayhew's diploma joke consisted, I believe, of 'Questions adressées au Grand Concours aux Elèves d'Anglais du Collège St. Badaud, dans le Département de la Haute Cockaigne' (vol. iii., p. 89). Mr. Richard Doyle, Mr. Tenniel, Mr. Shirley Brooks, Mr. Tom Taylor, and the younger celebrities who now keep *Mr. Punch* in vigorous and jovial vitality, joined his establishment after some of the birth-mates had been drafted off to graver literary and other tasks."

Mr. Mark Lemon remained editor of *Punch* from 1841 till 1870, when he died. His successor was Shirley Brooks, whose reign lasted till his death in 1876. Mr. Gilbert à Beckett, who died at Boulogne in 1856, succeeded in the more varied kinds of composition, turning with extraordinary rapidity from a *Times* leader to a *Punch* epigram.

A pamphlet attributed to Mr. Blanchard conveys, after all, the most minute account of the origin of *Punch*. A favourite story of the literary gossipers who have made *Mr. Punch* their subject from time to time, says the writer, is that he was born in a tavern parlour. The idea usually presented to the public is, that a little society of great men used to meet together in a private room in a tavern close to Drury Lane Theatre. The author of this



In the year 1841 there was a printing-office in a court running out of Fleet Street—No. 3, Crane Court—wherein was carried on the business of Mr. Joseph William Last. It was here that *Punch* first saw the light. The house, by the way, enjoys besides a distinction of a different kind—that of being the birthplace of “Parr’s Life Pills;” for Mr. Herbert Ingram, who had not at that time launched the *Illustrated London News*, nor become a member of Parliament, was then introducing that since celebrated medicine to the public, and for that purpose had rented some rooms on the premises of his friend Mr. Last.

The circumstance which led to *Punch*’s birth was simple enough. In June, 1841, Mr. Last called upon Mr. Alfred Mayhew, then in the office of his father, Mr. Joshua Mayhew, the well-known solicitor, of Carey Street, Lincoln’s Inn Fields. Mr. Mayhew was Mr. Last’s legal adviser, and Mr. Last was well acquainted with several of his sons. Upon the occasion in question Mr. Last made some inquiries of Mr. Alfred Mayhew concerning his brother Henry, and his occupation at the time. Mr. Henry Mayhew had, even at his then early age, a reputation for the high abilities which he afterwards developed, had already experience in various departments of literature, and had exercised his projective and inventive faculties in various ways. If his friends had heard nothing of him for a few months, they usually found that he had a new design in hand, which was, however, in many cases, of a more original than practical character. Mr. Henry Mayhew, as it appeared from his brother Alfred’s reply, was not at that time engaged in any new effort of his creative genius, and would be open to a proposal for active service.

Having obtained Mr. Henry Mayhew’s address, which was in Clement’s Inn, Mr. Last called upon that gentleman on the following morning, and opened to him a proposal for a comic and satirical journal. Henry Mayhew readily entertained the idea; and the next question was, “Can you get up a staff?” Henry Mayhew mentioned his friend Mark Lemon as a good commencement; and the pair proceeded to call upon that gentleman, who was living, not far off, in Newcastle Street, Strand. The almost immediate result was the starting of *Punch*.

At a meeting at the “Edinburgh Castle” Mr. Mark Lemon drew up the original prospectus. It was at first intended to call the new publication “The Funny Dog,” or “Funny Dog, with Comic Tales,” and from the first the subsidiary title of the “London Charivari” was agreed upon. At a subsequent meeting at the printing-office, some one made some allusion to the “Punch,” and some

joke about the “Lemon” in it. Henry Mayhew, with his usual electric quickness, at once flew at the idea, and cried out, “A good thought; we’ll call it *Punch*.” It was then remembered that, years before, Douglas Jerrold had edited a *Penny Punch* for Mr. Duncombe, of Middle Row, Holborn, but this was thought no objection, and the new name was carried by acclamation. It was agreed that there should be four proprietors—Messrs. Last, Landells, Lemon, and Mayhew. Last was to supply the printing, Landells the engraving, and Lemon and Mayhew were to be co-editors. George Hodder, with his usual good-nature, at once secured Mr. Percival Leigh as a contributor, and Leigh brought in his friend Mr. John Leech, and Leech brought in Albert Smith. Mr. Henning designed the cover. When Last had sunk £600, he sold his share to Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, on receiving the amount of his then outstanding liabilities. At the transfer, Henning and Newman both retired, Mr. Coyne and Mr. Grattan seldom contributed, and Messrs. Mayhew and Landells also seceded.

Mr. Hine, the artist, remained with *Punch* for many years; and among other artistic contributors who “came and went,” to use Mr. Blanchard’s own words, we must mention Birket Foster, Alfred Crowquill, Lee, Hamerton, John Gilbert, William Harvey, and Kenny Meadows, the last of whom illustrated one of Jerrold’s earliest series, “Punch’s Letters to His Son.” *Punch’s Almanac* for 1841 was concocted for the greater part by Dr. Maginn, who was then in the Fleet Prison, where Thackeray has drawn him, in the character of Captain Shandon, writing the famous prospectus for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The earliest hits of *Punch* were Douglas Jerrold’s articles signed “J.” and Gilbert à Beckett’s “Adventures of Mr. Briefless.” In October, 1841, Mr. W. H. Wills, afterwards working editor of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, commenced “Punch’s Guide to the Watering-Places.” In January, 1842, Albert Smith commenced his lively “Physiology of London Evening Parties,” which were illustrated by Newman; and he wrote the “Physiology of the London Idler,” which Leech illustrated. In the third volume, Jerrold commenced “Punch’s Letters to His Son;” and in the fourth volume, his “Story of a Feather;” Albert Smith’s “Side-Scenes of Society” carried on the social dissections of the comic physiologist, and à Beckett began his “Heathen Mythology,” and created the character of “Jenkins,” the supposed fashionable correspondent of the *Morning Post*. *Punch* had begun his career by ridiculing Lord Melbourne; he now attacked Brougham, for his temporary subservience to Wellington; and Sir



James Graham came also in for a share of the rod; and the *Morning Herald* and *Standard* were christened "Mrs. Gamp" and "Mrs. Harris," as old-foggy opponents of Peel and the Free-Traders. A Beckett's "Comic Blackstone" proved a great hit, from its daring originality; and incessant jokes were squibbed off on Lord John Russell, Prince Albert (for his military tailoring), Mr. Silk Buckingham and Lord William Lennox, Mr. Samuel Carter Hall and Mr. Harrison Ainsworth. Tennyson once, and once only, wrote for *Punch*, a reply to Lord Lytton (then Mr. Bulwer), who had coarsely attacked him in his "New Timon," where he had spoken flippantly of

"A quaint farrago of absurd conceits,  
Out-babying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats."

The epigram ended with these bitter and contemptuous lines,—

"A Timon you? Nay, nay, for shame!  
It looks too arrogant a jest—  
That fierce old man—to take his name,  
You bandbox! Off, and let him rest."

Albert Smith left *Punch* many years before his death. In 1845, on his return from the East, Mr. Thackeray began his "Jeames's Diary," and became a regular contributor. Gilbert à Beckett was now beginning his "Comic History of England" and Douglas Jerrold his inimitable "Caudle Lectures." Thomas Hood occasionally contributed, but his immortal "Song of the Shirt" was his *chef-d'œuvre*. Coventry Patmore contributed once to *Punch*; his verses denounced General Pellissier and his cruelty at the castle of Dalmat. Laman Blanchard occasionally wrote; his best poem was one on the marriage and temporary retirement of charming Mrs. Nisbett. In 1846 Thackeray's "Snobs of England" was highly successful. Richard Doyle's "Manners and Customs of the English" brought *Punch* much increase. The present cover of *Punch* was designed by Doyle, who, being a member of the Roman Catholic left, when it began to ridicule the Pope and condemn "Papal aggression," *Punch* in his time had a hard time, but not many and not hard ones. Poor Angus B. Reach (whose mind went early in life), with Albert Smith and Shirley Brooks, ridiculed *Punch* in the *Man in the Moon*; and in 1847 the Poet Bunn—"Hot, cross Bunn"—provoked at incessant attacks on his operatic verses, hired a man of letters to write "A Word with *Punch*," and a few smart personalities soon silenced the jester. "Towards 1848," says Mr. Blanchard, "Douglas Jerrold, then writing plays and editing a magazine, began to write less for *Punch*." In 1857 he died. Among the later

additions to the staff were Mr. Shirley Brooks and Mr. Tom Taylor, now its editor.

The *Dispatch* (No. 139, north) was established by Mr. Bell, in 1801. Moving from Bride Lane to Newcastle Street, and thence to Wine Office Court, it settled down in the present locality in 1824. Mr. Bell was an energetic man, and the paper succeeded in obtaining a good position; but he was not a man of large capital, and other persons had shares in the property. In consequence of difficulties between the proprietors there were at one time three *Dispatches* in the field—Bell's, Kent's, and Duckett's; but the two last-mentioned were short-lived, and Mr. Bell maintained his position. Bell's was a sporting paper, with many columns devoted to pugilism, and a woodcut exhibiting two boxers ready for an encounter. But the editor (says a story more or less authentic), Mr. Samuel Smith, who had obtained his post by cleverly reporting a fight near Canterbury, one day received a severe thrashing from a famous member of the ring. This changed the editor's opinions as to the propriety of boxing—at any-rate pugilism was repudiated by the *Dispatch* about 1829; and boxing, from the *Dispatch* point of view, was henceforward treated as a degrading and brutal amusement, unworthy of our civilisation.

Mr. Harmer (afterwards Alderman), a solicitor in extensive practice in Old Bailey cases, became connected with the paper about the time when the Fleet Street office was established, and contributed capital, which soon bore fruit. The success was so great, that for many years the *Dispatch* as a property was inferior only to the *Times*. It became famous for its letters on political subjects. The original "Publicola" was Mr. Williams, a violent and coarse but very vigorous and popular writer. He wrote weekly for about sixteen or seventeen years, and after his death the signature was assumed by Mr. Fox, the famous orator and member for Oldham. Other writers also borrowed the well-known signature. Eliza Cook wrote in the *Dispatch* in 1836, at first signing her poems "E." and "E.C."; but in the course of the following year her name appeared in full. She contributed a poem weekly for several years, relinquishing her connection with the paper in 1850. Afterwards, in 1869, when the property changed hands, she wrote two or three poems. Under the signature "Caudle," Mr. Serle, the dramatic author and editor, contributed a weekly letter for about twenty-seven years; and from 1856 till 1869 was editor-in-chief. In 1841-42 the *Dispatch* had a hard fought duel with the *Times*. "Publicola" wrote a series of letters, which had the effect of preventing the

election of Mr. Walter for Southwark. The *Times* retaliated when the time came for Alderman Harmer to succeed to the lord mayoralty. Day after day the *Times* returned to the attack, denouncing the *Dispatch* as an infidel paper; and Alderman Harmer, rejected by the City, resigned in conse-

*Telegraph* was started on June 29, 1855, by the late Colonel Sleigh. It was a single sheet, and the price twopence. Colonel Sleigh failing to make it a success, Mr. Lawson, the present chief proprietor of the paper, took the copyright as part security for money owed him as a printer by Colonel Sleigh.



ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH, FLEET STREET, AFTER THE FIRE, 1824 (see page 56)

quence his aldermanic gown. In 1857 the *Dispatch* commenced the publication of its famous "Atlas," giving away a good map weekly for about five years. The price was reduced from fivepence to twopence, at the beginning of 1869, and to a penny in 1870.

The *Daily Telegraph* office is No. 136 (north). Mr. Ingram, of the *Illustrated London News*, originated a paper called the *Telegraph*, which lasted only seven or eight weeks. The present *Daily*

In Mr. Lawson's hands the paper, reduced to a penny, became a great success. "It was," says Mr. Grant, in his "History of the Newspaper Press," "the first of the penny papers, while a single sheet, and as such was regarded as a newspaper marvel; but when it came out—which it did soon after the *Standard*—as a double sheet the size of the *Times*, published at fourpence, and for a penny, it created a sensation. Here was a penny paper, containing

not only the same amount of telegraphic and general information as the other high-priced papers—their price being then fourpence—but also evidently written, in its leading article department, with an ability which could only be surpassed by that of the leading articles of the *Times* itself. This was indeed a new era in the morning journalism of the metropolis." When Mr. Lawson bought the *Telegraph*, the sum which he received for advertisements in the first number was

The "Globe Tavern" (No. 134, north), though now only a memory, abounds with traditions of Goldsmith and his motley friends. The house, in 1649, was leased to one Henry Hottersall for forty-one years, at the yearly rent of £75, ten gallons of Canary sack, and £400 fine. Mr. John Forster gives a delightful sketch of Goldsmith's Wednesday evening club at the "Globe," in 1767. When not at Johnson's great club, Oliver beguiled his cares at a shilling rubber club at the "Devil Tavern," or at a



WATTHMAN'S SHOP (see page 66).

exactly 7s. 6d. The daily receipts for advertisements are now said to exceed £1,000. Mr. Grant says that the remission of the tax on paper brought £12,000 a year extra to the *Telegraph*. Twelve pages for a penny is no uncommon thing with the *Telegraph* during the Parliamentary session. The returns of sales given by the *Telegraph* for the half-year ending 1870 showed an average daily sale of 190,885; and a competent authority estimates the average daily sale at the present time at over 200,000 copies. One of the printing-machines recently set up by the proprietors of the *Telegraph* throws off upwards of 200 copies per minute, or 12,000 an hour.

humble gathering in the parlour of the "Bedford," Covent Garden. A hanger-on of the theatres, who frequented the "Globe," has left notes which Mr. Forster has admirably used, and which we now abridge without further apology. Grim old Macklin belonged to the club it is certain; and among the less obscure members was King, the comedian, the celebrated impersonator of Lord Ogleby. Hugh Kelly, another member, was a clever young Irishman, who had chambers near Goldsmith in the Temple. He had been a stay-maker's apprentice, who, turning law writer, and soon landing as a hack for the magazines, set up as a satirist for the stage, and eventually

through Garrick's patronage, succeeded in sentimental comedy. It was of him Johnson said, "Sir, I never desire to converse with a man who has written more than he has read." Poor Kelly afterwards went to the Bar, and died of disappointment and over-work. A third member was Captain Thompson, a friend of Garrick, who wrote some good sea songs and edited "Andrew Marvell;" but foremost among all the boon companions was a needy Irish doctor named Glover, who had appeared on the stage, and who was said to have restored to life a man who had been hung; this Glover, who was famous for his songs and imitations, once had the impudence, like Theodore Hook, to introduce Goldsmith, during a summer ramble in Hampstead, to a party where he was an entire stranger, and to pass himself off as a friend of the host. "Our Dr. Glover," says Goldsmith, "had a constant levee of his distressed countrymen, whose wants, as far as he was able, he always relieved." Gordon, the fattest man in the club, was renowned for his jovial song of "Nottingham Ale;" and on special occasions Goldsmith himself would sing his favourite nonsense about the little old woman who was tossed seventeen times higher than the moon. A fat pork-butcher at the "Globe" used to offend Goldsmith by constantly shouting out, "Come, Noll, here's my service to you, old boy." After the success of *The Good-natured Man*, this coarse familiarity was more than Goldsmith's vanity could bear, so one special night he addressed the butcher with grave reproof. The stolid man, taking no notice, replied briskly, "Thankee, Mister Noll." "Well, where is the advantage of your reproof?" asked Glover. "In truth," said Goldsmith, good-naturedly, "I give it up; I ought to have known before that there is no putting a pig in the right way." Sometimes rather cruel tricks were played on the credulous poet. One evening Goldsmith came in clamorous for his supper, and ordered chops. Directly the supper came in, the wags, by pre-agreement, began to sniff and swear. Some pushed the plate away; others declared the rascal who had dared set such chops before a gentleman should be made to swallow them himself. The waiter was savagely rung up, and forced to eat the supper, to which he consented with well-feigned reluctance, the poet calmly ordering a fresh supper and a drap for the poor waiter, "who otherwise might get sick from so nauseating a meal." Poor Goldy! kindly even at his most foolish moments. A sadder story still connects Goldsmith with the "Globe." Ned Purdon, a worn-out booksellers' hack and a *protégé* of Goldsmith, dropped down dead in Smithfield. Goldsmith

wrote his epitaph as he came from his chambers in the Temple to the "Globe." The lines are:—

"Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,  
Who long was a booksellers' hack;  
He led such a miserable life in this world,  
I don't think he'll wish to come back."

Goldsmith sat next Glover that night at the club, and Glover heard the poet repeat, *sotto voce*, with a mournful intonation, the words,—

"I don't think he'll wish to come back."

Oliver was inusing over his own life, and Mr. Forster says touchingly, "It is not without a certain pathos to me, indeed, that he should have so repeated it."

Among other frequenters of the "Globe" were Boswell's friend Akerman, the keeper of Newgate, who thought it prudent never to return home till daybreak; and William Woodfall, the celebrated Parliamentary reporter. In later times Brasbridge, the sporting silversmith of Fleet Street, was a frequenter of the club. He tells us that among his associates was a surgeon, who, living on the Surrey side of the Thames, had to take a boat every night, Blackfriars Bridge not being then built. This nightly navigation cost him three or four shillings a time, yet, when the bridge came, he grumbled at having to pay a penny toll. Among other frequenters of the "Globe," Mr. Timbs enumerates "Archibald Hamilton, whose mind was 'fit for a lord chancellor;' Dunstall, the comedian; Carnan, the bookseller, who defeated the Stationers' Company in the almanack trial; and, later still, the eccentric Hugh Evelyn, who set up a claim upon the great Surrey estate of Sir Frederic Evelyn."

The *Standard* (in Shoe Lane), "the largest daily paper," was originally an evening paper alone. In 1826 a deputation of the leading men opposed to Catholic Emancipation waited on Mr. Charles Baldwin, proprietor of the *St. James's Chronicle*, and begged him to start an anti-Catholic evening paper, but Mr. Baldwin refused unless a preliminary sum of £15,000 was lodged at the banker's. A year later this sum was deposited, and in 1827 the *Evening Standard*, edited by Dr. Giffard, ex-editor of the *St. James's Chronicle*, appeared. Mr. Alaric Watts, the poet, was the first sub-editor; he was soon succeeded by the celebrated Dr. Maginn. The daily circulation soon rose from 700 or 800 copies to 3,000 and over. The profits Mr. Grant calculates at £7,000 to £8,000 a year. On the bankruptcy of Mr. Charles Baldwin, Mr. James Johnson bought the *Morning Herald* and *Standard*, plant and all, for £16,500. The new

proprietor reduced the *Standard* from fourpence to twopence, and made it a morning as well as an evening paper. In 1858 he reduced it to a penny only. The result was a great success. The annual income of the *Standard* is now, Mr. Grant says, "much exceeding yearly the annual incomes of most of the ducal dignities of the land." The legend of the Duke of Newcastle presenting Dr. Giffard, in 1827, with £1,200 for a violent article against Roman Catholic claims, has been denied by Dr. Giffard's son in the *Times*. The Duke of Wellington once wrote to Dr. Giffard to dictate the line which the *Standard* and *Morning Herald* were to adopt on a certain question during the agitation on the Maynooth Bill; and Dr. Giffard withdrew his opposition to please Sir Robert Peel—a concession which injured the *Standard*. Yet in the following year, when Sir Robert Peel brought in his Bill for the abolition of the corn laws, he did not even pay Dr. Giffard the compliment of apprising him of his intention. Such is official gratitude when a tool is done with.

Near Shoe Lane lived one of Caxton's disciples. Wynkyn de Worde, who is supposed to have been one of Caxton's assistants or workmen, was a native of Lorraine. He carried on a prosperous career, says Dibdin, from 1502 to 1534, at the sign of the "Sun," in the parish of St. Bride's, Fleet Street. In upwards of four hundred works published by this industrious man he displayed unprecedented skill, elegance, and care, and his Gothic type was considered a pattern for his successors. The books that came from his press were chiefly grammars, romances, legends of the saints, and fugitive poems; he never ventured on an English New Testament, nor was any drama published bearing his name. His great patroness, Margaret, the mother of Henry VII., seems to have had little taste to guide De Worde in his selection, for he never reprinted the works of Chaucer or of Gower; nor did his humble patron, Robert Thorney, the mercer, lead him in a better direction. De Worde filled his black-letter books with rude engravings, which he used so indiscriminately that the same cut often served for books of a totally opposite character. By some writers De Worde is considered to be the first introducer of Roman letters into this country; but the honour of that mode of printing is now generally claimed by Pynson, a contemporary. Among other works published by De Worde were "The Ship of Fools," that great satire that was so long popular in England; Mandeville's lying "Travels;" "La Morte d'Arthur" (from which Tennyson has derived so much inspiration); "The Golden Legend;" and three curious treatises on

"Hunting, Hawking, and Fishing," partly written by Johanna Berners, a prioress of St. Alban's. In De Worde's "Collection of Christmas Carols" we find the words of that fine old song, still sung annually at Queen's College, Oxford,—

"The boar's head in hand bring I,  
With garlands gay and rosemary."

De Worde also published some writings of Erasmus. The old printer was buried in the parish church of St. Bride's, before the high altar of St. Katharine; and he left land to the parish so that masses should be said for his soul. To his servants, not forgetting his bookbinder, Nowel, in Shoe Lane, he bequeathed books. De Worde lived near the Conduit, a little west of Shoe Lane. This conduit, which was begun in the year 1439 by Sir William Estfielde, a former Lord Mayor, and finished in 1471, was, according to Stow's account, a stone tower; on the top were images of St. Christopher and angels, who, on sweet-sounding bells, hourly chimed a hymn with hammers, thus anticipating the wonders of St. Dunstan's. These London conduits were great resorts for the apprentices, whom their masters sent with big leather and metal jugs to bring home the daily supply of water. Here these noisy, quarrelsome young rascals stayed to gossip, idle, and fight. At the coronation of Anne Boleyn this conduit was newly painted, all the arms and angels refreshed, and "the music melodiously sounding." Upon the conduit was raised a tower with four turrets, and in every turret stood one of the cardinal virtues, promising never to leave the queen, while, to the delight and wonder of thirsty citizens, the taps ran with claret and red wine. Fleet Street, according to Mr. Noble, was supplied in the Middle Ages with water from the conduit at Marylebone and the holy wells of St. Clement's and St. Bridget's. The tradition is that the latter well was drained dry for the supply of the coronation banquet of George IV. As early as 1358 the inhabitants of Fleet Street complained of aqueduct pipes bursting and flooding their cellars, upon which they were allowed the privilege of erecting a pent-house over an aqueduct opposite the tavern of John Walworth, and near the house of the Bishop of Salisbury. In 1478 a Fleet Street wax-chandler, having been detected tapping the conduit pipes for his own use, was sentenced to ride through the City with a vessel shaped like a conduit on his felonious head, and the City clerk walking before him to proclaim his offence.

The "Castle Tavern," mentioned as early as 1432, stood at the south-west corner of Shoe Lane. Here the Clockmakers' Company held their



meetings before the Great Fire, and in 1708 the "Castle" possessed the largest sign-board in London. Early in the last century, says Mr. Noble, its proprietor was Alderman Sir John Task, a wine merchant, who died in 1735 (George II.), worth, it was understood, a quarter of a million of money.

The *Morning Advertiser* (No. 127, north) was established in 1794, by the Society of Licensed Victuallers, on the mutual benefit society principle. Every member is bound to take in the paper and is entitled to a share in its profits. Members unsuccessful in business become pensioners on the funds of the institution. The paper, which took the place of the *Daily Advertiser*, and was the suggestion of Mr. Grant, a master printer, was an immediate success. Down to 1850 the *Morning Advertiser* circulated chiefly in public-houses and coffee-houses at the rate of nearly 5,000 copies a day. But in 1850, the circulation beginning to decline, the committee resolved to enlarge the paper to the size of the *Times*, and Mr. James Grant was appointed editor. The profits now increased, and the paper found its way to the clubs. The late Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster contributed to the *Advertiser*; and the letters signed "An Englishman" excited much interest. This paper has generally been Liberal. Mr. Grant remained the editor for twenty years: he died in 1879.

No. 91 (south side) was till lately the office of that old-established paper, *Bell's Weekly Messenger*. Mr. Bell, the spirited publisher who founded this paper, is delightfully sketched by Leigh Hunt in his autobiography.

"About the period of my writing the above essays," he says, in his easy manner, "circumstances introduced me to the acquaintance of Mr. Bell, the proprietor of the *Weekly Messenger*. In his house, in the Strand, I used to hear of politics and dramatic criticisms, and of the persons who wrote them. Mr. Bell had been well known as a bookseller and a speculator in elegant typography. It is to him the public are indebted for the small editions of the poets that preceded Cooke's. Bell was, upon the whole, a remarkable person. He was a plain man, with a red face and a nose exaggerated by intemperance; and yet there was something not displeasing in his countenance, especially when he spoke. He had sparkling black eyes, a good-natured smile, gentlemanly manners, and one of the most agreeable voices I ever heard. He had no acquirements—perhaps not even grammar; but his taste in putting forth a publication and getting the best artists to adorn it was new in those times, and may be admired in any. Unfortunately for Mr. Bell, the Prince of

Wales, to whom he was bookseller, once did him the honour to partake of an entertainment or refreshment (I forget which—most probably the latter) at his house. He afterwards became a bankrupt. After his bankruptcy he set up a newspaper, which became profitable to everybody but himself."\*

No. 93, Fleet Street (south side) is endeared to us by its connection with Charles Lamb. At that number, in 1823, that great humorist, the king of all London clerks that ever were or will be, published his "Elia," a collection of essays immortal as the language, full of quaint and tender thoughts and gleaming with cross-lights of humour as shot silk does with interchanging colours. In 1821, when the first editor was shot in a duel, the *London Magazine* fell into the hands of Messrs. Taylor & Hessey, of No. 93; but they published the excellent periodical and gave their "magazine dinners" at their publishing house in Waterloo Place.

Mr. John Scott, a man of great promise, the editor of the *London* for its first publishers—Messrs. Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy—met with a very tragic death in 1821. The duel in which he fell arose from a quarrel between the men on the *London* and some clever but bitter and unscrupulous writers in *Blackwood*, started in 1817. Lockhart, who had cruelly maligned Leigh Hunt and his set (the "Cockney School," as the Scotch Tories chose to call them), was sharply attacked in the *London*. Fiery and vindictive, Lockhart at once rushed up to town, and angrily demanded from Mr. Scott, the editor, an explanation, an apology, or a meeting. Mr. Scott declined giving an apology unless Mr. Lockhart would first deny that he was editor of *Blackwood*. Lockhart refused to give this denial, and retorted by expressing a mean opinion of Mr. Scott's courage. Lockhart and Scott both printed contradictory versions of the quarrel, which continued till at last Mr. Christie, a friend of Lockhart, challenged Scott; and they met at Chalk Farm by moonlight on February 16th, at nine o'clock at night, attended by their seconds and surgeons, in the old business-like, bloodthirsty way. The first time Mr. Christie did not fire at Mr. Scott, a fact of which Mr. Patmore, the author, Scott's second, with most blamable indiscretion, did not inform his principal. At the second fire Christie's ball struck Scott just above the right hip, and he

\* An intelligent compositor (Mr. J. P. S. Bicknell), who has been a noter of curious passages in his time, informs me that Bell was the first printer who confined the small letter "s" to its present shape, and rejected altogether the older form "ſ."—W. T.



fell. He lingered till the 27th. It was said at the time that Hazlitt, perhaps unintentionally, had driven Scott to fight by indirect taunts. "I don't pretend," Hazlitt is reported to have said, "to hold the principles of honour which you hold. I would neither give nor accept a challenge. You hold the opinions of the world; with you it is different. As for me, it would be nothing. I do not think as you and the world think," and so on. Poor Scott, not yet forty, had married the pretty daughter of Colnaghi, the print-seller in Pall Mall, and left two children.

For the five years it lasted, perhaps no magazine—not even the mighty *Maga* itself—ever drew talent towards it with such magnetic attraction. In Mr. Barry Cornwall's delightful memoir of his old friend Lamb, composed when the writer was in his seventy-third year, he has summarised the writers in the *London*, and shown how deep and varied was the intellect brought to bear on its production. First of all he mentions poor Scott, a shrewd, critical, rather hasty man, who wrote essays on Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Godwin, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, and Hazlitt, his wonderful contemporaries, in a fruitful age. Hazlitt, glowing and capricious, produced the twelve essays of his "Table Talk," many dramatic articles, and papers on Beckford's Fonthill, the Angerstein pictures, and the Elgin marbles—pages wealthy with thought. Lamb contributed in three years all the matchless essays of "Elia." Mr. Thomas Carlyle, then only a promising young Scotch philosopher, wrote several articles on the "Life and Writings of Schiller." Mr. de Quincey, that subtle thinker and bitter Tory, contributed his wonderful "Confessions of an Opium-Eater." That learned and amiable man, the Rev. H. F. Cary, the translator of Dante, wrote several interesting notices of early French poets. Allan Cunningham, the vigorous Scottish bard, sent the romantic "Tales of Lyddal Cross" and a series of papers styled "Traditional Literature." Mr. John Poole—who died in 1872—(the author of *Paul Pry* and that humorous novel, "Little Pedlington," which is supposed to have furnished Mr. Charles Dickens with some suggestions for "Pickwick") wrote burlesque imitations of contemporaneous dramatic writers—Morton, Dibdin, Reynolds, Moncrieff, &c. Mr. J. H. Reynolds wrote, under the name of Henry Herbert, notices of contemporaneous events, such as a scene at the Cockpit, the trial of Thurtell, &c. That delightful punster and humorist, with pen or pencil, Tom Hood, the elder, sent to the *London* his first poems of any ambition or length—"Lyons

the Centaur," and "The Two Peacocks of Bedford." Keats, "that sleepless soul that perished in its pride," and Montgomery, both contributed poems. Sir John Bowring, the accomplished linguist, wrote on Spanish poetry. Mr. Henry Southern, the projector of that excellent work, the *Retrospective Review*, contributed "The Conversations of Lord Byron." Mr. Walter Savage Landor, that very original and eccentric thinker, published in this magazine one at least of his admirable "Imaginary Conversations." Mr. Julius (afterwards Archdeacon) Hare reviewed in it the robust works of Landor. Mr. Elton contributed graceful translations from Catullus, Propertius, &c. Even among the lesser contributors there were very eminent writers, not forgetting Barry Cornwall, Hartley Coleridge, John Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant poet; and Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet. Nor must we omit that strange contrast to these pure-hearted and wise men, "Janus Weathercock" (Wainwright), the polished villain who murdered his young niece and most probably several other friends and relations, for the money insured upon their lives. This gay and evil being, by no means a dull writer upon art and the drama, was much liked by Lamb and the Russell Street set. The news of his cold-blooded crimes—(transpiring in 1837) seem to have struck a deep horror among all the scoundrel's fashionable associates. Although when arrested in France it was discovered that Wainwright habitually carried strychnine about with him, he was only tried for forgery, and for that offence transported for life.

A fine old citizen of the last century, Joseph Brasbridge, who published his memoirs, kept a silversmith's shop at No. 98, several doors from Alderman Waithman's. At one time Brasbridge confesses he divided his time between the tavern club, the card party, the hunt, and the fight, and left his shop to be looked after by others, whilst he decided on the respective merits of Humphries and Mendoza, Cribb and Big Ben. Among Brasbridge's early customers were the Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Argyle, and other men of rank, and he glories in having once paid an elaborate compliment to Lady Hamilton. The most curious story in Brasbridge's "Fruits of Experience" is the following, various versions of which have been paraphrased by modern writers. A surgeon in Gough Square had purchased for dissection the body of a man who had been hanged at Tyburn. The servant girl, wishing to look at the corpse, stole upstairs in the doctor's absence, and, to her horror, found the body sitting up on the board, wondering where it was. The girl always

threw herself down the stairs in her fright. The surgeon, on learning of the resuscitation of his subject, humanely concealed the man in the house till he could fit him out for America. The fellow proved as clever and industrious as he was grateful, and having amassed a fortune, he eventually left it all to his benefactor. The sequel is still more

the Strand, then came forward, and deposed that his wife and her mother, he remembered, used to visit the surgeon in Gough Square. On inquiry Mrs. Willcocks was proved the next of kin, and the base shoemaker returned to his last. The lucky Mr. Willcocks was the good-natured bookseller who lent Johnson and Garrick, when they first came up



ALDERMAN WAIHMAN, FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT (see page 68).

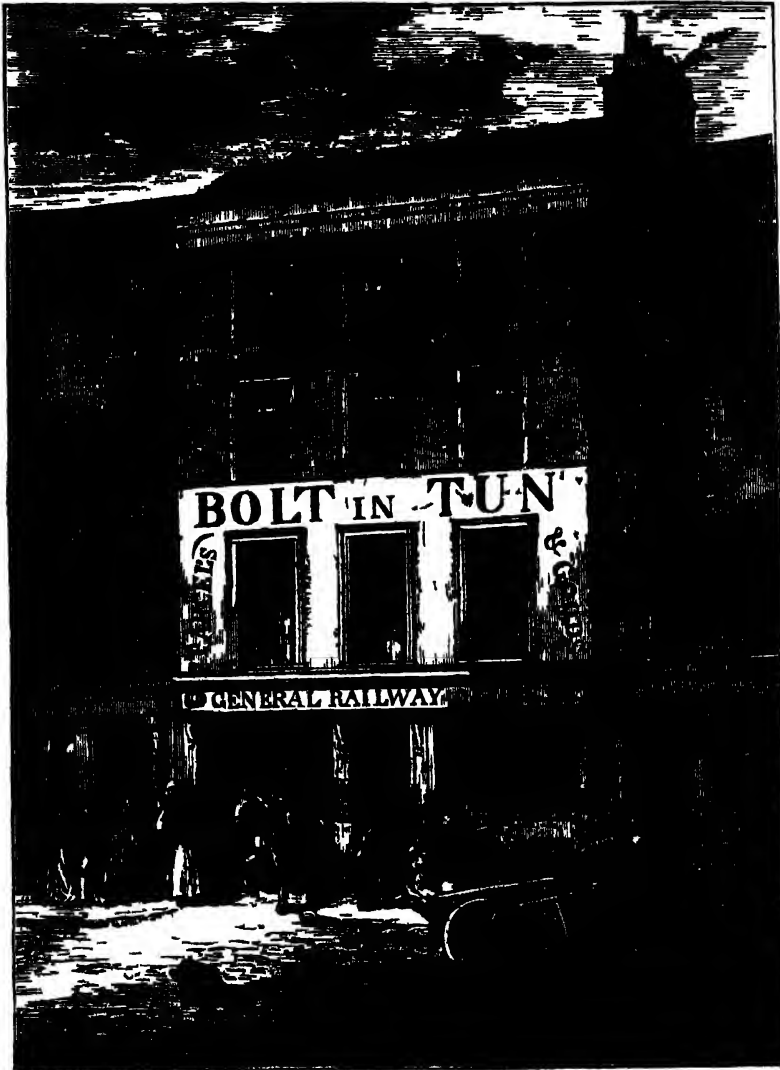
curious. The surgeon dying some years after, his heirs were advertised for. A shoemaker at Islington eventually established a claim and inherited the money. Mean in prosperity, the *ci-devant* shoemaker then refused to pay the lawyer's bill, and, moreover, called him a rogue. The enraged lawyer replied, "I have put you into possession of this property by my exertions, now I will spend £100 out of my own pocket to take it away again, for you are not deserving of it." The lawyer accordingly advertised again for the surgeon's nearest of kin; Mr. Willcocks, a bookseller in

to London to seek their fortunes, £5 on their joint note.

Nos. 103 (afterwards the *Sunday Times* office) and 104 were the shop of that bustling politician, Alderman Waithman; and to his memory was erected the obelisk on the site of his first shop, formerly the north-west end of Fleet Market. Waithman, according to Mr. Timbs, had a genius for the stage, and especially shone as Macbeth. He was uncle to John Reeve, the comic actor. Cobbett, who hated Waithman, has left a portrait of the alderman, written in his usual racy English. "Among these

persons," he says, talking of the Princess Caroline agitation, in 1813, "there was a common councilman named Robert Waithman, a man who for many years had taken a conspicuous part in the politics of the City; a man not destitute of the powers of utterance, and a man of sound prin-

Common Council, opposed it, and was defeated. On the appointed day the Princess was presented with the address, to the delight of the more zealous Radicals. The procession of more than one hundred carriages came back past Carlton House on their return from Kensington,



THE "BOLT-IN-TUN," 1859 (*see page 53*)  
From a Water-Colour Drawing in Mr. Crace's Collection.

ciples also; but a man so enveloped, so completely swallowed up by self-conceit, who, though perfectly illiterate, though unable to give to three consecutive sentences a grammatical construction, seemed to look upon himself as the first orator, the first writer, and the first statesman of the whole world." According to Cobbett, Waithman, vexed that Alderman Wood had been the first to propose an address of condolence to the Princess at the

the people groaning and hissing, to torment the Regent.

Brasbridge, the Tory silversmith of Fleet Street, writes very contemptuously in his autobiography of Waithman. Sneering at his boast of reading, he says:—"I own my curiosity was a little excited to know when and where he began his studies. It could not be in his shop in Fleet Market, for there he was too busily employed in attending on

the fishwomen and other ladies connected with the business of the market. Nor could it be at the corner of Fleet Street, where he was always no less assiduously engaged in ticketing his super-super calicoes at two and two pence, and cutting them off for two and twenty pence." According to Brasbridge, Waithman made his first speech in 1792, in Founder's Hall, Lothbury, "called by some at that time the cauldron of sedition." Waithman was Lord Mayor in 1823-24, and was returned to Parliament five times for the City. He died in 1833. His shop was pulled down about the year 1870, in order to make room for Ludgate Circus.

A short biography of this civic orator will not be uninteresting:—Robert Waithman was born of humble parentage, at Wrexham, in North Wales. Becoming an orphan when only four months old, he was placed at the school of a Mr. Moore by his uncle, on whose death, about 1778, he obtained a situation at Reading, whence he proceeded to London, and entered into the service of a respectable linen-draper, with whom he continued till he became of age. He then entered into business at the south end of Fleet Market, whence, some years afterwards, he removed to the corner of New Bridge Street. He appears to have commenced his political career about 1792, at the oratorical displays made in admiration and imitation of the proceedings of the French Revolutionists, at Founder's Hall, in Lothbury. In 1794 he brought forward a series of resolutions, at a common hall, animadverting upon the war with revolutionised France, and enforcing the necessity of a reform in Parliament. In 1796 he was first elected a member of the Common Council for the Ward of Farringdon Without, and became a very frequent speaker in that public body. It was supposed that Mr. Fox intended to have rewarded his political exertions by the place of Receiver-General of the Land Tax. In 1818, after having been defeated on several previous occasions, he was elected as one of the representatives in Parliament of the City of London, defeating the old member, Sir William Curtis.

Very shortly after, on the 4th of August, he was elected Alderman of his ward, on the death of Sir Charles Price, Bart. On the 25th of January, 1819, he made his maiden speech in Parliament, on the presentation of a petition praying for a revision of the criminal code, the existing state of which he severely censured. At the ensuing election of 1820 the friends of Sir William Curtis turned the tables upon him, Waithman being defeated. In this year, however, he attained the honour of the shrievalty; and in October, 1823, he

was chosen Lord Mayor. In 1826 he stood another contest for the City, with better success. In 1830, 1831, and 1832 he obtained his re-election with difficulty; but in 1831 he suffered a severe disappointment in losing the chamberlainship, in the competition for which Sir James Shaw obtained a large majority of votes.

We subjoin the remarks made on his death by the editor of the *Times* newspaper:—"The magistracy of London has been deprived of one of its most respectable members, and the City of one of its most upright representatives. Everybody knows that Mr. Alderman Waithman has filled a large space in City politics; and most people who were acquainted with him will be ready to admit that, had his early education been better directed, or his early circumstances more favourable to his ambition, he might have become an important man in a wider and higher sphere. His natural parts, his political integrity, his consistency of conduct, and the energy and perseverance with which he performed his duties, placed him far above the common run of persons whose reputation is gained by their oratorical displays at meetings of the Common Council. In looking back at City proceedings for the last thirty-five or forty years, we find him always rising above his rivals as the steady and consistent advocate of the rights of his countrymen and the liberties and privileges of his fellow-citizens."

There is a curious story told of the Fleet Street crossing, opposite Waithman's corner. It was swept for years by an old black man named Charles M'Ghee, whose father had died in Jamaica at the age of 108. According to Mr. Noble, when he laid down his broom he sold his professional right for a very large sum. Retiring into private life much respected, he was always to be seen on Sundays at Rowland Hill's chapel. When in his seventy-third year his portrait was taken and hung in the parlour of the "Twelve Bells," Bride Lane. To Miss Waithman, who used to send him out soup and bread, he is, untruly, said to have left £7,000.

Mr. Diprose, in his "History of St. Clement," tells us more of this black sweeper. "Brutus Billy," or "Tim-buc-too," as he was generally called, lived in a passage leading from Stanhope Street into Drury Lane. He was a short, thick-set man, with his white-grey hair carefully brushed up into a toupee, the fashion of his youth. He was found in his shop, as he called his crossing, in all weathers, and was invariably civil. At night, after he had shut up shop (swept mud over his crossing), he carried round a basket of nuts and fruit to places of public entertainment, so that in time he laid by a considerable amount of money. Brutus Billy was

brimful of story and anecdote. He died in Chapel Court in 1854, in his eighty-seventh year. This worthy man was perhaps the model for Billy Waters, the negro beggar in *Tom and Jerry*, who is so indignant at the beggars' supper on seeing "a turkey without sasseges."

In Garrick's time John Hardham, the well-known tobacconist, opened a shop at No. 106. There, at the sign of the "Red Lion," Hardham's Highlander kept steady guard at a doorway through which half the celebrities of the day made their exits and entrances. His celebrated "No. 37" snuff was said, like the French millefleur, to be composed of a great number of ingredients, and Garrick in his kind way helped it into fashion by mentioning it favourably on the stage. Hardham, a native of Chichester, began life as a servant, wrote a comedy, acted, and at last became Garrick's "numberer," having a general's quick *coup d'œil* at gauging an audience, and so checking the money-takers. Garrick once became his security for a hundred pounds; but eventually Hardham grew rich, and died in 1772, bequeathing £22,289 to Chichester, 10 guineas to Garrick, and merely setting apart £10 for his funeral, only vain fools, as he said, spending more on such pageants. We can fancy the great actors of that day seated on Hardham's tobacco-chests discussing the drollery of Foote or the vivacity of Clive.

"It has long been a source of inquiry," says a writer in the *City Press*, "whence the origin of the cognomen, 'No. 37,' to the celebrated snuff compounded still under the name of John Hardham, in Fleet Street. There is a tradition that Lord Townshend, on being applied to by Hardham, whom he patronised, to name the snuff, suggested the cabalistic number of 37, it being the exact number of a majority obtained in some proceedings in the Irish Parliament whilst he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and which was considered a triumph for his Government. The dates, however, do not serve this theory, as Lord Townshend was not viceroy till the years 1767-78, when the snuff must have been well established in public fame, and Hardham in the last years of his life. It has already been stated elsewhere that, on the famed snuff coming out in the first instance, David Garrick, hearing of it, called in Fleet Street, as he was wont frequently to do, and offered to bring it under the public notice in the most effectual manner, by introducing an incident in a new comedy then about to be produced by him, where he would, in his part in the play, offer another character a pinch of snuff, who would extol its excellence, whereupon Garrick arranged to continue the conversation by naming

the snuff as the renowned '37 of John Hardham. But the enigma, even now, is not solved; so we will, for what it may be worth, venture our own explanation. It is well known that in most of the celebrated snuffs before the public a great variety of qualities and descriptions of tobacco, and of various ages, are introduced. Hardham, like the rest, never told his secret how the snuff was made, but left it as a heritage to his successors. It is very probable, therefore, that the mystic figures, 37, we have quoted represented the number of qualities, growths, and description of the 'fragrant weed' introduced by him into his snuff, and may be regarded as a sort of appellative rebus, or conceit, founded thereon."\*

But Hardham occupied himself in other ways than in the making of snuff and of money—for the Chichester youth had now grown wealthy—and in extending his circle of acquaintances amongst dramatists and players he was abundantly distinguished for Christian charity; for, in the language of a contemporary writer, we find that "his deeds in that respect were extensive," and his bounty "was conveyed to many of the objects of it in the most delicate manner." From the same authority we find that Hardham once failed in business (we presume, as a lapidary) more creditably than he could have made a fortune by it. This spirit of integrity, which remained a remarkable feature in his character throughout life, induced him to be often resorted to by his wealthy patrons as trustee for the payment of their bounties to deserving objects; in many cases the patrons died before the recipients of their relief. With Hardham, however, this made no difference; the annuities once granted, although stopped by the decease of the donors, were paid ever after by Hardham so long as he lived; and his delicacy of feeling induced him even to persuade the recipients into the belief that they were still derived from the same source.

No. 102 (south) was opened as a shop, in 1719, by one Lockyer, who called it "Mount Pleasant." It then became a "saloop-house," where the poor purchased a beverage made out of sassafras chips. The proprietor, who began life, as Mr. Noble says, with half-a-crown, died in March, 1739, worth £1,000. Thomas Read was a later tenant. Charles Lamb mentions "saloop" in one of his essays, and says, "Palates otherwise not unimpaired by dissipation, are otherwise not uninstructed in the use of small elegancies mix it up with avidity." Chamberlayne, beloved by Lamb, approved it, and eventually stalls were set up in the streets, as at present, to reach even humbler customers.

\* The real fact is, the famous snuff was merely called thus, the number of the drawer that sold it.



## CHAPTER VI.

## FLEET STREET (NORTHERN TRIBUTARIES—SHIRE LANE AND BELL YARD).

The Kit-Kat Club—The Toast for the Year—Little Lady Mary—Drunken John Sly—Garth's Patients—Club removed to Barn Elms—Steele at the "Trumpet"—Rogues' Lane—Murder—Beggars' Haunts—Thieves' Dens—Coiners—Theodore Hook in Hemp's Sponging-house—Pope in Bell Yard—Minor Celebrities—Apollo Court.

OPPOSITE Child's Bank, and almost within sound of the jingle of its gold, once stood Shire Lane, afterwards known as Lower Serle's Place. It latterly became a dingy, disreputable defile, where lawyers' clerks and the hangers-on of the law-courts were often allured and sometimes robbed; yet it had been in its day a place of great repute. In this lane the Kit-Kat, the great club of Queen Anne's reign, held its sittings, at the "Cat and Fiddle," the shop of a pastrycook named Christopher Kat. The house, according to local antiquaries, afterwards became the "Trumpet," a tavern mentioned by Steele in the *Tatler*, and latterly known as the "Duke of York." The Kit-Kats were originally Whig patriots, who, at the end of King William's reign, met in this out-of-the-way place to devise measures to secure the Protestant succession and keep out the pestilent Stuarts. Latterly they assembled for simple enjoyment; and there have been grave disputes as to whether the club took its name from the punning sign, the "Cat and Kit," or from the favourite pies which Christopher Kat had chartered; and as this question will probably last the antiquaries another two centuries, we leave it alone. According to some verses by Arbuthnot, the chosen friend of Pope and Swift, the question was mooted even in his time, as if the very founders of the club had forgotten. Some think that the club really began with a weekly dinner given by Jacob Tonson, the great bookseller of Gray's Inn Lane, to his chief authors and patrons. This Tonson, one of the patriarchs of English booksellers, who published Dryden's "Virgil," purchased a share of Milton's works, and first made Shakespeare's works cheap enough to be accessible to the many, was secretary to the club from the commencement. An average of thirty-nine poets, statesmen, and gentlemen formed the staple of the collection. The gentlemen were perhaps rather more numerous than the poets, and equality was maintained by the selection of the most illustrious society; yet the club was not a literary society, and Addison, the great genius of the age, was not a member. Among the Kit-Kat ducks was the great Marlborough; among the earls the peacock Dorset, the patron of Dryden and Prior; among the lords the wise Halifax; among the baronets bluff Sir Robert Walpole. Among the poets and wits there were

Congreve, the most courtly of dramatists, Garth, the poetical physician—"well-natured Garth," as Pope somewhat awkwardly calls him; and Vanbrugh, the writer of admirable comedies. Dryden could hardly have seriously belonged to a Whig club; Pope was inadmissible as a Catholic, and Prior as a renegade. Latterly objectionable men pushed in, worst of all, Lord Mohun, a disreputable debauchee and duellist, afterwards run through by the Duke of Hamilton in Hyde Park, the duke himself perishing in the encounter. When Mohun, in a drunken pet, broke a gilded emblem off a club chair, respectable old Tonson predicted the downfall of the society, and said with a sigh, "The man who would do that would cut a man's throat." Sir Godfrey Kneller, the great Court painter of the reigns of William and Anne, was a member; and he painted for his friend Tonson the portraits of forty-two gentlemen of the Kit-Kat, including Dryden, who died a year after it was started. The forty-two portraits, painted three-quarter size (hence called Kit-Kat), to suit the walls of Tonson's villa at Barn Elms, still exist, and are treasured by Mr. W. R. Baker, a connection of the Tonson family, at Hertingfordbury, in Hertfordshire. Among the lesser men of this distinguished club we must include Pope's friends, the "knowing Walsh" and "Granville the polite."

As at the "Devil," "the tribe of Ben" must have often discussed the downfall of Lord Bacon, the poisoning of Overbury, the war in the Palatinate, and the murder of Buckingham; so in Shire Lane, opposite, the talk must have run on Marlborough's victories, Jacobite plots, and the South-Sea Bubble; Addison must have discussed Swift, and Steele condemned the littleness of Pope. It was the custom of this aristocratic club every year to elect some reigning beauty as a toast. To the queen of the year the gallant members wrote epigrammatic verses, which were etched with a diamond on the club glasses. The most celebrated of these toasts were the four daughters of the Duke of Marlborough—Lady Godolphin, Lady Mordaunt (generally known as "the Little Whig"), Lady Bridgewater, and Lady Monmouth. Swift's friend, Mrs. Long, was another; and so was a niece of Sir Isaac Newton. The verses







THE "TRUMPET" AFTERWARDS THE "DUKE OF YORK," SHIRE LANE, 1778 (see page 74).  
 ELIAS ASHMOLE'S HOUSE, FROM PRINTS IN MR. CRACK'S COLLECTION (see page 75).

gentlemen, delightful old fogies, standing much on form and precedence. There he prepares tea for Sir Harry Quickset, Bart.; Sir Giles Wheelbarrow; Thomas Rentfree, Esq., J.P.; Andrew Windmill, Esq., the steward, with boots and whip; and Mr. Nicholas Doubt, of the Inner Temple, Sir Harry's mischievous young nephew. After much dispute about precedence, the sturdy old fellows are taken

humour Steele sketches Sir Geoffrey Notch, the president, who had spent all his money on horses, dogs, and gamecocks, and who looked on all thriving persons as pitiful upstarts. Then comes Major Matchlock, who thought nothing of any battle since Marston Moor, and who usually began his story of Naseby at three-quarters past six. Dick Reptile was a silent man, with a nephew



BISHOP BUTLER (see page 77).

by Steele to "Dick's" Coffee-house for a morning draught; and safely, after some danger, effect the passage of Fleet Street, Steele rallying them at the Temple Gate. In Sir Harry we fancy we see a faint sketch of the mere dignified Sir Roger de Coverley, whom Addison afterwards so exquisitely elaborated.

At the "Trumpet" Steele also introduces us to a delightful club of old citizens that met every evening precisely at six. The humours of the fifteen "Trumpeters" are painted with the breadth and vigour of Hogarth's best manner. With a delightful

whom he often reproved. The wit of the club, an old Temple bench, never left the room. He had quoted ten distiches from "Hudibras" and told long stories of a certain extinct man about town named Jack Ogle. Old Reptile was extremely attentive to all that was said, though he had heard the same stories every night for twenty years. Upon all occasions winked meaningly to his nephew particularly to mind what passed. When the innocent riddle closed by a story, he held a lantern to light home the conclusion. They were simple and happy men. Steele

describes with such kindly humour; and the London of his days must have been full of such quiet, homely haunts.

Mr. R. Hills, of Colne Park, Essex, kindly informs us that as late as the year 1765 there was a club that still kept up the name of Kit-Kat. The members in 1765 included, among others, Lord Sandwich (Jemmy Twitcher, as he was generally called), Mr. Beard, Lord Weymouth, Lord Bolingbroke, the Duke of Queensberry, Lord Carysfort, Mr. Cadogan, the Marquis of Caracciolo, Mr. Seymour, and Sir George Armytage. One of the most active managers of the club was Richard Phelps (who, we believe, afterwards was secretary to Pitt). Among the letters and receipts preserved by Mr. Hills is one from Thomas Pingo, jeweller, of the "Golden Head," on the "Paved Stones," Gray's Inn Lane, for gold medals, probably to be worn by the members.

Even in the reign of James I. Shire Lane was christened Rogues' Lane, and, in spite of all the dukes and lords of the Kit-Kat, it never grew very respectable. In 1724 that incomparable young rascal, Jack Sheppard, used to frequent the "Bible" public-house—a printers' house of call—at No. 13. In one of the rooms there was a trap by which Jack could drop into a subterraneous passage leading to Bell Yard. The Tyburn gibbet cured Jack of this trick. In 1738 the lane went from bad to worse, for there Thomas Carr (a low attorney, of Elm Court) and Elizabeth Adams robbed and murdered a gentleman named Quarrington at the "Angel and Crown" Tavern, and the miscreants were hung at Tyburn. Hogarth painted a portrait of the woman. One night, many years ago, a man was robbed, thrown downstairs, and killed, in one of the dens in Shire Lane. There was snow on the ground, and about two o'clock, when the watchmen grew drowsy and were a long while between their rounds, the frightened murderers carried the stiffened body up the lane and placed it bolt upright, near a dim oil lamp, at a neighbour's door. There the watchmen found it; but there was no clue to guide them, for nearly every house in the lane was infamous. Years after, two ruffianly fellows who were confined in the King's Bench were heard accusing each other of the murder in Shire Lane, and justice pounced upon her prey.

One thieves' house, the "Retreat," says Mr. Diprose, in his "St. Clement Danes," led by a back way into Crown Court; other dens had a passage into the Strand. Nos. 9, 10, and 11 were known as Cadgers' Hall, and were much frequented by beggars; and bushels of bread, thrown aside by

the professional mendicants, were found there by the police.

The "Sun" Tavern, afterwards the "Temple Bar Stores," had been a great resort for the Tom and Jerry frolics of the Regency; and the "Anti-Gallican" Tavern was a haunt of low sporting men, being kept by Harry Lee, father of the first and original "tiger," invented and made fashionable by the notorious Lord Barrymore. During the Chartist times violent meetings were held at a club in Shire Lane. A good story is told of one of these. A detective in disguise attended an illegal meeting, leaving his comrades ready below. All at once a frantic hatter rose, denounced the detective as a spy, and proposed off-hand to pitch him out of window. Permitted by the more peaceable to depart, the policeman scuttled downstairs as fast as he could, and, not being recognised in his disguise, was instantly knocked down by his friends' prompt truncheons.

In Ship Yard, close to Shire Lane, once stood a block of disreputable, tumble-down houses, used by corners, and known as the "Smashing Lumber." Every room had a secret trap, and from the workshop above a shaft reached the cellars to hurry away by means of a basket and pulley all the apparatus at the first alarm. The first man made his fortune, but the new police soon ransacked the den and broke up the business.

In August, 1823, Theodore Hook, the witty and the heartless, was brought to a sponging-house kept by a sheriff's officer named Hemp, at the upper end of Shire Lane, being under arrest for a Crown debt of £12,000, due to the Crown for defalcations during his careless treasurership at the Mauritius. He was editor of *John Bull* at the time, and continued while in this horrid den to write his "Sayings and Doings," and to pour forth for royal pay his usual scurrilous lampoons at all who supported poor, persecuted Queen Caroline. Dr. Maginn, who had just come over from Cork to practise Toryism, was his constant visitor, and Hemp's barred door no doubt often shook at their reckless laughter. Hook at length left Shire Lane for the Rules of the Bench, Temple Place, in April, 1824. Previously to his arrest he had been living in retirement at lodgings in Somers' Town, with a poor girl whom he had led astray. Here he renewed the mad scenes of his thoughtless youth with Terry, Matthews, and wonderful old Tom Hill; and here he resumed (but not at these revels) his former acquaintanceship with that mischievous obstructive, Wilson Croker. After he left Shire Lane and the Rules of the Bench he went to Putney.

In spite of all bad proclivities, Shire Lane had its fits of respectability. In 1603 there was living there Sir Arthur Atie, Knt., in early life secretary to the great Earl of Leicester, and afterwards attendant on his step-son, the luckless Earl of Essex. Elias Ashmole, the great antiquary and student in alchemy and astrology, also honoured this lane, but he gathered in the Temple those great collections of books and coins, some of which perished by fire, and some of which he afterwards gave to the University of Oxford, where they were placed in a building called, in memory of the illustrious collector, the Ashmolean Museum.

To Mr. Noble's research we are indebted for the knowledge that in 1767 Mr. Hoole, the translator of Tasso, was living in Shire Lane, and from thence wrote to Dr. Percy, who was collecting his "Ancient Ballads," to ask him Dr. Wharton's address. Hoole was at that time writing a dramatic piece called *Cyrus*, for Covent Garden Theatre. He seems to have been an amiable man but a feeble poet, was an esteemed friend of Dr. Johnson, and had a situation in the East India House.

Another illustrious tenant of Shire Lane was James Perry, the proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, who died, as it was reported, worth £130,000. That lively memoir-writer, Taylor, of the *Sun*, who wrote "Monsieur Tonson," describes Perry as living in the narrow part of Shire Lane, opposite a passage which led to the stairs from Boswell Court. He lodged with Mr. Lunan, a bookbinder, who had married his sister, who subsequently became the wife of that great Greek scholar, thirsty Dr. Porson. Perry had begun life as the editor of the *Gazetteer*, but being dismissed by a Tory proprietor, and on the *Morning Chronicle* being abandoned by Woodfall, some of Perry's friends bought the derelict for £210, and he and Gray, a friend of Barrett, became the joint proprietors of the concern. Their printer, Mr. Lambert, lived in Shire Lane; and here the partners, too, lived for three or four years, when they removed to the corner-house of Lancaster Court, Strand.

Bell Yard can boast of but few associations; yet Pope often visited the dingy passage, because there for some years resided his old friend Fortescue, then a barrister, but afterwards a judge and Master of the Rolls. To Fortescue Pope dedicated his "Imitation of the First Satire of Horace," published in 1733. It contains what the late Mr. Rogers, the banker and poet, used to consider the best line Pope ever wrote, and it is certainly almost perfect,—

"Bare the mean heart that lurks behind a star."

In that delightful collection of Pope's "Table Talk," called "Spence's Anecdotes," we find that a chance remark of Lord Bolingbroke, on taking up a "Horace" in Pope's sick-room, led to those fine "Imitations of Horace" which we now possess. The "First Satire" consists of an imaginary conversation between Pope and Fortescue, who advises him to write no more dangerous invectives against vice or folly. It was Fortescue who assisted Pope in writing the humorous law-report of "Stradling *versus* Stiles," in "Scriblerus." The intricate case is this, and is worthy of Anstey himself: Sir John Swale, of Swale's Hall, in Swale Dale, by the river Swale, knight, made his last will and testament, in which, among other bequests, was this: "Out of the kind love and respect that I bear my much-honoured and good friend, Mr. Matthew Stradling, gent., I do bequeath unto the said Matthew Stradling, gent., all my black and white horses." Now the testator had six black horses, six white, and six pied horses. The debate, therefore, was whether the said Matthew Stradling should have the said pied horses, by virtue of the said bequest. The case, after much debate, is suddenly terminated by a motion in arrest of judgment that the pied horses were mares, and thereupon an inspection was prayed. This, it must be confessed, is admirable fooling. If the Scriblerus Club had carried out their plan of bantering the follies of the followers of every branch of knowledge, Fortescue would no doubt have selected the law as his special butt. "This friend of Pope," says Mr. Carruthers, "was consulted by the poet about all his affairs, as well as those of Martha Blount, and, as may be gathered, he gave him advice without a fee. The intercourse between the poet and his 'learned counsel' was cordial and sincere; and of the letters that passed between them sixty-eight have been published, ranging from 1714 to the last year of Pope's life. They are short, unaffected letters—more truly *letters* than any others in the series." Fortescue was promoted to the bench of the Exchequer in 1735, from thence to the Common Pleas in 1738, and in 1741 was made Master of the Rolls. Pope's letters are often addressed to "his counsel learned in the law, at his house at the upper end of Bell Yard, near unto Lincoln's Inn." In March, 1736, he writes of "that filthy old place, Bell Yard, which I want them and you to quit."

Apollo Court, next Bell Yard, has little about it worthy of notice beyond the fact that it derived its name from the great club-room at the "Devil" Tavern, that once stood on the opposite side of Fleet Street; and the jovialities of which we have already chronicled.



## CHAPTER VII.

## FLEET STREET (NORTHERN TRIBUTARIES—CHANCERY LANE).

The Asylum for Jewish Converts—The Rolls Chapel—Ancient Monuments—A Speaker Expelled for Bribery—"Remember Cesar"—Trampling on a Master of the Rolls—Sir William Grant's Oddities—Sir John Leach—Funeral of Lord Gifford—Mrs. Clark and the Duke of York—Wolsey in his Pomp—Strafford—"Honest Isaac"—The Lord Keeper—Lady Fanshawe—Jack Randal—Serjeants' Inn—An Evening with Haslitt at the "Southampton"—Charles Lamb—Sheridan—The Sponging Houses—The Law Institute—A Tragical Story

CHANCERY, or Chancellor's, Lane, as it was first called, must have been a mere quagmire, or cart-track, in the reign of Edward I., for Strype tells us that at that period it had become so impassable to knight, monk, and citizen, that John Breton, Custos of London, had it barred up, to "hinder any harm;" and the Bishop of Chichester, whose house was there (now Chichester Rents), kept up the bar, for ten years; at the end of that time, on an inquisition of the annoyances of London, the bishop was proscribed at an inquest for setting up two staples and a bar, "whereby men with carts and other carriages could not pass." The bishop pleaded John Breton's order, and the sheriff was then commanded to remove the annoyance, and the hooded men with their carts once more cracked their whips and whistled to their horses up and down the long disused lane.

Half-way up on the east side of Chancery Lane a dull archway, through which can be caught glimpses of the door of an old chapel, leads to the Rolls Court. On the site of that chapel, in the year 1233, history tells us that Henry III. erected a Carthusian house for the maintenance of converted Jews, who there lived under a Christian governor. At a time when Norman barons were not unaccustomed to pull out a Jew's teeth, or to fry him on gridirons till he paid handsomely for his release, conversion, which secured safety from such rough practices, may not have been unfrequent. However, the converts decreasing when Edward I., after hanging 280 Jews for clipping coin, banished the rest from the realm, half the property of the Jews who were hung stern Edward gave to the preachers who tried to convert the obstinate and stiff-necked generation, and half to the "Domus Conversorum," in Chancellor's Lane. In 1278 we find the converts calling themselves, in a letter sent to the king by John the Convert, "Pauperes Celicolæ Christi." In the reign of Richard II. a certain converted Jew received twopence a day for life; and in the reign of Henry IV. we find the daughter of a rabbi paid by the keepers of the house of converts a penny a day for life, by special patent.

Edward III., in 1377, broke up the Jewish almshouse in Chancellor's Lane, and annexed the house and chapel to the newly-created office of Custos Rotulorum, or Keeper of the Rolls. Some of the stones which the old gaberdines have rubbed against are no doubt incorporated in the present chapel, which, however, has been so often altered, that, like the Highlandman's gun, it is "new stock and new barrel." The first Master of the Rolls, in 1377, was William Burstal; but till Thomas Cromwell, in 1534, the Masters of the Rolls were generally priests, and often king's chaplains.

The Rolls Chapel was built, says Pennant, by Inigo Jones, in 1617, at a cost of £2,000. Dr. Donne, the poet, preached the consecration sermon. One of the monuments belonging to the earlier chapel is that of Dr. John Yonge, Master of the Rolls in the reign of Henry VIII. Vertue and Walpole attribute the tomb to Torregiano, Michael Angelo's contemporary and the sculptor of the tomb of Henry VII. at Westminster. The master is represented by the artist (who starved himself to death at Seville) in effigy on an altar-tomb, in a red gown and deep square cap; his hands are crossed, his face wears an expression of calm resignation and profound devotion. In a recess at the back is a head of Christ, and an angel's head appears on either side in high relief. Another monument of interest in this quiet, legal chapel is that of Sir Edward Bruce, created by James I. Baron of Kinloss. He was one of the crafty ambassadors sent by wily James to openly congratulate Elizabeth on the failure of the revolt of Essex, but secretly to commence a correspondence with Cecil. The place of Master of the Rolls was Bruce's reward for this useful service. The ex-master lies with his head resting on his hand, in the "toothache" attitude ridiculed by the old dramatists. His hair is short, his beard long, and he wears a long furred robe. Before him kneels a man in armour, possibly his son, Lord Kinloss, who, three years after his father's death, perished in a most savage duel with Sir Edward Saville.

Another fine monument is that of Sir Richard Allington, of Horseheath, in Cambridgeshire, the



brother-in law of Sir William Cordall, a former Master of the Rolls, who died in 1561. Clad in armour, Sir Richard kneels,—

"As for past sins he would atone,  
By saying endless prayers in stone."

His wife faces him, and beneath on a tablet kneel their three daughters. Sir Richard's charitable widow lived after his death in Holborn, in a house long known as Allington Place. Many of the past masters sleep within these walls, and amongst them Sir John Trevor, who died in 1717 (George I.), and Sir John Strange; but the latter has not had inscribed over his bones, as Pennant remarks, the old punning epitaph,—

"Here lies an honest lawyer—that is *Strange*!"

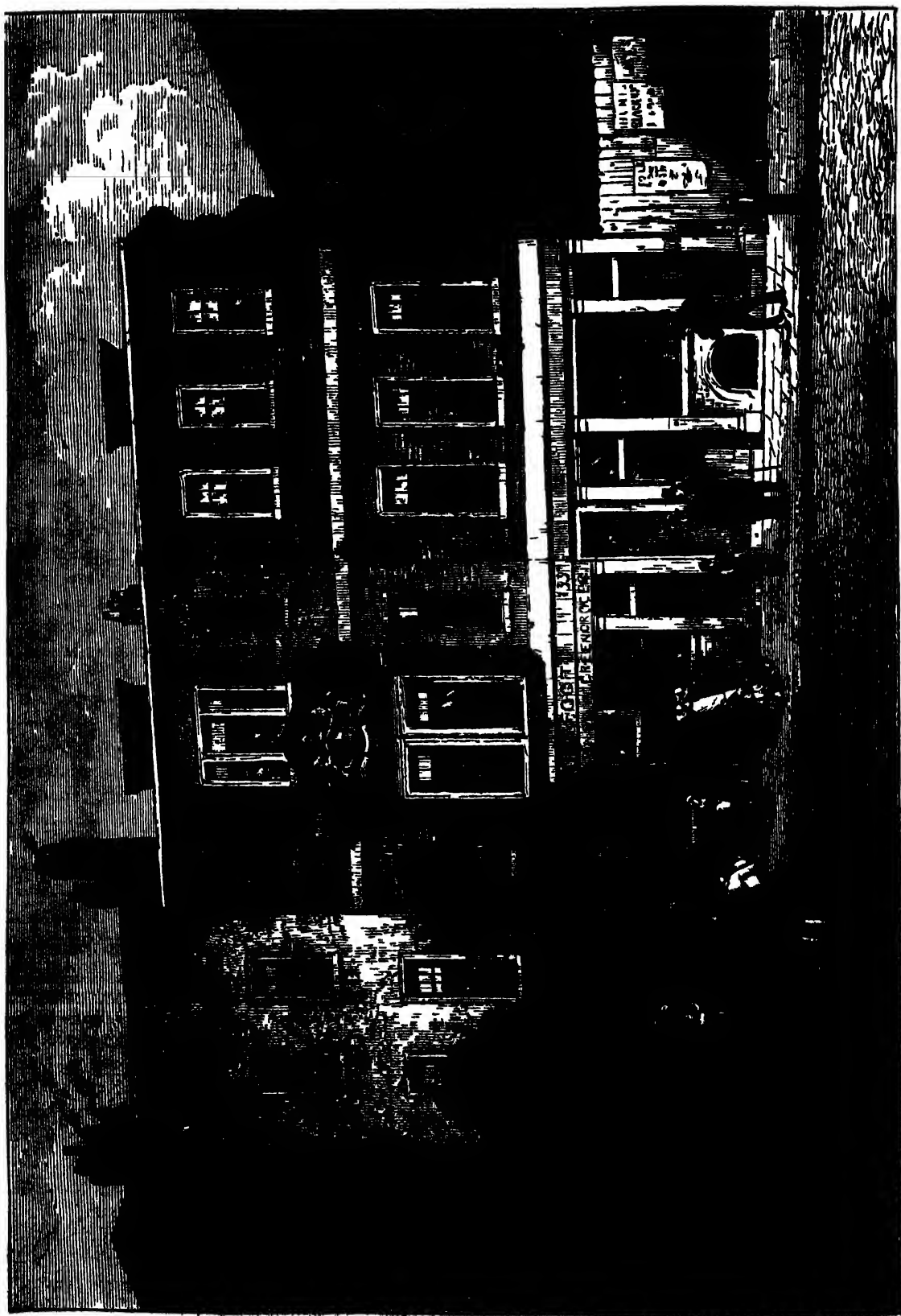
The above-mentioned Sir John Trevor, while Speaker of the House of Commons, being denounced for bribery, was compelled himself to preside over the subsequent debate—an unparalleled disgrace. The indictment ran:—

"That Sir John Trevor, Speaker of the House, receiving a gratuity of 1,000 guineas from the City of London, after the passing of the Orphans' Bill, is guilty of high crime and misdemeanour." Trevor was himself, as Speaker, compelled to put this resolution from the chair. The "Ayes" were not met by a single "No," and the culprit was required to officially announce that, in the unanimous opinion of the House over which he presided, he stood convicted of a high crime. "His expulsion from the House," says Mr. Jeaffreson, in his "Book about Lawyers," "followed in due course. One is inclined to think that in these days no English gentleman could outlive such humiliation for four-and-twenty hours. Sir John Trevor not only survived the humiliation, but remained a personage of importance in London society. Convicted of bribery, he was not called upon to refund the bribe; and expelled from the House of Commons, he was not driven from his judicial office. He continued to be the Master of the Rolls till his death, which took place on May 20, 1717, in his official mansion in Chancery Lane. His retention of office is easily accounted for. Having acted as a vile negotiator between the two great political parties, they were equally afraid of him. Neither the Whigs nor the Tories dared to demand his expulsion from office, fearing that in revenge he would make revelations alike disgraceful to all parties concerned."

The arms of Sir Robert Cecil and Sir Harbottle Grimston gleam in the chapel windows. Swift's detention, Bishop Burnet, the historian and friend

of William of Orange, was preacher here for nine years, and here delivered his sermon on the text, "Save me from the lion's mouth: thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorn." Burnet was appointed by Sir Harbottle, who was Master of the Rolls; and in his "Own Times" he has inserted a warm eulogy of Sir Harbottle as a worthy and pious man. Atterbury, the Jacobite Bishop of Rochester, was also preacher here; nor can we forget that amiable man and great theologian, Bishop Butler, the author of the "Analogy of Religion." Butler, the son of a Dissenting tradesman at Wantage, was for a long time lost in a small country living, a loss to the Church which Archbishop Blackburne lamented to Queen Caroline. "Why, I thought he had been dead!" exclaimed the queen. "No, madam," replied the archbishop; "he is only buried." In 1718 Butler was appointed preacher at the Rolls by Sir Joseph Jekyll. This excellent man afterwards became Bishop of Bristol, and died Bishop of Durham.

A few anecdotes about past dignitaries at the Rolls. Of Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls in the reign of Charles I., Lord Clarendon, in his "History of the Rebellion," tells a story too good to be passed by. This Sir Julius, having by right of office the power of appointing the six clerks, designed one of the profitable posts for his son, Robert Cæsar. One of the clerks dying before Sir Julius could appoint his son, the imperious treasurer, Sir Richard Weston, promised his place to a dependant, who gave him for it £6,000 down. The vexation of old Sir Julius at this arbitrary step so moved his friends, that King Charles was induced to promise Robert Cæsar the next post in the clerks' office that should fall vacant, and the Lord Treasurer was bound by this promise. One day the Earl of Tullibardine, passionately pressing the treasurer about his business, was told by Sir Richard that he had quite forgotten the matter, but begged for a memorandum, that he might remind the king that very afternoon. The earl then wrote on a small bit of paper the words, "Remember Cæsar!" and Sir Richard, without reading it, placed it carefully in a little pocket, where he said he kept all the memorials first to be transacted. Many days passed, and the ambitious treasurer forgot all about Cæsar. At length one night, changing his clothes, his servant brought him the notes and papers from his pocket, which he looked over according to his custom. Among these he found the little billet with merely the words "Remember Cæsar!" and on the sight of this the arrogant yet timid courtier was utterly confounded. Turning pale, he said



OLD HOUSES IN FETTER LANE, WEST SIDE, NEAR THE RECORD OFFICE, FROM A DRAWING BY SHEPHERD, 1853 (see page 101).

for his bosom friends, showed them the paper, and held a solemn deliberation over it. It was decided that it must have been dropped into his hand by some secret friend, as he was on his way to the priory lodgings. Every one agreed that some conspiracy was planned against his life by his many and mighty enemies, and that Cæsar's fate might soon be his unless great precautions were taken.

His friends therefore persuaded him to be at once indisposed, and not venture forth in that neighbourhood, nor to admit to an audience any but persons of undoubted affection. At night the gates were shut and barred early, and the porter solemnly enjoined not to open them to any one, or to venture on even a moment's sleep. Some servants were sent to watch with him, and the friends sat up all night to await the event. "Such houses," says Clarendon, who did not like the treasurer, "are always in the morning, haunted by early suitors;" but it was very late before any one could now get admittance into the house, the porter having tasted some

of the arrears of sleep which he owed to himself for his night watching, which he accounted for to his acquaintance by whispering to them "that his lord should have been killed that night, which had kept all the house from going to bed." Shortly afterwards, however, the Earl of Tullibardine asking the treasurer whether he had remembered Cæsar, the treasurer quickly recollecting the ground of his perturbation, could not forbear imparting it to his friends, and so the whole jest came to be discovered.

In 1614, £6 res. 6d. was claimed by Sir Julius

Cæsar for paving the part of Chancery Lane over against the Rolls Gate.

Sir Joseph Jekyll, the Master of the Rolls in the reign of George I., was an ancestor of that witty Jekyll, the friend and adviser of George IV. Sir Joseph was very active in introducing a Bill for increasing the duty on gin, in consequence of which he became so odious to the mob that they

one day hustled and trampled on him in a riot in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Hogarth, who painted his "Gin Lane" to express his alarm and disgust at the growing intemperance of the London poor, has in one of his extraordinary pictures represented a low fellow writing J. J. under a gibbet.

Sir William Grant, who succeeded Lord Alvanley, was the last Master but one that resided in the Rolls. He had practised at the Canadian bar, and on returning to England attracted the attention of Lord Thurlow, then Chancellor. He was an admirable speaker in the House, and even Fox is said to have girded himself tighter for an encounter with such an adversary. "He

used," says Mr. Cyrus Jay, in his amusing book, "The Law," "to sit from five o'clock till one, and seldom spoke during that time. He dined before going into court, his allowance being a bottle of Madeira at dinner and a bottle of port after. He dined alone, and the unfortunate servant was expected to anticipate his master's wishes, by intuition. Sir William never spoke if he could help it. On one occasion, when the favourite dish of a leg of pork was on the table, the servant saw by Sir William's face that something was wrong, but he could not tell what. Suddenly a servant



IZAAK WALTON'S HOUSE (see page 82)

flashed upon him—the Madeira was not on the table. He at once placed the decanter before Sir William, who immediately flung it into the grate, exclaiming, "Mustard, you fool!"

Sir John Leach, another Master of the Rolls, was the son of a tradesman at Bedford, afterwards a merchant's clerk and an embryo architect. Mr. Canning appointed him Master of the Rolls, an office previously, it has been said, offered to Mr. Brougham. Leach was fond, says Mr. Jay, of saying sharp, bitter things in a bland and courtly voice. "No submission could ameliorate his temper, no opposition lend asperity to his voice." In court two large fan shades were always placed in a way to shade him from the light, and to render Sir John entirely invisible. "After the counsel who was addressing the court had finished, and resumed his seat, there would be an awful pause for a minute or two, when at length out of the darkness which surrounded the chair of justice would come a voice, distinct, awful, solemn, but with the solemnity of suppressed anger—'the bill is dismissed with costs.'" No explanations, no long series of arguments were advanced by him to support the conclusion. The decision was given with the air of a man who knew he was right, and that only folly or villainy could doubt the propriety of his judgments. Sir John was the Prince Regent's great adviser during Queen Caroline's trial, and assisted in getting up the evidence. "How often," says Mr. Jay, "have I seen him, when walking through the Green Park between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, knock at the private door of Carlton Palace. I have seen him go in four or five days following."

Gifford was another eminent Master of the Rolls, though he did not hold the office long. He first attracted attention when a lawyer's clerk by his clever observations on a case in which he was consulted by his employers, in the presence of an important client. The high opinion which Lord Ellenborough formed of his talents induced Lord Liverpool to appoint him Solicitor-General. While in the House he had frequently to encounter Sir Samuel Romilly. Mr. Cyrus Jay has an interesting anecdote about the funeral of Lord Gifford, who is buried in the Rolls Chapel. "I was," he says, "in the little gallery when the procession came into the chapel, and Lord Eldon and Lord Chief Justice Abbott were placed in a pew by themselves. I could observe everything that took place in the pew, it being a small chapel, and noted that Lord Eldon was very shaky, and during the most solemn part of the service saw him touch the Chief Justice. I have no doubt he asked for his snuff-

box, for the snuff-box was produced, and he took a large pinch of snuff. The Chief Justice was a very great snuff-taker, but he only took it up one nostril. I kept my eye on the pinch of snuff, and saw that Lord Eldon, the moment he had taken it from the box, threw it away. I was sorry at the time, and was astonished at the deception practised by so great a man, with the grave yawning before him."

When Sir Thomas Plumer was Master of the Rolls, and gave a succession of dinners to the Bar, Romilly, alluding to Lord Eldon's stinginess, said, "Verily he is working off the arrears of the Lord Chancellor."

At the back of the Rolls Chapel, in Bowling-Pin Alley, Bream's Buildings (No. 28, Chancery Lane), there once lived, according to party calumny, a journeyman labourer, named Thompson, whose clever and pretty daughter, the wife of one Clark, a bricklayer, became the mischievous mistress of the good-natured but weak Duke of York. After making great scandal about the sale of commissions obtained by her influence, the shrewd woman wrote some memoirs, 10,000 copies of which were, in the next year, burnt at a printer's in Salisbury Square, upon condition of her debts being paid, and an annuity of £400 granted her.

Wilberforce's unscrupulous party statement, that Mrs. Clark was a low, vulgar, and extravagant woman, was entirely untrue. Mrs. Clark, however imprudent and devoid of virtue, was no more the daughter of a journeyman bricklayer than she was the daughter of a king. She was really, as Mr. Cyrus Redding, who knew most of the political secrets of his day, has proved, the unfortunate granddaughter of that unfortunate man, Theodore, King of Corsica, and daughter of even a more unhappy man, Colonel Frederick, a brave, well-read gentleman, who, under the pressure of a temporary monetary difficulty, occasioned by the dishonourable conduct of a friend, blew out his brains in the churchyard of St. Margaret's, Westminster. In 1798 a poem, written, we believe, by Mrs., then Miss Clark, called "Ianthé," was published by subscription at Hookham's, in New Bond Street, for the benefit of Colonel Frederick's daughter and children, and dedicated to the Prince of Wales. The girl married an Excise officer, much older than herself, and became the mistress of the Duke of York, to whom probably she had applied for assistance, or subscriptions to her poem. The fact is, the duke's vices were turned, as vices frequently are, into scourges for his own back. He was a jovial, good-natured, affable, selfish man, an incessant and reckless gambler, quite devoid of all conscience about debts, and, indeed, of moral

principle in general. When he got tired of Mrs. Clark, he meanly and heartlessly left her, with a promised annuity which he never paid, and with debts mutually incurred at their house in Gloucester Place, which he shamefully allowed to fall upon her. In despair and revengeful rage the discarded mistress sought the eager enemies whom the duke's careless neglect had sown round him, and the scandal broke forth. The Prince of Wales, who was as fond of his brother as he could be of any one, was greatly vexed at the exposure, and sent Lord Moira to buy up the correspondence from the Radical bookseller, Sir Richard Phillips, who had advanced money upon it, and was glorying in the escapade.

Sir Richard Phillips himself used to narrate to his friends the strange and mysterious story of the real secret cause of the Duke of York scandal. The exposure originated in the resentment of one M'Callum against Sir Thomas Picton, who, as Governor of Trinidad, had, among other arbitrary acts, imprisoned M'Callum in an underground dungeon. On getting to England he sought justice; but, finding himself baffled, he first published his travels in Trinidad, to expose Picton; then ferreted out charges against the War Office, and at last, through Colonel Wardle, brought forward the notorious great-coat contract. This being negatived by a Ministerial majority, he then traced Mrs. Clark, and arranged the whole of the exposure for Wardle and others. To effect this in the teeth of power, though destitute of resources, he wrought night and day for months. He lodged in a garret in Hungerford Market, and often did not taste food for twenty-four hours. He lived to see the Duke of York dismissed from office, had time to publish a short narrative, then died of exhaustion and want.

An eye-witness of Mrs. Clark's behaviour at the bar of the House of Commons pronounced her replies as full of sharpness against the more insolent of her adversaries, but her bearing is described as being "full of grace." Mr. Redding, who had read twenty or thirty of this lady's letters, tells us that they showed a good education in the writer.

A writer who was present during her examination before the House of Commons, has pleasantly described the singular scene. "I was," he says, "in the House of Commons when Mary Anne Clark first made her appearance at the bar, dressed in her light-blue pelisse, light muff and tippet. She was a pretty woman, rather of a slender make. It was debated whether she should have a chair; this occasioned a hubbub, and she was asked who the

person with her deeply veiled was. She replied that she was her friend. The lady was instantly ordered to withdraw, then a chair was ordered for Mrs. Clark, and she seemed to pluck up courage, for when she was asked about the particulars of an annuity promised to be settled on her by the Duke of York, she said, pointing with her hand, 'You may ask Mr. William Adam there, as he knows all about it.' She was asked if she was quite certain that General Clavering ever was at any of her parties; she replied, 'So certain, that I always told him he need not use any ceremony, but come in his boots.' It will be remembered that General C. was sent to Newgate for prevarication on that account, *not having recollected in time* this circumstance.

"Perceval fought the battle manfully. The Duke of York could not be justified for some of his acts—for instance, giving a footboy of Mrs. Clark's a commission in the army, and allowing an improper influence to be exerted over him in his thoughtless moments; but that the trial originated in pique and party spirit, there can be no doubt; and, as he justly mented, Colonel Wardle, the prosecutor in the case, sunk into utter oblivion, whilst the Duke of York, the soldier's friend and the beloved of the army, was, after a short period (having been superseded by Sir David Dundas), replaced as commander-in-chief, and died deeply regretted and fully meriting the colossal statue erected to him, with his hand pointing to the Horse Guards."

Cardinal Wolsey lived, at some period of his extraordinary career, in a house in Chancery Lane, at the Holborn end, and on the east side, near the Six Clerks' Office. We do not know what rank the proud favourite held at this time, whether he was almoner to the king, privy councillor, Canon of Windsor, Bishop of Lincoln, Archbishop of York, or Cardinal of the Cecilia. We like to think that down that dingy legal lane he rode on his way to Westminster Hall, with all that magnificence described by his faithful gentleman usher, Cavendish. He would come out of his chamber, we read, about eight o'clock in his cardinal's robes of scarlet tulle and crimson satin, with a black velvet tippet edged with sable round his neck, holding in his hand an orange filled with a sponge containing aromatic vinegar, in case the crowd of suitors should incommodate him. Before him were borne the Great Seal of England, and the scarlet cardinal's hat. A serjeant-at-arms preceded him bearing a great mace of silver, and two gentlemen carrying silver plates. At the hall-door he mounted his horse, which was with crimson and having a saddle covered with



crimson velvet, while the gentlemen ushers, bare-headed, cried,—“On, masters, before, and make room for my lord cardinal.” When Wolsey was mounted he was preceded by his two cross-bearers and his two pillow-bearers, all upon horses trapped in scarlet; and four footmen with pole-axes guarded the cardinal till he came to Westminster. And every Sunday, when he repaired to the king’s court at Greenwich, he landed at the Three Cranes, in the Vintry, and took water again at Billingsgate. “He had,” says Cavendish, “a long season, ruling all things in the realm appertaining to the king, by his wisdom, and all other matters of foreign regions with whom the king had any occasion to meddle, and then he fell like Lucifer, never to rise again. Here,” says Cavendish, “is the end and fall of pride; for I assure you he was in his time the proudest man alive, having more regard to the honour of his person than to his spiritual functions, wherein he should have expressed more meekness and humility.”

One of the greatest names connected with Chancery Lane is that of the unfortunate Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, who, after leading his master, Charles I., on the path to the scaffold, was the first to lay his head upon the block. Wentworth, the son of a Yorkshire gentleman, was born in 1593 in Chancery Lane, at the house of Mr. Atkinson, his maternal grandfather, a bencher of Lincoln’s Inn. At first an enemy of Buckingham, the king’s favourite, and opposed to the Court, he was won over by a peerage and the counsels of his friend Lord Treasurer Weston. He soon became a headlong and unscrupulous advocate of arbitrary power, and, as Lord Deputy of Ireland, did his best to raise an army for the king and to earn his Court name of “Thorough.” Impeached for high treason, and accused by Sir Henry Vane of a design to subdue England by force, he was forsaken by the weak king and condemned to the block. “Put not your trust in princes,” he said, when he heard of the king’s consent to the execution of so faithful a servant, “nor in any child of man, for in them is no salvation.” He died on Tower Hill, with calm and undaunted courage, expressing his devotion to the Church of England, his loyalty to the king, and his earnest desire for the peace and welfare of the kingdom.

Of this steadfast and dangerous man Clarendon has left one of those Titianesque portraits in which he excelled. “He was a man,” says the historian, “of great parts and extraordinary endowment of nature, and of great observation and a piercing judgment both into things and persons; but his too good skill in persons made him judge the

worse of things, and so that upon the matter he wholly relied upon himself; and discerning many defects in most men, he too much neglected what they said or did. Of all his passions his pride was most predominant, which a moderate exercise of ill fortune might have corrected and reformed; and which was by the hand of Heaven strangely punished by bringing his destruction on him by two things that he most despised—the people and Sir Harry Vane. In a word, the epitaph which Plutarch records that Sylla wrote for himself may not be unfitly applied to him—‘that no man did ever pass him either in doing good to his friends or in doing harm to his enemies.’”

ⁱ Izaak Walton, that amiable old angler, lived for some years (1627 to 1644) of his happy and contented life in a house (No. 120) at the west corner of Chancery Lane and Fleet Street. This was many years before he published his “Complete Angler,” which did not, indeed, appear till the year before the Restoration. Yet we imagine that at this time the honest citizen often sallied forth to the Lea banks with his friends, the Roes, on those fine cool May mornings upon which he expatiates so pleasantly. A quiet man and a lover of peace was old Izaak; and we may be sure no jingle of money ever hurried him back from the green fields where the lark, singing as she ascended higher and higher into the air, and nearer to the heavens, excelled, as he says, in her simple piety “all those little nimble musicians of the air (her fellows) who warble forth their various ditties with which Nature has furnished them, to the shame of art.” Refreshed and exhilarated by the pure country air, we can fancy Walton returning homeward to his Chancery Lane shop, humming to himself that fine old song of Marlowe’s which the milkmaid sung to him as he sat under the honeysuckle-hedge out of the shower,—

“Come live with me and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,  
Or woods, or steepy mountain, yield.”

How Byron had the heart to call a man who loved such simple pleasures, and was so guileless and pure-hearted as Walton, “a cruel old coxcomb,” and to wish that in his gullet he had a hook, and “a strong trout to pull it,” we never could understand; but Byron was no angler, and we suppose he thought Walton’s advice about sewing up frogs’ mouths lovingly somewhat hard-hearted.

North, in his life of that faithful courtier of Charles II., Lord Keeper Guildford, mentions that his lordship “settled himself in the great brick house in Serjeants’ Inn, near Chancery Lane, which



was formerly the Lord Chief Justice Hyde's, and that he held it till he had the Great Seal, and some time after. When his lordship lived in this house, before his lady began to want her health, he was in the height of all the felicity his nature was capable of. He had a seat in St. Dunstan's Church appropriated to him, and constantly kept the church in the mornings, and so his house was to his mind; and having, with leave, a door into Serjeants' Inn garden, he passed daily with ease to his chambers, dedicated to business and study. His friends he enjoyed at home, and politic ones often found him out at his chambers." He rebuilt Serjeants' Inn Hall, which had become poor and ruinous, and improved all the dwellings in Chancery Lane from Jackanapes Alley down to Fleet Street. He also drained the street for the first time, and had a rate levied on the unwilling inhabitants, after which his at first reluctant neighbours thanked him warmly. This same Lord Keeper, a time-server and friend of arbitrary power, according to Burnet, seems to have been a learned and studious man, for he encouraged the sale of barometers and wrote a philosophical essay on music. It was this timid courtier that unscrupulous Jeffreys vexed by spreading a report that he had been seen riding on a rhinoceros, then one of the great sights of London. Jeffreys was at the time hoping to supersede the Lord Keeper in office, and was anxious to cover him with ridicule.

Besides the Cæsars, Cecils, Throckmortons, Lincolns, Sir John Franklin, and Edward Reeve, who, as it would appear, all resided in Chancery Lane when it was a fashionable legal quarter, we must not forget that on the site of No. 115 lived Sir Richard Fanshawe, the ambassador sent by Charles II. to arrange his marriage with the Portuguese princess. This accomplished man, who translated Guarini's "*Pastor Fido*," and the "*Lusiad*" of Camoens, died at Madrid in 1666. His brave yet gentle wife, who wrote some interesting memoirs, gives a graphic account of herself and her husband taking leave of his royal master, Charles I., at Hampton Court. At parting, the king saluted her, and she prayed God to preserve his majesty with long life and happy years. The king stroked her on the cheek, and said, "Child, if God pleaseth, it shall be so; but both you and I must submit to God's will, for you know whose hands I am in." Then turning to Sir Richard, Charles said, "Be sure, Dick, to tell my son all that I have said, and deliver these letters to my wife. Pray God bless her; and I hope I shall do well." Then, embracing Sir Richard, the king added, "Thou hast ever been an honest man, and

I hope God will bless thee, and make thee a happy servant to my son, whom I have charged in my letter to continue his love and trust to you; and I do promise you, if I am ever restored to my dignity, I will bountifully reward you both for your services and sufferings." "Thus," says the noble Royalist lady, enthusiastically, "did we part from that glorious sun that within a few months after was extinguished, to the grief of all Christians who are not forsaken of their God."

No. 45 (east side) is the "Hole in the Wall" Tavern, kept early in the century by Jack Randal, *alias* "Nonpareil," a fighting man, whom Tom Moore visited, says Mr. Noble, to get materials for his "Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress," "Randal's Diary," and other satirical poems. Hazlitt, when living in Southampton Buildings, describes going to this haunt of the fancy the night before the great fight between Neate, the Bristol butcher, and Hickman, the gas-man, to find out where the encounter was to take place, although Randal had once rather too forcibly expelled him for some trifling complaint about a chop. Hazlitt went down to the fight with Thurtell, the betting man, who afterwards murdered Mr. Weare, a gambler and bill-discounter of Lyon's Inn. In Byron's early days taverns like Randal's were frequented by all the men about town, who considered that to wear bird's-eye handkerchiefs and heavy-caped box coats was the height of manliness and fashion.

Chichester Rents, a sorry place now, preserves a memory of the site of the town-house of the Bishops of Chichester. It was originally built in a garden belonging to one John Herberton, granted the bishops by Henry III., who excepted it out of the charter of the Jew converts' house, now the Rolls Chapel.

Serjeants' Inn, originally designed for serjeants alone, was subsequently open to all students, though it more especially affected the Freres Serjens, or Fratres Servientes, who derived their name originally from being the lower grade or servitors of the Knights Templars. Serjeants still address each other as "brother," and indeed, as far as Cain and Abel go, the brotherhood of lawyers cannot be disputed. The old formula at Westminster, when a new serjeant approached the judges, was, "I think I see a brother."

One of Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims was a "serjeant of law." This inn dates back as early as the reign of Henry IV., when it was held under a lease from the Bishop of Ely. In 1448 a William Antrobus, citizen and taylor of London, held it at the rent of ten marks a year. In the hall windows are emblazoned the arms of Lord Keeper

Guildford (1684). The inn was rebuilt, all but the old dining-hall, by Sir Robert Smirke, in 1837-38. In 1878 the inn was broken up, and the buildings sold to Mr. Serjeant Cox.

The humours of Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, have been admirably described by

essayist, fine-art and theatrical critic, thoughtful metaphysician, and miserable man, William Hazlitt. He lodged at the house of Mr. Walker, a tailor, who was blessed with two fair daughters, with one of whom, Sarah, Hazlitt, then a married man, fell madly in love. He declared she was like the



OLD SERJEANT'S INN (see page 83).

Hazlitt, and are thus condensed by a contemporaneous writer.

"In 1820 a ray of light strikes the Buildings, for one of the least popular, but by no means the least remarkable, of the Charles Lamb set came to lodge at No. 9, half-way down on the right-hand side as you come from Holborn. There for four years lived, taught, wrote, and suffered that admirable

Madonna—she seems really to have been a cold, calculating flirt, rather afraid of her wild lover. To his 'Liber Amoris,' a most stultifying series of dialogues between himself and the lodging-house keeper's daughter, the author appended a drawing of an antique gem (Lucretia), which he declared to be the very image of the obdurate tailor's daughter. This untoward but remarkably gifted man, whom

Lamb admired, if he did not love, and whom Leigh Hunt regarded as a spirit highly endowed, usually spent his evenings at the 'Southampton,' an hotel or coffee-house on the left hand, near the Patent Office. The 'Southampton' is now a most unpretending public-house, with its dull, quiet, bald-looking coffee-room altered; but still one likes to wander past the

admired by William, the sleek, neat waiter (who had a music-master to teach him the flageolet two hours every morning before the maids were up), for his temper in managing an argument. Mr. Kirkpatrick was one of those bland, simpering, self-complacent men, who, unshakable from the high tower of their own self-satisfaction, look down upon your arguments from their magnificent



HAZLITT (see page 87).

place and think that Hazlitt, his hand still warm with the grip of Lamb, has often entered it. In an essay on 'Coffee-House Politicians,' in the second volume of his 'Table Talk,' Hazlitt has sketched the coterie at the 'Southampton' in a manner not unworthy of Steele. The picture wants Sir Richard's mellow, Jan Steen colour, but it possesses much of Wilkie's dainty touch and keen appreciation of character. Let us call up, he says, the old customers at the 'Southampton' from the dead, and take a glass with them. First of all comes Mr. George Kirkpatrick, so much

elevation. 'I will explain,' was his condescending phrase. If you corrected the intolerable magnificence, he corrected your correction; if you hinted at an obvious blunder, he was always aware what your mistaken objection would be. He and his clique would spend a whole evening on a wager as to whether the first edition of Dr. Johnson's 'Dictionary' was quarto or folio. The confident assertions, the cautious ventures, the length of time demanded to ascertain the fact, the precise terms of the forfeit, the provisions for getting out of paying it at last, led to a long and unprofitable

discussion. Kirkpatrick's vanity, however, one night led him into a terrible pitfall. He recklessly ventured money on the fact that *The Mourning Bride* was written by Shakespeare; headlong he fell, and ruefully he partook of the bowl of punch for which he had to pay. As a rule his nightly outlay seldom exceeded sevenpence. Four hours' good conversation for sevenpence made the 'Southampton' the cheapest of London clubs.

"Kirkpatrick's brother Roger was the Mercutio to his Shallow. Roger was a rare fellow, 'of the driest humour and the nicest tact, of infinite sleights and evasions, of a picked phraseology, and the very soul of mimicry.' He had the mind of a harlequin; his wit was acrobatic, and threw somersaults. He took in a character at a glance, and threw a pun at you as dexterously as a fly-fisher casts his fly over a trout's nose. 'How finely,' says Hazlitt, in his best and heartiest mood; 'how finely, how truly, how gaily he took off the company at the "Southampton!" Poor and faint are my sketches compared to his! It was like looking into a camera-obscura—you saw faces shining and speaking. The smoke curled, the lights dazzled, the oak wainscoting took a higher polish. There was old S., tall and gaunt, with his couplet from Pope and case at Nisi Prius; Mudford, eyeing the ventilator and lying perdu for a moral; and H. and A. taking another friendly finishing glass. These and many more windfalls of character we gave us in thought, word, and action. I remember his once describing three different persons together to myself and Martin Burney [a bit of a rhapsodist, of Madame d'Arblay and a great friend of Charles Lamb], namely, the manager of a country theatre, a tragic and a comic performer, till we were ready to tumble on the floor with laughing at the oddity of their humours, and at Roger's extraordinary powers of ventriloquism, bodily and mental; and Burney said (such was the vividness of the scene) that when he awoke the next morning he wondered what three amusing characters he had been in company with the evening before.' He was fond also of imitating old Mudford, of the *Courier*, a man of letters, who had left the *Morning Chronicle* in 1814, just as Hazlitt joined it, and was renowned for having written a reply to 'Coelebs.' He would enter a room, fold up his great-coat, take out a little pocket volume, lay it down to think, rubbing all the time the fleshy calf of his leg with dull gravity and intense and stolid self-complacency, and start out of his reveries when addressed with the same inimitable vapid exclamation of 'Eh!' Dr. Whittle, a large, plain-faced Moravian preacher, who had turned physician, was another of his

chosen impersonations. Roger represented the honest, vain, empty man purchasing an ounce of tea by stratagem to astonish a favoured guest; he portrayed him on the summit of a narrow, winding, and very steep staircase, contemplating in airy security the imaginary approach of duns. This worthy doctor on one occasion, when watching Sarratt, the great chess-player, turned suddenly to Hazlitt, and said, 'I think I could dance. I'm sure I could; aye, I could dance like Vestris.' Such were the odd people Roger caricatured on the memorable night he pulled off his coat to eat beef-steaks on equal terms with Martin Burney.

"Then there was C., who, from his slender neck, shrillness of voice, and his ever-ready quibble and laugh at himself, was for some time taken for a lawyer, with which folk the Buildings were then, as now, much infested. But on careful inquiry he turned out to be a patent-medicine seller, who at leisure moments had studied Blackstone and the statutes at large from mere sympathy with the neighbourhood. E. came next, a rich tradesman, Tory in grain, and an everlasting babbler on the strong side of politics; querulous, dictatorial, and with a peevish whine in his voice like a beaten schoolboy. He was a stout advocate for the Bourbons and the National Debt, and was duly disliked by Hazlitt, we may feel assured. The Bourbons he affirmed to be the choice of the French people, the Debt necessary to the salvation of these kingdoms. To a little inoffensive man, 'of a saturnine aspect but simple conceptions,' Hazlitt once heard him say grandly, 'I will tell you, sir. I will make my proposition so clear that you will be convinced of the truth of my observation in a moment. Consider, sir, the number of trades that would be thrown out of employ if the Debt were done away with. What would become of the porcelain manufacture without it?' He would then show the company a flower, the production of his own garden, calling it a unique and curious exotic, and hold forth on his carnations, his country-house, and his old English hospitality, though he never invited a friend to come down to a Sunday's dinner. Mean and ostentatious, insolent and servile, he did not know whether to treat those he conversed with as if they were his porters or his customers. The 'prentice boy was not yet ground out of him, and his imagination hovered between his grand new country mansion and the workhouse. Opposed to him and every one else was K., a Radical reformer and tedious logician, who wanted to make short work of the taxes and National Debt, reconstruct the Government from first principles, and shatter the Holy Alliance at a blow. He was for

crushing out the future prospects of society as with a machine, and for starting where the French Revolution had begun five-and-twenty years before. He was a born disturber, and never agreed to more than half a proposition at a time. Being very stingy, he generally brought a bunch of radishes with him for economy, and would give a penny to a band of musicians at the door, observing that he liked their performance better than all the opera-squalling. His objections to the National Debt arose from motives of personal economy; and he objected to Mr. Canning's pension because it took a farthing a year out of his own pocket.

"Another great sagem at the 'Southampton' was Mr. George Mouncey, of the firm of Mouncey & Gray, solicitors, Staple's Inn. 'He was,' says Hazlitt, 'the oldest frequenter of the place and the latest sitter-up; well-informed, unobtrusive, and that sturdy old English character, a lover of truth and justice. Mouncey never approved of anything unfair or illiberal, and, though good-natured and gentleman-like, never let an absurd or unjust proposition pass him without expressing dissent.' He was much liked by Hazlitt, for they had mutual friends, and Mouncey had been intimate with most of the wits and men about town for twenty years before. 'He had in his time known Tobin, Wordsworth, Porson, Wilson, Paley, and Erskine. He would speak of Paley's pleasantry and unassuming manners, and describe Porson's deep potations and long quotations at the "Cider Cellars."' Warming with his theme, Hazlitt goes on in his essay to etch one memorable evening at the 'Southampton.' A few only were left, 'like stars at break of day,' the discourse and the ale were growing sweeter; but Mouncey, Hazlitt, and a man named Wells, alone remained. The conversation turned on the frail beauties of Charles II.'s Court, and from thence passed to Count Grammont, their gallant, gay, and not over-scrupulous historian. Each one cited his favourite passage in turn; from Jacob Hall, the rope-dancer, they progressed by pleasant stages of talk to pale Miss Churchill and her fortunate fall from her horse. Wells then spoke of 'Apuleius and his Golden Ass,' 'Cupid and Psyche,' and the romance of 'Heliodorus, Theogenes, and Chariclea,' which, as he affirmed, opened with a pastoral landscape equal to one of Claude's. 'The night waned,' says the delightful essayist, 'but our glasses brightened, enriched with the pearls of Grecian story. Our cup-bearer slept in a corner of the room, like another Endymion, in the pale rays of a half-extinguished lamp, and, starting up at a fresh summons for a further supply, he swore it was

too late, and was inexorable to entreaty. Mouncey sat with his hat on and a hectic flush in his face while any hope remained, but as soon as we rose to go, he dashed out of the room as quick as lightning, determined not to be the last. I said some time after to the waiter that "Mr. Mouncey was no flincher." "Oh, sir!" says he, "you should have known him formerly. Now he is quite another man: he seldom stays later than one or two; then he used to help sing catches, and all sorts."

"It was at the 'Southampton' that George Cruikshank, Hazlitt, and Hone used to often meet, to discuss subjects for Hone's squibs on the Queen's trial (1820). Cruikshank would sometimes dip his finger in ale and sketch a suggestion on the table.

"While living in a state of half-assumed love-frenzy at No. 9, Southampton buildings, Hazlitt produced some of his best work. His noble lectures on the age of Elizabeth had just been delivered, and he was writing for the *Edinburgh Review*, the *New Monthly*, and the *London Magazine*, in conjunction with Charles Lamb, Reynolds, Barry Cornwall, De Quincey, and Wainwright ('Janus Weathercock') the poisoner. In 1821 he published his volume of 'Dramatic Criticisms,' and his subtle 'Table Talk;' in 1823, his foolish 'Liber Amoris;' and in 1824, his fine 'Sketches of the Principal English Picture Galleries.'

"Hazlitt, who was born in 1778 and died in 1830, was the son of a Unitarian minister of Irish descent. Hazlitt was at first intended for an artist, but, coming to London, soon drifted into literature. He became a parliamentary reporter to the *Morning Chronicle* in 1813, and in that wearing occupation injured his naturally weak digestion. In 1814 he succeeded Mudford as theatrical critic on Perry's paper. In 1815 he joined the *Champion*, and in 1818 wrote for the *Yellow Dwarf*. Hazlitt's habits at No. 9 were enough to have killed a rhinoceros. He sat up half the night, and rose about one or two. He then remained drinking the strongest black tea, nibbling a roll, and reading (no appetite, of course) till about five p.m. At supper at the 'Southampton,' his jaded stomach then rousing, he ate a heavy meal of steak or game, frequently drinking during his long and suicidal vigils three or four quarts of water. Wine and spirits he latterly never touched. Morbidly self-conscious, touchy, morose, he believed that his aspect and manner were strange and disagreeable to his friends, and that every one was perpetually insulting him. He had a magnificent forehead, regular features, pale as marble, and a profusion of curly black hair, but his eyes were shy and suspicious. His manner when not at his ease Mr. P. G. Fatmore describes



as worthy of Apemantus himself. He would enter a room as if he had been brought in in custody. He shuffled sidelong to the nearest chair, sat down on the extreme corner of it, dropped his hat on the floor, buried his chin in his stock, vented his usual pet phrase on such occasions, 'It's a fine day,' and resigned himself moodily to social misery. If the talk did not suit him, he bore it a certain time, silent, self-absorbed, as a man condemned to death, then suddenly, with a brusque 'Well, good morning,' shuffled to the door and blundered his way out, audibly cursing himself for his folly in voluntarily making himself the laughing-stock of an idiot's critical servants. It must have been hard to bear with such a man, whatever might be his talent; and yet his dying words were, 'I've led a happy life.'

That delightful humorist, Lamb, lived in Southampton Buildings, in 1800, coming from Pentonville, and moving to Mitre Court Buildings, Fleet Street. Here, then, must have taken place some of those enjoyable evenings which have been so pleasantly sketched by Hazlitt, one of the most favoured of Lamb's guests:—

"At Lamb's we used to have lively skirmishes, at the Thursday evening parties. I doubt whether the small-coal man's musical parties could exceed them. Oh, for the pen of John Bunce to consecrate a *petit souvenir* to their memory! There was Lamb himself, the most delightful, the most provoking, the most witty, and the most sensible of men. He always made the best pun and the best remark in the course of the evening. His serious conversation, like his serious writing, is the best. No one ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things, in half-a-dozen sentences, as he does. His jests scald like tears, and he probes a question with a play upon words. What a keen-laughing, hair-brained vein of home-felt truth! What choice venom! How often did we cut into the haunch of letters! how we skimmed the cream of criticism! How we picked out the marrow of authors! Need I go over the names? They were but the old, everlasting set—Milton and Shakespeare, Pope and Dryden, Steele and Addison, Swift and Gay, Fielding, Smollet, Sterne, Richardson, Hogarth's prints, Claude's landscapes, the Cartoons at Hampton Court, and all those things that, having once been, must ever be. The Scotch novels had not then been heard of, so we said nothing about them. In general we were hard upon the moderns. The author of the *Rambler* was only tolerated in Boswell's life of him; and it was as much as anyone could do to edge in a word for *Benjamin*. Lamb could not bear 'Gil Blas'; this was a fault. I remember the greatest triumph I

ever had was in persuading him, after some years' difficulty, that Fielding was better than Smollett. On one occasion he was for making out a list of persons famous in history that one would wish to see again, at the head of whom were Pontius Pilate, Sir Thomas Browne, and Dr. Faustus; but we black-balled most of his list. But with what a gusto he would describe his favourite authors, Donne or Sir Philip Sidney, and call their most crabbed passages *delicious*. He tried them on his palate, as epicures taste olives, and his observations had a smack in them like a roughness on the tongue. With what discrimination he hinted a defect in what he admired most, as in saying the display of the sumptuous banquet in 'Paradise Regained' was not in true keeping, as the simplest fare was all that was necessary to tempt the extremity of hunger, and stating that Adam and Eve, in 'Paradise Lost,' were too much like married people. He has furnished many a text for Coleridge to preach upon. There was no fuss or cant about him; nor were his sweets or sour sours ever diluted with one particle of affectation."

Towards the unhappy close of Sheridan's life, when weighed down by illness and debt, having just lost the election at Stafford, and the clouds and darkness gathering closer round him, he was thrown for several days (about 1814) into a sponging-house in Tooke's Court, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane. Tom Moore describes meeting him shortly before with Lord Byron, at the table of Rogers; and some days after Sheridan burst into tears on hearing that Byron had said that he (Sheridan) had written the best comedy, the best operetta, the best farce, the best address, and delivered the best oration ever produced in England. Sheridan's books and pictures had been sold; and from his sordid prison he wrote a piteous letter to his kind but severely business-like friend, Whitbread, the brewer, "I have done everything," he says, "to obtain my release, but in vain; and, Whitbread, putting all false professions of friendship and feeling out of the question, you have no right to keep me here, for it is in truth your act; if you had not forcibly withheld from me the £12,000, in consequence of a letter from a miserable swindler, whose claim you in particular know to be a lie, I should at least have been out of the reach of this miserable insult; for that, and that only, lost me my seat in Parliament."

Even in the depths of this den, however, Sheridan still remained sanguine; and when Whitbread came to release him, he found him confidently calculating on the representation of Westminster, then about to become vacant by the unjust disgrace of Lord Cochrane. On his return home to his wife,



fortified perhaps by wine, Sheridan burst into a long and passionate fit of weeping, at the profanation, as he termed it, which his person had suffered.

In Lord Eldon's youth, when he was simply plain John Scott, of the Northern Circuit, he lived with the pretty little wife with whom he had run away, in very frugal and humble lodgings in Cursitor Street, just opposite No. 2, the chained and barred door of Sloman's sponging-house, on the northern side. Here, in after life he used to boast, although his struggles had really been very few, that he used to run out into Clare Market for sixpennyworth of sprats.

Mr. Disraeli, in "Henrietta Temple," an early novel written in the Theodore Hook manner, has sketched Sloman's with a remarkable *verve* and intimate knowledge of the place:—

"In pursuance of this suggestion, Captain Armine was ushered into the best drawing-room with barred windows and treated in the most aristocratic manner. It was evidently the chamber reserved only for unfortunate gentlemen of the utmost distinction; it was simply furnished with a *quintet*, a low table, and a very hard sofa. The walls were hung with old-fashioned caricatures by Bunbury; the fire-irons were of polished brass; over the mantelpiece was the portrait of the master of the house, which was evidently a speaking likeness, and in which Captain Armine fancied he traced no slight resemblance to his friend Mr. Levison; and there were also some sources of literary amusement in the room, in the shape of a Hebrew Bible and the Racing Calendar.

"After walking up and down the room for an hour, meditating over the past—for it seemed hopeless to trouble himself any further with the future—Ferdinand began to feel very faint, for it may be recollected that he had not even breakfasted. So, pulling the bell-rope with such force that it fell to the ground, a funny little waiter immediately appeared, bowed by the sovereign ring, and having indeed ~~and~~ private intelligence from the bailiff that the gentleman in the drawing-room was a regular *mob*.

"And here, perhaps, I should remind the reader that of all the great distinctions in life none, perhaps, is more important than that which divides mankind into the two great sections of *nobs* and *snobs*. It might seem at the first glance that if there were a place in the world which should level all distinctions, it would be a debtors' prison; but this would be quite an error. Almost at the very moment that Captain Armine arrived at his sorrowful hotel, a poor devil of a tradesman, who had been ~~sponged~~ for fifty pounds and torn from his

wife and family, had been forced to retire to the same asylum. He was introduced into what is styled the coffee-room, being a long, low, unfurnished, sanded chamber, with a table and benches; and being very anxious to communicate with some friend, in order, if possible, to effect his release, and prevent himself from being a bankrupt, he had continued meekly to ring at intervals for the last half-hour, in order that he might write and forward his letter. The waiter heard the coffee-room bell ring, but never dreamed of noticing it; though the moment the signal of the private room sounded, and sounded with so much emphasis, he rushed upstairs three steps at a time, and instantly appeared before our hero; and all this difference was occasioned by the simple circumstance that Captain Armine was a *nob*, and the poor tradesman a *mob*.

"I am hungry," said Ferdinand. "Can I get anything to eat at this place?"

"What would you like, sir? Anything you choose, sir—mutton chop, rump steak, veal cutlet? Do you a fowl in a quarter of an hour—roast or boiled, sir?"

"I have not breakfasted yet; bring me some breakfast."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter. "Tea, sir? coffee, eggs, toast, buttered toast, sir? Like any meat, sir? ham, sir? tongue, sir? Like a devil, sir?"

"Anything—everything; only be quick."

"Yes, sir," responded the waiter. "Beg pardon, sir. No offence, I hope; but custom to pay here, sir. Shall be happy to accommodate you, sir. Know what a gentleman is."

"Thank you, I will not trouble you," said Ferdinand. "Get me that note changed."

"Yes, sir," replied the little waiter, bowing very low, as he disappeared.

"Gentleman in best drawing-room wants breakfast. Gentleman in best drawing-room wants change for a ten-pound note. Breakfast immediately for gentleman in best drawing-room. Tea, coffee, toast, ham, tongue, and a devil. A regular 'nob!'"

Sloman's has been sketched both by Mr. Disraeli and by Thackeray. In "Vanity Fair" we find it described as the temporary abode of the impecunious Colonel Crawley, and Moss describes his uncomfortable past and present guests in a manner worthy of Fielding himself. There is the "Honourable, Capturing Famish, of the Fifteenth Dragoons, whose 'mar' had just taken him out after a fortnight, jest to punish him, who punished the champagne, and had a party every night of regular tip-top swells down from the clubs at the West End; and Capturing Rags and the Honourable

Deuceace, who lived, when at home, in the Temple. There's a doctor of divinity upstairs, and five gent's in the coffee-room who know a good glass of wine when they see it. There is a tably d'hote at half-past five in the front parlour, and cards and music afterwards." Moss's house of durance the

for visitors, and a dark-eyed maid in curling-papers brings in the tea."

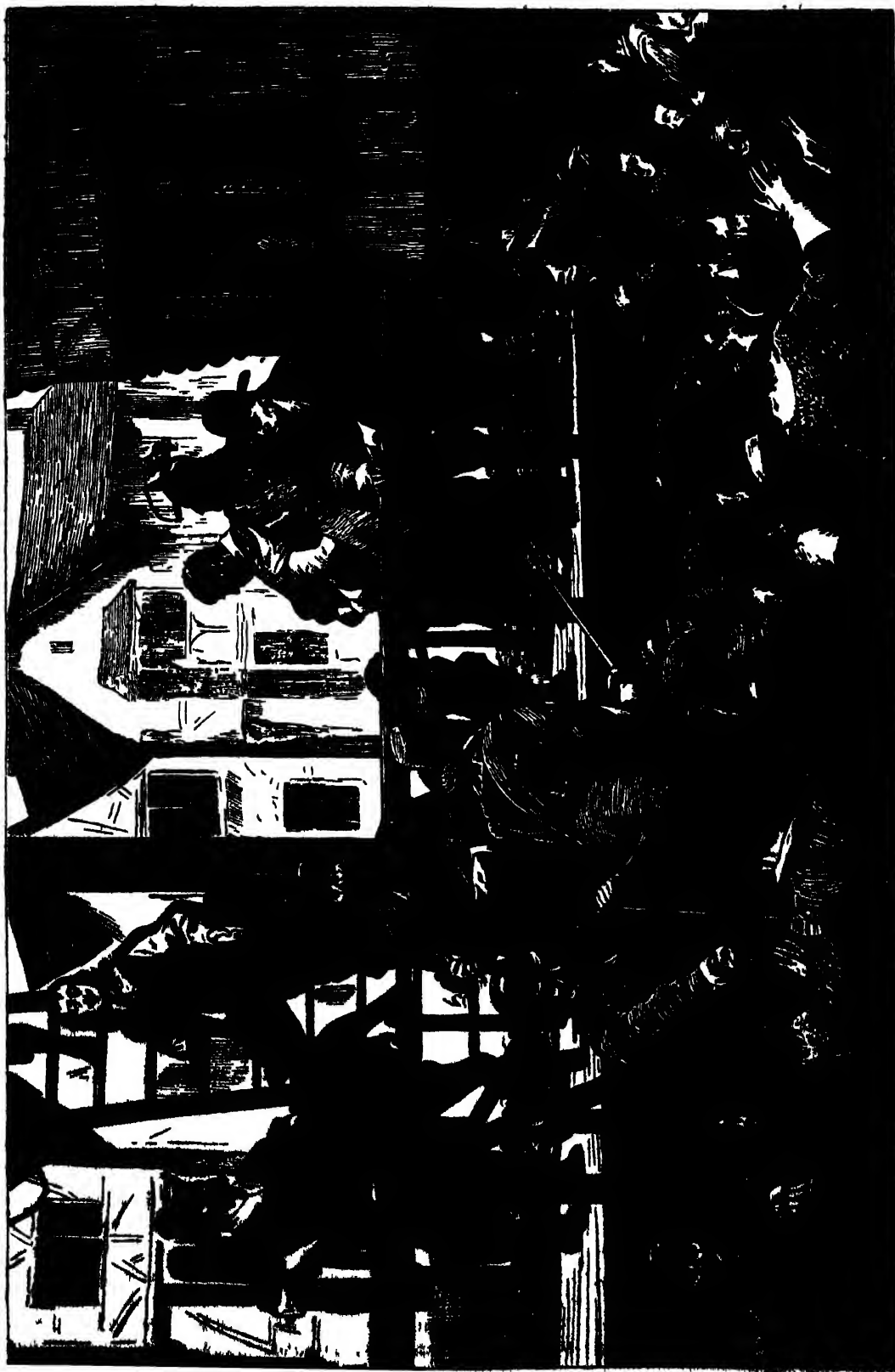
The Law Institute, that Grecian temple which has wedged itself into the south-west end of Chancery Lane, was built in the stormy year of 1830. On the Lord Mayor's day that year there



CLIFFORD'S INN (see page 92).

great novelist describes as splendid, with dirty huge old gilt cornices, dingy yellow satin hangings, while the barred-up windows contrasted with "vast and oddly-gilt picture-frames surrounding pieces sporting and sacred, all of which works were by the greatest masters, and fetched the greatest prices, too, in the bill transactions, in the course of which they were sold and bought over and over again. A dark-eyed Jew boy locks and unlocks the door

was a riot; the Reform Bill was still pending, and it was feared might not pass, for the Lords were foaming at the mouth. The Iron Duke was detested as an opposer of all change, good or bad; the new police were distasteful to the people; above all, there was no Lord Mayor's Show, and no men in brass armour to look at. The streets assembled outside No. 62, Fleet Street, were then harangued by some dark-faced demagogue.



EXECUTION OF TOMKINS AND CHALLONER (see page 95).

IN 1815, No. 68, Chancery Lane, not far from the north-east corner, was the scene of an event which terminated in the legal murder of a young and innocent girl. It was here, at Olibar Turner's, a law stationer's, that Eliza Fenning lived, whom we have already mentioned when we entered Hone's shop, in Fleet Street. This poor girl, on the eve of a happy marriage, was hanged at Newgate, on the 26th of July, 1815, for attempting to poison her master and mistress. The trial took place at the Old Bailey on April 11th of the same year, and Mr. Gurney conducted the prosecution before that tough, violent, unfeeling man, Sir John Sylvester (*alias* Black Jack), Recorder of London, who, it is said, used to call the calendar "a bill of fare." The arsenic for rats, kept in a drawer by Mr. Turner, had been mixed with the dough

of some yeast dumplings, of which all the family, including the poor servant, freely partook. There was no evidence of malice, no suspicion of any ill-will, except that Mrs. Turner had ~~quite~~ scolded the girl for being free with one of the clerks. It was, moreover, remembered that the girl had particularly pressed her mistress to let her make some yeast dumplings on the day in question. The defence was shamefully conducted. No one pressed the fact of the girl having left the dough in the kitchen for some time untended; nor was weight laid on the fact of Eliza Fenning's own danger and sufferings. All the poor, half-paralysed, Irish girl could say was, "I am truly innocent of the whole charge—indeed I am. I liked my place. I was very comfortable." And there was pathos in those simple, stammering words, more than in half the self-conscious diffuseness of tragic poetry. In her white bridal dress (the cap she had joyfully worked for herself) she went to her cruel death, still repeating the words, "I am innocent." The funeral, at St. George the Martyr, was attended by 10,000 people. Curran used to declaim eloquently on her unhappy fate, and Mr. Charles Phillips wrote a glowing rhapsody on this victim of legal dulness. But such mistakes not even Justice herself can correct. A city mourned over her early grave; but the life was taken, and there was no redress. Gadsden, the clerk, whom she had warned not to eat any dumpling, as it was heavy (this was thought, suspicious), afterwards became a wealthy solicitor in Bedford Row.

**FLEET STREET (NORTHERN TRIBUTARIES—continued)**

Clifford's ~~ance~~ <sup>ance</sup> originally a town house of the Lords ~~of the~~ <sup>of the</sup> ancestors of the Earls of Cumberland, given to them by Edward II., was first let to the ~~residence~~ <sup>residence</sup> of law in the eighteenth year of King Edward III.; at a time when might was too often right, and hard knocks decided legal questions often ~~than~~ <sup>than</sup> deed or statute. Harrison the regicide was ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> youth clerk to an attorney in Clifford's Inn. ~~When~~ <sup>When</sup> the Civil War broke out he rode off ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> joined the Puritan troops.

office there, out of which were issued writs, called "Bills of Middlesex," the appointment of which office was in the gift of the senior judge of the Queen's Bench. "But what made this Inn ~~more~~ noted was that all the six attorneys of the Marshalsea Court (better known as the Palace Court) had their chambers there, as also had the satellites, who paid so much per year for using their names and looking at the nature of their practice. I should say that more misery emanated from this small spot than from any one of the most populous counties in England. The causes in this court

were obliged to be tried in the city of Westminster, near the Palace, and it was a melancholy sight (except to lawyers) to observe in the court the crowd of every description of persons suing one another. The most remarkable man in the court was the extremely fat prothonotary, Mr. Hewlett, who sat under the judge or the judge's deputy, with a wig on his head like a thrush's nest, and with only one book before him, which was one of the volumes of 'Burns' Justice.' I knew a respectable gentleman (Mr. G. Dyer) who resided here in chambers (where he died) over a firm of Marshalsea attorneys. This gentleman, who wrote a history of Cambridge University and a biography of Robinson of Cambridge, had been a Bluecoat boy, went as a Grecian to Cambridge, and, after the University, visited almost every celebrated library in Europe. It often struck me what a mighty difference there was between what was going on in the one set of chambers and the other underneath. At Mr. Dyer's I have seen Sir Walter Scott, Southey, Coleridge, Lamb, Talfourd, and many other celebrated literati, 'all benefiting by hearing, which was but of little advantage to the owner.' In the lawyers' chambers below were people wrangling, swearing, and shouting, and some, too, even fighting, the only relief to which was the eternal stamping of cognovits, bound in a book as large as a family Bible." The Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and Lord Chelmsford both at one time practised in the County Court, purchased their situations for large sums, and afterwards sold them. "It was not a bad nursery for a young barrister, as he had an opportunity of addressing a jury. There were only four counsel who had a right to practise in this court, and if you took a first-rate advocate in there specially, you were obliged to give briefs to two of the privileged four. On the tombstone of one of the compensated Marshalsea attorneys is cut the bitterly ironical epitaph, 'Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.'"

The George Dyer mentioned by Mr. Jay was not the author of "The Fleece," but that eccentric and amiable old scholar sketched by Charles Lamb in "The Essays of Elia." Dyer was a poet, and an antiquary, and edited for Valpy nearly all the 140 volumes of the Delphin Classics. Alternately writer, Baptist minister, and reporter, he eventually settled down in the monastic solitude of Clifford's Inn to compose verses, annotate Greek plays, and write for the magazines. How the worthy, simple-hearted bookworm once walked straight from Lamb's parlour in Colebrooke Row into the New River, and was then fished out and

restored with brandy-and-water, Lamb was never tired of telling. In the latter part of his life poor old Dyer became totally blind. He died in 1841.

Coke, that great luminary of English jurisprudence, resided at Clifford's Inn for a year, and then entered himself at the Inner Temple. Coke, it will be remembered, conducted the prosecutions of both Essex and Raleigh; in both cases he was grossly unfeeling to fallen great men.

The hall of Clifford's Inn is memorable as being the place where Sir Matthew Hale and seventeen other wise and patient judges sat, after the Great Fire of 1666, to adjudicate upon the claims of the landlords and tenants of burned houses, and prevent future lawsuits. The difficulty of discovering the old boundaries, under the mountains of ashes, must have been great; and forty thick folio volumes of decisions, now preserved in the British Museum, tell of many a legal headache in Clifford's Inn.

A very singular custom, and probably of great antiquity, prevails after the dinners at Clifford's Inn. The society is divided into two sections—the Principal and Aules, and the Juniors or "Kentish Men." When the meal is over, the chairman of the Kentish Men, standing up at the Junior table, bows gravely to the Principal, takes from the hand of a servitor standing by four small rolls of bread, silently dashes them three times on the table, and then pushes them down to the further end of the board, from whence they are removed. Perfect silence is preserved during this mystic ceremony, which some antiquary who sees deeper into mill-stones than his brethren thinks typical of offerings to Ceres, who first taught mankind the use of laws and originated those peculiar ornaments of civilisation, their expounders, the lawyers.

In the hall is preserved an old oak folding case, containing the forty-seven rules of the institution, now almost defaced, and probably of the reign of Henry VIII. The hall casement contains armorial glass with the bearings of Baptist Hicks, Viscount Campden, &c.

Robert Pultock, the almost unknown author of that graceful story, "Peter Wilkins," from whose flying women Southey drew his poetical notion of the Glendoveer, or flying spirit, in his wild poem of "The Curse of Kehama," lived in this Inn, paced on its terrace, and mused in its garden. "'Peter Wilkins' is to my mind," says Coleridge (in his "Table Talk"), "a work of uncommon beauty, and yet Stothard's illustrations have added beauties to it. If it were not for a certain tendency to affectation, scarcely any praise could be too high for Stothard's designs. They gave me great pleasure. I believe that 'Robinson Crusoe',

and 'Peter Wilkins' could only have been written by islanders. No continentalist could have conceived either tale. Davis's story is an imitation of 'Peter Wilkins;' but there are many beautiful things in it, especially his finding his wife crouching by the fireside, she having, in his absence, plucked out all her feathers, to be like him! It would require a very peculiar genius to add another tale, *ejusdem generis*, to 'Peter Wilkins' and 'Robinson Crusoe.' I once projected such a thing, but the difficulty of a pre-occupied ground stopped me. Perhaps La Motte Fouqué might effect something; but I should fear that neither he nor any other German could entirely understand what may be called the 'desert island' feeling. I would try the marvellous line of 'Peter Wilkins,' if I attempted it, rather than the *real* fiction of 'Robinson Crusoe.'

The name of the author of "Peter Wilkins" was discovered only a few years ago. In the year 1835 Mr. Nicol, the printer, sold by auction a number of books and manuscripts in his possession, which had formerly belonged to the well-known publisher, Dodsley; and in arranging them for sale, the original agreement for the sale of the manuscript of "Peter Wilkins," by the author, "Robert Pultock, of Clifford's Inn," to Dodsley, was discovered. From this document it appears that Mr. Pultock received twenty pounds, twelve copies of the work, and "the cuts of the first impression"—i.e., a set of proof impressions of the fanciful engravings that professed to illustrate the first edition of the work—as the price of the entire copyright. This curious document had been sold afterwards to John Wilkes, Esq., M.P.

Inns of Chancery, like Clifford's Inn, were originally law schools, to prepare students for the larger Inns of Court.

Fetter Lane did not derive its name from the manufacture of Newgate fetters. Stow, who died early in the reign of James I., calls it "Fewtor Lane," from the Norman-French word "fewtor" (idle person, loafer), perhaps analogous to the even less complimentary modern French word "foutre," blackguard. Mr. Jesse, however, derives the word "fetter" from the Norman "defaytor" (defaulter), as if the lane had once been a sanctuary for skulking debtors. In either case the derivation is somewhat ignoble, but the inhabitants have long since lived it down. Stow says it was once a mere byway leading to gardens (*quantum mutatus es*)! If men of the Bobadil and Pistol character ever did look over the garden-gates and puff their 'Trinidado in the faces of respectable passers-by, the lane at least regained its character later, when

poets and philosophers condescended to live in it, and persons of considerable consequence rustled their silks and trailed their velvet along its narrow roadway.

During the Middle Ages Fetter Lane slumbered, but it woke up on the breaking out of the Civil War, and in 1643 became unpleasantly celebrated as the spot where Waller's plot disastrously terminated.

In the second year of the war between King and Parliament, the Royal successes at Bath, Bristol, and Cornwall, as well as the partial victory at Edgehill, had roused the moderate party and chilled many lukewarm adherents of the Puritans. The distrust of Pym and his friends soon broke out into a reactionary plot, or, more probably, two plots, in one or both of which Waller, the poet, was dangerously mixed up. The chief conspirators were Tomkins and Challoner, the former Waller's brother-in-law, a gentleman living in Holborn, near the end of Fetter Lane, and a secretary to the Commissioners of the Queen's Revenues; the latter an eminent citizen, well known on 'Change. Many noblemen and Cavalier officers and gentlemen had also a whispering knowledge of the ticklish affair. The projects of these men, or of some of the more desperate, at least, were—(1) to secure the king's children; (2) to seize Mr. Pym, Colonel Hampden, and other members of Parliament specially hostile to the king; (3) to arrest the Puritan Lord Mayor, and all the sour-faced committee of the City Militia; (4) to capture the outworks, forts, magazines, and gates of the Tower and City, and to admit 3,000 Cavaliers sent from Oxford by a pre-arranged plan; (5) to resist all payments imposed by Parliament for support of the armies of the Earl of Essex. Unfortunately, just as the white ribbons were preparing to tie round the arms of the conspirators, to mark them on the night of action, a treacherous servant of Mr. Tomkins, of Holborn, overheard Waller's plans from behind a convenient arras, and disclosed them to the angry Parliament. In a cellar at Tomkins's the soldiers who rummaged it found a commission sent from the king by Lady Aubigny, whose husband had been recently killed at Edgehill.

Tomkins and Challoner were hung at the Holborn end of Fetter Lane. On the ladder, Tomkins said:—"Gentlemen, I humbly acknowledge, in the sight of Almighty God (to whom, and to angels, and to this great assembly of people, I am now a spectacle), that my sins have deserved of Him this untimely and shameful death; and, touching the business for which I suffer, I acknowledge that affection to a brother-in-law, and affection and gratitude to the king, whose bread I have eaten



now about twenty-two years (I have been servant to him when he was prince, and ever since: it will be twenty-three years in August next)—I confess these two motives drew me into this foolish business. I have often since declared to good friends that I was glad it was discovered, because it might have occasioned very ill consequences; and truly I have repented having any hand in it."

Challoner was equally fatal against Waller, and said, when at the same giddy altitude as Tomkins, "Gentlemen, this is the happiest day that ever I had. I shall now, gentlemen, declare a little more of the occasion of this, as I am desired by Mr. Peters [the famous Puritan divine, Hugh Peters] to give him and the world satisfaction in it. It came from Mr. Waller, under this notion, that if we could make a moderate party here in London, and stand betwixt and in the gap to unite the king and the Parliament, it would be a very acceptable work, for now the three kingdoms lay a-bleeding; and unless that were done, there was no hopes to unite them," &c.

Waller had a very narrow escape, but he extricated himself with the most subtle skill, perhaps secretly aided by his kinsman, Cromwell. He talked of his "carnal eye," of his repentance, of the danger of letting the army try a member of the House. As Lord Clarendon says: "With incredible dissimulation, he acted such a remorse of conscience, that his trial was put off, out of Christian compassion, till he could recover his understanding." In the meantime he bribed the Puritan preachers, and listened with humble deference to their prayers for his repentance. He bent abjectly before the house; and eventually, with a year's imprisonment and a fine of £10,000, obtained leave to retire to France. Having spent all his money in Paris, Waller at last gained permission from Cromwell to return to England. "There cannot," says Clarendon, "be a greater evidence of the inestimable value of his (Waller's) parts, than that he lived after this in the good esteem and affection of many, the pity of most, and the reproach and scorn of few or none." The body of the unlucky Tomkins was buried in the churchyard of St. Andrew's, Holborn.

According to Peter Cunningham, that shining light of the Puritan party in the early days of Cromwell, "Praise-God Barebone," was a leather-seller in Fetter Lane, having a house, either at the same time or later, called the "Lock and Key," near Crane Court, at which place his son, a great speculator and builder, afterwards resided. Barebone (probably Barbon, of a French Huguenot

family) was one of those gloomy religionists who looked on surplices, plum-porridge, theatres, dances, Christmas pudding, and homicide as equally detestable, and did his best to shut out all sunshine from that long, rainy, stormy day that is called life. He was at the head of that fanatical, tender-conscienced Parliament of 1653 which Cromwell convened from among the elect in London, after untoward Sir Harry Vane had been expelled from Westminster at the muzzles of Pride's muskets. Of Barebone, also, and his crochety, impracticable fellows, Cromwell had soon enough; and, in despair of all aid but from his own brain and hand, he then took the title of Lord Protector, and became the most inflexible and ablest monarch we have ever had, or indeed ever hope to have. Barebone is first heard of in local history as preaching in 1641, together with Mr. Greene, a felt-maker, at a conventicle in Fetter Lane, a place always renowned for its heterodoxy. The thoughtless Cavaliers, who did not like long sermons, and thought all religion but their own hypocrisy, delighted in gaunt Barebone's appropriate name, and made fun of him in those ribald ballads in which they consigned red-nosed Noll, the brewer, to the reddest and hottest portion of the unknown world. At the Restoration, when all Fleet Street was ablaze with bonfires to roast the Rumps, the street boys, always on the strongest side, broke poor Barebone's windows, though he had been constable and common-councilman, and was a wealthy leather-seller to boot. But he was not looked upon as of the regicide or extreme dangerous party, and a year afterwards attended a vestry-meeting unmolested. After the Great Fire he came to the Clifford's Inn Appeal Court about his Fleet Street house, which had been burnt over the heads of his tenants, and eventually he rebuilt it.

In Irving's "History of Dissenters" there is a curious account, taken from an old pamphlet entitled "New Preachers," "of Barebone, Greene the felt-maker, Spencer the horse-rubber, Quartermaine the brewer's clerk, and some few others, who are mighty sticklers in this new kind of talking trade, which many ignorant coxcombs call preaching; whereunto is added the last tumult in Fleet Street, raised by the disorderly preachment, pratings, and prattlings of Mr. Barebone the leather-seller, and Mr. Greene the felt-maker, on Sunday last, the 19th December."

The tumult alluded to is thus described: "A brief touch in memory of the fiery zeal of Mr. Barebone, a reverend unlearned leather-seller, who with Mr. Greene the felt-maker were both taken preaching or prating in a conventicle

amongst a hundred persons, on Sunday, the 19th of December last, 1641."

One of the pleasantest memories of Fetter Lane is that which connects it with the school-days of that delightful essay-writer, Charles Lamb. He himself, in one of Hone's chatty books, has described the school, and Bird, its master, in his own charming way.

Both Lamb and his sister, says Mr. Fitzgerald, in his *Memoir of Lamb*, went to a school where Starkey had been usher about a year before they

were not frequent; but when they took place, the correction was performed in a private room adjoining, whence we could only hear the plaints, but saw nothing. This heightened the decorum and solemnity." He then describes the ferule—"that almost obsolete weapon now." "To make him look more formidable—if a pedagogue had need of these heightenings—Bird wore one of those flowered Indian gowns formerly in use with schoolmasters, the strange figures upon which we used to interpret into hieroglyphics of pain and suffering." 'This



ROASTING THE RUMPS IN FLEET STREET (FROM AN OLD PRINT) (see page 95).

came to it—a room that looked into "a discoloured, dingy garden, in the passage leading from Fetter Lane into Bartlett's Buildings. This was close to Holborn. Queen Street, where Lamb lived when a boy, was in Holborn." Bird is described as an "eminent writer" who taught mathematics, which was no more than "cyphering." "Heaven knows what languages were taught there. I am sure that neither my sister nor myself brought any out of it but a little of our native English. It was, in fact, a humble day-school." Bird and Cook, he says, were the masters. Bird had "that peculiar mild tone—especially when he was inflicting punishment—which is so much more terrible to children than the angriest looks and gestures. Whippings

is in Lamb's most delightful vein. So, too, with other incidents of the school, especially "our little leaden ink-stands, not separately subsisting, but sunk into the desks; and the agonising benches on which we were all cramped together, and yet encouraged to attain a free hand, unattainable in this position." Lamb recollected even his first copy—"Art improves nature," and could look back with "pardonable pride to his carrying off the first premium for spelling. Long after, certainly thirty years, the school was still going on, only there was a Latin inscription over the entrance in the lane, unknown in our humbler days." In the evening was a short attendance of girls, to which Miss Lamb went, and she recollected the theatricals,

and even *Cato* being performed by the young gentlemen. "She describes the cast of the characters with relish. 'Martha,' by the handsome Edgar Hickman, who afterwards went to Africa."

The Starkey mentioned by Lamb was a poor, crippled dwarf, generally known at Newcastle in his old age as "Captain Starkey," the butt of the street-boys and the pensioner of benevolent citizens. In 1818, when he had been an inmate of the Freeman's Hospital, Newcastle, for twenty-six

was lodging in Fetter Lane when he published his "*Leviathan*." He was not there, however, in 1660, at the Restoration, since we are told that on that *glorious* occasion he was standing at the door of Salisbury House, the mansion of his kind and generous patron, the Earl of Devonshire; and that the king, formerly Hobbes's pupil in mathematics, nodded to his old tutor. A short sketch of Hobbes himself may not be uninteresting. This sceptical philosopher, hardened into dogmatic selfishness



INTERIOR OF THE MORAVIAN CHAPEL IN FETTER LANE (see page 100).

years, the poor old ex-usher of the Fetter Lane school wrote "The Memoirs of his Life," a small pamphlet of only fourteen pages, upon which Hone good-naturedly penned an article which ended Lamb's pleasant postscript. Starkey, it appears, had been usher, not in Lamb's own time, but in that of Mary Lamb's, who came after her brother had left. She describes Starkey running away on one occasion, being brought back by his father, and sitting the remainder of the day with his head buried in his hands, even the most mischievous boys respecting his utter desolation.

That clever but mischievous advocate of divine right and absolute power, Hobbes of Malmesbury,

by exile, was the son of a Wiltshire clergyman, and he first saw the light in the year of the Armada, his mother being prematurely confined during the first panic of the Spanish invasion. Hobbes, with that same want of self-respect and love of independence which actuated Gay and Thomson, remained his whole life a tolerated pensioner of his former pupil, the Earl of Devonshire; bearing, no doubt, in his time many rebuffs; for pride will be proud, and rich men require wisdom, when in their pay, to remember its place. Hobbes in his time was a friend of, and, it is said, a translator for, Lord Bacon; and Ben Jonson, that ripe scholar, revised his sound translation of "*Thucydides*." He sat at

the feet of Galileo and by the side of Gassendi and Descartes. While in Fetter Lane he associated with Harvey, Selden, and Cowley. He talked and wrangled with the wise men of half Europe. He had sat at Richelieu's table and been loaded with honours by Cosmo de Medici. The laurels Hobbes won in the schools he lost on Parnassus. His translation of Homer is tasteless and contemptible. In mathematics, too, he was dismounted by Wallis and others. Personally he had weaknesses. He was afraid of apparitions, he dreaded assassination, and had a fear that Burnet and the bishops would burn him as a heretic. His philosophy, though useful, as Mr. Mill says, in expanding free thought and exciting inquiry, was based on selfishness. Nothing can be falsier and more detestable than the maxims of this sage of the Restoration and of reaction. He holds the natural condition of man to be a state of war—a war of all men against all men; might making right, and the conqueror trampling down all the rest. The civil laws, he declares, are the only standards of good or evil. The sovereign, he asserts, possesses absolute power, and is not bound by any compact with the people, who pay him as their head servant. Nothing he does can be wrong. The sovereign has the right of interpreting Scripture; and he thinks that Christians are bound to obey the laws of an infidel king, even in matters of religion. He sneers at the belief in a future state, and hunts at materialism. These monstrous doctrines, which even Charles II. would not fully sanction, were naturally battered and bombarded by Harrington, Dr. Henry More, and others. Hobbes was also vehemently attacked by that disagreeable Dr. Fell, the subject of the well-known epigram,—

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell;  
The reason why I cannot tell;  
But this I know, and know full well,  
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,"

who rudely called Hobbes "*irritabile illud et vanissimum Malmshuriense animal*." The philosopher of Fetter Lane, who was short-sighted enough to deride the early efforts of the Royal Society, though they were founded on the strict inductive Baconian theory, seems to have been a vain man, loving paradox rather than truth, and desirous of founding, at all risks, a new school of philosophy. The Civil War had warped him; solitary thinking had turned him into a cynical dogmatist. He was timid as Erasmus; and once confessed that if he was cast into a deep pit, and the devil should put down his hot cloven foot, he would take hold of it to draw himself out. This was not the metal that such men as Luther and

Latimer were made of; but it served for the Aristotle of Rochester and Buckingham. A wit of the day proposed, as Hobbes's epitaph the simple words, "The philosopher's stone."

Hobbes's professed rule of health was to dedicate the morning to his exercise and the afternoon to his studies. At his first rising, therefore, he walked out and climbed any hill within his reach; or, if the weather was not dry, he fatigued himself within doors by some exercise or other, in order to perspire, recommending that practice upon this opinion, that an old man had more moisture than heat, and therefore by such motion heat was to be acquired and moisture expelled. After this he took a comfortable breakfast, then went round the lodgings to wait upon the earl, the countess, the children, and any considerable strangers, paying some short addresses to all of them. He kept these rounds till about twelve o'clock, when he had a little dinner provided for him, which he ate always by himself, without ceremony. Soon after dinner he retired to his study, and had his candle, with ten or twelve pipes of tobacco, laid by him; then, shutting his door, he fell to smoking, thinking, and writing for several hours.

At a small coal-shed (not unlike the sheds still to be seen at the south-west end) in Fetter Lane, Dr. Johnson's friend, the poor apothecary, Levett, met a woman of bad character, who duped him into marriage. The whole story, Dr. Johnson used to say, was as marvellous as any page of "The Arabian Nights." Lord Macaulay, in his highly-coloured and somewhat exaggerated way, calls Levett "an old quack doctor, who bled and dosed coal-heavers and hackney-coachmen, and received for fees crusts of bread, bits of bacon, glasses of gin, and a little copper." Levett, however, was neither a quack nor a doctor, but an honest man and an apothecary, and the list of his patients is entirely hypothetical. This simple-hearted, benevolent man was persuaded by the proprietress of the coal-shed that she had been defrauded of her birthright by her kinsman, a man of fortune. Levett, then nearly sixty, married her; and four months after, a writ was issued against him for debts contracted by his wife, and he had to lie close to avoid the gaol. Not long afterwards his amiable wife ran away from him, and, being taken up for picking pockets, was tried at the Old Bailey, where she defended herself, and was acquitted. Dr. Johnson then, touched by Levett's misfortunes and goodness, took him to his own home at Bolt Court.

It was in a house on the east side of this lane, looking into Fleur-de-Lys Court, that (in 1767)

Elizabeth Brownrigge, midwife to the *St. Dunstan's* workhouse and wife of a house-painter, cruelly ill-used her two female apprentices. Mary Jones, one of these unfortunate children, after being often beaten, ran back to the Foundling, from whence she had been taken. On the remaining one, Mary Mitchell, the wrath of the avaricious hag now fell with redoubled severity. The poor creature was perpetually being stripped and beaten, was frequently chained up at night nearly naked, was scratched, and her tongue cut with scissors. It was the constant practice of Mrs. Brownrigge to fasten the girl's hands to a rope slung from a beam in the kitchen, after which this old wretch beat her four or five times in the same day with a broom or a whip. The moanings and groans of the dying child, whose wounds were mortifying from neglect, aroused the pity of a baker opposite, who sent the overseers of the parish to see the child, who was found hid in a buffet cupboard. She was taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and soon died. Brownrigge was at once arrested; but Mrs. Brownrigge and her son, disguising themselves in Rag Fair, fled to Wandsworth, and there took lodgings in a chandler's shop, where they were found. The woman was tried at the Old Bailey sessions, and found guilty of murder. Mr. Silas Told, an excellent Methodist preacher, who attended her in the condemned cell, has left a curious, simple-hearted account of her behaviour and of what he considered her repentance. She *talked* a great deal of religion, and stood much on the goodness of her past life. The mob raged terribly as she passed through the streets on her way to Tyburn. The women especially screamed, "Tear off her hat; let us see her face! The devil will fetch her!" and threw stones and mud, pitiless in their hatred. After execution her corpse was thrust into a hackney-coach and driven to Surgeons' Hall for dissection; the skeleton is still preserved in a London collection. The cruel hag's husband and son were sentenced to six months' imprisonment. A curious old drawing is still extant, representing Mrs. Brownrigge in the condemned cell. She wears a large, broad-brimmed gipsy hat, tied under her chin, and a cape; and her long, hard face wears a horrible smirk of resigned hypocrisy. Canning, in one of his bitter banterings on Southey's republican odes, writes,—

"For this act  
Did Brownrigge swing. Hark! laws! But time shall come  
When France shall reign, and laws be all repealed."

In Castle Street, an offshoot of Fetter Lane, in 1709-10 (Queen Anne), at the house of his father, a master tailor, was born a very small poet, Paul

Whitehead. This poor satirist and worthless man became a Jacobite barrister and protégé of Bubb Doddington and the Prince of Wales and his Leicester Fields Court. For libelling Whig noblemen, in his poem called "Manners," Doddsley, Whitehead's publisher, was summoned by the Ministers, who wished to intimidate Pope, before the House of Lords. He appears to have been an atheist, and was a member of the infamous Hell-Fire Club, that held its obscene and blasphemous orgies at Medmenham Abbey, in Buckinghamshire, the seat of Sir Francis Dashwood, where every member assumed the name of an Apostle. Later in life Whitehead was bought off by the Ministry, and then settled down at a villa on Twickenham Common, where Hogarth used to visit him. If Whitehead is ever remembered, it will be only for that splash of vitriol which Churchill threw in his face, when he wrote of the turncoat,—

"May I—can worse disgrace on manhood fall?—  
Be born a Whitehead and baptised a Paul."

It was this Whitehead, with Carey, the surgeon of the Prince of Wales, who got up a mock procession, in ridicule of the Freemasons' annual cavalcade from Brooke Street to Haberdashers' Hall. The ribald procession consisted of shoe-blacks and chimney-sweeps, in carts drawn by asses, followed by a mourning-coach with six horses, each of a different colour. The City authorities very properly refused to let them pass through Temple Bar, but they waited there and saluted the Masons. Hogarth published a print of "The Scald Miserables," which is coarse, and even dull. The Prince of Wales, with more good sense than usual, dismissed Carey for this offensive buffoonery. Whitehead bequeathed his heart to Lord De Spenser, who buried it in his mausoleum with absurd ceremonial.

At Pemberton Row, formerly Three-Leg Alley, Fetter Lane, lived that very indifferent poet but admirable miniature-painter of Charles II.'s time, Flatman. He was a briefless barrister of the Inner Temple, and resided with his father till the period of his death. Anthony Wood tells us that having written a scurrilous ballad against marriage, beginning,—

"Like a dog with a bottle tied close to his tail,  
Like a Tory in a bog, or a thief in a jail,"

his comrades serenaded him with the song on his wedding-night. Rochester wrote some vicious lines on Flatman, which are not unworthy even of Dryden himself,—

"Not that slow drudge, in swift Pinchbeck stables,  
Flatman, who Cowley imitates with *gales*,  
And drives a jaded Muse, whipt with loose *gales*."



We find Dr. Johnson quoting these lines with approval, in a conversation in which he suggested that Pope had partly borrowed his "Dying Christian" from Flatman.

"The chapel of the United Brethren, or Moravians, 32, Fetter Lane," says Smith, in his "Streets of London," "was the meeting-house of the celebrated Thomas Bradbury. During the riots which occurred on the trial of Dr. Sacheverel, this chapel was assaulted by the mob and dismantled, the preacher himself escaping with some difficulty. The other meeting-houses that suffered on this occasion were those of Daniel Burgess, in New Court, Carey Street; Mr. Earl's, in Hanover Street, Long Acre; Mr. Taylor's, Leather Lane; Mr. Wright's, Great Carter Lane; and Mr. Hamilton's, in St. John's Square, Clerkenwell. With the benches and pulpits of several of these, the mob, after conducting Dr. Sacheverel in triumph to his lodgings in the Temple, made a bonfire in the midst of Lincoln's Inn Fields, around which they danced with shouts of 'High Church and Sacheverel,' swearing, if they found Daniel Burgess, that they would roast him in his own pulpit in the midst of the pile."

This Moravian chapel was one of the original eight conventicles where Divine worship was permitted. Baxter preached here in 1672, and Wesley and Whitefield also struck great blows at the devil in this pulpit, where Zinzendorf's followers afterwards prayed and sang their fervent hymns.

Count Zinzendorf, the poet, theologian, pastor, missionary, and statesman, who first gave the Moravian body a vital organization, and who preached in Fetter Lane to the most tolerant class of all Protestants, was born in Dresden in 1700. His ancestors, originally from Austria, had been Crusaders and Counts of Zinzendorf. One of the Zinzendorfs had been among the earliest converts to Lutheranism, and became a voluntary exile for the faith. The count's father was one of the Pietists, a sect protected by the first king of Prussia, the father of Frederick the Great. The founder of the Pietists laid special stress on the doctrine of conversion by a sudden transformation of the heart and will. It was a young Moravian missionary to Georgia who first induced Wesley to embrace the vital doctrine of justification by faith. For a long time there was a close kinship maintained between Whitefield, the Wesleys, and the Moravians; but eventually Wesley pronounced Zinzendorf to be verging on anti-Moravianism, and Zinzendorf objected to Wesley's doctrine of sinless perfection. In 1722 Zinzendorf gave an asylum to two families of persecuted Moravian brothers, and built houses for them on a spot he called Hernhut

("watched of the Lord"), a marshy tract in Saxony, near the main road to Zittau. These simple and pious men were Taborites, a section of the old Hussites, who had renounced obedience to the Pope and embraced the Vaudois doctrines. This was the first formation of the Moravian sect.

"On January 24th, 1672-73," says Baxter, "I began a Tuesday lecture at Mr. Turner's church, in New Street, near Fetter Lane, with great convenience and God's encouraging blessing; but I never took a penny for it from any one." The chapel in which Baxter officiated in Fetter Lane is that between Nevil's Court and New Street, once occupied by the Moravians. It appears to have existed, though perhaps in a different form, before the Great Fire of London. Turner, who was the first minister, was a very active man during the plague. He was ejected from Sunbury, in Middlesex, and continued to preach in Fetter Lane till towards the end of the reign of Charles II., when he removed to Leather Lane. Baxter carried on the Tuesday morning lecture till the 24th of August, 1682. The church which then met in it was under the care of Mr. Lobb, whose predecessor had been Thankful Owen, president of St. John's College, Oxford. Ejected by the commissioners in 1660, he became a preacher in Fetter Lane. "He was," says Calamy, "a man of genteel learning and an excellent temper, admir'd for an uncommon fluency and easiness and sweetness in all his composures. After he was ejected he retired to London, where he preached privately and was much respected. He dy'd at his house in Hatton Garden, April 1, 1681. He was preparing for the press, and had almost finished, a book entitled 'Imago Imaginis,' the design of which was to show that Rome Papal was an image of Rome Pagan."

At No. 96, Fetter Lane is an Independent Chapel, whose first minister was Dr. Thomas Goodwin, 1660-1681—troublesome times for Dissenters. Goodwin had been a pastor in Holland and a favourite of Cromwell. The Protector made him one of his commissioners for selecting preachers, and he was also President of Magdalen College, Oxford. When Cromwell became sick unto death, Goodwin boldly prophesied his recovery, and when the great man died, in spite of him, he is said to have exclaimed, "Thou hast deceived us, and we are deceived;" which is no doubt a Cavalier calumny. On the Restoration, the Oxford men showed Goodwin the door, and he retired to the seclusion of Fetter Lane. He seems to have been a good scholar and an eminent Calvinist divine, and he left on Punitan shelves five ponderous folio volumes of his works. The present chapel, says Mr. Noble, dates from



1732, and one of its pastors was the Rev. John Spurgeon, the father of the eloquent Baptist preacher, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

The disgraceful disorder of our national records had long been a subject of regret among English antiquaries. There was no certainty of finding any required document among such a mass of ill-stored, dusty, unclassified bundles and rolls—many of them never opened since the day King John sullenly signed Magna Charta. We are a great conservative people, and abuses take a long time ripening before they seem to us fit for removal, so it happened that this evil went on several centuries before it roused the attention of Parliament, and then it was talked over and over, till in 1850 something was at last done. It was resolved to build a special storehouse for national records, where the various collections might be united under one roof, and there be arranged and classified by learned men. The first stone of a magnificent Gothic building was therefore laid by Lord Romilly on 24th May, 1851, on the west side of Fetter Lane, and slowly and surely the walls grew till, in the summer of 1866, all the new Search Offices were formally opened, to the great convenience of all students of records. The architect, Sir James Pennethorne, has produced a stately building, useful for its purpose, but not very remarkable for picturesque light and shade, and tame, as all imitations of bygone ages, adapted for bygone uses, must ever be. The number of records stored within this building can only be reckoned by "*hundreds of millions*." These are Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy's own words. There, in cramped bundles and rolls, dusty as papyri, lie charters and official notices that once made mailed knights tremble and proud priests shake in their sandals. Now—the magic gone, the words powerless—they lie in their several bins in strange companionship. Many years will elapse before these State records and Government documents can be classified; but the small staff is as industrious as Sir Thomas Hardy could have wished, and in time the Augean stable of crabbed writings will be cleansed and ranged in order. The useful and accurate calendars of Everett Green, John Bruce, &c., are books of reference invaluable to historical students; and the old chronicles published by order of Lord Romilly, so long Master of the Rolls and Keeper of the Records, are most useful mines for the Froudes and Freemans of the future. In time it is hoped that all the episcopal records of England will be gathered together in this great treasure-house, and that many of our English noblemen will imitate the patriotic generosity of Lord

Shaftesbury, in contributing their family papers to the same Gaza in Fetter Lane. Under the concentrated gaze of learned eyes, family papers, valueless and almost unintelligible to their original possessors, often reveal very curious and important facts. Mere lumber in the manor-house, fit only for the buttermilk, sometimes turns to leaves of gold when submitted to such microscopic analysis. It was such a gift that led to the discovery of the Locke papers among the records of the nobleman above mentioned. The pleasant rooms of the Record Office are open to all applicants; nor is any reference or troublesome preliminary form required from those wishing to consult Court rolls or State papers over twenty years old. Among other priceless treasures the Record Office contains the original, uninjured, Domesday Book, compiled by order of William the Conqueror. It is written throughout in a beautiful clerkly hand, in close fine character, and is in a perfect state of preservation. It is in two volumes, the covers of which are cut with due economy from the same skin of parchment. Bound in massive board covers, and kept with religious care under glass cases, the precious volumes seem indeed likely to last to the very crack of doom. It is curious to remark that London occupies only some three or four pages. There is also preserved the original Papal Bull sent to Henry VIII., with a golden seal attached to it, the work of Benvenuto Cellini. The same collection contains the celebrated Treaty of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, the initial portrait of Francis I. being beautifully illuminated and the vellum volume adorned by an exquisite gold seal, in the finest relief, also by Benvenuto Cellini. The figures in this seal are so perfect in their finish, that even the knee-cap of one of the nymphs is shaped with the strictest anatomical accuracy. The visitor should also see the interesting Inventory Books relating to the foundation of Henry VII.'s chapel.

The national records were formerly bundled up anyhow in the Rolls Chapel, the White Tower, the Chapter House, Westminster Abbey, Carlton Ride in St. James's Park, the State Paper Office, and the Prerogative Will Office. No one knew where anything was. They were unnoticed—mere dusty lumber, in fact—useless to men or printers' devils. Hot-headed Hugh Peters, during the Commonwealth, had, in his hatred of royalty, proposed to make one great heap of them and burn them up in Smithfield. In that way he hoped to clear the ground of many mischievous traditions. This desperate act of Communism, that tough-headed old lawyer, Prynne, opposed tooth and nail.

In 1656 he wrote a pamphlet, which he called "A Short Demurrer against Cromwell's Project of Recalling the Jews from their Banishment," and in this work he very nobly epitomizes the value of these treasures; indeed, there could not be found a more lucid syllabus of the contents of the present Record Office than Prynne has there set forth.

breakfast with the Duke of Buckingham." "The deuce he is," said Otway, and, actuated either by envy, pride, or disappointment, in a kind of involuntary manner, he took up a piece of chalk which lay on a table which stood upon the landing-place, near Dryden's chamber, and wrote over the door,—

"Here lives Dryden, a poet and a wit."



HOUSE SAID TO HAVE BEEN OCCUPIED BY DRYDEN IN FETTER LANE.

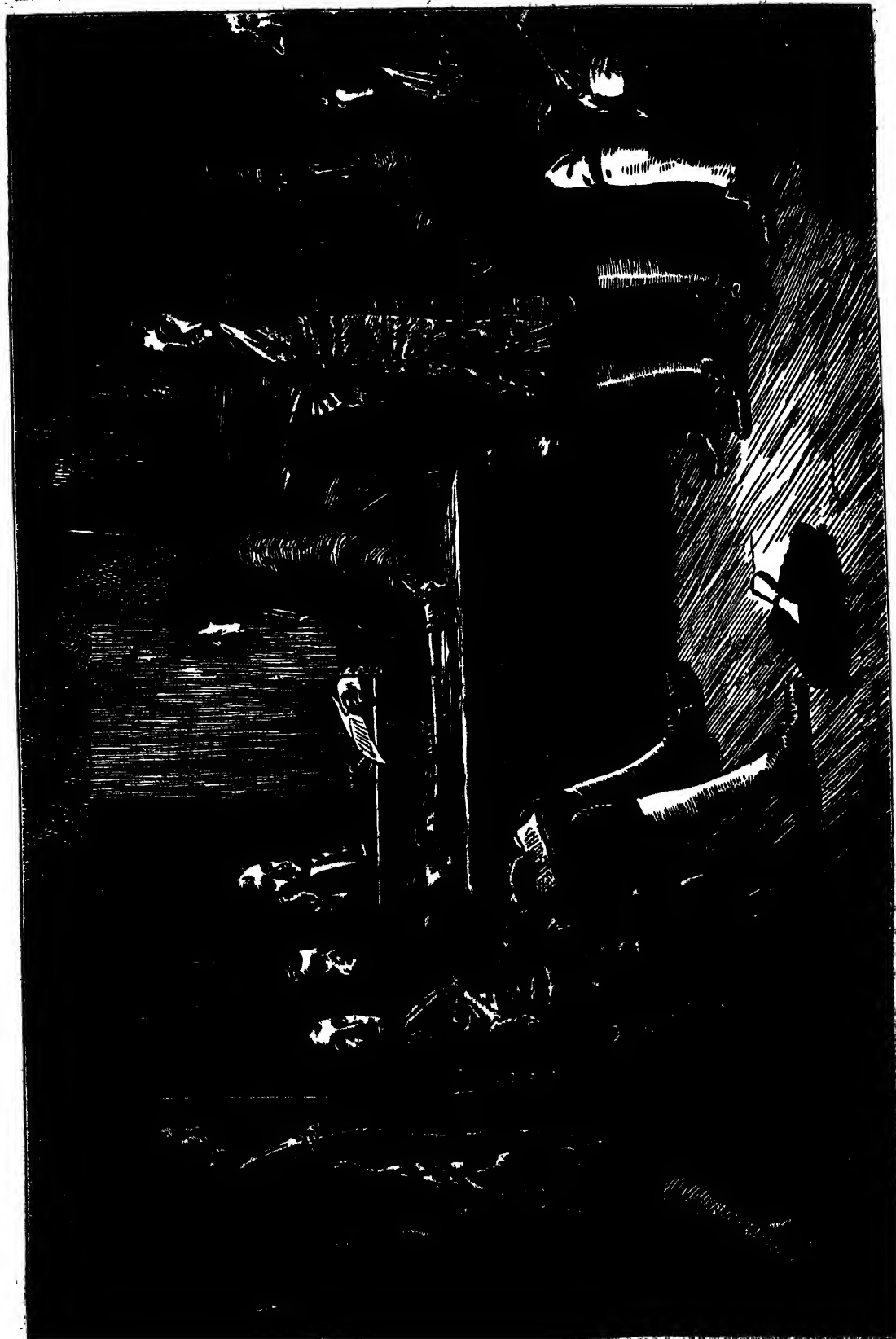
Dryden and Otway were contemporaries, and lived, it is said, for some time opposite to each other in Fetter Lane. One morning the latter happened to call upon his brother bard about breakfast-time, but was told by the servant that his master was gone to breakfast with the Earl of Pembroke. "Very well," said Otway, "tell your master that I will call to-morrow morning." Accordingly he called about the same hour. "Well, is your master at home now?" "No, sir, he is just gone to

The next morning, at breakfast, Dryden recognised the handwriting, and told the servant to go to Otway and desire his company to breakfast with him. In the meantime, to Otway's line of

"Here lives Dryden, a poet and a wit," he added,—

"This was written by Otway, ~~perhaps~~

When Otway arrived he saw that his name was written with a rhyme, and being a naturalist



MEETING OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY IN CRANE COURT (see p. 106).

petulant disposition, he took it in dudgeon, and, turning upon his heel, told Dryden "that he was welcome to keep his wit and his breakfast to himself."

A curious old book, a *vade mecum* for malt worms, temp. George I., thus immortalises the patriotism of a tavern-keeper in Fetter Lane:—

"Though there are some who, with invidious look,  
Have styl'd this bird more like a *Roman duck*  
Than what he stands depicted for on sign,  
He proves he well has croaked for prey within,  
From massy tankards, formed of silver plate,  
That walk throughout this noted house in state,  
Ever since *Engelsfield*, in *Anna's* reign,  
To compliment each fortunate campaign,  
Made one be hammered out for ev'ry town was ta'en."

## CHAPTER IX.

### FLEET STREET TRIBUTARIES—CRANE COURT, JOHNSON'S COURT, BOLT COURT.

Removal of the Royal Society from Gresham College—Opposition to Newton—Objections to Removal—The First Catalogue—Swift's Jeer at the Society—Franklin's Lightning Conductor and King George III—Sir Hans Sloane insulted—The Scottish Society—Wilkes's Printer—The Delphin Classics—Johnson's Court—Johnson's Opinion on Pope and Dryden—His Removal to Bolt Court—The *John Bull*—Hook and Ferry—Prosecutions for Libel—Hook's Impudence

IN the old times, when newspapers could not legally be published without a stamp, "various ingenious devices," says a writer in the *Bookseller* (1867), "were employed to deceive and mislead the officers employed by the Government. Many of the unstamped papers were printed in Crane Court, Fleet Street; and there, on their several days of publication, the officers of the Somerset House solicitor would watch, ready to seize them immediately they came from the press. But the printers were quite equal to the emergency. They would make up sham parcels of waste-paper, and send them out with an ostentatious show of secrecy. The officers—simple fellows enough, though they were called 'Government spies,' 'Somerset House myrmidons,' and other opprobrious names, in the unstamped papers—duly took possession of the parcels, after a decent show of resistance by their bearers, while the real newspapers intended for sale to the public were sent flying by thousands down a shoot in Fleur-de-Lys Court, and thence distributed in the course of the next hour or two all over the town."

The Royal Society came to Crane Court from Gresham College in 1710, and removed in 1782 to Somerset House. This society, according to Dr. Wallis, one of the earliest members, originated in London in 1645, when Dr. Wilkins and certain philosophical friends met weekly to discuss scientific questions. They afterwards met at Oxford, and in Gresham College, till that place was turned into a Punstan barrack. After the Restoration, in 1662, the king, wishing to turn men's minds to philosophy—or, indeed, anywhere away from politics—incor-

porated the members into what Boyle has called "the Invisible College," and gave it the name of the Royal Society. In 1710, the Mercers' Company growing tired of their visitors, the society moved to a house rebuilt by Wren in 1670, and purchased by the members for £1,450. It had been the residence, before the Great Fire, of Dr. Nicholas Barebone (son of Praise-God Barebone), a great building speculator, who had much property in the Strand, and who was the first promoter of the Phoenix Fire Office. It seems to have been thought at the time that Newton was somewhat despotic in his announcement of the removal, and the members in council grumbled at the new house, and complained of it as small, inconvenient, and dilapidated. Nevertheless, Sir Isaac, unaccustomed to opposition, overruled all these objections, and the society flourished in this Fleet Street "close" seventy-two years. Before the society came to Crane Court, Pepys and Wren had been presidents, while at Crane Court the presidents were—Newton (1703-1727), Sir Thomas Hoare, Matthew Ffolkes, Esq. (whose portrait Hogarth painted), the Earl of Macclesfield, the Earl of Morton, James Burrow, Esq., James West, Esq., Sir John Pringle, and Sir Joseph Banks. The earliest records of this useful society are filled with accounts of experiments on the Baconian inductive principle, many of which now appear to us puerile, but which were valuable in the childhood of science. Among the labours of the society while in Fleet Street, we may enumerate its efforts to promote inoculation, 1714-1722; electrical experiments on fourteen miles of wires near Shooter's Hill, 1745;

ventilation, ~~exposure~~ of gaol fever, 1750; discussions on Cavendish's improved thermometers, 1757; a medal to Dollond for experiments on the laws of light, 1758; observations on the transit of Venus, in 1761; superintendence of the Observatory at Greenwich, 1765; observations of the transit of Venus in the Pacific, 1769 (Lieutenant Cook commenced the expedition); the promotion of an Arctic expedition, 1773; the *Racehorse* meteorological observations, 1773; experiments on lightning conductors by Franklin, Cavendish, &c., 1772. The removal of the society was, as we have said, at first strongly objected to, and in a pamphlet published at the time, the new purchase is thus described: "The approach to it, I confess, is very fair and handsome, through a long court; but, then, they have no other property in this than in the street before it, and in a heavy rain a man may hardly escape being thoroughly wet before he can pass through it. The front of the house towards the garden is nearly half as long again as that towards Crane Court. Upon the ground floor there is a little hall, and a direct passage from the stairs into the garden, and on each side of it a little room. The stairs are easy, which carry you up to the next floor. Here there is a room fronting the court, directly over the hall; and towards the garden is the meeting-room, and at the end another, also fronting the garden. There are three rooms upon the next floor. These are all that are as yet provided for the reception of the society, except you will have the garrets, a platform of lead over them, and the usual cellars, &c., below, of which they have more and better at Gresham College."

When the society got settled, by Newton's order the porter was clothed in a suitable gown and provided with a staff surmounted by the arms of the society in silver, and on the meeting nights a lamp was hung out over the entrance to the court from Fleet Street. The repository was built at the rear of the house, and thither the society's museum was removed. The first catalogue, compiled by Dr. Green, contains the following, among many other marvellous notices:—

"The quills of a porcupine, which on certain occasions the creature can shoot at the pursuing enemy and erect at pleasure.

"The flying squirrel, which for a good nut-tree will pass a river on the bark of a tree, erecting his tail for a sail.

"The leg-bone of an elephant, brought out of Syria for the thigh-bone of a giant. In winter, when it begins to rain, elephants are mad, and so continue from April to September, chained to some tree, and then become tame again.

"Tortoises, when turned on their backs, will sometimes fetch deep sighs and shed abundance of tears.

"A humming-bird and nest, said to weigh but twelve grains; his feathers are set in gold, and sell at a great rate.

"A bone, said to be taken out of a mermaid's head.

"The largest whale—liker an island than an animal.

"The white shark, which sometimes swallows men whole.

"A siphalter, said with its sucker to fasten on a ship and stop it under sail.

"A stag-beetle, whose horns, worn in a ring, are good against the cramp.

"A mountain cabbage—one reported 300 feet high."

The author of "Hudibras," who died in 1680, attacked the Royal Society for experiments that seemed to him futile and frivolous, in a severe and bitter poem, entitled, "The Elephant in the Moon," the elephant proving to be a mouse inside a philosopher's telescope. The poem expresses the current opinion of the society, on which King Charles II. is once said to have played a joke.

In 1726–27 Swift, too, had his bitter jeer at the society. In Laputa, he thus describes the experimental philosophers:—

"The first man I saw," he says, "was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin, were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt that, in eight years more, he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me 'to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers.' I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them. I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the 'Malleability of Fire,' which he intended to publish.

"There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method of building houses, by beginning at the roof and working downward to

the foundation; which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider. I went into another room, where the walls and ceilings were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the architect to go in and out. At my entrance, he called aloud to me 'not to disturb his webs.' He lamented 'the fatal mistake the world had been so long in, of using silk-worms, while we had such plenty of domestic insects who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave as well as spin.' And he proposed, farther, 'that, by employing spiders, the charge of dyeing silks would be wholly saved;' whereof I was fully convinced when he showed me a vast number of flies, most beautifully coloured, where-with he fed his spiders, assuring us, 'that the webs would take a tincture from them;' and, as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit everybody's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies, of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to give a strength and consistence to the threads."

Mr. Grosley, who, in 1770, at Lausanne, published a book on London, has drawn a curious picture of the society at that date. "The Royal Society," he says, "combines within itself the purposes of the Parisian Academy of Sciences and that of Inscriptions; it cultivates, in fact, not only the higher branches of science, but literature also. Every one, whatever his position, and whether English or foreign, who has made observations which appear to the society worthy of its attention, is allowed to submit them to it either by word of mouth or in writing. I once saw a joiner, in his working clothes, announce to the society a man who he had discovered of explaining the causes of tides. He spoke a long time, evidently not knowing what he was talking about; but he was listened to with the greatest attention, thanked for his confidence in the value of the society's opinion, requested to put his ideas into writing, and conducted to the door by one of the principal members.

"The place in which the society holds its meetings is neither large nor handsome. It is a long, low, narrow room, only furnished with a table (covered with green cloth), some morocco chairs, and some wooden benches, which rise above each other along the room. The table, placed in front of the fire-place at the bottom of the room, is occupied by the president (who sits with his back to the fire) and the secretaries. On this table is placed a large silver-gilt mace, similar to the one in use in the House of Commons,

and which, as is the case with the latter, is laid at the foot of the table when the society is in committee. The president is preceded on his entrance and departure by the beadle of the society, bearing this mace. He has beside him, on his table, a little wooden mallet for the purpose of imposing silence when occasion arises, but this is very seldom the case. With the exception of the secretaries and the president, every one takes his place hap-hazard, at the same time taking great pains to avoid causing any confusion or noise. The society may be said to consist, as a body corporate, of a committee of about twenty persons, chosen from those of its associates who have the fuller opportunities of devoting themselves to their favourite studies. The president and the secretaries are *ex-officio* members of the committee, which is renewed every year—an arrangement which is so much the more necessary that, in 1765, the society numbered 400 British members, of whom more than forty were peers of the realm, five of the latter being most assiduous members of the committee.

"The foreign honorary members, who number about 150, comprise within their number all the most famous learned men of Europe, and amongst them we find the names of D'Alembert, Bernoulli, Bonnet, Buffon, Euler, Jussieu, Linné, Voltaire, &c.; together with those, in simple alphabetical order, of the Dukes of Braganza, &c., and the chief Ministers of many European sovereigns."

During the dispute about lightning conductors (after St. Bride's Church was struck in 1764), in the year 1772, George III. (says Mr. Weld, in his "History of the Royal Society") is stated to have taken the side of Wilson—not on scientific grounds, but from political motives; he even had blunt conductors fixed on his palace, and actually endeavoured to make the Royal Society rescind their resolution in favour of pointed conductors. The king, it is declared, had an interview with Sir John Pringle, during which his Majesty earnestly entreated him to use his influence in supporting Mr. Wilson. The reply of the president was highly honourable to himself and the society whom he represented. It was to the effect that duty as well as inclination would always induce him to execute his Majesty's wishes to the utmost of his power; "But, sire," said he, "I cannot reverse the laws and operations of Nature." It is stated that when Sir John regretted his inability to alter the laws of Nature, the king replied, "Perhaps, Sir John, you had better resign." It was shortly after this occurrence that a friend of Dr. Franklin's wrote this epigram:—



"While you, great George, for knowledge hunt,  
And sharp conductors change for blunt,  
The nation's out of joint ;  
Franklin a wiser course pursues,  
And all your thunder useless views,  
By keeping to the point."

A strange scene in the Royal Society in 1710 (Queen Anne) deserves record. It ended in the expulsion from the council of that irascible Dr. Woodward who once fought a duel with Dr. Mead inside the gate of Gresham College. "The sense," says Mr. Ward, in his "Memoirs," "entertained by the society of Sir Hans Sloane's services and virtues was evinced by the manner in which they resented an insult offered him by Dr. Woodward, who, as the reader is aware, was expelled the council. Sir Hans was reading a paper of his own composition, when Woodward made some grossly insulting remarks. Dr. Sloane complained, and moreover stated that Dr. Woodward had often affronted him by making grimaces at him ; upon which Dr. Arbuthnot rose and begged to be 'informed what distortion of a man's face constituted a grimace.' Sir Isaac Newton was in the chair when the question of expulsion was agitated, and when it was pleaded in Woodward's favour that 'he was a good natural philosopher,' Sir Isaac remarked that in order to belong to that society a man ought to be a good moral philosopher as well." The house was burnt down in 1877.

The Scottish Society held its meetings in Crane Court. "Elizabeth," says Mr. Timbs, "kept down the number of Scotsmen in London to the astonishingly small one of fifty-eight ; but with James I. came such a host of traders and craftsmen, many of whom failing to obtain employment, gave rise, as early as 1613, to the institution of the 'Scottish Box,' a sort of friendly society's treasury, when there were no banks to take charge of money. In 1638 the company, then only twenty, met in Lamb's Conduit Street. In this year upwards of 300 poor Scotsmen, swept off by the great plague of 1665-66, were buried at the expense of the 'box,' while numbers more were nourished during their sickness, without subjecting the parishes in which they resided to the smallest expense.

"In the year 1665 the 'box' was exalted into the character of a corporation by a royal charter, the expenses attendant on which were disbursed by gentlemen who, when they met at the 'Cross Keys,' in Covent Garden, found their receipts to be £116 8s. 5d. The character of the times is seen in one of their regulations, which imposed a fine of 2s. 6d. for every oath used in the course of their quarterly business.

"Presents now flocked in. One of the corporation gave a silver cup ; another, an ivory mallet or hammer for the chairman ; and among the contributors we find Gilbert Burnet, afterwards bishop, giving £1 half-yearly. In no very Scotsman-like spirit the governors distributed each quarter-day all that had been collected during the preceding interval. But in 1775 a permanent fund was established. The hospital now distributes about £2,200 a year, chiefly in £10 pensions to old people ; and the princely bequest of £76,495 by Mr. W. Kinloch, who had realised a fortune in India, allows of £1,800 being given in pensions of £4 to disabled soldiers and sailors.

"All this is highly honourable to those connected, by birth or otherwise, with Scotland. The monthly meetings of the society are preceded by divine service in the chapel, which is in the rear of the house in Crane Court. Twice a year is held a festival, at which large sums are collected. On St. Andrew's Day, 1863, Viscount Palmerston presided, with the brilliant result of the addition of £1,200 to the hospital fund."

Appended to the account of the society already quoted we find the following remarkable "note by an Englishman" :—

"It is not one of the least curious particulars in the history of the Scottish Hospital that it substantiates by documentary evidence the fact that Scotsmen who have gone to England occasionally find their way back to their own country. It appears from the books of the corporation that in the year ending 30th November, 1850, the sum of £30 16s. 6d. was spent in passages from London to Leith ; and there is actually a corresponding society in Edinburgh to receive the *revenants* and pass them on to their respective districts."

In Crane Court, says Mr. Timbs, lived Dryden Leach, the printer, who, in 1763, was arrested on a general warrant upon suspicion of having printed Wilkes's *North Briton*, No. 45. Leach was taken out of his bed in the night, his papers were seized, and even his journeymen and servants were apprehended, the only foundation for the arrest being a hearsay report that Wilkes had been seen going into Leach's house. Wilkes had been sent to the Tower for his share in producing No. 45. He obtained a verdict of £4,000, and Leach £300, damages from three of the king's messengers, who had executed the illegal warrant. Kearsley, the bookseller, of Fleet Street (whom we recollect by his tax-tables), had been taken up for publishing No. 45, when also at Kearsley's were seized the letters of Wilkes, which seemed to fix upon him the writing of the

blasphemous "Essay on Woman," of which he was convicted in the Court of King's Bench, and for which he was expelled the House of Commons. The author of this "indecent patchwork" was not Wilkes (says Walpole), but Thomas Potter, the wild son of the learned Archbishop of Canterbury,

George Dyer, of Clifford's Inn, laboriously edited, and which opened the eyes of the subscribers very wide indeed as to the singular richness of ancient literature. At the press of an eminent printer in this court, that useful and perennial serial the *Gentleman's Magazine* (started in 1731) was partly



THE ROYAL SOCIETY'S HOUSE IN CRANE COURT (see page 104).

who had tried to fix the authorship on the learned and arrogant Warburton—a piece of matchless impudence worthy of Wilkes himself.

Red Lion Court (No. 169), though an unlikely spot, has been, of all the side bins of Fleet Street, one of the most specially favoured by Minerva. Here Valpy published that interminable series of Latin and Greek authors, which he called the "Delphin Classics," which Lamb's eccentric friend,

printed from 1779 to 1781, and entirely printed from 1792 to 1820.

Johnson's Court, Fleet Street (a narrow court on the north side of Fleet Street, the fourth from Fetter Lane, eastward), was not named from Dr. Johnson, although inhabited by him.

Dr. Johnson was living in Johnson's Court in 1765, after he left No. 1, Inner Temple Lane, and before he removed to Bolt Court. In 1765

Court he made the acquaintance of Murphy, and he worked at his edition of "Shakespeare." He saw much of Reynolds and Burke. On the accession of George III. a pension of £300 a year had been bestowed on him, and thenceforward he became comparatively an affluent man. In 1763 Boswell had become acquainted with Dr. Johnson,

"He" (Johnson), says Hawkins, "removed from the Temple into a house in Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, and invited thither his friend Mrs. Williams. An upper room, which had the advantage of a good light and free air, he fitted up for a study and furnished with books, chosen with so little regard to editions or their external appearances



*Thos. P. Hook*

(See page 110.)

and from that period his wonderful conversations are recorded. The indefatigable biographer describes, in 1763, being taken by Mr. Levett to see Dr. Johnson's library, which was contained in his garret over his Temple chambers, where the son of the well-known Lintot used to have his warehouse. The floor was strewn with manuscript leaves; and there was an apparatus for chemical experiments, of which Johnson was all his life very fond. Johnson often hid himself in this garret for study, but never told his servant, as the Doctor would never allow him to say, "not at home" when he was within.

as showed they were intended for use, and that he disdained the ostentation of learning."

"I returned to London," says Boswell, "in February, 1766, and found Dr. Johnson in a good house in Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, in which he had accommodated Mrs. Williams with an apartment on the ground-floor, while Mr. Levett occupied his post in the garret. His faithful Francis was still attending upon him. He received me with much kindness. The fragments of our first conversation, which I have preserved, are these:—I told him that Voltaire, in a conversation with

me, had distinguished Pope and Dryden, thus : 'Pope drives a handsome chariot, with a couple of neat, trim nags; Dryden, a coach and six stately horses.' Johnson: 'Why, sir, the truth is, they both drive coaches and six, but Dryden's horses are either galloping or stumbling; Pope's go at a steady, even trot.' He said of Goldsmith's 'Traveller,' which had been published in my absence, 'There's not been so fine a poem since Pope's time.' Dr. Johnson at the same time favoured me by marking the lines which he furnished to Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' which are only the last four :—

'That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,  
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;  
While self-dependent power can time defy,  
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.'

At night I supped with him at the 'Mitre' tavern, that we might renew our social intimacy at the original place of meeting. But there was now considerable difference in his way of living. Having had an illness, in which he was advised to leave off wine, he had, from that period, continued to abstain from it, and drank only water or lemonade."

"Mr. Beauclerk and I," says Boswell, in another place, "called on him in the morning. As we walked up Johnson's Court, I said, 'I have a veneration for this court,' and was glad to find that Beauclerk had the same reverential enthusiasm." The Doctor's removal Boswell thus duly chronicles :—"Having arrived," he says, "in London late on Friday, the 15th of March, 1776, I hastened next morning to wait on Dr. Johnson, at his house, but found he was removed from Johnson's Court, No. 7, to Bolt Court, No. 8, still keeping to his favourite Fleet Street. My reflection at the time, upon this change, as marked in my journal, is as follows: 'I felt a foolish regret that he had left a court which bore his name; but it was not foolish to be affected with some tenderness of regard for a place in which I had seen him a great deal, from whence I had often issued a better and a happier man than when I went in; and which had often appeared to my imagination, while I trod its pavement in the solemn darkness of the night, to be sacred to wisdom and piety.'"

Johnson was living in Johnson's Court when he was introduced to George III., an interview in which he conducted himself, considering he was an ingrained Jacobite, with great dignity, self-respect, and good sense.

That clever, but most shameless and scurrilous, paper, *John Bull*, was started in Johnson's Court,

at the close of 1820. Its specific and real object was to slander unfortunate Queen Caroline and to torment, stigmatise, and blacken "the Brandenburg House party," as her honest sympathisers were called. Theodore Hook was chosen editor, because he knew society, was quick, witty, satirical, and thoroughly unscrupulous. For his "splendid abuse"—as his biographer, the unreverend Mr. Barham, calls it—he received the full pay of a greedy hirching. Tom Moore and the Whigs now met with a terrible adversary. Hook did not hew or stab, like Churchill and the old rough lampooners of earlier days, but he filled crackers with wild fire, or laughingly stuck the enemies of George IV. over with pins. Hook had only a year before returned from the Treasuryship of the Mauritius, charged with a defalcation of £12,000—the result of the grossest and most culpable neglect. Hungry for money, as he had ever been, he was eager to show his zeal for the master who had hired his pen. Hook and Daniel Terry, the comedian, joined to start the new satirical paper; but Miller, a publisher in the Burlington Arcade, was naturally afraid of libel, and refused to have anything to do with the new venture. With Miller, as Hook said in his clever, punning way, all argument in favour of it proved Newgate-ory. Hook at first wanted to start a magazine upon the model of *Blackwood*, but the final decision was for a weekly newspaper, to be called *John Bull*, a title already discussed for a previous scheme by Hook and Elliston. The first number appeared on Saturday, December 16, 1820, in the publishing office, No. 11, Johnson's Court. The modest projectors only printed seven hundred and fifty copies of the first number, but the sale proved considerable. By the sixth week the sale had reached ten thousand weekly. The first five numbers were reprinted, and the first two actually stereotyped.

Hook's favourite axiom—worthy of such a satirist—was "that there was always a concealed wound in every family, and the point was to strike exactly at the source of pain." Hook's clerical elder brother, Dr. James Hook, the author of "Pen Owen" and other novels, and afterwards Dean of Worcester, assisted him; but Terry was too busy in what Sir Walter Scott, his great friend and sleeping partner, used to call "*Terryfying* the novelists by not very brilliant adaptations of their works." Dr. Maginn, summoned from Cork to edit a newspaper for Hook (who had bought up two dying newspapers for the small expenditure of three hundred guineas), wrote only one article for the *Bull*. Mr. Haynes Bayley contributed some of

his graceful verses, and Ingoldsby (Barham) some of his rather ribald fun. The anonymous editor of *John Bull* became for a time as much talked about as "Junius" in earlier times. By many witty James Smith was suspected, but his fun had not malignity enough for the Tory purposes of those bitter days. Latterly Hook let Alderman Wood alone, and set all his staff on Hume, the great economist, and the Hon. Henry Grey Bennett.

Several prosecutions followed, says Mr. Barham, that for libel on the Queen among the rest; but the grand attempt on the part of the Whigs to crush the paper was not made till the 6th of May, 1821. A short and insignificant paragraph, containing some observations upon the Hon. Henry Grey Bennett, a brother of Lord Tankerville, was selected for attack, as involving a breach of privilege; in consequence of which the printer, Mr. H. F. Cooper, the editor, and Mr. Shackell were ordered to attend at the bar of the House of Commons. A long debate ensued, during which Ministers made as fair a stand as the nature of the case would admit in behalf of their guerrilla allies, but which terminated at length in the committal of Cooper to Newgate, where he was detained from the 11th of May till the 11th of July, when Parliament was prorogued.

Meanwhile the most strenuous exertions were made to detect the real delinquents—for, of course, honourable gentlemen were not to be imposed upon by the unfortunate "men of straw" who had fallen into their clutches, and who, by the way, suffered for an offence of which their judges and accusers openly proclaimed them to be not only innocent, but incapable. The terror of imprisonment and the various arts of cross-examination proving insufficient to elicit the truth, recourse was had to a simpler and more conciliatory mode of treatment—bribery. The storm had failed to force off the editorial cloak—the golden beams were brought to bear upon it. We have it for certain that an offer was made to a member of the establishment to stay all impending proceedings, and, further, to pay down a sum of £500 on the names of the actual writers being given up. It was rejected with disdain, while such were the precautions taken that it was impossible to fix Hook, though suspicion began to be awakened, with any share in the concern. In order, also, to cross the scent already hit off, and announced by sundry deep-mouthed pursuers, the following "Reply"—framed, upon the principle, we presume, that in literature, as in love, everything is fair—was thrown out in an early number:—

"MR. THEODORE HOOK.

"The conceit of some people is amazing, and it has not been unfrequently remarked that conceit is in abundance where talent is most scarce. Our readers will see that we have received a letter from Mr. Hook, disowning and disavowing all connection with this paper. Partly out of good nature, and partly from an anxiety to show the gentleman how little desirous we are to be associated with him, we have made a declaration which will doubtless be quite satisfactory to his morbid sensibility and affected squeamishness. We are free to confess that two things surprise us in this business: the first, that anything which we have thought worth giving to the public should have been mistaken for Mr. Hook's; and, secondly that *such a person* as Mr. Hook should think himself disgraced by a connection with *John Bull*."

For sheer impudence this, perhaps, may be admitted to "defy competition"; but in point of tact and delicacy of finish it falls infinitely short of a subsequent notice, a perfect gem of its class, added by way of clenching the denial:—

"We have received Mr. Theodore Hook's second letter. We are ready to confess that we may have appeared to treat him too uncere- moniously, but we will put it to his own feelings whether the terms of his denial were not, in some degree, calculated to produce a little asperity on our part. We shall never be ashamed, however, to do justice, and we readily declare that we meant no kind of imputation on Mr. Hook's personal character."

The ruse answered for awhile, and the paper went on with unabated audacity.

The death of the Queen, in the summer of 1821, produced a decided alteration in the tone and temper of the paper. In point of fact, its occupation was now gone. The main, if not the sole, object of its establishment had been brought about by other and unforeseen events. The combination it had laboured so energetically to thwart was now dissolved by a higher and resistless agency. Still, it is not to be supposed that a machine which brought in a profit of something above £4,000 per annum, half of which fell to the share of Hook, was to be lightly thrown up, simply because its original purpose was attained. The dissolution of the "League" did not exist then as a precedent. The Queen was no longer to be feared; but there were Whigs and Radicals enough to be held in check, and, above all, there was a handsome income to be realised.

"Latterly Hook's desultory nature made him

wander from the *Bull*, which might have furnished the thoughtless and heartless man of pleasure with an income for life. The paper naturally lost sap and vigour, at once declined in sale, and sank into

a mere respectable club-house and party organ." "Mr. Hook," says Barham, "received to the day of his death a fixed salary, but the proprietorship had long since passed into other hands."

## CHAPTER X.

### FLEET STREET TRIBUTARIES.

Dr. Johnson in Bolt Court—His motley Household—His Life there—Still existing—The gallant "Lumber Troop"—Reform Bill Riots—Sir Claudius Hunter—Colbette in Bolt Court—The Bird Boy—The Private Soldier—In the House—Dr. Johnson in Gough Square—Busy at the Dictionary—Goldsmith in Wine Office Court—Selling "The Vicar of Wakefield"—Goldsmith's Troubles—Wine Office Court—The Old "Cheshire Cheese."

OF all the nooks of London associated with the memory of that good giant of literature, Dr. Johnson, not one is more sacred to those who love that great and wise man than Bolt Court. To this monastic court Johnson came in 1776, and remained till that December day in 1784, when a procession of all the learned and worthy men who honoured him followed his body to its grave in the Abbey, near the feet of Shakespeare and by the side of Garrick. The great scholar, whose ways and sayings, whose rough hide and tender heart, are so familiar to us—thanks to that faithful parasite who secured an immortality by getting up behind his triumphal chariot—came to Bolt Court from Johnson's Court, whither he had flitted from Inner Temple Lane, where he was living when the young Scotch barrister who was afterwards his biographer first knew him. His strange household of fretful and disappointed almspeople seems as well known as our own. At the head of these pensioners was the daughter of a Welsh doctor, (a blind old lady named Williams), who had written some trivial poems; Mrs. Desmoulins, an old Staffordshire lady, her daughter, and a Miss Carmichael. The relationships of these fretful and quarrelsome old maids Dr. Johnson has himself sketched, in a letter to Mr. and Mrs. Thrale—"Williams hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll (Miss Carmichael) loves none of them." This Levett was a poor eccentric apothecary, whom Johnson supported, and who seems to have been a charitable man.

The annoyance of such a menagerie of singular oddities must have driven Johnson more than ever to his clubs, where he could wrestle with the best intellects of the day, and generally retire victorious. He had done nearly all his best work by this time, and was sinking into the sere and

yellow leaf, not, like Macbeth, with the loss of honour, but with love, obedience, troops of friends, and golden opinions from all sorts of people. His Titanic labour, the Dictionary, he had achieved chiefly in Gough Square; his "Rasselas"—that grave and wise Oriental story—he had written in a few days, in Staple's Inn, to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. In Bolt Court he, however, produced his "Lives of the Poets," a noble compendium of criticism, defaced only by the bitter Tory depreciation of Milton, and injured by the insertion of many worthless and the omission of several good poets.

It is pleasant to think of some of the events that happened while Johnson lived in Bolt Court. Here he exerted himself with all the ardour of his nature to soothe the last moments of that wretched man, Dr. Dodd, who was hanged for forgery. From Bolt Court he made those frequent excursions to the Thrales, at Streatham, where the rich brewer and his brilliant wife gloried in the great London lion they had captured. To Bolt Court came Johnson's friends Reynolds and Gibbon, and Garrick, and Percy, and Langton; but poor Goldsmith had died before Johnson left Johnson's Court. To Bolt Court he stalked home the night of his memorable quarrel with Dr. Percy, no doubt regretting the violence and boisterous rudeness with which he had attacked an amiable and gifted man. From Bolt Court he walked to service at St. Clement's Church on the day he rejoiced in comparing the animation of Fleet Street with the desolation of the Hebrides. It was from Bolt Court Boswell drove Johnson to dine with General Paoli, a drive memorable for the fact that on that occasion Johnson uttered his first and only recorded pun.

Johnson was at Bolt Court when the Gordon Riots broke out, and he describes them to Mrs. Thrale.



Boswell gives a pleasant sketch of a party at Bolt Court, when Mrs. Hall (a sister of Wesley) was there, and Mr. Allen, a printer; Johnson produced his silver salvers, and it was "a great day." It was on this occasion that the conversation fell on apparitions, and Johnson, always superstitious to the last degree, told the story of hearing his mother's voice call him one day at Oxford (probably at a time when his brain was over-worked). On this great occasion also, Johnson, talked at by Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Williams at the same moment, gaily quoted the line from the *Beggar's Opera*,—

"But two at a time there's no mortal can bear,"

and Boswell playfully compared the great man to Captain Macheath. Imagine Mrs. Williams, old and peevish; Mrs. Hall, lean, lank, and preachy; Johnson, rolling in his chair like Polyphemus at a debate; Boswell, stooping forward on the perpetual listen; Mr. Levett, sour and silent; Frank, the black servant, proud of the silver salvers—and you have the group as in a picture.

In Bolt Court we find Johnson now returning from pleasant dinners with Wilkes and Garrick, Malone and Dr. Burney; now sitting alone over his Greek Testament, or praying with his black servant, Frank. We like to picture him on that Good Friday morning (1783), when he and Boswell, returning from service at St. Clement's, rested on the stone seat at the garden-door in Bolt Court, talking about gardens and country hospitality.

Then, finally, we come to almost the last scene of all, when the sick man addressed to his kind physician, Brocklesby, that pathetic passage of Shakespeare's,—

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?"

Round Johnson's dying bed gathered many wise and good men. To Burke he said, "I must be in a wretched state indeed, when your company would not be a delight to me." To another friend he remarked solemnly, but in his old grand manner, "Sir, you cannot conceive with what acceleration I advance towards death." Nor did his old vehemence and humour by any means forsake him, for he described a man who sat up to watch him "as an idiot, sir; awkward as a turnspit when first put into the wheel, and sleepy as a dormouse." His remaining hours were spent in fervent prayer. The last words he uttered were those of bene-

diction upon the daughter of a friend who came to ask his blessing.

Some years before Dr. Johnson's death, when the poet Rogers was a young clerk of literary proclivities at his father's bank, he one day stole surreptitiously to Bolt Court, daringly to show some of his fledgeling poems to the great Polyphemus of literature. He and young Maltby, the father of the late Bishop of Durham, crept blushing through the quiet court, and on arriving at the sacred door on the west side, ascended the steps and knocked at the door; but the awful echo of that knocker struck terror to the young *débutants'* hearts, and before Frank Barber, the Doctor's old negro footman, could appear, the two lads, like street-boys who had perpetrated a mischievous runaway knock, took to their heels and darted back into noisy Fleet Street. Mr. Jesse, who has collected so many excellent anecdotes, some even original, in his three large volumes on "London's Celebrated Characters and Places," says that the elder Mr. Disraeli, singularly enough, used in society to relate an almost similar adventure as a youth. Eager for literary glory, but urged towards the counter by his sober-minded relations, he enclosed some of his best verses to the celebrated Dr. Johnson, and modestly solicited from the terrible critic an opinion of their value. Having waited some time in vain for a reply, the ambitious Jewish youth at last, December 23, 1784, resolved to face the lion in his den, and rapping tremblingly (as his predecessor, Rogers), heard with dismay the knocker echo on the metal. We may imagine the feelings of the young votary at the shrine of learning, when the servant (probably Frank Barber), who slowly opened the door, informed him that Dr. Johnson had breathed his last only a few short hours before.

Mr. Timbs reminds us of another story of Dr. Johnson, which will not be out of place here. It is an excellent illustration of the keen sagacity and forethought of that great man's mind. One evening Dr. Johnson, looking from his dim Bolt Court window, saw the slovenly lamp-lighter of those days ascending a ladder (just as Hogarth has drawn him in the "Rake's Progress"), and fill the little receptacle in the globular lamp with detestable whale-oil. Just as he got down the ladder the dull light wavered out. Skipping up the ladder again, the son of Prometheus lifted the cover, thrust the torch he carried into the heated vapour rising from the wick, and instantly the ready flame sprang restored to life. "Ah," said the old seer, "one of these days the streets of London will be lighted by smoke."

Johnson's house (No. 8), according to Mr. Noble, was not destroyed by fire in 1819, as Mr. Timbs and other writers assert. The house destroyed was Bensley the printer's (next door to No. 8), the successor of Johnson's friend, Allen, who in 1772 published Manning's Saxon, Gothic, and Latin

been founded—*sic itur ad astra*. The back room, first floor, in which the great man died, had been pulled down by Mr. Bensley, to make way for a staircase. Bensley was one of the first introducers of the German invention of steam-printing.

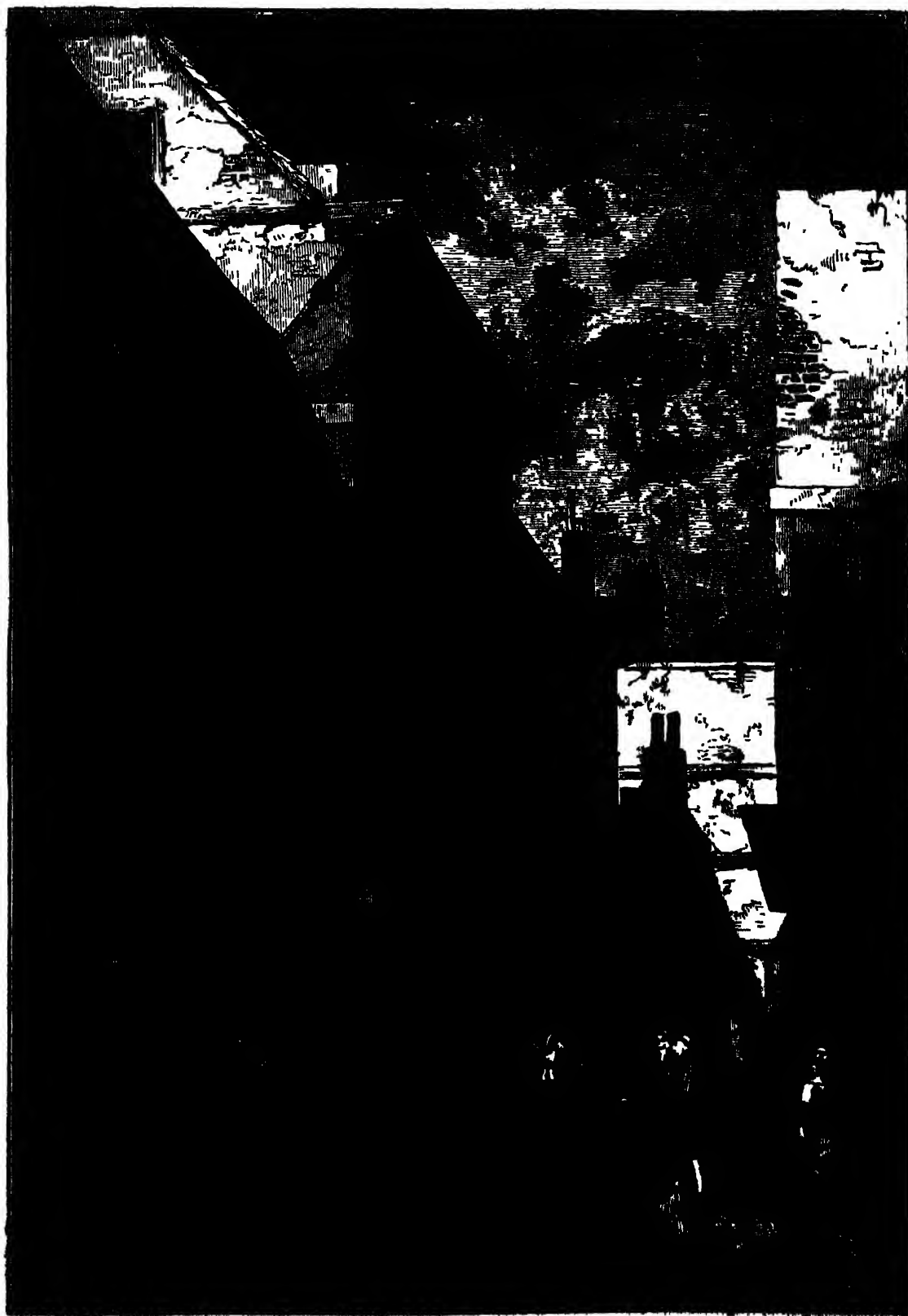
At "Dr. Johnson's" tavern, established some half



OLD HOUSE STILL STANDING IN BOLT COURT (see page 112).

Dictionary, and died in 1780. In Bensley's destructive fire all the plates and stock of Dallaway's "History of Sussex" were consumed. Johnson's house, says Mr. Noble, was in 1858 purchased by the Stationers' Company, and fitted up as a school (the fee, two pounds a quarter). In 1861 Mr. Fox, Master of the Company, initiated a fund, and since then eight university scholarships have

a century ago, the well-known society of the "Lumber Troop" once drained their porter and held their solemn smokings. This gallant force of supposititious fighting men "came out" with great force during the Reform Riots of 1830. These useless disturbances originated in a fiery English washing letter, written by Sir John Kay, Lord Mayor elect (he was generally known in the City as Doc



DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN THE TEMPLE.

Key after this), to the Duke of Wellington, then as terribly unpopular with the English Reformers as he had been with the French after the battle of Waterloo, urging him (the duke) if he came with King William and Queen Adelaide to dine with the new Lord Mayor, (his worshipful self), to come "strongly and sufficiently guarded." This imprudent step greatly offended the people, who were also just then much vexed with the severities of Peel's obnoxious new police. The result was that the new king and queen (for the not over-beloved George IV. had only died in June of that year) thought it better to decline coming to the City festivities altogether. Great, then, was even the Tory indignation, and the fattest alderman trotted about, eager to discuss the grievance, the waste of half-cooked turtle, and the general folly and enormity of the Lord Mayor elect's conduct. Sir Claudius Hunter, who had shared in the Lord Mayor's fears, generously marched to his aid. In a published statement that he made, he enumerated the force available for the defence of the (in his mind) endangered City in the following way:—

Ward Constables	...	...	...	400
Fellowship, Ticket, and Tackle Porters	..			250
Firemen	...	...	...	150
Corn Porters	...	..	..	100
Extra men hired	..	..	..	130
City Police or own men	..	..	..	54
Tradesmen with emblems in the procession				300
Some gentlemen called the Lumber Troopers				150
The Artillery Company	..	..	..	150
The East India Volunteers	...	...	...	600
Total of all comers	...	...	...	2,284

In the same statement Sir Claudius says:—  
 "The Lumber Troop are a respectable smoking club, well known to every candidate for a seat in Parliament for London, and most famed for the quantity of tobacco they consume and the porter they drink, which, I believe, from my own observation, made nineteen years ago, when I was a candidate for that office, is the only liquor allowed. They were to have had no pay, and I am sure they would have done their best."

Along the line of procession, to oppose this civic force, the right worshipful but foolish man reckoned there would be some 150,000 persons. With all these aldermanic fears, and all these irritating precautions, a riot naturally took place. On Monday, November 8th, that glib, unsatisfactory man, Orator Hunt, the great demagogue of the day, addressed a Reform meeting at the Rotunda, in Blackfriars Road. At half-past eleven, when the Radical gentleman, famous for his white hat

the lode-star of faction, retired, a man suddenly waved a tricolour flag (it was the year, remember, of the Revolution in Paris), with the word "Reform" painted upon it, and a preconceived cry was raised by the more violent of, "Now for the West End!" About one thousand men then rushed over Blackfriars bridge, shouting, "Reform!" "Down with the police!" "No Peel!" "No Wellington!" Hurrying along the Strand, the mob first proceeded to Earl Bathurst's, in Downing Street. A foolish gentleman of the house, hearing the cries, came out on the balcony, armed with a brace of pistols, and declared he would fire on the first man who attempted to enter the place. Another gentleman at this moment came out, and very sensibly took the pistols from his friend, on which the mob retired. The rioters were then making for the House of Commons, but were stopped by a strong line of police, just arrived in time from Scotland Yard. One hundred and forty more men soon joined the constables, and a general fight ensued, in which many heads were quickly broken, and the Reform flag was captured. Three of the rioters were arrested, and taken to the watch-house in the Almonry in Westminster. A troop of Royal Horse Guards (blue) remained during the night ready in the court of the Horse Guards, and bands of policemen paraded the streets.

On Tuesday the riots continued. About half-past five p.m., 300 or 400 persons, chiefly boys, came along the Strand, shouting, "No Peel!" "Down with the raw lobsters!" (the new police); "This way, my lads; we'll give it them!" At the back of the menageries at Charing Cross the police rushed upon them, and after a skirmish put them to flight. At seven o'clock the vast crowd by Temple Bar compelled every coachman and passenger in a coach, as a passport, to pull off his hat and shout "Huzza!" Stones were thrown, and attempts were made to close the gates of the Bar. The City marshals, however, compelled them to be reopened, and opposed the passage of the mob to the Strand, but the pass was soon forced. The rioters, in Pickett Place pelted the police with stones and pieces of wood, broken from the scaffolding of the Law Institute, then building in Chancery Lane. Another mob of about 500 persons ran up Piccadilly to Apsley House and hissed and hooted the stubborn, unprogressive old Duke, Mr. Peel, and the police; the constables, however, soon dispersed them. The same evening dangerous mobs collected in Bethnal Green, Spitalfields, and Whitechapel, one party of them displaying tricoloured flags. They broke

a lamp and a window or two, but did little else. Alas for poor Sir Claudius and his profound computations! His 2,284 loyal fighting men dwindled down to 600, including even those strange hybrids, the firemen-watermen; and as for the gallant Lumber Troop, they were nowhere visible to the naked eye.

To Bolt Court that scourge of King George III., William Cobbett, came from Fleet Street to sell his Indian corn, for which no one cared, and to print and publish his twopenny *Political Register*, for which the London Radicals of that day hungered. Nearly opposite the office of "this good hater," says Mr. Timbs, Wright (late Kearsley) kept shop, and published a searching criticism on Cobbett's excellent English Grammar as soon as it appeared. We only wonder that Cobbett did not reply to him as Johnson did to a friend after he knocked Osborne (the grubbing bookseller of Gray's Inn Gate) down with a blow—"Sir, he was impertinent, and I beat him."

A short biographical sketch of Cobbett will not be inappropriate here. This sturdy Englishman, born in the year 1762, was the son of an honest and industrious yeoman, who kept an inn called the "Jolly Farmer," at Farnham, in Surrey. "My first occupation," says Cobbett, "was driving the small birds from the turnip seed and the rooks from the peas. When I first trudged a-field with my wooden bottle and my satchel over my shoulder, I was hardly able to climb the gates and stiles." In 1783 the restless lad (a plant grown too high for the pot) ran away to London, and turned lawyer's clerk. At the end of nine months he enlisted, and sailed for Nova Scotia. Before long he became sergeant-major, over the heads of thirty other non-commissioned officers. Frugal and diligent, the young soldier soon educated himself. Discharged at his own request in 1791, he married a respectable girl, to whom he had before entrusted £150 hard-earned savings. Obtaining a trial against four officers of his late regiment for embezzlement of stores, for some strange reason Cobbett fled to France on the eve of the trial, but finding the king of that country dethroned, he started at once for America. At Philadelphia he boldly began as a high Tory bookseller, and denounced Democracy in his virulent "Porcupine Papers." Finally, overwhelmed with actions for libel, Cobbett in 1800 returned to England. Failing with a daily paper and a bookseller's shop, Cobbett then started his *Weekly Register*, which for thirty years continued to express the changes of his honest but impulsive and vindictive mind. Gradually—it is said, owing to some slight shown him by Pitt (more probably from real conviction)—

Cobbett grew Radical and progressive, and in 1809 was fined £500 for libels on the Irish Government. In 1817 he was fined £1,000 and imprisoned two years for violent remarks about some Ely militiamen who had been flogged under a guard of fixed bayonets. This punishment he never forgave. He followed up his *Register* by his *Twopenny Trash*, of which he eventually sold 100,000 a number. The Six Acts being passed—as he boasted, to gag him—he fled, in 1817, again to America. The persecuted man returned to England in 1819, bringing with him, much to the amusement of the Tory lampooners, the bones of that foul man, Tom Paine, the infidel, whom (in 1796) this change-ful politician had branded as "base, malignant, treacherous, unnatural, and blasphemous." During the Queen Caroline trial Cobbett worked heart and soul for that questionable martyr. He went out to Shooter's Hill to welcome her to London, and boasted of having waved a laurel bough above her head.

In 1825 he wrote a scurrilous "History of the Reformation" (by many still attributed to a priest), in which he declared Luther, Calvin, and Beza to be the greatest ruffians that ever disgraced the world. In his old age, too late to be either brilliant or useful, Cobbett got into Parliament, being returned in 1832, thanks to the Reform Bill, member for Oldham. He died at his house near Farnham, in 1835. Cobbett was an egotist, it must be allowed, and a violent-tempered, vindictive man; but his honesty, his love of truth and liberty, few who are not blinded by party opinion can doubt. His writings are remarkable for vigorous and racy Saxon, as full of vituperation as Rabelais's, and as terse and simple as Swift's.

Mr. Grant, in his pleasant book, "Random Recollections of the House of Commons," written circa 1834, gives us an elaborate full-length portrait of old Cobbett. He was, he says, not less than six feet high, and broad and athletic in proportion. His hair was silver-white, his complexion ruddy as a farmer's. Till his small eyes sparkled with laughter, he looked a mere dull-pated clodpole. His dress was a light, loose, grey tail-coat, a white waistcoat, and sandy kerseymeré breeches, and he usually walked about the House with both his hands plunged into his breeches pockets. He had an eccentric, half-malicious way of sometimes suddenly shifting his seat, and on one important night, big with the fate of Peel's Administration, deliberately anchored down in the very centre of the disgusted Tories and at the very back of Sir Robert's bench, to the infinite annoyance of the somewhat supercilious party.

We next penetrate into Gough Square, in search of the great lexicographer.

As far as can be ascertained from Boswell, Dr. Johnson resided in Gough Square from 1748 to 1758, an eventful period of his life, and one of struggle, pain, and difficulty. In this gloomy side square near Fleet Street, he achieved many results and abandoned many hopes. Here he nursed his hypochondria—the nightmare of his life—and sought the only true relief in hard work. Here he toiled over books, drudging for Cave and Dodsley. Here he commenced both the *Rambler* and the *Idler*, and formed his acquaintance with Bennet Langton. Here his wife died, leaving him more than ever a prey to his natural melancholy; and here he toiled on his great work, the Dictionary, in which he and six amanuenses effected what it took all the French Academicians to perform for their language.

A short epitome of what this great man accomplished while in Gough Square will clearly recall to our readers his way of life while in that locality. In 1749, Johnson formed a quiet club in Ivy Lane, wrote that fine paraphrase of Juvenal, "The Vanity of Human Wishes," and brought out, with dubious success, under Garrick's auspices, his tragedy of *Irene*. In 1750, he commenced the *Rambler*. In 1752, the year his wife died, he laboured on at the Dictionary. In 1753, he became acquainted with Bennet Langton. In 1754 he wrote the life of his early patron, Cave, who died that year. In 1755, the great Dictionary, begun in 1747, was at last published, and Johnson wrote that scathing letter to the Earl of Chesterfield, who, too late, thrust upon him the patronage the poor scholar had once sought in vain. In 1756, the still struggling man was arrested for a paltry debt of £5 18s., from which Richardson the worthy relieved him. In 1758, when he began the *Idler*, Johnson is described as "being in as easy and pleasant a state of existence as constitutional unhappiness ever permitted him to enjoy."

While the Dictionary was going forward, "Johnson," says Boswell, "lived part of the time in Holborn, part in Gough Square (Fleet Street); and he had an upper room fitted up like a counting-house for the purpose, in which he gave to the copyists their several tasks. The words, partly taken from other dictionaries and partly supplied by himself, having been first written down with space left between them, he delivered in writing their etymologies, definitions, and various significations. The authorities were copied from the books themselves, in which he had marked the

passages with a black-lead pencil, the traces of which could be easily effaced. I have seen several of them in which that trouble had not been taken, so that they were just as when used by the copyists. It is remarkable that he was so attentive to the choice of the passages in which words were authorised, that one may read page after page of his Dictionary with improvement and pleasure; and it should not pass unobserved, that he has quoted no author whose writings had a tendency to hurt sound religion and morality."

To this account Bishop Percy adds a note of great value for its lucid exactitude. "Boswell's account of the manner in which Johnson compiled his Dictionary," he says, "is confused and erroneous. He began his task (as he himself expressly described to me) by devoting his first care to a diligent perusal of all such English writers as were most correct in their language, and under every sentence which he meant to quote he drew a line, and noted in the margin the first letter of the word under which it was to occur. He then delivered these books to his clerks, who transcribed each sentence on a separate slip of paper and arranged the same under the word referred to. By these means he collected the several words, and their different significations, and when the whole arrangement was alphabetically formed, he gave the definitions of their meanings, and collected their etymologies from Skinner, and other writers on the subject." To these accounts, Hawkins adds his usual carping, pompous testimony. "Dr. Johnson," he says, "who, before this time, together with his wife, had lived in obscurity, lodging at different houses in the courts and alleys in and about the Strand and Fleet Street, had, for the purpose of carrying on this arduous work, and being near the printers employed in it, taken a handsome house in Gough Square, and fitted up a room in it with books and other accommodations for amanuenses, whom, to the number of five or six, he kept constantly under his eye. An interleaved copy of 'Bailey's Dictionary,' in folio, he made the repository of the several articles, and these he collected by incessantly reading the best authors in our language, in the practice whereof his method was to score with a black-lead pencil the words by him selected. The books he used for this purpose were what he had in his own collection, a copious but a miserably ragged one; and all such as he could borrow; which latter, if ever they came back to those that lent them, were so defaced as to be scarce worth owning, and yet some of his friends were glad to receive and entertain them as curiosities."



"Mr. Burney," says Boswell, "during a visit to the capital, had an interview with Johnson in Gough Square, where he dined and drank tea with him, and was introduced to the acquaintance of Mrs. Williams. After dinner Mr. Johnson proposed to Mr. Burney to go up with him into his garret, which being accepted, he found there about five or six Greek folios, a poor writing-desk, and a chair and a half. Johnson, giving to his guest the entire seat, balanced himself on one with only three legs and one arm. Here he gave Mr. Burney Mrs. Williams's history, and showed him some notes on Shakespeare already printed, to prove that he was in earnest. Upon Mr. Burney's opening the first volume at the *Merchant of Venice* he observed to him that he seemed to be more severe on Warburton than on Theobald. 'Oh, poor Tib!' said Johnson, 'he was nearly knocked down to my hands; Warburton stands between me and him.' 'But, sir,' said Mr. Burney, 'You'll have Warburton on your bones, won't you?' 'No, sir; he'll not come out; he'll only growl in his den.' 'But do you think, sir, Warburton is a superior critic to Theobald?' 'Oh, sir, he'll make two-and-fifty Theobalds cut into slices! The worst of Warburton is that he has a rage for saying something when there's nothing to be said.' Mr. Burney then asked him whether he had seen the letter Warburton had written in answer to a pamphlet addressed 'to the most impudent man alive.' He answered in the negative. Mr. Burney told him it was supposed to be written by Mallet. A controversy now raged between the friends of Pope and Bolingbroke, and Warburton and Mallet were the leaders of the several parties. Mr. Burney asked him then if he had seen Warburton's book against Bolingbroke's philosophy! 'No, sir; I have never read Bolingbroke's impiety, and therefore am not interested about its refutation.'"

Goldsmith appears to have resided at No. 6, Wine Office Court from 1760 to 1762, during which period he earned a precarious livelihood by writing for the booksellers.

They still point out Johnson and Goldsmith's favourite seats in the north-east corner of the window of that cozy though utterly unpretentious tavern, the "Cheshire Cheese," in this court.

It was while living in Wine Office Court that Goldsmith is supposed to have partly written that delightful novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield," which he had begun at Canonbury Tower. We like to think that, seated at the "Cheese," he perhaps espied and listened to the worthy but credulous vicar and his goosling son attending to the profound theories of the learned and philosophic but shifty

Mr. Jenkinson. We think now by the window, with a cross light upon his coarse Irish features, and his round prominent brow, we see the watchful poet sit eyeing his prey, secretly enjoying the grandiloquence of the swindler and the admiration of the honest country parson.

"One day," says Mrs. Piozzi, "Johnson was called abruptly from our house at Southwark, after dinner, and, returning in about three hours, said he had been with an enraged author, whose landlady pressed him within doors while the bailiffs beset him without; that he was drinking himself drunk with Madeira to drown care, and fretting over a novel which, when finished, was to be his whole fortune; but he could not get it done for distraction, nor dared he stir out of doors to offer it for sale. Mr. Johnson, therefore," she continues, "sent away the bottle and went to the bookseller, recommending the performance, and devising some immediate relief; which, when he brought back to the writer, the latter called the woman of the house directly to partake of punch and pass their time in merriment. It was not," she concludes, "till ten years after, I dare say, that something in Dr. Goldsmith's behaviour struck me with an idea that he was the very man; and then Johnson confessed that he was so."

"A more scrupulous and patient writer," says the admirable biographer of the poet, Mr. John Forster, "corrects some inaccuracies of the lively little lady, and professes to give the anecdote authentically from Johnson's own exact narration. 'I received one morning,' Boswell represents Johnson to have said, 'a message from poor Goldsmith, that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merits, told the landlady I should soon return, and, having gone to a bookseller, said it for £60. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.'"

The arrest is plainly connected with Newberry's reluctance to make further advances, and of all

Mrs. Fleming's accounts found among Goldsmith's papers, the only one unsettled is that for the summer months preceding the arrest. The manuscript of the novel seems by both statements, in

would surely have carried it to the elder Newbery. He did not do this. He went with it to Francis Newbery, the nephew; does not seem to have given a very brilliant account of the "merit" he



GOUGH SQUARE (see page 118).

which the discrepancies are not so great but that Johnson himself may be held accountable for them, so have been produced reluctantly, as a last resource; and it is possible, as Mrs. Piont intimates, that it was still regarded as unfinished. But if strong adverse reasons had not existed, Johnson

had perceived in it—four years after its author's death he told Reynolds that he did not think it would have had much success—and rather with regard to Goldsmith's immediate want than to any confident sense of the value of the copy, asked and obtained the £60. "And, sir," he said afterwards,



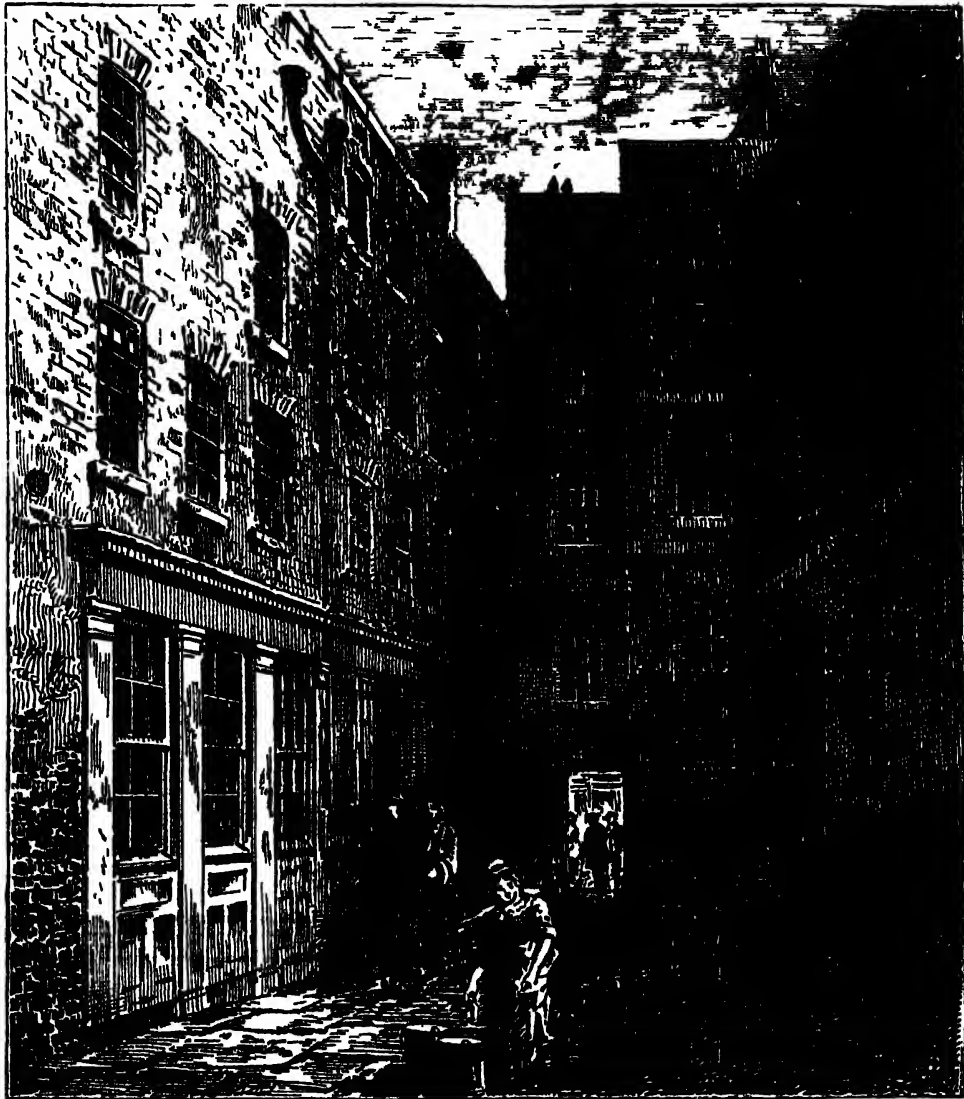


JASSELL'S NEW LONDON PLATE

LONDON WATCHMAN (CHARLIE.) 18<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY

"a sufficient price, too, when it was sold, for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by his 'Traveller,' and the bookseller had faint hopes of profit by his bargain. After 'The Traveller,' to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money."

fears which centred in it doubtless mingled on that miserable day with the fumes of the Madeira. In the excitement of putting it to press, which followed immediately after, the nameless novel receded altogether from the view, but will reappear in due time. Johnson approved the verses more



WINE OFFICE COURT AND THE "CHESHIRE CHEESE" (see page 122).

On the poem, meanwhile, the elder Newbery had consented to speculate, and this circumstance may have made it hopeless to appeal to him with a second work of fancy. For, on that very day of the arrest, "The Traveller" lay completed in the poet's desk. The dream of eight years, the solace and sustainment of his exile and poverty, verged at last to fulfilment or extinction, and the hopes and

than the novel; read the proof-sheets for his friend; substituted here and there, in more emphatic testimony of general approval, a line of his own; prepared a brief but hearty notice for the *Critical Review*, which was to appear simultaneously with the poem, and, as the day of publication drew near, bade Goldsmith be of good heart.

Oliver Goldsmith came first to London in 1756,

a raw Irish student, aged twenty-eight. He was just fresh from Italy and Switzerland. He had heard Voltaire talk, had won a degree at Louvain or Padua, had been "bear leader" to the stingy nephew of a rich pawnbroker, and had played the flute at the door of Flemish peasants for a draught of beer and a crust of bread. No city of golden pavement did London prove to those worn and dusty feet. Almost a beggar had Oliver been, then an apothecary's journeyman and quack doctor; next a reader of proofs for Richardson, the novelist and printer; after that a tormented and jaded usher at a Peckham school; last, and worst of all, a hack writer of articles for Griffith's *Monthly Review*, then being opposed by Smollett in a rival publication. In Green Arbour Court Goldsmith spent the roughest part of the toilsome years before he became known to the world. There he formed an acquaintance with Johnson and his set, and wrote essays for Smollett's *British Magazine*.

Wine Office Court is supposed to have derived its name from an office where licences to sell wine were formerly issued. "In this court," says Mr. Noble, "once flourished a fig-tree, planted a century ago by the Vicar of St. Bride's, who resided, with an absence of pride suitable, if not common, to Christianity, at No. 12. It was a slip from another exile of a tree, formerly flourishing, in a sooty kind of grandeur, at the sign of the 'Fig Tree,' in Fleet Street. This tree was struck by lightning in 1820, but slips from the growing stump were planted in 1822, in various parts of England."

The old-fashioned and changeless character of the "Cheese," in whose low-roofed and sanded rooms Goldsmith and Johnson have so often hung up their cocked hats and sat down facing each other to a snug dinner, not unattended with punch, has been capitally sketched by a modern essayist, who possesses a thorough knowledge of the physiology of London. In an admirable paper entitled "Brain Street," Mr. George Augustus Sala thus describes Wine Office Court and the "Cheshire Cheese":—

"The vast establishments," says Mr. Sala, "of Messrs. Pewter & Antimony, typefounders (Alderman Antimony was Lord Mayor in the year '46); of Messrs. Quoin, Case, & Chappell, printers to the Board of Blue Cloth; of Messrs. Cutedge & Treecalf, bookbinders; with the smaller industries of Scawper & Tinttool, wood-engravers; and Treacle, Gluepot, & Lampblack, printing-roller makers, are packed together in the upper part of the court as closely as herrings in a cask. The 'Cheese' is at the Brain Street end.

It is a little lop-sided, wedged-up house, that always reminds you, structurally, of a high-shouldered man with his hands in his pockets. It is full of holes and corners and cupboards and sharp turnings; and in ascending the stairs to the tiny smoking-room you must tread cautiously, if you would not wish to be tripped up by plates and dishes, momentarily deposited there by furious waiters. The waiters at the 'Cheese' are always furious. Old customers abound in the comfortable old tavern, in whose sanded-floored eating-rooms a new face is a rarity; and the guests and the waiters are the oldest of familiars. Yet the waiter seldom fails to bite your nose off as a preliminary measure when you proceed to pay him. How should it be otherwise when on that waiter's soul there lies heavy a perpetual sense of injury caused by the savoury odour of steaks, and 'muts' to follow; of cheese-bubbling in tiny tins—the 'specialty' of the house; of floury potatoes and fragrant green peas; of cool salads, and cooler tankards of bitter beer; of extra-creaming stout and 'goes' of Cork and 'rack,' by which is meant gin; and, in the winter-time, of Irish stew and runip-steak pudding, glorious and grateful to every sense? To be compelled to run to and fro with these succulent viands from noon to late at night, without being able to spare time to consume them in comfort—where do waiters dine, and when, and how?—to be continually taking other people's money only for the purpose of handing it to other people—are not these grievances sufficient to cross-grain the temper of the mildest-mannered waiter? Somebody is always in a passion at the 'Cheese': either a customer, because there is not fat enough on his 'point'-steak, or because there is too much bone in his mutton-chop; or else the waiter is wroth with the cook; or the landlord with the waiter, or the barmaid with all. Yes, there is a barmaid at the 'Cheese,' mewed up in a box not much bigger than a birdcage, surrounded by groves of lemons, 'ones' of cheese, punch-bowls, and cruets of mushroom-catsup. I should not care to dispute with her, lest she should quoit me over the head with a punch-ladle, having a William-the-Third guinea soldered in the bowl.

"Let it be noted in candour that Law finds its way to the 'Cheese' as well as Literature; but the Law is, as a rule, of the non-combatant and, consequently, harmless order. Literary men who have been called to the bar, but do not practise; briefless young barristers, who do not object to mingling with newspaper men; with a sprinkling of retired solicitors (amazing dogs these for old port-wine); the landlord has some of the same bias, which



served as Hippocrene to Judge Blackstone when he wrote his 'Commentaries')—these make up the legal element of the 'Cheese.' Sharp attorneys in practice are not popular there. There is a legend that a process-server once came in at a back door to serve a writ; but being detected by a waiter, was skilfully edged by that wary retainer into Wine Bottle Court, right past the person on whom he was desirous to inflict the 'Victoria, by the grace, &c.' Once in the court, he was set upon by a mob of inky-faced boys just released from the works of Messrs. Ball, Roller, & Scraper, machine printers, and by the skin of his teeth only escaped being converted into 'pie.'"

Mr. William Sawyer has also written a very admirable sketch of the "Cheese" and its old-fashioned, conservative ways, which we cannot resist quoting:—

"We are a close, conservative, inflexible body—we, the regular frequenters of the 'Cheddar,'" says Mr. Sawyer. "No new-fangled notions, new usages, new customs, or new customers for us. We have our history, our traditions, and our observances, all sacred and inviolable. Look around! There is nothing new, gaudy, flippant, or effeminately luxurious here. A small room with heavily-timbered windows. A low planked ceiling. A huge, projecting fire-place, with a great copper boiler always on the simmer, the sight of which might have roused even old John Willett, of the 'Maypole,' to admiration. High, stiff-backed, inflexible 'settles,' hard and grainy in texture, box off the guests, half-a-dozen each to a table.

Sawdust covers the floor, giving forth that peculiar faint odour which the French avoid by the use of the vine sawdust with its pleasant aroma. The only ornament in which we indulge is a solitary picture over the mantelpiece, a full-length of a now departed waiter, whom in the long past we caused to be painted, by subscription of the whole room, to commemorate his virtues and our esteem. He is depicted in the scene of his triumphs—in the act of giving change to a customer. We sit bolt upright round our tables, waiting, but not impatient. A time-honoured solemnity is about to be observed, and we, the old stagers, is it for us to precipitate it? There are men in this room who have dined here every day for a quarter of a century—aye, the whisper goes that one man did it even on his wedding-day! In all that time the more staid and well-regulated among us have observed a steady regularity of feeding. Five days in the week we have our 'Rotherham steak'—that mystery of mysteries—or our 'chop and chop to follow,' with the indispensable wedge of Cheddar—unless it is preferred stewed or toasted—and on Saturday decorous variety is afforded in a plate of the world-renowned 'Cheddar' pudding. It is of this latter luxury that we are now assembled to partake, and that with all fitting ceremony and observance. As we sit, like pensioners in hall, the silence is broken only by a strange sound, as of a hardly human voice, muttering cabalistic words, 'Ullo mul lum de loodle wumble jum!' it cries, and we know that chops and potatoes are being ordered for some benighted outsider, ignorant of the fact that it is pudding-day."

## CHAPTER XI.

### FLEET STREET TRIBUTARIES—SHOE LANE.

The First Lucifers—Perkins' Steam Gun—A Link between Shakespeare and Shoe Lane—Florio and his Labour—"Cogers' Hall"—Famous "Cogers"—A Saturday Night's Debate—Gunpowder Alley—Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier Poet—"To Althea, from Prison"—Lilly the Astrologer, and his Knave-ries—A Search for Treasure with Davy Ramsay—Hogarth in Harp Alley—The "Society of Sign Painters"—Hudson, the Song Writer—"Jack Robinson"—The Bishop's Residence—Bangor House—A Strange Story of Unstamped Newspapers—Oldbourne Hall—Chatterton's Death—Curious Legend of his Burial—A well-timed Joke.

AT the east corner of Peterborough Court (says Mr. Timbs) was one of the earliest shops for the instantaneous light apparatus, "Hertner's Eupyrion" (phosphorus and oxymuriate matches, to be dipped in sulphuric acid and asbestos), the costly predecessor of the lucifer match. Nearly opposite were the works of Jacob Perkins, the engineer of the steam gun exhibited at the

Adelaide Gallery, Strand, and which the Duke of Wellington truly foretold would never be advantageously employed in battle.

One golden thread of association links Shakespeare to Shoe Lane. Slight and frail is the thread, yet it has a double strand. In this narrow side-aisle of Fleet Street, in 1624, lived John Florio, the compiler of our first Italian Dictionary. Now

it is more than probable that our great poet knew this industrious Italian, as we shall presently show. Florio was a Waldensian teacher, no doubt driven to England by religious persecution. He taught French and Italian with success at Oxford, and finally was appointed tutor to that generous-minded, hopeful, and unfortunate Prince Henry, son of James I. Florio's "Worlde of Wordes" (a most copious and exact dictionary in Italian and English) was printed in 1598, and published by Arnold Hatfield for Edward Church, and "sold at his shop over against the north door of Paul's Church." It is dedicated to "The Right Honourable Patrons of Virtue, Patterns of Honour, Roger Earle of Rutland, Henrie Earle of Southampton, and Lucie Countess of Bedford." In the dedication, worthy of the fantastic author of "Euphues" himself, the author says:—"My hope springs out of three stems—your Honours' naturall beniginitie; your able employment of such servitours; and the towardly like-he-hood of this springall to do you honest service. The first, to vouchsafe all; the second, to accept this; the third, to applie it selfe to the first and second. Of the first, your birth, your place, and your custome; of the second, your studies, your conceits, and your exercise; of the thirde, my endeavours, my proceedings, and my project giues assurance. Your birth, highly noble, more than gentle; your place, above others, as in degree, so in height of bountie, and other vertues; your custome, never wearie of well doing; your studies much in all, most in Italian excellence; your conceits, by understanding others to worke above them in your owne; your exercise, to reade what the world's best writers have written, and to speake as they write. My endeavour, to apprehend the best, if not all; my proceedings, to impart my best, first to your Honours, then to all that emploie me; my proiect in this volume to comprehend the best and all, in truth, I acknowledge an entyre debt, not only of my best knowledge, but of all, yea, of more than I know or can, to your bounteous lordship, most noble, most vertuous, and most Honorable Earle of Southampton, in whose paie and patronage I haue liued some yeeres; to whom I owe and vowe the yeeres I haue to live. . . . Good parts imparted are not empaiied; your springs are first to serue yourself, yet may yeelde your neighbours sweete water; your taper is to light you first, and yet it may light your neighbour's candle. . . . Accepting, therefore, of the chikde, I hope your Honors' wish as well to the Father, who to your Honors' all deuoted wisheth mende of your merits, renowne of your vertues, and health

of your persons, humblie with gracious leave kissing your thrice-honored hands, protesteth to continue euer your Honors' most humble and bounden in true seruice, JOHN FLORIO."

And now to connect Florio with Shakespeare. The industrious Savoyard, besides his Dictionary—of great use at a time when the tour to Italy was a necessary completion of a rich gallant's education—translated the Essays of that delightful old Gascon egotist, Montaigne. Now in a copy of Florio's "Montaigne" there was found some years ago one of the very few genuine Shakespeare signatures. Moreover, as Florio speaks of the Earl of Southampton as his steady patron, we may fairly presume that the great poet, who must have been constantly at Southampton's house, often met there the old Italian master. May not the bard in those conversations have perhaps gathered some hints for the details of *Cymbeline*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, or *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and had his attention turned by the old scholar to fresh chapters of Italian story?

No chronicle of Shoe Lane would be complete without some mention of the "Cogers' Discussion Hall," formerly at No. 10. This useful debating society—a great resort for local politicians—was founded by Mr. Daniel Mason as long ago as 1755, and among its most eminent members it glories in the names of John Wilkes, Judge Keogh, Daniel O'Connell, and the eloquent Curran. The word "Coger" does not imply "codger," or a drinker of cogs, but comes from *cogito*, to cogitate. The Grand, Vice-Grand, and secretary were elected on the night of every 14th of June by show of hands. The room was open to strangers, but the members had the right to speak first. The society was Republican in the best sense, for side by side with master tradesmen, shopmen, and mechanics, reporters and young barristers gravely sipped their grog, and abstractedly emitted wreathing columns of tobacco-smoke from their pipes. Mr. J. Parkinson has sketched the little parliament very pleasantly in the columns of a contemporary.

"A long low room," says the writer, "like the saloon of a large steamer. Wainscoat dimmed and ornaments tarnished by tobacco-smoke and the lingering dews of steaming compounds. A room with large niches at each end, like shrines for full-grown saints, one niche containing 'My Grand' in a framework of shabby gold, the other 'My Grand's Deputy' in a bordering more substantial. More than one hundred listeners are waiting patiently for My Grand's utterances this Saturday night, and are whiling away the time philosophically with tobacco and nicotian refreshment. The narrow tables at

the long room are filled with students and performers, and quite a little crowd is congregated at the door and in a room adjacent until places can be found for them in the presence-chamber. 'Established 1755' is inscribed on the ornamental signboard above us, and 'Instituted 1756' on another signboard near. Dingy portraits of departed Grands and Deputies decorate the walls. Punctually at nine My Grand opens the proceedings amid profound silence. The deputy buries himself in his newspaper, and maintains as profound a calm as the Speaker 'in another place.' The most perfect order is preserved. The Speaker or deputy, who seems to know all about it, rolls silently in his chair: he is a fat dark man, with a small and rather sleepy eye, such as I have seen come to the surface and wink lazily at the fashionable people clustered round a certain tank in the Zoological Gardens. He re-folds his newspaper from time to time until deep in the advertisements. The waiters silently remove empty tumblers and tankards, and replace them full. But My Grand commands profound attention from the room, and a neighbour, who afterwards proved a perfect Boanerges in debate, whispered to us concerning his vast attainments and high literary position.

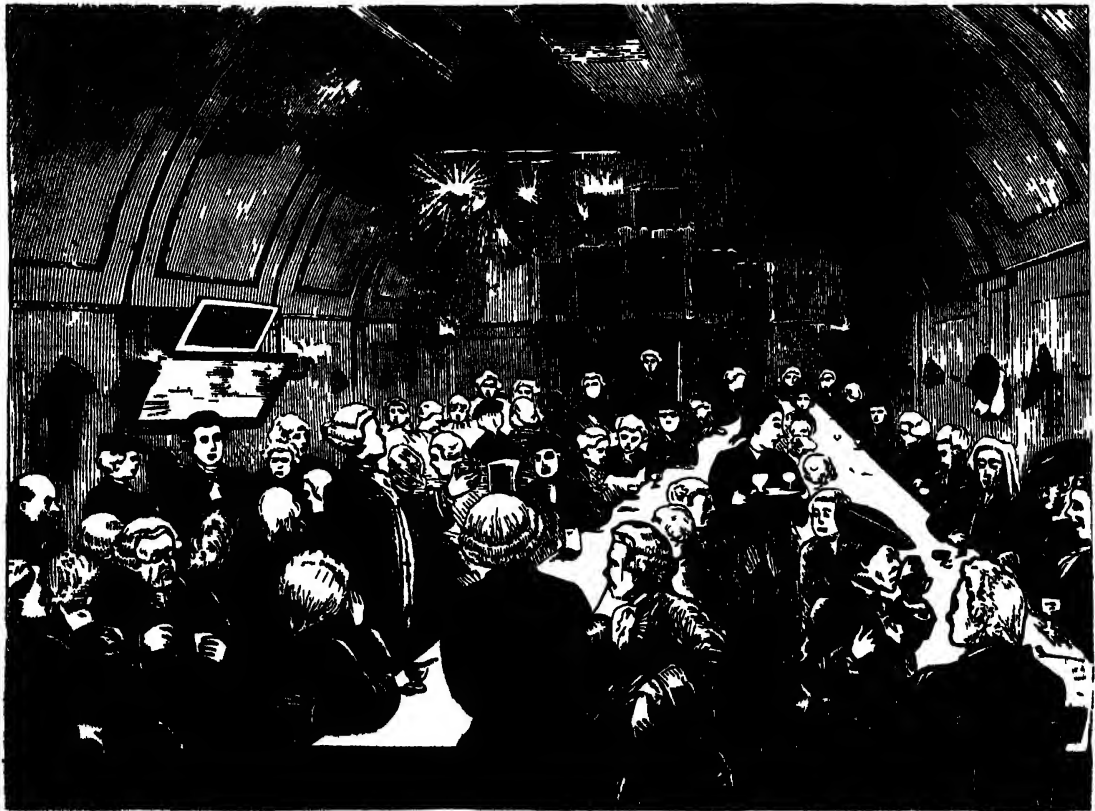
"This chieftain of the Thoughtful Men is, we learn, the leading contributor to a newspaper of large circulation, and, under his signature of 'Locksley Hall,' rouses the sons of toil to a sense of the dignity and rights of labour, and exposes the profligacy and corruption of the rich to the extent of a column and a quarter every week. A shrewd, hard-headed man of business, with a perfect knowledge of what he had to do, and with a humorous twinkle of the eye, My Grand went steadily through his work, and gave the Thoughtful Men his epitome of the week's intelligence. It seemed clear that the Cogers had either not read the newspapers, or liked to be told what they already knew. They listened with every token of interest to facts which had been published for days, and it seemed difficult to understand how a debate could be carried on when the text admitted so little dispute. But we sadly underrated the capacity of the orators near us. The sound of My Grand's last sentence had not died out when a fresh-coloured, rather aristocratic-looking elderly man, whose white hair was carefully combed and smoothed, and whose appearance and manner suggested a very different arena to the one he waged battle in now, claimed the attention of the Thoughtful ones. Addressing 'Mee Grand' in the rich and unctuous tones which a Scotchman and Englishman might try for in vain,

this orator proceeded, with every profession of respect, to contradict most of the chief's statements, to ridicule his logic, and to compliment him with much irony on his overwhelming goodness to the society 'to which I have the honour to belong. Full of that hard northern logic' (much emphasis on 'northern,' which was warmly accepted as a hit by the room)—'that hard northern logic which demonstrates everything to its own satisfaction; abounding in that talent which makes you, sir, a leader in politics, a guide in theology, and generally an instructor of the people; yet even you, sir, are perhaps, if I may say so, somewhat deficient in the lighter graces of pathos and humour. Your speech, sir, has commanded the attention of the room. Its close accuracy of style, its exactitude of expression, its consistent argument, and its generally transcendent ability will exercise, I doubt not, an influence which will extend far beyond this chamber, filled as this chamber is by gentlemen of intellect and education, men of the time, who both think and feel, and who make their feelings and their thoughts felt by others. Still, sir,' and the orator smiles the smile of ineffable superiority, 'grateful as the members of the society you have so kindly alluded to ought to be for your countenance and patronage, it needed not' (turning to the Thoughtful Men generally, with a sarcastic smile)—'it needed not even Mee Grand's encomiums to endear this society to its people, and to strengthen their belief in its efficacy in time of trouble, its power to help, to relieve, and to assuage. No, Mee Grand, an authorizee whose dictum even you will accept without dispute—mee Lord Macaulee—that great historian whose undying pages record those struggles and trials of constitutionalism in which the Cogers have borne no mean part—mee Lord Macaulee mentions, with a respect and reverence not exceeded by Mee Grand's utterances of to-night' (more smiles of mock humility to the room) 'that great association which claims me as an unworthy son.' We could, therefore, have dispensed with the recognition given us by Mee Grand; we could afford to wait our time until the nations of the earth are fused by one common wish for each other's benefit, when the principles of Cogerism are spread over the civilised world, when justice reigns supreme, and loving-kindness takes the place of jealousy and hate.' We looked round the room while these fervid words were being triumphantly rolled forth, and were struck with the calm impassiveness of the listeners. There seemed to be no perturbation either for the speaker or the Grand. Once again the former was more than usually emphatic in his

denunciations, a tall pale man, with a Shakespeare forehead, rose suddenly, with a determined air, as if about to fiercely interrupt; but it turned out he only wanted to catch the waiter's eye, and this done, he pointed silently to his empty glass, and remarked, in a hoarse whisper, 'Without sugar, as before.'

Gunpowder Alley, a side-twig of Shoe Lane, leads up to the death-bed of an unhappy poet, poor Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier, who, dying here

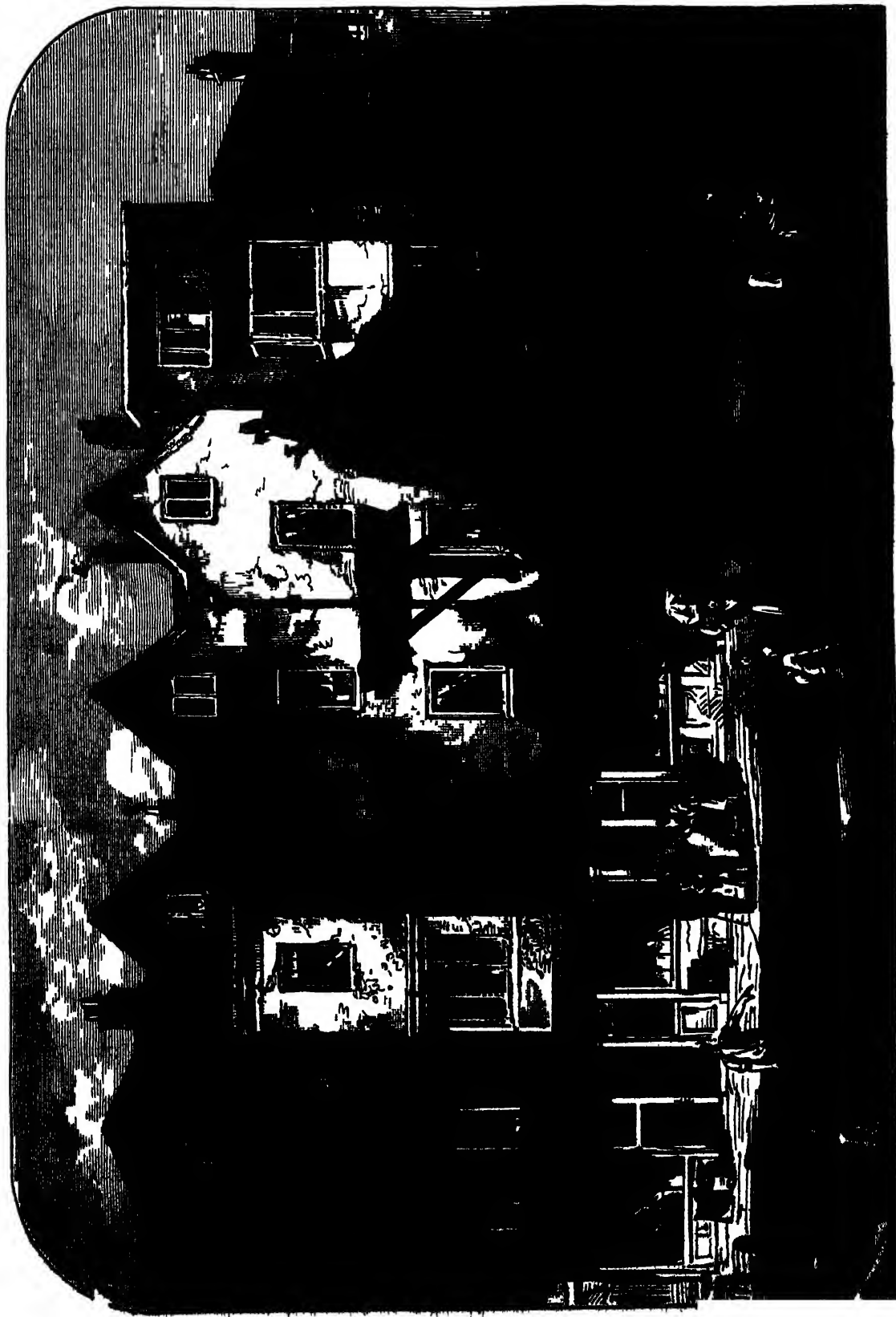
only to waste his fortune in Royalist plots. He served in the French army, raised a regiment for Louis XIII., and was left for dead at Dunkirk. On his return to England, he found Lucy Sacheverell—his "Lucretia," the lady of his love—married, his death having been reported. All went ill. He was again imprisoned, grew penniless, had to borrow, and fell into a consumption from despair for love and loyalty. "Having consumed all his estate," says Anthony Wood, "he grew very



COGERS' HALL, FROM AN OLD PRINT (see page 124).

two years before the Stuart Restoration, in a very mean lodging, was buried at the west end of St. Bride's Church. The son of a knight, and brought up at Oxford, Anthony Wood describes the gallant and hopeful lad at sixteen, when presented at the Court of Charles I., as "the most amiable and beautiful youth that eye ever beheld. A person, also, of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but specially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex." Presenting a daring petition from Kent in favour of the king, the Cavalier poet was thrown into prison by the Long Parliament, and was released

melancholy, which at length brought him into a consumption; became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes (whereas when he was in his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver), and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars than poorest of servants." There is a doubt, however, as to whether Lovelace died in such abject poverty, poor, dependent, and unhappy as he might have been. Lovelace's verse is often strained, affected, and wanting in judgment; but at times he mounts a bright-winged Pegasus, and with plume and feather flying, tooses his mane up, gay and chivalrous as Rupert's bravest. His verses to Lucy



OLDBOURNE HALL, SHOE LANE, 1823. (See page 134.)

Sacheverell, on leaving her for the French camp, are worthy of Montrose himself. The last two lines—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Lov'd I not honour more"—

contain the thirty-nine articles of a soldier's faith. And what Wildrake could have sung in the Gate House or the Compter more gaily of liberty than Lovelace, when he wrote,—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for a hermitage.  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty?"

Whenever we read the stanza that begins,—

"When love, with unconfined wings,  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings,  
To whisper at my grates,"

the scene rises before us; we see a fair pale face, with its aureole of golden hair gleaming between the rusty bars of the prison door, and the worn visage of the wounded Cavalier turning towards it as the flower turns to the sun. And surely Master Wildrake himself, with his glass of sack half-way to his mouth, never put it down to sing a finer Royalist stave than Lovelace's "To Althea, from Prison,"—

"When, linnet-like, confined, I  
With shriller note shall sing  
The mercy, sweetness, majesty,  
And glories of my king;  
When I shall voice aloud how good  
He is, how great should be,  
Th' enlarged winds that curl the flood  
Know no such liberty."

In the Cromwell times there resided in Gunpowder Alley, probably to the scorn of poor dying Lovelace, that remarkable cheat and early medium, Lilly the astrologer, the "Sidrophel" of "Hudibras." This rascal, who supplied the King and Parliament alternately with equally veracious predictions, was in youth apprenticed to a mantua-maker in the Strand, and on his master's death married his widow. Lilly studied astrology under one Evans, an ex-clergyman, who told fortunes in Gunpowder Alley. Besotted by the perusal of Cornelius Agrippa and other such trash, Lilly found fools plenty, and the stars, though potent in their spheres, unable to contradict his lies. This artful cheat was consulted as to the most propitious day and hour for Charles's escape from Carisbrook, and was even

sent for by the Puritan generals to encourage their men before Colchester. Lilly was a spy of the Parliament, yet at the Restoration professed to disclose the fact that Cornet Joyce had betrayed Charles. Whenever his predictions or his divining-rod failed, he always attributed his failures, as the modern spiritualists, the successors of the old wizards, still conveniently do, to want of faith in the spectators. By means of his own shrewdness, rather than by stellar influence, Lilly obtained many useful friends, among whom we may specially particularise the King of Sweden, Lenthal the Puritan Speaker, Bulstrode, Whitelocke (Cromwell's Minister), and the learned but credulous Elias Ashmole. Lilly's Almanac, the predecessor of Moore's and Zadkiel's, was carried on by him for six-and-thirty years. He claimed to be a special *protégé* of an angel called Salmonæus, and to have a more than bowing acquaintance with Salmael and Malchidael, the guardian angels of England. Among his works are his autobiography, and his "Observations on the Life and Death of Charles, late King of England." The remainder of his effusions are pretentious, mystical, muddle-headed rubbish, half nonsense, half knavery; as "The White King's Prophecy," "Supernatural Light," "The Starry Messenger," and "Annus Tenebrosus, or the Black Year." The rogue's starry mantle descended on his adopted son, a tailor, whom he named Merlin Junior. The credulity of the atheistical times of Charles II. is equalled only by that of our own day.

Lilly himself, in his amusing, half-knavish autobiography, has described his first introduction to the Welsh astrologer of Gunpowder Alley:—

"It happened," he says, "on one Sunday, 1632, as myself and a justice of peace's clerk were, before service, discoursing of many things, he chanced to say that such a person was a great scholar—nay, so learned that he could make an almanac, which to me then was strange; one speech begot another, till, at last, he said he could bring me acquainted with one Evans, in Gunpowder Alley, who had formerly lived in Staffordshire, that was an excellent wise man, and studied the black art. The same week after we went to see Mr. Evans. When we came to his house, he, having been drunk the night before, was upon his bed, if it be lawful to call that a bed whereon he then lay. He roused up himself, and after some compliments he was content to instruct me in astrology. I attended his best opportunities for seven or eight weeks, in which time I could set a figure perfectly. Books he had not any, except Holy, 'De Judiciis Astorum,' and Orrikanus's 'Ephemerides,' so that as often as I entered his house I thought I was in



the wilderness. Now, something of the man. He was by birth a Welshman, a master of arts, and in sacred orders. He had formerly had a cure of souls in Staffordshire, but now was come to try his fortunes at London, being in a manner enforced to fly, for some offences very scandalous committed by him in those parts where he had lately lived; for he gave judgment upon things lost, the only shame of astrology. He was the most saturnine person my eye ever beheld, either before I practised or since; of a middle stature, broad forehead, beetle-browed, thick shoulders, flat-nosed, full lips, down-looked, black, curling, stiff hair, splay-footed. To give him his right, he had the most piercing judgment naturally upon a figure of theft, and many other questions, that I ever met withal; yet for money he would willingly give contrary judgments; was much addicted to debauchery, and then very abusive and quarrelsome; seldom without a black eye or one mischief or other. This is the same Evans who made so many antimonial cups, upon the sale whereof he chiefly subsisted. He understood Latin very well, the Greek tongue not all; he had some arts above and beyond astrology, for he was well versed in the nature of spirits, and had many times used the circular way of invoking, as in the time of our familiarity he told me."

One of Lilly's most impudent attempts to avail himself of demoniacal assistance was when he dug for treasure (like Scott's Douterswivel) with David Ramsay, one dark and stormy night, in the cloisters at Westminster.

"Davy Ramsay," says the arch-roguer, "his majesty's clockmaker, had been informed that there was a great quantity of treasure buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey; he acquaints Dean Williams therewith, who was also then Bishop of Lincoln; the dean gave him liberty to search after it, with this proviso, that if any was discovered his church should have a share of it. Davy Ramsay finds out one John Scott,\* who pretended the use of the Mosaic rods, to assist him therein. I was desired to join with him, unto which I consented. One winter's night Davy Ramsay,† with several gentlemen, myself, and Scott, entered the cloisters; upon the west side of the cloisters the rods turned one over another, an argument that the treasure was there. The labourers digged at least six feet deep, and then we met with a coffin, but in regard it was not heavy, we did not open, which we after-

wards much repented. From the cloisters we went into the abbey church, where upon a sudden (there being no wind when we began) so fierce, so high, so blustering and loud a wind did rise, that we verily believed the west-end of the church would have fallen upon us; our rods would not move at all; the candles and torches, all but one, were extinguished, or burned very dimly. John Scott, my partner, was amazed, looked pale, knew not what to think or do, until I gave directions and command to dismiss the demons, which when done all was quiet again, and each man returned unto his lodging late, about twelve o'clock at night. I could never since be induced to join with any in such-like actions.

"The true miscarriage of the business was by reason of so many people being present at the operation, for there was about thirty—some laughing, others deriding us; so that if we had not dismissed the demons, I believe most part of the abbey church had been blown down. Secrecy and intelligent operators, with a strong confidence and knowledge of what they are doing, are best for this work."

In the last century, when every shop had its sign and London streets were so many out-of-door picture-galleries, a Dutchman named Vandertrout opened a manufactory of these pictorial advertisements in Harp Alley, Shoe Lane, a dirty passage now laid open to the sun and air on the east of the new St. Bride's Street, running from Ludgate Circus to Holborn. In ridicule of the spurious black, treachly old masters then profusely offered for sale by the picture-dealers of the day, Hogarth and Bonnell Thornton opened an exhibition of shop-signs. In Nicholls and Stevens' "Life of Hogarth" there is a full and racy account of this sarcastic exhibition:—"At the entrance of the large passage-room was written, 'N.B. That the merit of the *modern masters* may be fairly examined into, it has been thought proper to place some admired works of the most eminent *old masters* in this room, and along the passage through the yard.' Among these are 'A Barge' in still life, by Vandertrout. He cannot be properly called an English artist; but not being sufficiently encouraged in his own country, he left Holland with William the Third, and was the first artist who settled in Harp Alley. An original half-length of Camden, the great historian and antiquary, in his herald's coat; by Vandertrout. As this artist was originally colour-grinder to Hans Holbein, it is conjectured there are some of that great master's touches in this piece. 'Nobody, *alias* Somebody,' a character. (The figure of an officer, all hand, and

\* "This Scott lived in Pudding Lane, and had some time been a page (or such-like) to the Lord Norris."

† "Davy Ramsay brought a half-quarter's walk to put the treasure in."

legs, and thighs. This piece has a very odd effect, being so drolly executed that you do not miss the body.) 'Somebody, ~~alias~~ Nobody,' a caricature, its companion; both these by Hagarty. (A rosy figure, with a little head and a huge body, whose belly sways over almost quite down to his shoe-buckles. By the staff in his hand, it appears to be intended to represent a constable. It might else have been intended for an eminent justice of peace.) 'A Perspective View of Billingsgate, or Lectures on Elocution;' and 'The True Robin Hood Society, a Conversation or Lectures on Elocution,' its companion; these two by Barnsley. (These two strike at a famous lecturer on elocution and the reverend projector of a rhetorical academy, are admirably conceived and executed, and—the latter more especially—almost worthy the hand of Hogarth. They are full of a variety of droll figures, and seem, indeed, to be the work of a great master struggling to suppress his superiority of genius, and endeavouring to paint down to the common style and manner of sign-painting.)

"At the entrance to the *grand room*:—'The Society of Sign Painters take this opportunity of refuting a most malicious suggestion that their exhibition is designed as a ridicule on the exhibitions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c., and of the artists. They intend theirs only as an appendix or (in the style of painters) a companion to the other. There is nothing in their collection which will be understood by any candid person as a reflection on anybody, or any body of men. They are not in the least prompted by any mean jealousy to depreciate the merit of their brother artists. Animated by the same public spirit, their sole view is to convince foreigners, as well as their own blinded countrymen, that however inferior this nation may be unjustly deemed in other branches of the polite arts, the palm for sign-painting must be ceded to us, the Dutch themselves not excepted.' Projected in 1762 by Mr. Bonnel Thornton, of festive memory; but I am informed that he contributed no otherwise towards this display than by a few touches of chalk. Among the heads of distinguished personages, finding those of the King of Prussia and the Empress of Hungary, he changed the cast of their eyes, so as to make them leer significantly at each other. Note.—These (which in the catalogue are called an original portrait of the present Emperor of Prussia and ditto of the Empress Queen of Hungary, its antagonist) were two old signs of the "Saracen's Head" and Queen Anne. Under the first was written 'The Zarr,' and under the other 'The Empress Quean.' They were lolling their tongues

out at each other; and over their heads ran a wooden label, inscribed, 'The present state of Europe.'

"In 1762 was published, in quarto, undated, 'A Catalogue of the Original Paintings, Busts, and Carved Figures, &c. &c., now Exhibiting by the Society of Sign-painters, at the Large Room, the upper end of Bow Street, Covent Garden, nearly opposite the Playhouse.'

At 98, Shoe Lane lived, now some sixty years ago, a tobacconist named Hudson, a great humorist, a fellow of infinite fancy, and the writer of half the comic songs that once amused festive London. Hudson afterwards, we believe, kept the "Kean's Head" tavern, in Russell Court, Drury Lane, and about 1830 had a shop of some kind or other in Museum Street, Bloomsbury. Hudson was one of those professional song-writers and vocalists who used to be engaged to sing at such supper-rooms and theatrical houses as Offley's, in Henrietta Street (north-west end), Covent Garden, the "Coal Hole," in the Strand; and the "Cider Cellars," Maiden Lane. Sitting among the company, Hudson used to get up at the call of the chairman and "chant" one of his lively and really witty songs. The platform belongs to "Evans's" and a later period. Hudson was at his best long after Captain Morris's day, and at the time when Moore's melodies were popular. Many of the melodies Hudson parodied very happily, and with considerable tact and taste. Many of Hudson's songs, such as "Jack Robinson" (infinitely funnier than most of Dibdin's), became coined into catch-words and street sayings of the day. "Before you could say Jack Robinson" is a phrase, still current, derived from this highly droll song. The verse in which Jack Robinson's "engaged" apologises for her infidelity is as good as anything that James Smith ever wrote. To the returned sailor,—

"Says the lady, says she, 'I've changed my state.'  
'Why, you don't mean,' says Jack, 'that you've got a mate?  
'You know you promised me.' Says she, 'I couldn't wait,  
For no tidings could I gain of you, Jack Robinson.  
And somebody one day came to me and said  
That somebody else had somewhere read,  
In some newspaper, that you was somewhere dead.'—  
'I've not been dead at all,' says Jack Robinson."

Another song, "The Spider and the Fly," is still often sung; and "Going to Coronation" is by no means forgotten in Yorkshire. "There was a Man in the West Countrie" figures in most current collections of songs. Hudson particularly excelled in stage-Irishman songs, which were then popular; and some of these, particularly one that ends with

the refrain, "My brogue and my blarney and bothering ways," have real humour in them. Many of these Irish songs were written for and sung by the late Mr. Fitzwilliam, the comedian, as others of Hudson's songs were by Mr. Rayner. Collectors of comic ditties will not readily forget "Walker, the Twopenny Postman," or "The Dogs'-meat Man"—rough caricatures of low life, unstained by the vulgarity of many of the modern music-hall ditties. In the motto to one of his collections of poems, Hudson borrows from Churchill an excuse for the rough, humorous effusions that he scattered broadcast over the town,—

"When the mad fit comes on, I seize the pen,  
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down;  
Rough as they run, discharge them on the town.  
Hence rude, unfinished brats, before their time,  
Are born into this idle world of rhyme;  
And the poor slattern muse is brought to bed,  
With all her imperfections on her head."

We subjoin a very good specimen of Hudson's songs, from his once very popular "Coronation of William and Adelaide" (1830), which, we think, will be allowed to fully justify our praise of the author:—

"And when we got to town, quite tired,  
The bell, all rung, the guns they fired,  
The people looking all bemired,  
In one conglomeration.  
Soldiers red, policemen blue,  
Horse-guards, foot-guards, and blackguards too,  
Beef-eaters, dukes, and Lord knows who,  
To see the Coronation."

"While Dolly bridled up, so proud,  
At us the people laughed aloud;  
Dobbin stood in thickest crowd,  
Wi' quiet resignation.  
To move again he warn't inclined;  
'Here's a chap!' says one behind,  
'He's brought an old horse, lame and blind,  
To see the Coronation'

"Dolly cried, 'Oh! dear, oh! dear,  
I wish I never had come here,  
To suffer every jibe and jeer,  
In such a situation.'  
While so busy, she and I  
To get a little ease did try,  
By goles! the king and queen went by,  
And all the Coronation."

"I struggled hard, and Dolly cried;  
And tho' to help myself I tried,  
We both were carried with the tide,  
Against our inclination.  
'The reign's begun!' folks cried; 'tis true;  
'Sure,' said Dolly, 'I think so too;  
'The rain's begun, for I'm wet thro',  
All through the Coronation.'"

"We bade good-bye to Lunnun town;  
The king and queen they gain'd a crown;  
Dolly spoilt her bran-new gown,  
To her mortification.  
I'll drink our king and queen wi' glee,  
In home-brewed ale, and so will she;  
But Doll and I ne'er want to see  
Another Coronation."

Our English bishops, who had not the same taste as the Cistercians in selecting pleasant places for their habitations, seem during the Middle Ages to have much affected the neighbourhood of Fleet Street. Ely Place still marks the residence of one rich prelate. In Chichester Rents we have already met with the humble successors of the netmaker of Galilee. In a siding on the north-west side of Shoe Lane the Bishops of Bangor lived, with their spluttering and choleric Welsh retinue, as early as 1378. Recent improvements have laid open the miserable "close" called Bangor Court, that once glowed with the reflections of scarlet hoods and jewelled copes; and a schoolhouse of bastard Tudor architecture, with sham turrets and flimsy mullioned windows, now occupies the site of the Christian prelate's old palace. Bishop Dolben, who died in 1633 (Charles I.), was the last Welsh bishop who deigned to reside in a neighbourhood from which wealth and fashion was fast ebbing. Brayley says that a part of the old episcopal garden, where the ecclesiastical subjects of centuries had been discussed by shaven men and frocked scholars, still existed in 1759 (George II.); and, indeed, as Mr. Jesse records, even as late as 1828 (George IV.) a portion of the old mansion, once redolent with the stupefying incense of the unreformed Church, still lingered. Old Bangor House, according to Mr. J. T. Smith, is mentioned in the Patent Rolls as early as Edward III. The lawyers' barbarous dog-Latin of an old deed describe "unum messuag, unum placeam terræ, ac unam gardniam, cum aliis edificiis," in Shoe Lane, London. In 1647 (Charles I.) Sir John Birkstead purchased of the Parliamentary trustees the bishop's lands, that had probably been confiscated, to build streets upon the site. But Sir John went on paving the old place, and never built at all. Cromwell's Act of 1657, to check the increase of London, entailed a special exemption in his favour. At the Restoration the land returned to its Welsh bishop; but it had degenerated: the palace was divided into several residences, and mean buildings sprang up like fungi around it. A drawing by Malcolm, early in the century, shows us its two Tudor windows. Later, it became divided into wretched rooms, and was or three hundred poor people, chiefly Irish, tenants.

in them. The house was entirely pulled down in the autumn of 1828.

Mr. Grant, that veteran of the press, tells a capital story, in his "History of the Newspaper Press," about one of the early vendors of unstamped newspapers in Shoe Lane :—

a time to elude their vigilance ; and in order to prevent the seizure of his paper, he resorted to an expedient which was equally ingenious and laughable. Close by his little shop in Shoe Lane there was an undertaker, whose business, as might be inferred from the neighbourhood, as well as from



BANGOR HOUSE, 1818 (see page 131)

"*Cleave's Police Gazette*," says Mr. Grant, "consisted chiefly of reports of police cases. It certainly was a newspaper to all intents and purposes, and was ultimately so declared to be in a court of law by a jury. But in the meantime, while the action was pending, the police had instructions to arrest Mr. John Cleave, the proprietor, and seize all the copies of the paper as they came out of his office in Shoe Lane. He contrived for

his personal appearance and the homeliness of his shop, was exclusively among the lower and poorer classes of the community. With him Mr. Cleave made an arrangement to construct several coffins of the plainest and cheapest kind, for purposes which were fully explained. The 'undertaker,' whose ultra-republican principles were in perfect unison with those of Mr. Cleave, not only heartily undertook the work, but did so on terms so

moderate that he would not ask for nor accept any profit. He, indeed, could imagine no higher nor holier duty than that of assisting in the dissemination of a paper which boldly and energetically preached the extinction of the aristocracy and the perfect equality in social position, and in property too, of all classes of the community. Accordingly the coffins, with a rudeness in make and material which were in perfect keeping with the purpose to which they were to be applied, were got ready; and Mr. Cleave, in the dead of night,

readiness to render a similar service to Mr. Cleave and the cause of red Republicanism when the next *Gazette* appeared.

"In this way Mr. Cleave contrived for some time to elude the vigilance of the police and to sell about 50,000 copies weekly of each impression of his paper. But the expedient, ingenious and eminently successful as it was for a time, failed at last. The people in Shoe Lane and the neighbourhood began to be surprised and alarmed at the number of funerals, as they believed them to be, which the



OLD ST. DUNSTON'S CHURCH, 1814 (see page 135).

got them filled with thousands of his *Gazettes*. It had been arranged beforehand that particular houses in various parts of the town should be in readiness to receive them with blinds down, as if some relative had been dead, and was about to be borne away to the house appointed for all living. The deal coffin was opened, and the contents were taken out, tied up in a parcel so as to conceal from the prying curiosity of any chance person that they were *Cleave's Police Gazette*, and then sent off to the railway stations most convenient for their transmission to the provinces. The coffins after this were returned in the middle of next night to the 'undertaker's' in Shoe Lane, there to be in

departure of so many coffins from the 'undertaker's' necessarily implied. The very natural conclusion to which they came was, that this supposed sudden and extensive number of deaths could only be accounted for on the assumption that some fatal epidemic had visited the neighbourhood, and there made itself a local habitation. The medical authorities, responding to the prevailing alarm, questioned the 'undertaker' friend and fellow-labourer of Mr. Cleave as to the causes of his sudden and extensive accession of business in the coffin-making way; and the result of the close question put to him was the discovery of the whole matter. It need hardly be added that the 'undertaker's' and



complete collapse took place in Mr. Cleave's business, so far as his *Police Gazette* was concerned. Not another number of the publication ever made its appearance, while the coffin-trade of the 'undertaker' all at once returned to its normal proportions."

On the east side of Shoe Lane formerly stood an antiquated building, called Oldbourne Hall, of which we give an engraving on page 127. The edifice is mentioned by Stow in his "Survey of London" (1598) as being even at that time "letten out into tenements."

One especially sad association attaches to Shoe Lane, and that is the burial in the workhouse graveyard (the site of the late Farringdon Market) of that unhappy child of genius, Chatterton the poet. In August, 1770, the poor lad, who had come from Bristol full of hope and ambition to make his fortune in London by his pen, broken-hearted and maddened by disappointment, destroyed himself in his mean garret-lodging in Brooke Street, Holborn, by swallowing arsenic. Mr. John Dix, his very unscrupulous biographer, has noted down a curious legend about the possible removal of the poet's corpse from London to Bristol, which, doubtful as it is, is at least interesting as a possibility:—

"I found," says Mr. Dix, "that Mrs. Stockwell, of Peter Street, wife of Mr. Stockwell, a basket-maker, was the person who had communicated to Sir R. Wilmot her grounds for believing Chatterton to have been so interred; and on my requesting her to repeat to me what she knew of that affair, she commenced by informing me that at ten years of age she was a scholar of Mrs. Chatterton, his mother, where she was taught plain work, and remained with her until she was near twenty years of age; that she slept with her, and found her kind and motherly, inasmuch that there were many things which in moments of affliction Mrs. C. communicated to her, that she would not have wished to have been generally known; and among others, she often repeated how happy she was that her unfortunate son lay buried in Redcliff, through the kind attention of a friend or relation in London, who, after the body had been cased in a parish shell, had it properly secured and sent to her by the waggon; that when it arrived it was opened, and the corpse found to be black and half putrid (having been burst with the motion of the carriage, or from some other cause), so that it became necessary to inter it speedily; and that it was early interred by Phillips, the sexton, who was of her family. That the effect of the loss of her son was a nervous disorder, which never quitted her, and she was often seen weeping at the bitter remembrance of her misfortune. She described the poet

as having been sharp-tempered, but that it was soon over; and she often said he had cost her many uneasy hours, from the apprehension she entertained of his going mad, as he was accustomed to remain fixed for above an hour at a time quite motionless, and then he would snatch up a pen and write incessantly; but he was always, she added, affectionate. . . .

"In addition to this, Mrs. Stockwell told the writer that the grave was on the right-hand side of the lime-tree, middle paved walk, in Redcliff Churchyard, about twenty feet from the father's grave, which is, she says, in the paved walk, and where now Mrs. Chatterton and Mrs. Newton, her daughter, also lie. Also, that Mrs. Chatterton gave a person leave to bury his child over her son's coffin, and was much vexed to find that he afterwards put the stone over it, which, when Chatterton was buried, had been taken up for the purpose of digging the grave, and set against the church-wall; that afterwards, when Mr. Hutchinson's or Mr. Taylor's wife died, they buried her also in the same grave, and put this stone over with a new inscription. (Query, did he erase the first, or turn the stone?—as this might lead to a discovery of the spot.) . . .

"Being referred to Mrs. Jane Phillips, of Rolls Alley, Rolls Lane, Great Gardens, Temple Parish (who is sister to that Richard Phillips who was sexton at Redcliff Church in the year 1772), she informed me that his widow and a daughter were living in Cathay; the widow is sexton, a Mr. Perrin, of Colston's Parade, acting for her. She remembers Chatterton having been at his father's school, and that he always called Richard Phillips, her brother, 'uncle,' and was much liked by him. He liked him for his spirit, and there can be no doubt he would have risked the privately burying him on that account. When she heard he was gone to London she was sorry to hear it, for all loved him, and thought he could get no good there.

"Soon after his death her brother, R. Phillips, told her that poor Chatterton had killed himself; on which she said she would go to Madam Chatterton's, to know the rights of it; but that he forbade her, and said, if she did so he should be sorry he had told her. She, however, did go, and asking if it was true that he was dead, Mrs. Chatterton began to weep bitterly, saying, 'My son indeed is dead!' and when she asked her where he was buried, she replied, 'Ask me nothing; he is dead and buried.'"

Poppin's Court (No. 109) marks the site of the ancient hostel (hotel) of the Abbots of Chrochester — though what they did there, when they ought to



have been on their knees in their own far-away Gloucestershire abbey, history does not choose to record. The sign of their inn was the "Poppin-gaye" (popinjay, parrot), and in 1602 (last year of Elizabeth) the alley was called Poppingay Alley. That excellent man Van Mildert (then a poor curate, living in Ely Place, afterwards Bishop of Durham—a prelate remarkable for this above all his many other Christian virtues, that he was not proud) was once driven into this alley with a young

barrister friend by a noisy illumination-night crowd. The street boys began firing a volley of squibs at the young curate, who found all hope of escape barred, and dreaded the pickpockets, who take rapid advantage of such temporary embarrassments; but his good-natured exclamation, "Ah! here you are, popping away in Poppin's Court!" so pleased the crowd that they at once laughingly opened a passage for him. "Sic me servavit Apollo," he used afterwards to add when telling the story.

## CHAPTER XII.

### FLEET STREET TRIBUTARIES—SOUTH.

Worthy Mr. Fisher—Lamb's Wednesday Evenings—Persons one would wish to have seen—Ram Alley—Serjeants' Inn—The *Daily News*—"Memory" Woodfall—A Mug House Riot—Richardson's Printing Office—Fielding and Richardson—Johnson's Estimate of Richardson—Hogarth and Richardson's Guest—An Egotist Rebuked—The King's "Housewife"—Caleb Colton: his Life, Works, and Sentiments.

FALCON COURT, Fleet Street, took its name from an inn which bore the sign of the "Falcon." This passage formerly belonged to a gentleman named Fisher, who, out of gratitude to the Cordwainers' Company, bequeathed it to them by will. His gratitude is commonly said to have arisen from the number of good dinners that the Company had given him. However this may be, the Cordwainers are the present owners of the estate, and are under the obligation of having a sermon preached annually at the neighbouring church of St. Dunstan, on the 10th of July, when certain sums are given to the poor. Formerly it was the custom to drink sack in the church to the pious memory of Mr. Fisher, but this appears to have been discontinued for a considerable period. This Fisher was a jolly fellow, if all the tales are true which are related of him, as, besides the sack-drinking, he stipulated that the Cordwainers should give a grand feast on the same day yearly to all their tenants. What a quaint picture might be made of the churchwardens in the old church drinking to the memory of Mr. Fisher! Wynkyn de Worde, the father of printing in England, lived in Fleet Street, at his messuage or inn known by the sign of the Falcon. Whether it was the inn that stood on the site of Falcon Court is not known with certainty, but most probably it was.

Charles Lamb came to 16, Mitre Court Buildings in 1800, after leaving Southampton Buildings, and remained in that quiet harbour, out of Fleet

Street till 1809, when he removed to Inner Temple Lane.

It was whilst Lamb was residing in Mitre Court Buildings that those Wednesday evenings of his were in their glory. In two of Mr. Hazlitt's papers are graphic pictures of these delightful Wednesdays and the Wednesday men, and admirable notes of several choice conversations. There is a curious sketch in one of a little tilt between Coleridge and Holcroft, which must not be omitted. "Coleridge was riding the high German horse, and demonstrating the 'Categories of the Transcendental Philosophy' to the author of *The Road to Ruin*, who insisted on his knowledge of German and German metaphysics, having read the 'Critique of Pure Reason' in the original. 'My dear Mr. Holcroft,' said Coleridge, in a tone of infinitely provoking conciliation, 'you really put me in mind of a sweet pretty German girl of about fifteen, in the Hartz Forest, in Germany, and who one day, as I was reading "The Limits of the Knowable and the Unknowable," the profoundest of all his works, with great attention, came behind my chair, and leaning over, said, "What! you read Kant? Why, I, that am a German born, don't understand him!"' This was too much to bear, and Holcroft, starting up, called out, in no measured tone, 'Mr. Coleridge, you are the most arrogant man I ever met with, and the most impudent with your eloquence.' Phillips held the writing-page, that was to mark the scene, and the

hand, and the whist-table was silent for a moment. I saw Holcroft downstairs, and on coming to the landing-place in Mitre Court he stopped me to observe that he thought Mr. Coleridge a very clever man, with a great command of language, but that he feared he did not always affix very proper ideas to the words he used. After he was gone we had our laugh out, and went on with the argument on 'The Nature of Reason, the Imagination, and the Will.' . . . It would make a supplement to the 'Biographia Literaria,' in a volume and a half, octavo."

It was at one of these Wednesdays that Lamb started his famous question as to persons "one would wish to have seen." It was a suggestive topic, and proved a fruitful one. Mr. Hazlitt, who was there, has left an account behind him of the kind of talk which arose out of this hint, so lightly thrown out by the author of "Elia," and it is worth giving in his own words:—

"On the question being started, Ayrton said, 'I suppose the two first persons you would choose to see would be the two greatest names in English literature, Sir Isaac Newton and Locke?' In this Ayrton, as usual, reckoned without his host. Every one burst out a-laughing at the expression of Lamb's face, in which impatience was restrained by courtesy. 'Y—yes, the greatest names,' he stammered out hastily; 'but they were not persons—not persons.' 'Not persons?' said Ayrton, looking wise and foolish at the same time, afraid his triumph might be premature. 'That is,' rejoined Lamb, 'not characters, you know. By Mr. Locke and Sir Isaac Newton you mean the "Essay on the Human Understanding" and "Principia," which we have to this day. Beyond their contents, there is nothing personally interesting in the men. But what we want to see any one *bodily* for is when there is something peculiar, striking in the individuals, more than we can learn from their writings and yet are curious to know. I dare say Locke and Newton were very like Kneller's portraits of them; but who could paint Shakespeare?' 'Ay,' retorted Ayrton, 'there it is. Then I suppose you would prefer seeing him and Milton instead?' 'No,' said Lamb, 'neither; I have seen so much of Shakespeare on the stage.' . . . 'I shall guess no more,' said Ayrton. 'Who is it, then, you would like to see "in his habit as he lived," if you had your choice of the whole range of English literature?' Lamb then named Sir Thomas Brown and Fulke Greville, the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, as the two worthies whom he should feel the greatest pleasure to encounter on the floor of his apartment in their night-gowns

and slippers, and to exchange friendly greeting with them. At this Ayrton laughed outright, and conceived Lamb was jesting with him; but as no one followed his example he thought there might be something in it, and waited for an explanation in a state of whimsical suspense. . . .

"When Lamb had given his explanation, some one inquired of him if he could not see from the window the Temple walk in which Chaucer used to take his exercise, and on his name being put to the vote I was pleased to find there was a general sensation in his favour in all but Ayrton, who said something about the ruggedness of the metre, and even objected to the quaintness of the orthography. . . .

"Captain Burney muttered something about Columbus, and Martin Burney hinted at the Wandering Jew; but the last was set aside as spurious, and the first made over to the New World.

"'I should like,' said Mr. Reynolds, 'to have seen Pope talking with Patty Blount, and I *have* seen Goldsmith.' Every one turned round to look at Mr. Reynolds, as if by so doing they too could get a sight of Goldsmith. . . .

"Erasmus Phillips, who was deep in a game of piquet at the other end of the room, whispered to Martin Burney to ask if Junius would not be a fit person to invoke from the dead. 'Yes,' said Lamb, 'provided he would agree to lay aside his mask.'

"We were now at a stand for a short time, when Fielding was mentioned as a candidate. Only one, however, seconded the proposition. 'Richardson?' 'By all means; but only to look at him through the glass door of his back-shop, hard at work upon one of his novels (the most extraordinary contrast that ever was presented between an author and his works), but not to let him come behind his counter, lest he should want you to turn customer; nor to go upstairs with him, lest he should offer to read the first manuscript of "Sir Charles Grandison," which was originally written in twenty-eight volumes octavo; or get out the letters of his female correspondents to prove that "Joseph Andrews" was low.'

"There was but one statesman in the whole of English history that any one expressed the least desire to see—Oliver Cromwell, with his fine, frank, rough, pimply face and wily policy—and one enthusiast, John Bunyan, the immortal author of 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' . . .

"Of all persons near our own time, Garrick's name was received with the greatest enthusiasm. He presently superseded both Hogarth and

Handel, who had been talked of, but then it was on condition that he should sit in tragedy and comedy, in the play and the farce,—Lear and Wildair, and Abel Druggier. . . .

"Lamb inquired if there was any one that was hanged that I would choose to mention, and I answered, 'Eugene Aram.'"

The present Hare Place was the once disreputable Ram Alley, the scene of a comedy of that name, written by Lodowick Barry and dramatised in the reign of James I.; the plot Killigrew afterwards used in his vulgar *Parson's Wedding*. Barry, an Irishman, of whom nothing much is known, makes one of his roystering characters say,—

"And rough Ram Alley stinks with cooks' shops vile;  
Yet, stay, there's many a worthy lawyer's chamber  
'Buts on Ram Alley."

As a precinct of Whitefriars, Ram Alley enjoyed the mischievous privilege of sanctuary for murderers, thieves, and debtors—indeed, any class of rascals except traitors—till the fifteenth century. After this it sheltered only debtors. Barry speaks of its cooks, salesmen, and laundresses; and Shadwell classes it (Charles II.) with Pye Corner, as the resort of "rascally stuff." Lord Clarendon, in his autobiography, describes the Great Fire as burning on the Thames side as far as the "new buildings of the Inner Temple next to Whitefriars," striking next on some of the buildings which joined to Ram Alley, and sweeping all those into Fleet Street. In the reign of George I. Ram Alley was full of public-houses, and was a place of no reputation, having passages into the Temple and Serjeants' Inn. "A kind of privileged place for debtors," adds Hatton, "before the late Act of Parliament (9 & 10 William III. c. 17, s. 15) for taking them away." This useful Act swept out all the London sanctuaries, those vicious relics of monastic rights, including Mitre Court, Salisbury Court (Fleet Street), the Savoy, Fulwood Rents (Holborn), Baldwin's Gardens (Gray's Inn Lane), the Minories, Deadman's Place, Montague Close (Southwark), the Clink, and the Mint in the same locality. The Savoy and the Mint, however, remained disreputable a generation or two later.

Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, now deserted by the faithless serjeants, is supposed to have been given to the Dean and Chapter of York in 1409 (Henry IV.). It then consisted of shops, &c. In 1627 (Charles I.) the inn began its legal career by being leased for forty years to nine judges and fifteen serjeants. In this hall, in 1629, the judges in full bench struck a sturdy blow at feudal privi-

leges by agreeing that peers might be attached upon process for contempt out of Chancery. In 1723 (George I.) the inn was highly aristocratic, its inmates being the Lord Chief Justice, the Lord Chief Baron, justices, and serjeants. In 1730, however, the fickle serjeants removed to Chancery Lane, and Adam, the architect of the Adelphi, designed the present nineteen houses and the present street frontage. On the site of the hall arose the Amicable Assurance Society, which in 1865 transferred its business to the Economic, and the house is now the Norwich Union Office. The inn is a parish in itself, making its own assessment, and contributing to the City rates. Its pavement, which had been part of the stonework of Old St. Paul's, was not replaced till 1860. The conservative old inn retained its old dim lamps long after the introduction of gas.

The arms of Serjeants' Inn, worked into the iron gate opening on Fleet Street, are a dove and a serpent, the serpent twisted into a kind of true lover's knot. The lawyers of Serjeants' Inn, no doubt, unite the wisdom of the serpent with the guilelessness of the dove. Singularly enough Dr. Dodd, the popular preacher, who was hanged, bore arms nearly similar.

Half way down Bouverie Street, in the centre of old Whitefriars, is the office of the *Daily News*. The first number of this popular and influential paper appeared on January 21, 1846. The publishers, and part proprietors, were Messrs. Bradbury and Evans; the principal editor was Charles Dickens; the manager was Dickens's father; the second, or assistant editor, Douglas Jerrold; and among the other "leader" writers and contributors were Albany Fonblanque and John Forster, both of the *Examiner*. "Father Prout" (Mahoney) acted as Roman correspondent. The musical critic was the late Mr. George Hogarth, Dickens's father-in-law; and the new journal had an "Irish Famine Commissioner" in the person of Mr. R. H. Horne, the poet. Miss Martineau wrote leading articles in the new paper for several years, and Mr. McCullagh Torrens was also a recognised contributor. The staff of Parliamentary reporters was said to be the best in London, several having been taken, at advanced salaries, off the *Times*.

"The speculative proprietorship," says Mr. Grant, in his "History of the Newspaper Press," was divided into one hundred shares, some of which were held by Sir William Jackson, M.P., Sir Joshua Watkins, and the late Sir Joseph Paxton. Mr. Charles Dickens, as editor, received a salary of £2,000 a year."

The early numbers of the paper contained

instalments of Dickens's "Pictures from Italy;" yet the new venture did not succeed. Charles Dickens and Douglas Jerrold took the night-work on alternate days; but Dickens, who never made politics a special study, very soon retired from the editorship altogether, and Jerrold was chief editor for a little while, till he left to set up his

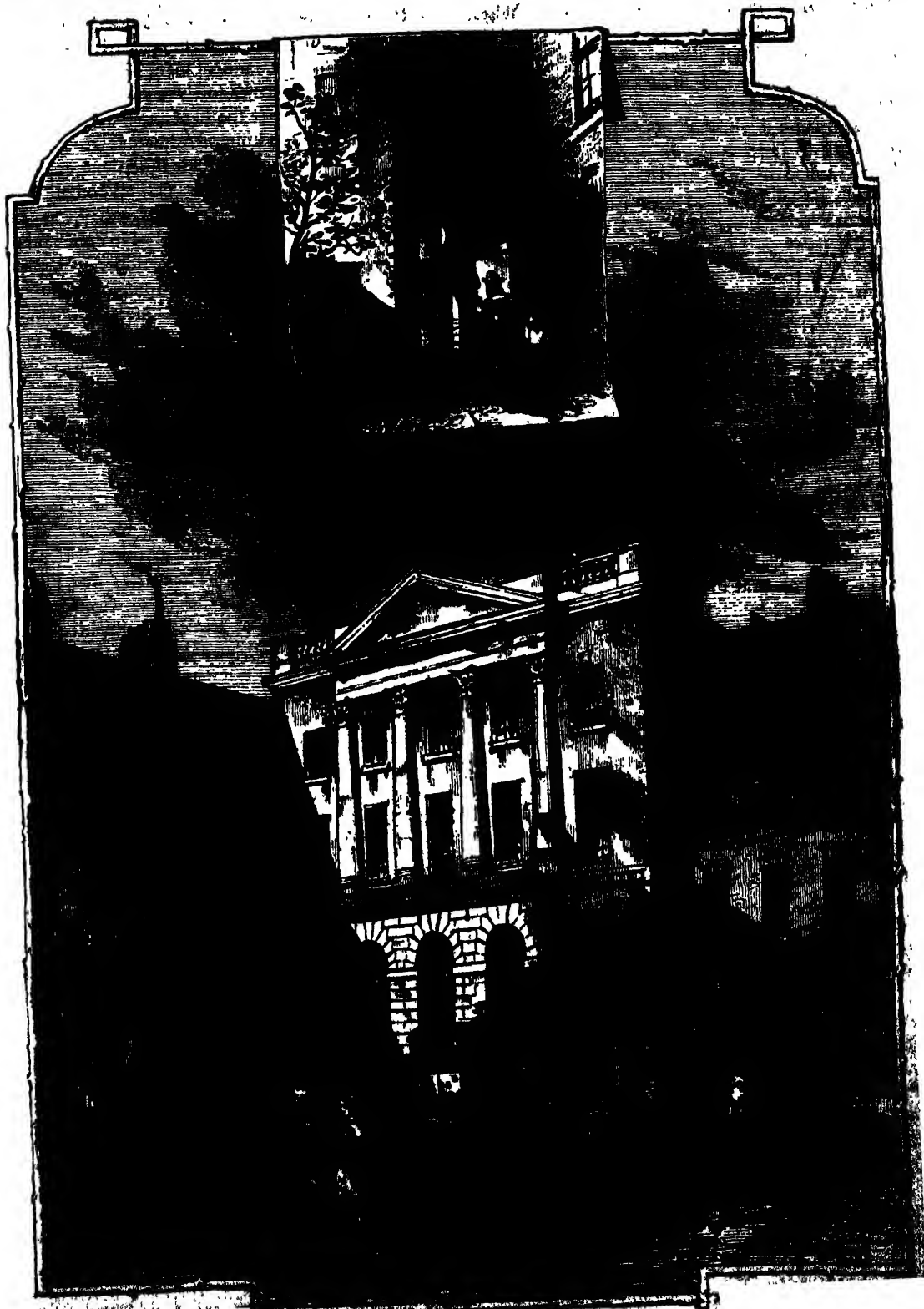
paper, was in effect three halfpence. One of the features of the new plan was that the sheet should vary in size, according to the requirements of the day—with an eye, nevertheless, at all times to selection and condensation. It was a bold attempt, carried out with great intelligence and spirit, but it was soon found necessary to put



111 DORSET GARDENS THEATRE, WHITEFRIARS (see page 140).

*Weekly Newspaper.* Mr. Forster also held the editorship for a short period, and the paper then fell into the hands of the late Mr. Dilke, of the *Athenæum*, who excited some curiosity by extensively advertising these words: "See the *Daily News* of June 1st." The *Daily News* of June 1, 1846 (which began No. 1 again), was a paper of four pages, issued at 2½d., which, deducting the stamp, at that time affixed to every copy of every news-

on another halfpenny, and in a year or two the *Daily News* was obliged to return to the usual price of "dailies" at that time—fivepence. The chief editors of the paper, besides those already mentioned, have been Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe, Mr. Frederick Knight Hunt, Mr. Weir, and Mr. Thomas Walker, who retired in January, 1870, on receiving the editorship of the *London Gazette*. The journal came down to a penny in June, 1868.



THE FIRST STREET, CALCUTTA. (See p. 134.)

The *Daily News*, at the beginning, inspired the *Times* with some dread of rivalry; and it is noteworthy that, for several years afterwards, the great journal was very unfriendly in its criticisms on Dickens's books.

There is no doubt that, over-sanguine of success, the *Daily News* proprietors began by sinking too much money in the foundations. In 1846, the *Times*' reporters received on an average only five guineas a week, while the *Daily News* gave seven; but the pay was soon of necessity reduced. Mr. Grant computes the losses of the *Daily News* for the first ten years at not much less than £200,000. The talent and enterprise of this paper during the German invasion of France in 1871-2, and the excellence of their correspondents in either camp, is said to have trebled its circulation, which Mr. Grant computes at a daily issue of 90,000. As an organ of the highest and most enlightened form of Liberalism and progress, the *Daily News* now stands pre-eminent.

Many actors, poets, and authors dwelt in Salisbury Court in Charles II.'s time, and the great Betterton, Underhill, and Sandford affected this neighbourhood, to be near the theatres. Lady Davenant here presided over the Dorset Gardens Company; Shadwell, "round as a butt and liquored every chink," nightly reeled home to the same precinct, unsteadily following the guidance of a will-o'-the-wisp link-boy; and in the square lived and died Sir John King, the Duke of York's solicitor-general.

If Salisbury Square boasts of Richardson, the respectable citizen and admirable novelist, it must also plead guilty to having been the residence of that not very reputable personage, Mr. John Eyre, who, although worth, as it was said, some £20,000, was transported on November 1, 1771 (George III.) for systematic pilfering of paper from the alderman's chamber, in the justice room, Guildhall. This man, led away by the thirst for money, had an uncle who made two wills, one leaving Eyre all his money, except a legacy of £500 to a clergyman; another leaving the bulk to the clergyman, and £500 only to his nephew. Eyre, not knowing of the second will, destroyed the first, in order to cancel the vexatious bequest. When the real will was produced his disappointment and selfish remorse must have produced an expression of repressed rage worthy of Hogarth's pencil.

In Salisbury Square Mr. Clark's disagreeable confessions about the Duke of York were publicly burned, on the very spot (says Mr. Noble) where the zealous radical demagogue, Waithman, subsequently addressed the people from a temporary platform, not being able to obtain the use of

St. Bride's Vestry. Nor must we forget to chronicle No. 53 as the house of Tatum, a silversmith, to whom, in 1812, that eminent man, Michael Faraday, acted as humble friend and assistant. How often does young genius act the herdsman, as Apollo did when he tended the kine of Admetus!

The Woodfalls, too, in their time, lent celebrity to Salisbury Square. The first Woodfall who became eminent was Henry Woodfall, at the "Elzevir's Head" at Temple Bar. He commenced business under the auspices of Pope. His son Henry, who rose to be a Common Councilman and Master of the Stationers' Company, bought of Theophilus Cibber, in 1736-37, one-third of a tenth share of the London *Daily Post*, an organ which gradually grew into the *Public Advertiser*, that daring paper in which the celebrated letters of "Junius" first appeared. Those letters, scathing and full of Greek fire, brought down Lords and Commons, King's Bench and Old Bailey, on Woodfall, and he was fined and imprisoned. Whether Burke, Barré, Chatham, Horne Tooke, or Sir Philip Francis wrote them, will now probably never be known. The stern writer in the iron mask went down into the grave shrouded in his own mystery, and that grave no inquisitive eyes will ever find. "I am the sole depository of my secret," he wrote, "and it shall perish with me." The "Junius" Woodfall died in 1805. William Woodfall, the younger brother, was born in 1745, and educated at St. Paul's School. He was editor and printer of the *Morning Chronicle*, and in 1790 had his office in Dorset Street, Salisbury Square. "Memory" Woodfall, as William was generally called, acquired fame by his extraordinary power of reporting from memory the speeches he heard in the House of Commons. His practice during a debate (says his friend Mr. Taylor, of the *Sun*) was to close his eyes and lean with both hands upon his stick. He was so well acquainted with the tone and manner of the several speakers that he seldom changed his attitude but to catch the name of a new member. His memory was as accurate as it was capacious, and, what was almost miraculous, he could retain full recollection of any particular debate for a full fortnight, and after many long nights of speaking. Woodfall used to say he could put a speech away on a corner shelf of his mind for future reference. This is an instance of power of memory scarcely equalled by Fuller, who, it is said, could repeat the names of all the shops upon the Strand (at a time every shop had a sign) in regular and correct sequence; and it even surpasses "Memory" Thompson, who used to boast he could remember every shop from Ludgate Hill



to the end of Piccadilly. Yet, with all his sensitively retentive memory, Woodfall did not care for alight interruptions during his writing. Dr. Johnson used to write abridged reports of debates for the *Gentleman's Magazine* from memory; but, then, reports at that time were short and trivial. Woodfall was also a most excellent dramatic critic—slow to censure, yet never sparing in just rebuke. At the theatre his extreme attention gave his countenance a look of gloom and severity. Mr. J. Taylor, of the *Sun*, describes Kemble as watching Woodfall in one of those serious moods, and saying to a friend, "How applicable to that man is the passage in *Hamlet*,—'thoughts black, hands apt.'"

Finding himself hampered on the *Morning Chronicle*, Woodfall started a new daily paper, with the title of the *Diary*, but eventually 'he was overpowered by his competitors and their large staff of reporters. His eldest son, who displayed great abilities, went mad. Mr. Woodfall's hospitable parties at his house at Kentish Town are sketched for us by Mr. J. Taylor. On one particular occasion he mentions meeting Mr. Tickell, Richardson (a partner in "The Rolliad"), John Kemble, Perry (of the *Chronicle*), Dr. Glover (a humorist of the day), and John Coust. Kemble and Perry fell out over their wine, and Perry was rude to the stately tragedian. Kemble, eyeing him with the scorn of Coriolanus, exclaimed, in the words of Zanga,—

"A lion preys not upon carcases."

Perry very naturally effervesced at this, and war would have been instantly proclaimed between the belligerents had not Coust and Richardson promptly interposed. The warlike powers were carefully sent home in separate vehicles.

Mr. Woodfall had a high sense of the importance of a Parliamentary reporter's duties, and once, during a heavy week, when his eldest son came to town to assist him, he said, "And Charles Fox to have a debate on a Saturday! What! does he think that reporters are made of iron?" Woodfall used to tell a characteristic story of Dr. Dodd. When that miserable man was in Newgate waiting sentence of death, he sent earnestly for the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. Woodfall, a kind and unselfish man, instantly hurried off, expecting that Dodd wished his serious advice. In the midst of Woodfall's condolence he was stopped by the Doctor, who said he had wished to see him on quite a different subject. Knowing Woodfall's judgment in dramatic matters, he was anxious to have his opinion on a comedy which he had

written, and to request his interest with a manager to bring it on the stage. Woodfall was the more surprised and shocked, as on entering Newgate he had been informed by Ackerman, the keeper of Newgate, that the order for Dr. Dodd's execution had just arrived.

Before parting with the Woodfall family, we may mention that it is quite certain that Henry Sampson Woodfall did not know who the author of "Junius" was. Long after the letters appeared he used to say, "I hope and trust 'Junius' is not dead, as I think he would have left me a legacy; for though I derived much honour from his preference, I suffered much by the freedom of his pen."

The grandson of William, Henry Dick Woodfall, died at Nice, April 13, 1869, aged sixty-nine, carrying to the grave (says Mr. Noble) the last chance of discovering one of the best kept secrets ever known.

The Whig "mug-house" of Salisbury Court deserves notice. The death of Queen Anne (1714) roused the hopes of the Jacobites. The rebellion of 1715 proved how bitterly they felt the peaceful accession of the Elector of Hanover. The northern revolt convinced them of their strength, but its failure taught them no lesson. They attributed its want of success to the rashness of the leaders and the absence of unanimity in their followers; to the outbreak not being simultaneous; to every cause, indeed, but the right one. It was about this time that the Whig gentlemen of London, to unite their party and to organise places of gathering, established "mug-houses" in various parts of the City. At these places, "free-and-easy" clubs were held, where Whig citizens could take their mug of ale, drink loyal toasts, sing loyal songs, and arrange party processions. These assemblies, not always very just or forbearing, soon led to violent retaliations on the part of the Tories, attacks were made on several of the mug-houses, and dangerous riots naturally ensued. From the papers of the time we learn that the Tories wore white wigs, or rue, thyme, and rosemary in their hats, flourished oak branches and green ribbons, and shouted "High Church;" "Ormond for ever;" "No King George;" "Down with the Presbyterians;" "Down with the mug-houses." The Whigs, on the other side, roared "King George for ever," displayed orange cockades, with the motto,—

"With heart and hand  
By George we'll stand."

and did their best on royal birthdays and other thanksgivings, by illuminations and blazing bonfires.

outside the mug-house doors, to irritate their adversaries and drive them to acts of illegal violence. The chief Whig mug-houses were in Long Acre, Cheapside, St. John's Lane (Clerkenwell), Tower Street, and Salisbury Court.

Mackey, a traveller, who wrote "A Journey through England" about this time, describes the mug-houses very lucidly :—

"The most amusing and diverting of all," he says, "is the 'Mug-House Club,' in Long Acre, where every Wednesday and Saturday a mixture of gentlemen, lawyers, and tradesmen meet in a great room, and are seldom under a hundred. They have a grave old gentleman in his own grey hairs, now within a few months of ninety years old, who is their president, and sits in an armed-chair some steps higher than the rest of the company, to keep the whole room in order. A harp always plays all the time at the lower end of the room, and every now and then one or other of the company rises and entertains the rest with a song; and, by-the-by, some are good masters. Here is nothing drank but ale; and every gentleman hath his separate mug, which he chalks on the table where he sits as it is brought in, and every one retires when he pleases, as in a coffee-house. The room is always so diverted with songs, and drinking from one table to another to one another's healths, that there is no room for politics, or anything that can sour conversation. One must be up by seven to get room, and after ten the company are, for the most part, gone. This is a winter's amusement that is agreeable enough to a stranger for once or twice, and he is well diverted with the different humours when the mugs overflow."

An attack on a Whig mug-house, the "Roebuck," in Cheapside, June, 1716, was followed by a still more stormy assault on the Salisbury Court mug-house in July of the same year. The riot began on a Friday, but the Whigs kept a resolute face, and the mob dwindled away. On the Monday they renewed the attack, declaring that the Whigs were drinking "Down with the Church," and reviling the memory of Queen Anne; and they swore they would level the house and make a bonfire of the timber in the middle of Fleet Street. But the wily Whigs, barricading the door, slipped out a messenger at a back door, and sent to a mug-house in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, for reinforcements. Presently a band of Whig bludgeon-men arrived, and the Whigs of Salisbury Court then snatched up pokers, tongs, pitchforks, and legs of stools, and sallied out on the Tory mob, who soon fled before them. For two days the Tory mob seethed, fretted, and swore revenge. But the report of a squadron of

horse being drawn up at Whitehall ready to ride down on the City kept them gloomily quiet. On the third day a Jacobite, named Vaughan, formerly a Bridewell boy, led them on to revenge; and on Tuesday they stormed the place in earnest. "The best of the Tory mob," says a Whig paper of the day, "were High Church scaramouches, chimney-sweeps, hackney coachmen, foot-boys, tinkers, shoe-blacks, street idlers, ballad singers, and strumpets." The contemporaneous account will most vividly describe the scene.

The *Weekly Journal* (a Whig paper) of July 28, 1716, says: "The Papists and Jacobites, in pursuance of their rebellious designs, assembled a mob on Friday night last, and threatened to attack Mr. Read's mug-house in Salisbury Court, in Fleet Street, but, seeing the loyal gentlemen that were there were resolved to defend themselves, the cowardly Papists and Jacobites desisted for that time. But on Monday night the villains meeting together again in a most rebellious manner, they began first to attack Mr. Goslin's house, at the sign of the 'Blew Boar's Head,' near Water Lane, in Fleet Street, breaking the windows thereof, for no other reason but because he is well-affected to his Majesty King George and the present Government. Afterwards they went to the above-said mug-house in Salisbury Court; but the cowardly Jacks not being able to accomplish their hellish designs that night, they assembled next day in great numbers from all parts of the town, breaking the windows with brick-bats, broke open the cellar, got into the lower rooms, which they robb'd, and pull'd down the sign, which was carried in triumph before the mob by one Thomas Bean, servant to Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Cassey, two rebels under sentence of death, and for which he is committed to Newgate, as well as several others, particularly one Hook, a joyner, in Blackfriars, who is charged with acting a part in gutting the mug-house. Some of the rioters were desperately wounded, and one Vaughan, a seditious weaver, formerly an apprentice in Bridewell, and since employed there, who was a notorious ringleader of mobs, was kill'd at the aforesaid mug-house. Many notorious Papists were seen to abet and assist in this villainous rabble, as were others, who call themselves Churchmen, and are like to meet with a suitable reward in due time for their assaulting gentlemen who meet at these mug-houses only to drink prosperity to the Church of England as by law established, the King's health, the Prince of Wales's, and the rest of the Royal Family, and those of his faithful and loyal Ministers. But it is further to be observed that women of mean, scandalous lives, do frequently

point, hiss, and cry out 'Whigs' upon his Majesty's good and loyal subjects, by which, raising a mob, they are often insulted by them. But 'tis hoped the magistrates will take such methods which may prevent the like insults for the future.

"Thursday last the coroner's inquest sat on the body of the person killed in Salisbury Court, who were for bringing in their verdict, wilful murder against Mr. Read, the man of the mug-house; but some of the jury stick out, and will not agree with that verdict; so that the matter is deferred till Monday next."

"On Tuesday last," says the same paper (August 4, 1716), "a petition, signed by some of the inhabitants of Salisbury Court, was delivered to the Court of Aldermen, setting forth some late riots occasioned by the meeting of some persons at the mug-house there. The petition was referred to, and a hearing appointed the same day before the Lord Mayor. The witnesses on the side of the petition were a butcher woman, a barber's prentice, and two or three other inferior people. These swore, in substance—that the day the man was killed there, they saw a great many people gathered together about the mug-house, throwing stones and dirt, &c.; that about twelve o'clock they saw Mr. Read come out with a gun, and shoot a man who was before the mob at some distance, and had no stick in his hand. Those who were called in Mr. Read's behalf deposed that a very great mob attacked the house, crying, 'High Church and Ormond; No Hanover; No King George;' that then the constable read the Proclamation, charging them to disperse, but they still continued to cry, 'Down with the mug-house;' that two soldiers then issued out of the house, and drove the mob into Fleet Street; but by throwing sticks and stones, they drove these two back to the house, and the person shot returned at the head of the mob with a stick in his hand flourishing, and crying, 'No Hanover; No King George;' and 'Down with the mug-house.' That then Mr. Read desired them to disperse, or he would shoot amongst them, and the deceased making at him, he shot him and retired indoors; that then the mob forced into the house, rifled all below stairs, took the money out of the till, let the beer about the cellar, and what goods they could not carry away, they brought into the streets and broke to pieces; that they would have forced their way up stairs and murdered all in the house, but that a person who lodged in the house made a barricade at the stairhead, where he defended himself above half an hour against all the mob, wounded some of them, and compelled them to give over the

assault. There were several very credible witnesses to these circumstances, and many more were ready to have confirmed it, but the Lord Mayor thought sufficient had been said, and the following gentlemen, who are men of undoubted reputation and worth, offering to be bail for Mr. Read, namely, Mr. Johnson, a justice of the peace, and Colonels Coote and Westall, they were accepted, and accordingly entered into a recognisance."

Five of the rioters were eventually hung at Tyburn Turnpike, in the presence of a vast crowd. According to Mr. J. T. Smith, in his "Streets of London," a Whig mug-house existed as early as 1694. It has been said the slang word "mug" owes its derivation to Lord Shaftesbury's "ugly mug," which the beer cups were moulded to resemble.

In the *Flying Post* of June 30, 1716, we find a doggerel old mug-house ballad, which is so characteristic of the violence of the times that it is worth preserving:—

"Since the Tories could not fight,  
And their master took his flight,  
They labour to keep up their faction;  
With a bough and a stick,  
And a stone and a brick,  
They equip their roaring crew for action.

"Thus in battle array  
At the close of the day,  
After wisely debating their deep plot,  
Upon windows and stall,  
They courageously fall,  
And boast a great victory they have got.

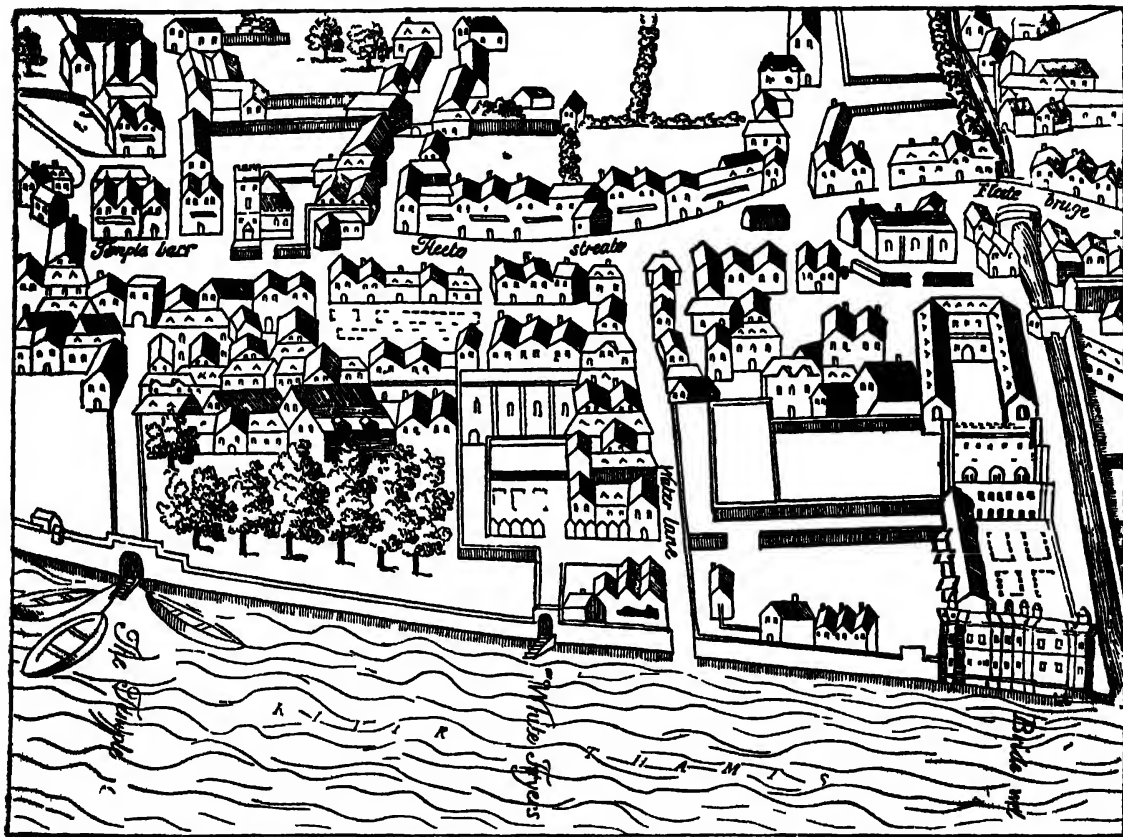
"But, alas! silly boys,  
For all the mighty noise,  
Of their 'High Church and Ormond for ever,'  
A brave Whig with one hand,  
At George's command,  
Can make their mightiest hero to quiver."

Richardson's printing office was at the north-west corner of Salisbury Square, communicating with the court, No. 76, Fleet Street. Here the thoughtful old citizen wrote "Pamela," and here, in 1756, Oliver Goldsmith acted as his "reader." Richardson seems to have been an amiable and benevolent man, kind to his compositors and servants, and beloved by children. All the anecdotes relating to his private life are pleasant. He used to encourage early rising among his workmen, by hiding half-crowns among the disordered types, so that the earliest comer might find his reward; and he would frequently bring up stout fellows from the country to give to those of his servants who had been zealous and good-tempered.

Samuel Richardson, the author of "Pamela" and "Clarissa," was the son of a Derbyshire farmer. He was born in 1689, and died in 1761.

to a London printer, he rose by steady industry and prudence to be the manager of a large business, printer of the Journals of the House of Commons, Master of the Stationers' Company, and joint-printer to the king. In 1741, at the age of fifty-two, publishers urging the thriving citizen to write them a book of moral letters, Richardson produced "Pamela," a novel which ran through five editions the first year, and became the rage of the town. Ladies carried the precious volumes to

from the foolish romances of his day. In "Pamela" he rewarded struggling virtue; in "Clarissa" he painted the cruel selfishness of vice; in "Sir Charles" he tried to represent the perfect Christian gentleman. Coleridge said that to read Fielding after Richardson was like emerging from a sick room, heated by stoves, into an open lawn on a breezy May morning. Richardson, indeed, wrote more for women than for men. Fielding was coarser, but more manly, he had humour, but no moral



FLEET STREET, THE TEMPLE, ETC. (From a Plan published by Ralph Aggas, 1563.)

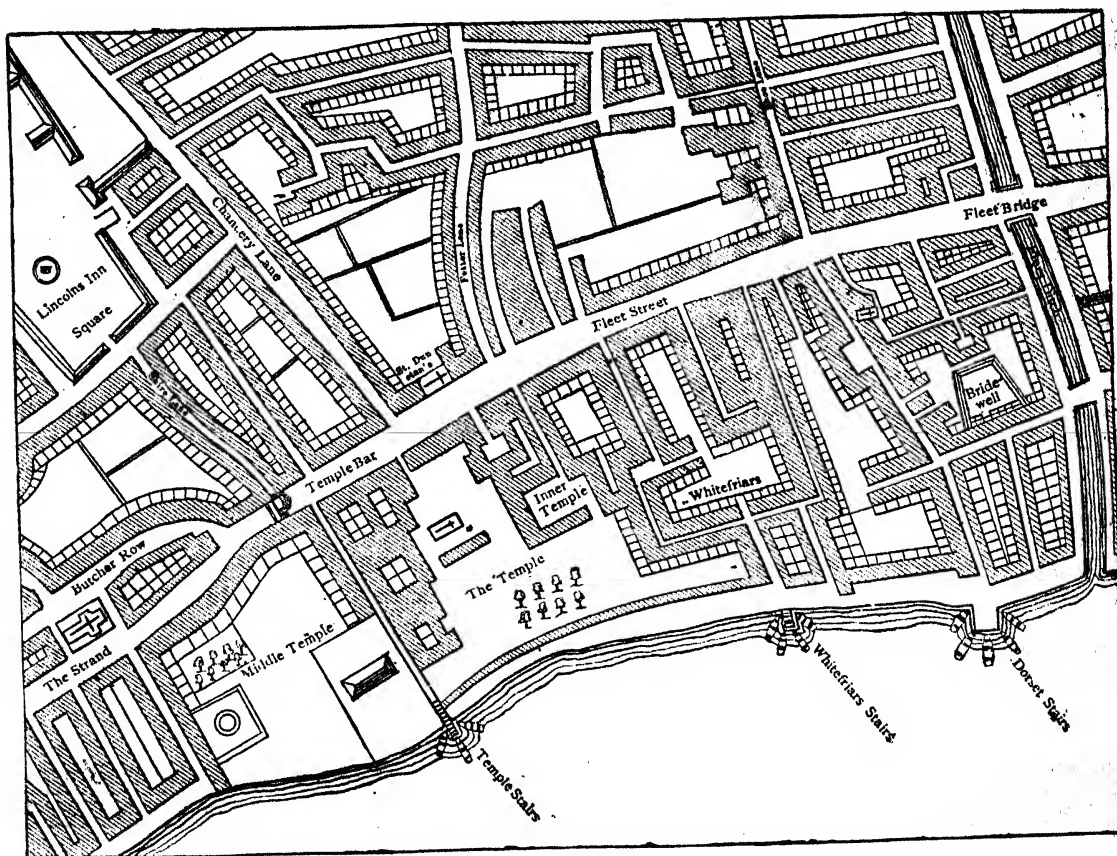
Randolph, and held them up in smiling triumph to each other. Pope praised the novel as more useful than twenty volumes of sermons, and Dr Sherlock gravely recommended it from the pulpit. In 1749 Richardson wrote "Clarissa Harlowe," his most perfect work, and in 1753 his somewhat tedious "Sir Charles Grandison" (7 vols.). In "Pamela" he drew a servant, whom her master attempts to seduce and eventually marries, but in "Clarissa" the heroine, after harrowing misfortunes, dies unrewarded. Richardson had always a moral end in view. He hated vice and honoured virtue, but he is too often prolix and wearisome. He wished to write novels that should wean the young

purpose at all. The natural result was that Fielding and his set looked on Richardson as a grave, dull, respectable old prig; Richardson on Fielding as a low rake, who wrote like a man who had been an ostler born in a stable, or a runner in a sponging-house. "The virtues of Fielding's heroes," the vain old printer used to say to his feminine clique, "are the vices of a truly good man."

Dr. Johnson, who had been befriended by Richardson, was never tired of depreciating Fielding and crying up the author of "Pamela." "Sir," he used to thunder out, "there is as much difference between the two as between a man who knows how a watch is made and a man who can only

tell the hour on the dial-plate." He called Fielding a "barren rascal." "Sir, there is more knowledge of the heart in one letter of Richardson's than in all 'Tom Jones.'" Some one present here mildly suggested that Richardson was very tedious. "Why, sir," replied Johnson, "if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so great that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story as only giving occasion to the

partisan of George II., he observed to Richardson that certainly there must have been some very unfavourable circumstances lately discovered in this particular case which had induced the king to approve of an execution for rebellion so long after the time it was committed, as this had the appearance of putting a man to death in cold blood, and was very unlike his majesty's usual clemency. While he was talking he perceived a person standing at a window in the room shaking his head



FLEET STREET, THE TEMPLE, ETC., FROM A MAP OF LONDON, PUBLISHED 1720.

sentiment." After all, it must be considered that, old-fashioned as Richardson's novels have now become, the old printer dissected the human heart with profound knowledge and exquisite care, and that in the back shop in Salisbury Court, amid the jar of printing-presses, the quiet old citizen drew his ideal beings with far subtler lines and touches than any previous novelist had done.

On one occasion at least Hogarth and Johnson met at Richardson's house.

"Mr. Hogarth," says Nichols, "came one day to see Richardson, soon after the execution of Dr. Cameron, for having taken arms for the house of Stuart in 1745-46; and, being a warm

and rolling himself about in a ridiculous manner. He concluded he was an idiot, whom his relations had put under the care of Mr. Richardson as a very good man. To his great surprise, however, this figure stalked forward to where he and Mr. Richardson were sitting, and all at once took up the argument, and burst out into an invective against George II., as one who, upon all occasions, was unrelenting and barbarous; mentioning many instances, particularly that, where an officer of high rank had been acquitted by a court martial, George II. had, with his own hand, struck his name off the list. In short, he displayed such a power of eloquence that



Hogarth looked at him in astonishment, and actually imagined that this idiot had been at the moment inspired. Neither Johnson nor Hogarth were made known to each other at this interview."

Boswell tells a good story of a rebuke that Richardson's amiable but inordinate egotism on one occasion received, much to Johnson's secret delight, which is certainly worth quoting before we dismiss the old printer altogether. "One day," says Boswell, "at his country house at Northend, where a large company was assembled at dinner, a gentleman who was just returned from Paris, wishing to please Richardson, mentioned to him a flattering circumstance, that he had seen his 'Clarissa' lying on the king's brother's table. Richardson observing that part of the company were engaged in talking to each other, affected then not to attend to it; but by and bye, when there was a general silence, and he thought that the flattery might be fully heard, he addressed himself to the gentleman: 'I think, sir, you were saying somewhat about'—pausing in a high flutter of expectation. The gentleman provoked at his inordinate vanity resolved not to indulge it, and with an exquisitely sly air of indifference answered, 'A mere trifle, sir; not worth repeating.' The mortification of Richardson was visible, and he did not speak ten words more the whole day. Dr. Johnson was present, and appeared to enjoy it much."

At one corner of Salisbury Square (says Mr. Timbs) are the premises of Peacock, Bampton, & Mansfield, the famous pocket-book makers, whose "Polite Repository" for 1778 is "the patriarch of all pocket-books." Its picturesque engravings have never been surpassed, and their morocco and russia bindings scarcely equalled. In our time Queen Adelaide and her several maids of honour used the "Repository." George IV. was provided by the firm with a ten-guinea housewife (an antique-looking pocket-book, with gold-mounted scissors, tweezers, &c.); and Mr. Mansfield relates that on one occasion the king took his housewife from his pocket and handed it round the table to his guests, and next day the firm received orders for twenty-five, "just like the king's."

In St. Bride's Passage, westward (says Mr. Timbs), was a large dining-house, where, some forty years ago, Colton, the author, used to dine, and publicly boast that he wrote the whole of his "Lacon; or, Many Things in Few Words," upon a small rickety deal table, with one pen. Another frequenter of this place was one Webb, who began to have been so well up in the topics of the day

that he was a sort of walking newspaper: he was much with the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands when they visited England in 1825.

This Caleb Colton, mentioned by Mr. Timbs, was that most degraded being, a disreputable clergyman, with all the vices but little of the genius of Churchill, and had been, in his flourishing time, vicar of Kew and Petersham. He was educated at Eton, and eventually became Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. He wrote "A Plain and Authentic Narrative of the Stamford Ghost," "Remarks on the Tendencies of 'Don Juan,'" a poem on Napoleon, and a satire entitled "Hypocrisy." His best known work, however, was "Lacon; or, Many Things in Few Words," published in 1820. These aphorisms want the terse brevity of Rochefoucauld, and are in many instances vapid and trivial. A passion for gaming at last swallowed up Colton's other vices, and becoming involved, he cut the Gordian knot of debt in 1828 by absconding; his living was then seized and given to another. He fled to America, and from there returned to that syren city, Paris, where he is said in two years to have won no less than £25,000. The miserable man died by his own hand at Fontainebleau, in 1832. In his "Lacon" is the subjoined passage, that seems almost prophetic of the miserable author's miserable fate:—

"The gamester, if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every loss, and by the act of suicide renounces earth to forfeit heaven." . . . "Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide, anguish of body none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receive."

And here is a fine sentiment, worthy of Dr. Dodd himself:—

"There is but one pursuit in life which it is in the power of all to follow and of all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that perseveres makes every difficulty an advancement and every contest a victory—and this the pursuit of virtue. Sincerely to aspire after virtue is to gain her, and zealously to labour after her wages is to receive them. Those that seek her early will find her before it is late; her reward also is with her, and she will come quickly. For the heart of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth, where the Deity sits enthroned with untroubled influence, every subjugated passion, like the wind and storm, fulfilling his word."



## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE TEMPLE.—GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

Origin of the Order of Templars—First Home of the Order—Removal to the Banks of the Thames—Rules of the Order—The Templars at the Crusades, and their Deeds of Valour—Decay and Corruption of the Order—Charges brought against the Knights—Abolition of the Order.

THE Order of Knights Templars, established by Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, in 1118, to protect Christian pilgrims on their road to Jerusalem, first found a home in England in 1128 (Henry I.), when Hugh de Payens, the first Master of the Order, visited our shores to obtain succours and subsidies against the Infidel.

The proud, and at first zealous, brotherhood originally settled on the south side of Holborn, without the Bars. Indeed, about a century and a half ago, part of a round chapel, built of Caen stone, was found under the foundation of some old houses at the Holborn end of Southampton Buildings. In time, however, the Order amassed riches, and, growing ambitious, purchased a large space of ground extending from Fleet Street to the river, and from Whitefriars to Essex House in the Strand. The new Temple was a vast monastery, fitted for the residence of the prior, his chaplain, serving brethren and knights; and it boasted a council-chamber, a refectory, a barrack, a church, a range of cloisters, and a river terrace for religious meditation, military exercise, and the training of chargers. In 1185 Heraclius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who had come to England with the Masters of the Temple and the Hospital to procure help from Henry II. against the victorious Saladin, consecrated the beautiful river-side church, which the proud Order had dedicated to the Virgin Lady Mary. The late Master of the Temple had only recently died in a dungeon at Damascus; and the new Master of the Hospital, after the great defeat of the Christians at Jacob's Ford, on the Jordan, had swam the river covered with wounds, and escaped to the Castle of Beaufort.

The singular rules of the "Order of the Poor Fellow-Soldiers of Jesus Christ and of the Temple of Solomon," were revised by the first Abbot of Clairvaux, St. Bernard himself. Extremely austere and earnest, they were divided into seventy-two heads, and enjoined severe and constant devotional exercises, self-mortification, fasting, prayer, and regular attendance at matins, vespers, and all the services of the Church. Dining in one common refectory, the Templars were to make known wants that could not be expressed by signs, in a gentle, soft, and private way. Two and two were in general to live together, so that one might watch the other. After departing from the supper hall

to bed it was not permitted them to speak again in public, except upon urgent necessity, and then only in an undertone. All scurrility, jests, and idle words were to be avoided; and after any foolish saying, the repetition of the Lord's Prayer was enjoined. All professed knights were to wear white garments, both in summer and winter, as emblems of chastity. The esquires and retainers were required to wear black, or, in provinces where that coloured cloth could not be procured, brown. No gold or silver was to be used in bridles, breast-plates, or spears; and if ever that furniture was given them in charity, it was to be discoloured to prevent an appearance of superiority or arrogance. No brother was to receive or despatch letters without the leave of the master or procurator, who might read them if he chose. No gift was to be accepted by a Templar till permission was first obtained from the Master. No knight should talk to any brother of his previous frolics and irregularities in the world. No brother, in pursuit of worldly delight, was to hawk, to shoot in the woods with long or cross-bow, to halloo to dogs, or to spur a horse after game. There might be married brothers, but they were to leave part of their goods to the chapter, and not to wear the white habit. Widows were not to dwell in the Preceptories. When travelling, Templars were to lodge only with men of the best repute, and to keep a light burning all night "lest the dark enemy, from whom God preserve us, should find some opportunity." Unrepentant brothers were to be cast out. Last of all, every Templar was to shun "feminine kisses," whether from widow, virgin, mother, sister, aunt, or any other woman.

During six of the seven Crusades (1096-1272), during which the Christians of Europe endeavoured, with tremendous yet fitful energy, to wrest the birthplace of Christianity from the equally fanatical Moslems, the Knights Templars fought bravely among the foremost. Whether by the side of Godfrey of Bouillon, Louis VII., Philip V., Richard Cœur de Lion, Louis IX., or Prince Edward, the stern, sunburnt men in the white mantles were ever foremost in the shock of spears. Under the clump of palm trees, in many a scorching desert track, by many a hill fortress, smitten with stone or pierced with arrow, the holy brotherhood dug the graves of their slain companions.

A few of the deeds, which must have been so often talked of upon the Temple terrace and in the Temple cloister, must be narrated, to show that, however mistaken was the ideal of the Crusaders, these monkish warriors fought their best to turn it into a reality. In 1146 the whole brotherhood joined the second Crusade, and protected the rear of the Christian army in its toilsome march through Asia Minor. In 1151, the Order saved Jerusalem, and drove back the Infidels with terrible slaughter. Two years later the Master of the Temple was slain, with many of the white mantles, in fiercely essaying to storm the walls of Ascalon. Three years after this 300 Templars were slain in a Moslem ambuscade, near Tiberias, and 87 were taken prisoners. We next find the Templars repelling the redoubtable Saladin from Gaza; and in a great battle near Ascalon, in 1177, the Master of the Temple and ten knights broke through the Mameluke Guards, and all but captured Saladin in his tent. The Templars certainly had their share of Infidel blows; for, in 1178, the whole Order was nearly slain in a battle with Saladin; and in another fierce conflict, only the Grand Master and two knights escaped; while again at Tiberias, in 1187, they received a cruel repulse, and were all but totally destroyed.

In 1187, when Saladin took Jerusalem, he next besieged the great Templar stronghold of Tyre; and soon after a body of the knights, sent from London, attacked Saladin's camp in vain, and the Grand Master and nearly half of the Order perished. In the subsequent siege of Acre the Crusaders lost nearly 100,000 men in nine pitched battles. In 1191, however, Acre was taken, and the Kings of France and England, and the Masters of the Temple and the Hospital, gave the throne of the Latin kingdom to Guy de Lusignan. When Richard Cœur de Lion had cruelly put to death 2,000 Moslem prisoners, we find the Templars interposing to prevent Richard and the English fighting against the Austrian allies; and soon after the Templars bought Cyprus of Richard for 300,000 livres of gold. In the advance to Jerusalem the Templars led the van of Richard's army. When the attack on Jerusalem was suspended, the Templars followed Richard to Ascalon, and soon afterwards gave Cyprus to Guy de Lusignan, on condition of his surrendering the Latin crown. When Richard abandoned the Crusade, after his treaty with Saladin, it was the Templars who gave him a galley and the disguise of a Templar's white robe to secure his safe passage to an Adriatic port. Upon Richard's departure they erected many fortresses in Palestine, especially one on Mount Carmel, which they named Pilgrim's Castle.

The fourth Crusade was looked on unfavourably by the brotherhood, who now wished to remain at peace with the Infidel; but they nevertheless soon warmed to the fighting, and we find a band of the white mantles defeated and slain at Jaffa. With a second division of Crusaders the Templars quarrelled, and were then deserted by them. Soon after the Templars and Hospitallers, now grown corrupt and rich, quarrelled about lands and fortresses; but they were still favoured by the Pope, and helped to maintain the Latin throne. In 1209 they were strong enough to resist the interdict of Pope Innocent; and in the Crusade of 1217 they invaded Egypt, and took Damietta by assault, but, at the same time, to the indignation of England, wrote home urgently for more money. An attack on Cairo proving disastrous, they concluded a truce with the Sultan in 1221. In the Crusade of the Emperor Frederick the Templars refused to join an excommunicated man. In 1240, the Templars wrested Jerusalem from the Sultan of Damascus, but, in 1243, were ousted by the Sultan of Egypt and the Sultan of Damascus, and were almost exterminated in a two days' battle; and, in 1250, they were again defeated at Mansourah. When King Louis was taken prisoner, the Infidels demanded the surrender of all the Templar fortresses in Palestine, but eventually accepted Damietta alone and a ransom, which Louis exacted from the Templars. In 1257 the Moguls and Tartars took Jerusalem, and almost annihilated the Order, whose instant submission they required. In 1268 Pope Urban excommunicated the Marshal of the Order, but the Templars nevertheless held by their comrade, and Bendocdar, the Mameluke, took all the castles belonging to the Templars in Armenia, and also stormed Antioch, which had been a Christian city 170 years.

After Prince Edward's Crusade the Templars were close pressed. In 1291, Aschraf Khalil besieged the two Orders and 12,000 Christians in Acre for six terrible weeks. The town was stormed, and all the Christian prisoners, who flew to the Infidel camp, were ruthlessly beheaded. A few of the Templars flew to the Convent of the Temple, and there perished; the Grand Master had already fallen; a handful of the knights only escaping to Cyprus.

The persecution of the now corrupt and useless Order commenced sixteen years afterwards. In 1306, both in London and Paris, terrible accusations arose at their infidelity and their vices. At the Church of St. Martin's, Ludgate, where the English Templars were accused, the following charges were brought against them:

1. That at their first reception into the Order, they were admonished by those who had received them within the bosom of the fraternity to deny Christ, the crucifixion, the blessed Virgin, and all the saints. 5. That the receivers instructed those that were received that Christ was not the true God. 7. That they said Christ had not suffered for the redemption of mankind, nor been crucified but for His own sins. 9. That they made those they received into the Order spit upon the cross. 10. That they caused the cross itself to be trampled under foot. 11. That the brethren themselves did sometimes trample on the same cross. 14. That they worshipped a cat, which was placed in the midst of the congregation. 16. That they did not believe the sacrament of the altar, nor the other sacraments of the Church. 24. That they believed that the Grand Master of the Order could absolve them from their sins. 25. That the visitor could do so. 26. That the preceptors, of whom many were laymen, could do it. 36. That the receptions of the brethren were made clandestinely. 37. That none were present but the brothers of the said Order. 38. That for this reason there has for a long time been a vehement suspicion against them. 46. That the brothers themselves had idols in every province, viz., heads, some of which had three faces, and some one, and some a man's skull. 47. That they adored that idol, or those idols, especially in their great chapters and assemblies. 48. That they worshipped them. 49. As their

God. 50. As their saviour. 51. That some of them did so. 52. That the greater part did. 53. They said those heads could save them. 54. That they could produce riches. 55. That they had given to the Order all its wealth. 56. That they caused the earth to bring forth seed. 57. That they made the trees to flourish. 58. That they bound or touched the heads of the said idols with cords, wherewith they bound themselves about their shirts, or next their skins. 59. That at their reception, the aforesaid little cords, or others of the same length, were delivered to each of the brothers. 61. That it was enjoined them to gird themselves with the said little cords, as before mentioned, and continually to wear them. 62. That the brethren of the Order were generally received in that manner. 63. That they did these things out of devotion. 64. That they did them everywhere. 65. That the greater part did. 66. That those who refused the things above mentioned at their reception, or to observe them afterwards, were killed or cast into prison.

The Order grew proud and arrogant, and had many enemies. The Order was rich, and spoil would reward its persecutors. The charges against the knights were eagerly believed; many of the Templars were burned at the stake in Paris, and many more in various parts of France. In England their punishment seems to have been less severe. The Order was formally abolished by Pope Clement V., in the year 1312.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE TEMPLE CHURCH AND PRECINCT.

*The Temple Church—Its Restorations—Discoveries of Antiquities—The Penitential Cell—Discipline in the Temple—The Tombs of the Templars in the "Round"—William and Gilbert Marshall—Stone Coffins in the Churchyard—Masters of the Temple—The "Judicious" Hooker—Edmund Gibbon, the Historian—The Organ in the Temple Church—The Rival Builders—"Straw-Bail"—History of the Precinct—Chancel and the Friar—His Mention of the Temple—The Sergeants—Erection of New Buildings—The "Roses"—Sumptuary Edicts—The Flying Horse.*

THE round church of the Temple is the finest of the four round churches still existing in England. The Templars did not, however, always build their churches with round towers, though such was generally their practice. The restoration of this beautiful relic was one of the first symptoms of the modern Gothic revival in London.

In the reign of Charles II. the body of the church was filled with formal pews, which concealed the bases of the columns, while the walls

were encumbered, to the height of eight feet from the ground, with oak wainscoting, which was carried entirely round the church, so as to hide the elegant marble piscina, the interesting altar-piece over the high altar, and the *sacristy* on the north side of the edifice. The elegant Gothic screen connecting the round with the square chancel was choked up with an oak screen, and glass windows and doors, and with an organ gallery adorned with Corinthian columns, pilasters, and carved work.

ments, which divided the building into two parts, altogether altered its original character and appearance, and sadly marring its architectural beauty. The eastern end of the church was at the same time disfigured by an enormous altar-piece in the *classic style*, decorated with Corinthian columns and Grecian cornices and entablatures, and with enrichments of cherubims and wreaths of fruit, flowers, and leaves, heavy and cumbersome, and quite at variance with the Gothic character of the building. A large pulpit and carved sounding-board were erected in the middle of the building, and the walls were encrusted and disfigured with a number of hideous mural monuments and pagan trophies of forgotten wealth and vanity.

The following account of the earliest repairs of the Temple Church is given in "The New View of London" "Having narrowly escaped the flames in 1666, it was in 1682 beautified, and the curious wainscot screen set up. The south-west part was, in the year 1695, new built with stone. In the year 1706 the church was wholly new whitewashed, gilt, and painted within, and the pillars of the round tower wainscoted with a new battlement and buttresses on the south side, and other parts of the outside were well repaired. Also the figures of the Knights Templars were cleaned and painted, and the iron-work enclosing them new painted and gilt with gold. The east end of the church was repaired and beautified in 1707." In 1737 the exterior of the north side and east end were again repaired.

The first step towards the real restoration of the Temple Church was made in 1825. It had been generally repaired in 1811, but in 1825 Sir Robert Smirke restored the whole south side externally and the lower part of the circular portion of the round church. The stone seat was removed, the arcade was restored, the heads which had been defaced or removed were supplied. The wain-

scoting of the columns was taken away, the monuments affixed to some of the columns were removed, and the position of others altered. There still remained, however, monuments in the round church materially affecting the relative proportions of the two circles; the clustered columns still retained their incrustations of paint, plaster, and whitewash; the three archway entrances into the oblong church re-

mained in their former state, detaching the two portions from each other, and entirely destroying the perspective which those arches afforded.

When the genuine restoration was commenced in 1845, the removal of the *beautifications and adornments* which had so long disfigured the Temple Church, was regarded as an act of vandalism. Seats were substituted for pews, and a smaller pulpit and reading-desk supplied more appropriate to the character of the building. The pavement was lowered to its original level, and thus the bases of the columns became once more visible. The altar screen and railing were taken down. The organ was removed, and thus all the arches from the round church to the body of the oblong church were thrown open. By this alteration the character of the church was shown in its original beauty.

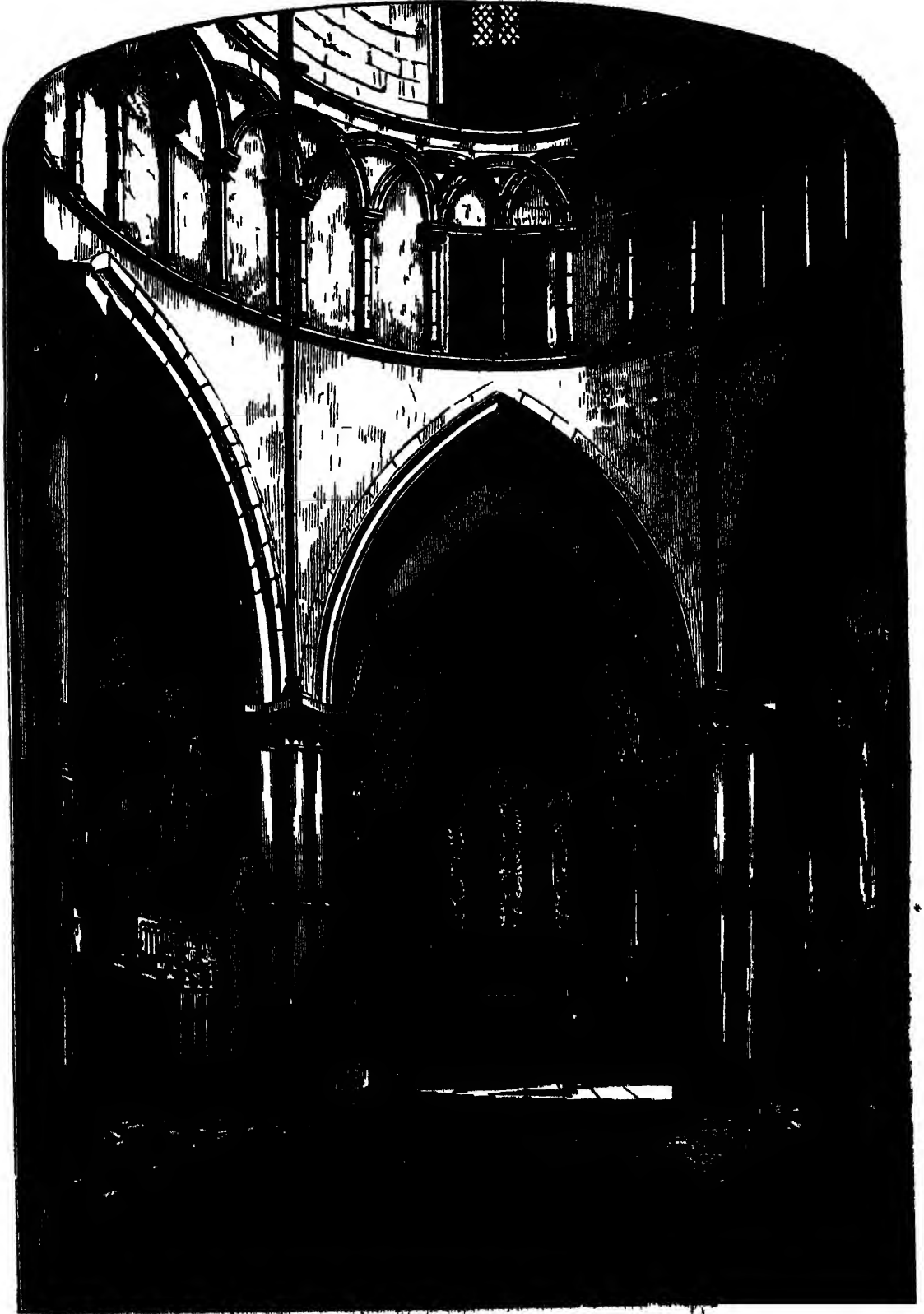
In the summer of 1840, the two Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple had the paint and whitewash scraped off the marble columns and ceiling. The removal of the modern

oak wainscoting led to the discovery of a very beautiful double marble piscina near the east end of the south side of the building, together with an adjoining elegantly-shaped recess, and also a picturesque Gothic niche on the north side of the church.

On taking up the modern floor, ~~remains~~ of the original tessellated pavement were discovered. When the whitewash and plaster were removed from the ceiling it was found in a ~~perfect state~~ *perfect state*. There were also found ~~three~~ *three* ~~remains of~~ *remains of* ~~marble~~ *marble*



A KNIGHT TEMPLAR.



INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH, 1870 (see page 150)



decorative paintings and rich ornaments worked in gold and silver; but they were too fragmentary to give an idea of the general pattern. Under these circumstances it was resolved to redecorate the ceiling in a style corresponding with the ancient decorative paintings observable in many Gothic churches in Italy and France.

As the plaster and whitewash were removed it was found that the columns were of the most beautiful Purbeck marble. The six elegant clustered columns in the round tower had been concealed with a thick coating of Roman cement, which had altogether concealed the graceful form of the moldings and carved foliage of their capitals. Numerous slabs of Portland stone had been cased round their bases and entirely altered their character. All this modern patchwork was thrown away; but the venerable marble proved so mutilated that new columns were found necessary to support the fabric. These are exact imitations of the old ones. The six elegant clustered columns already alluded to, however, needed but slight repair. Almost all the other masonry work required renewal, and a special messenger was despatched to Purbeck to open the ancient quarries.

Above the western doorway was discovered a beautiful Norman window, composed of Caen stone. The porch before the western door of the Temple Church, which formerly communicated with an ancient cloister leading to the hall of the Knights Templars, had been filled up with rubbish to a height of nearly two feet above the level of the ancient pavement, so that all the bases of the magnificent Norman doorway were entirely hidden from view.

Prior to the recent restoration the round tower was surmounted by a wooden, flat, white-washed ceiling, altogether different from the ancient roof. The ceiling and the timber roof above it had been entirely removed, and replaced by the present elegant and substantial roof, which is composed of oak, protected externally by sheet copper, and painted by Mr. Willement in accordance with an existing example of decorative painting in an ancient church in Sicily. Many buildings were also removed to give a clearer view of the fine old church.

"Among the many interesting objects," says Mr. Addison, "to be seen in the ancient church of the Knights Templars is a *penitential cell*, a dreary place of solitary confinement, formed within the thickness of the wall, and only accessible by a narrow passage. It is known by a small opening in the wall, and is a very dark and narrow place, of which the only light is from a small opening in the wall.

Of the ancient Templars were temporarily confined in chains and fetters, in order that their souls might be saved from the eternal prison of hell.' The hinges and catch of a door, firmly attached to the doorway of this dreary chamber, still remain, and at the bottom of the staircase is a stone recess or cupboard, where bread and water were placed for the prisoner. In this cell Brother Walter de Bachelier, Knight, and Grand Preceptor of Ireland, is said to have been starved to death for disobedience to his superior, the Master of the Temple. His body was removed at daybreak and buried by Brother John de Stoke and Brother Radulph de Barton in the middle of the court between the church and the hall."

The Temple discipline in the early times was very severe: disobedient brethren were scourged by the Master himself in the Temple Church, and frequently whipped publicly on Fridays in the church. Adam de Valaincourt, a deserter, was sentenced to eat meat with the dogs for a whole year, to fast four days in the week, and every Monday to present himself naked at the high altar to be publicly scourged by the officiating priest.

At the time of the restoration of the church stained glass windows were added, and the panels of the circular vaulting were emblazoned with the lamb and horse—the devices of the Inner and Middle Temple—and the Beauseant, or black and white banner of the Templars.

The mail-clad effigies on the pavement of the "Round" of the Temple Church are not monuments of Knights Templars, but of "Associates of the Temple," persons only partially admitted to the privileges of the powerful Order. During the last repairs there were found two Norman stone coffins and four ornamented leaden coffins in small vaults beneath these effigies, but not in their original positions. Stow, in 1598, speaks of eight images of armed knights in the round walk. The effigies have been restored by Mr. Richardson, the sculptor. The most interesting of these represents Geoffrey de Magnaville, Earl of Essex, a bold baron, who fought against King Stephen, sacked Cambridge, and plundered Ramsey Abbey. He was communicated, and while besieging Burwell Castle was struck by an arrow from a crossbow just as he was taken off his helmet to get air. The Templars, not daring to bury him, soldered him up in armor, and hang him on a crooked tree in the church side-chapel. The corpse being at last buried, the Templars buried it below the west door of the church. It is to be known by a small opening in the wall, and is a very dark and narrow place, of which the only light is from a small opening in the wall.



is supposed to be the most ancient of all. The shield is kite-shaped, the armour composed of rude rings—name unknown. Vestiges of gilding were discovered upon this monument. The two effigies on the north-east of the "Round" are also anonymous. They are the tallest of all the stone brethren: one of them is straight-legged; the crossed legs of his comrade denote a Crusading vow. The feet of the first rests on two grotesque human heads, probably Infidels; the second wears a mouth guard like a respirator. Between the two figures is the copestone lid of an ancient sarcophagus, probably that of a Master or Visitor-General of the Templars, as it has the head of the cross which decorates it adorned with a lion's head, and the foot rests on the head of a lamb, the joint emblems of the Order of the Templars. During the excavations in the "Round," a magnificent Purbeck marble sarcophagus, the lid decorated with a foliated cross, was dug up and re-interred.

On the south side of the "Round," between two columns, his feet resting upon a lion, reposes a great historical personage, William Marshall, the Protector of England during the minority of King Henry III., a warrior and a statesman whose name is sullied by no crimes. The features are handsome, and the whole body is wrapped in chain mail. A Crusader in early life, the earl became one of Richard Cœur de Lion's viceregents during his absence in Palestine. He fought in Normandy for King John, helped in the capture of Prince Arthur and his sister, urged the usurper to sign Magna Charta, and secured the throne for Prince Henry. Finally, he defeated the French invaders, routed the French at sea, and died, in the fulness of years, a warrior whose deeds had been notable, a statesman whose motives could seldom be impugned. Shakespeare, with ever a keen eye for great men, makes the earl the interceder for Prince Arthur. He was a great benefactor of the brethren of the Chivalry of the Temple.

By the side of the earl reposes his warlike son William Marshall the younger, cut in freestone. He was one of the chief leaders of the Barons against John, and in Henry's reign he overthrew Prince Llewellyn, and slew 8,000 wild Welsh. He fought with credit in Brittany and Ireland, and eventually married Eleanor, the king's sister. He gave an estate to the Templars. The effigy is clad in a shirt of ring mail, above which is a loose garment, girded at the waist. The shield on the left arm bears a lion rampant.

\* Near the western doorway reclines the mailed effigy of Gilbert Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, third

son of the Protector. He is in the act of drawing a sword, and his left foot rests on a winged dragon. This earl, at the murder of a brother in Ireland, succeeded to the title, and married Margaret, a daughter of the King of Scotland. He was just starting for the Crusades, when he was killed by a fall from his horse, in a tournament held at Ware, (1241). Like the other Marshalls, he was a benefactor of the Temple, and, like all the four sons of the Protector, died without issue, in the reign of Henry III., the family becoming extinct with him. Matthew Paris declared that the race had been cursed by the Bishop of Ferns, from whom the Protector had stolen lands. The bishop, says the chronicler, with great awe came with King Henry to the Temple Church, and, standing at the earl's tomb, promised the dead man absolution if the lands were returned. No restitution was made, so the curse fell on the doomed race. All these Pembrokes wear chain hoods and have animals recumbent at their feet.

The name of a beautiful recumbent mailed figure next Gilbert Marshall is unknown; and near him, on the south side of the "Round," rests the ever-praying effigy of Robert, Lord de Ros. This lord was no Templar, for he has no beard, and wears flowing hair, contrary to the rules of the Order. His shield bears three water buckets. The figure is cut out of yellow Roach Abbey stone. The armour is linked. This knight was fined £800 by Richard Cœur de Lion for allowing a French prisoner of consequence to escape from his custody. He married a daughter of a King of Scotland, was Sheriff of Cumberland, helped to extort Magna Charta from King John, and gave much public property to the Templars.

During the repairs of the round tower several sarcophagi of Purbeck marble were discovered. On the coffins being removed while the tower was being propped, the bodies all crumbled to dust. The sarcophagi were all reinterred in the centre of the "Round."

During the repairs of 1850 the workmen discovered and stole an ancient seal of the Order; it had the name of Berengarius, and on one side was represented the Holy Sepulchre. "The church," says Mr. Addison, "with ancient stone coffins." According to Burton, an antiquary at Elizabeth's time, there then existed in the Temple Church a monument to a Visitor-General of the Order. Among other distinguished persons buried in the Temple Church, for so many ages a place of special sanctity, was William Plantagenet, brother of Henry III., who died when a youth. He himself had at one time resolved to be a Templar.

the brethren of the Chivalry of the Temple, expecting and hoping that, through our Lord and Saviour, it will greatly contribute to the salvation of our soul." Queen Eleanor also provided for her interment in the Temple, but it was otherwise decreed.

In the triforium of the Temple Church have been packed away, like lumber, the greater part of the clumsy monuments that once disfigured the walls and columns below. In this strange museum lord chancellors, councillors of state, learned benchers, barons of the exchequer, masters of the rolls, treasurers, readers, prothonotaries, poets, and authors jostle each other in dusty confusion. At the entrance, under a canopy, is the recumbent figure of the great lawyer of Elizabeth's time, Edmund Plowden. This grave and wise man, being a staunch Romanist, was slighted by the Protestant Queen. It is said that he was so studious in his youth that at one period he never went out of the Temple precincts for three whole years. He was Treasurer of the Middle Temple when the Hall was built.

Selden (that great writer on international law, whose "*Mare clausum*" was a reply to the "*Mare liberum*" of Grotius) is buried to the left of the altar, the spot being marked by a monument of white marble. "His grave," says Aubrey, "was about ten feet deepe or better, walled up a good way with bricks, of which also the bottome was paved, but the sides at the bottome for about two foot high were of black polished inarble, wherein his coffin (covered with black bayes) lyeth, and upon that wall of marble was presently lett downe a huge black marble stone of great thicknesse, with this inscription—'Hic jacet corpus Johannis Seldeni, qui obiit 30 die Novembris, 1654.' Over this was turned an arch of brick (for the house would not lose their ground), and upon that was throwne the earth," &c.

There is a monument in the triforium to Edmund Gibbon, a herald and an ancestor of the historian. The great writer alluding to this monument says, "My family arms are the same which were borne by the Gibbons of Kent, in an age when the College of Heralds religiously guarded the distinctions of blood and name—a lion rampant gardant between three schollop shells argent, on a field azure. I should not, however, have been tempted to blazon my coat of arms were it not connected with a whimsical anecdote. About the reign of James I., the three harmless schollop shells were changed by Edmund Gibbon, Esq., into three opresses, or female cannibals, with a design of stigmatising three ladies, his kinswomen, who had

provoked him by an unjust lawsuit. But this singular mode of revenge, for which he obtained the sanction of Sir William Seager, King-at-Arms, soon expired with its author; and on his own monument in the Temple Church the monsters vanish, and the three schollop shells resume their proper and hereditary place."

At the latter end of Charles II.'s reign the organ in the Temple Church became the subject of a singular contest, which was decided by a most remarkable judge. The benchers had determined to have the best organ in London; the competitors for the building were Smith and Harris. Father Smith, a German, was renowned for his care in choosing wood without knot or flaw, and for throwing aside every metal or wooden pipe that was not perfect and sound. His stops were also allowed by all to be singularly equal and sweet in tone. The two competitors were each to erect an organ in the Temple Church, and the best one was to be retained. The competition was carried on with such violence that some of the partisans almost ruined themselves by the money they expended. The night preceding the trial the too zealous friends of Harris cut the bellows of Smith's organ, and rendered it for the time useless. Drs. Blow and Purcell were employed to show the powers of Smith's instrument, and the French organist of Queen Catharine performed on Harris's. The contest continued, with varying success, for nearly a twelvemonth. At length Harris challenged his redoubtable rival to make certain additional reed stops, *vox humana*, *cremona*, double bassoon and other stops, within a given time. The controversy was at last terminated by Lord Chief Justice Jefferies—the cruel and debauched Jefferies, who was himself an accomplished musician—deciding in favour of Father Smith. Part of Harris's rejected organ was erected at St. Andrew's, Holborn, part at Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin. Father Smith, in consequence of his success at the Temple, was employed to build an organ for St. Paul's, but Sir Christopher Wren would never allow the case to be made large enough to receive all the stops. "The sound and general mechanism of modern instruments," says Mr. Burge, "are certainly superior to those of Father Smith's, but for sweetness of tone I have never met in any part of Europe with pipes that have equalled his."

In the reign of James I. there was a great dispute between the Custos of the Temple and the two Societies. This sinecure office, the gift of the Crown, was a rectory without tithes, and the Custos was dependent upon voluntary contributions. The benchers, irritated at Dr. Mickleswalle's arrogant

pretensions, shut the doctor out from their dinners. In the reign of Charles I., the doctor complained to the king that he received no tithes, was refused precedence as Master of the Temple, was allowed no share in the deliberations, was not paid for his supernumerary sermons, and was denied ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The doctor thereupon locked up the church and took away the keys; but Noy, the Attorney-General, snubbed him, and called him "*elatus et superbus*;" and he got nothing, after all, but hard words for his petition.

The learned and judicious Hooker, author of "The Ecclesiastical Polity," was for six years Master of the Temple—"a place," says Izaak Walton, "which he accepted rather than desired." Travers, a disciple of Cartwright the Nonconformist, was the lecturer; so Hooker, it was said, preached Canterbury in the forenoon, and Travers Geneva in the afternoon. The benchers were divided, and Travers being at last silenced by the archbishop, Hooker resigned, and in his quiet parsonage of Bishopbourne renewed the contest in print, in his "Ecclesiastical Polity."

When Bishop Sherlock was Master of the Temple, the sees of Canterbury and London were vacant about the same time (1748); this occasioned an epigram upon Sherlock,—

"At the Temple one day Sherlock taking a boat,  
The waterman asked him, 'Which way will you float?'  
'Which way?' says the Doctor; 'why, fool, with the stream!'

To St. Paul's or to Lambeth was all one to him."

The tide in favour of Sherlock was running to St. Paul's. He was made Bishop of London. Most of his successors in the Mastership have been men of eminence.

During the repairs of 1827 the ancient freestone chapel of St. Anne, which stood on the south side of the "Round," was removed. The upper storey communicated with the Temple Church by a staircase opening on the west end of the south aisle of the choir; the lower joined the "Round" by a doorway under one of the arches of the circular arcade. The chapel anciently opened upon the cloisters, and formed a private way from the convent to the church. Here the Papal legate and the highest bishops frequently held conferences; and on Sunday mornings the Master of the Temple held chapters, enjoined penances, made up quarrels, and pronounced absolution. The chapel of St. Anne was in the old time much resorted to by barren women, who there prayed for children.

In Charles II.'s time, according to "Hudibras," "Some bell" and low rescale of that sort tinged about the Round, waiting for him. Butler says:—

"Retain all sorts of witnesses  
That ply i' the Temple, under trees;  
Or walk the Round with Knights o' th' Posts,  
About the cross-legg'd knights, their host;  
Or wait for customers between  
The pillar rows in Lincoln's Inn."

In James I.'s time the Round, as we find in Ben Jonson, was a place for appointments; and in 1681 Otway describes bullies of Alsatia, with flapping hats pinned up on one side, sandy, weather-beaten periwigs, and clumsy iron swords clattering at their heels, as conspicuous personages among the Knights of the Posts and the other peripatetic philosophers of the Temple walks.

We must now turn to the history of the whole precinct. When the proud Order was abolished by the Pope, Edward II. granted the Temple to Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, who, however, soon surrendered it to the king's cousin, the Earl of Lancaster, who let it, at their special request, to the students and professors of the common laws; the colony then gradually became an organised and collegiate body, Edward I. having authorised laymen for the first time to read and plead causes.

Hugh le Despenser for a time held the Temple, and on his execution Edward III. appointed the Mayor of London its guardian. The mayor, by closing the water-gate, caused much vexation to the lawyers rowing by boat to Westminster, and the king had to interfere. In 1333 the king farmed out the Temple rents at £25 a year. In the meantime, the Knights Hospitallers, affecting to be offended at the desecration of holy ground—the Bishop of Ely's lodgings, a chapel dedicated to St. Becket, and the door to the Temple Hall—claimed the forfeited spot. The king granted their request, the annual revenue of the Temple then being £73 6s. 11d., equal to about £1,000 of our present money. In 1340, in consideration of £100 towards an expedition to France, the warlike king made over the residue of the Temple to the Hospitallers, who instantly endowed the church with lands and one thousand fagots a year from Lillerton Wood to keep up the church fires.

In this reign Chaucer, who is supposed to have been a student of the Middle Temple, and who is said to have once beaten an insolent Franciscan friar in Fleet Street, gives a eulogistic sketch of a Temple manciple or purveyor of provisions, in the prologue to his wonderful "Canterbury Tales."

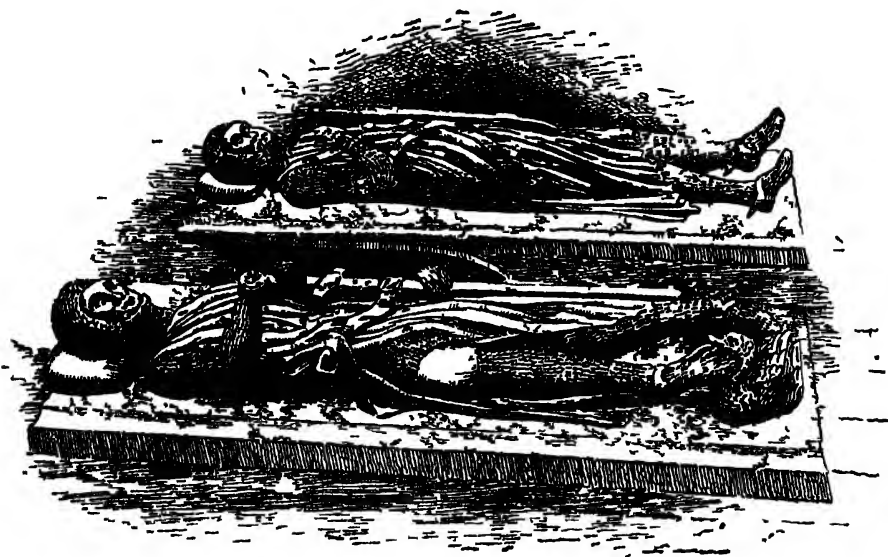
"A gentil manciple was there of the Temple,  
Of whom schollers might have much to know;  
For to ben wise in hyng of wynter,  
For, whether that he paid or took by hire,

Algate he wasted so in his achate  
That he was aye before in good estate.  
Now is not that of God a full fayre grace  
That swiche a lewed mannes wit shall face  
The wisdom of an hepe of lerned men?

"Of maisters had he more than thries ten,  
That were of law expert and curious,  
Of which there was a dosen in that hous  
Worthy to ben stewardes of rent and land  
Of any lord that is in Engeland  
To maken him live by his propre good,  
In honour detteles, but if he were wood,  
Or live as scarsly as him list desire,  
And able for to helpen all a shure,  
In any cos that mighte fallen or happe:  
And yet this manciple sett 'hur aller cyppe."

serjeants-at-law exactly resembles that once used for receiving "Fratres Servientes" into the fraternity of the Temple.

In Wat Tyler's rebellion the wild men of Kent poured down on the dens of the Temple lawyers, pulled down their houses, carried off the books, deeds, and rolls of remembrance, and burnt them in Fleet Street, to spite the Knights Hospitallers. Walsingham, the chronicler, indeed, says that the rebels—who, by the by, claimed only their rights—had resolved to decapitate all the lawyers of London, to put an end to all the laws that had oppressed them, and to clear the ground for better times. In the reign of Henry VI. the overgrown



TOMBS OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS (see page 152)

In the Middle Temple Chaucer is supposed to have formed the acquaintanceship of his graver contemporary, "the moral Gower."

Many of the old retainers of the Templars became servants of the new lawyers, who had ousted their masters. The attendants at table were still called *paniers*, as they had formerly been. The dining in pairs, the expulsion from hall for misconduct, and the locking out of chambers were old customs also kept up. The judges of Common Pleas retained the title of "knight," and the "Fratres Servientes" of the Templars arose again in the character of learned serjeants-at-law, the coif of the modern serjeant being the linen coif of the old "*Freres Serjens*" of the Temple. The coif was never, as some suppose, intended to hide the tonsure of priests practising law contrary to ecclesiastical prohibition. The old ceremony of creating

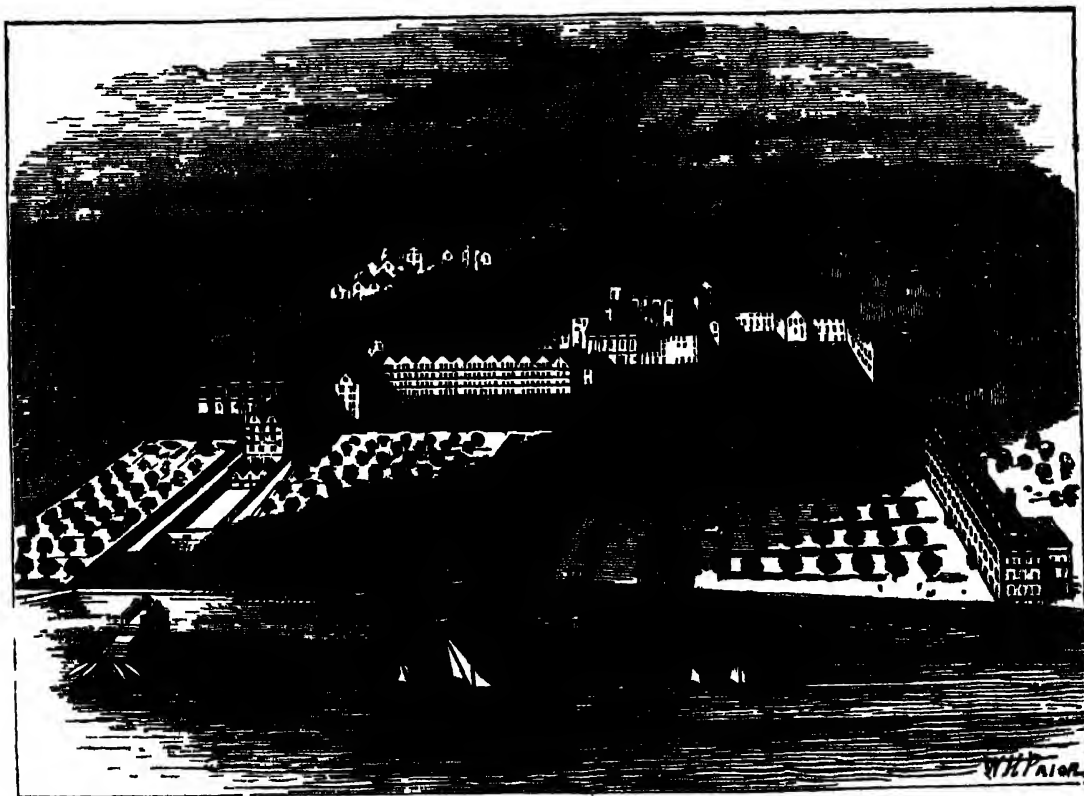
society of the Temple divided into two Halls, or rather the original two Halls of the knights and "Fratres Servientes" separated into two societies. Brooke, the Elizabethan antiquary, says: "To this day, in memory of the old custom, the benchers or ancients of the one society dine once every year in the Hall of the other society."

Sir John Fortescue, Chief Justice of the King's Bench in the reign of Henry VI., computed the annual expenses of each law student at more than £28, or about "£450 of our present money." The students were all gentlemen by birth, and at each Inn of Court there was an academy, where singing, music, and dancing were taught. On festival days, after the offices of the Church, the students employed themselves in the study of history and in reading the Scriptures. Any student expelled one society was refused admission to any

of the other societies. A manuscript (*temp.* Henry VIII.) in the Cottonian Library dwells much on the readings, mootings, boltings, and other practices of the Temple students, and analyses the various classes of benchers, readers, cupboard-men, inner barristers, outer barristers, and students. The writer also mentions the fact that in term times the students met to talk law and confer on business in the church, which was, he says, as noisy as St. Paul's. When the plague broke out the students went home to the country.

The attention paid by the governors of the house both to the morals and dress of its members is evidenced by the imposition, in the thirteenth year of the reign of Henry VIII., of a fine of 6s. 8d. on any one who should exercise the plays of "shove grote" or "slyp-grote," and by the mandate afterwards issued in the thirty-eighth year of the same reign, that students should reform themselves in their cut, or disguised apparel, and should not have long beards.

It is in the Temple Gardens that Shakespeare—



THE TEMPLE IN 1671. (FROM AN OLD BIRD'S-EYE VIEW IN THE INNER TEMPLE.)

The Society of the Inner Temple was very active (says Mr. Foss) during the reign of Henry VIII. in the erection of new buildings. Several houses for chambers were constructed near the Library, and were called Pakington's Rents, from the name of the Treasurer who superintended them. Henry Bradshaw, Treasurer in the twenty-sixth year, gave his name to another set then built, which it kept until Chief Baron Tanfield resided there in the reign of James I., since which it has been called Tanfield Court. Other improvements were made about the same period, one of these being the construction of a new ceiling to the hall, and the erection of a wall between the garden and the Thames.

relying, probably, on some old tradition which does not exist in print—has laid one of the scenes of his *King Henry VI.*—that, namely, in which the partisans of the rival houses of York and Lancaster first assume their distinctive badges of the white and red roses:—

"*Suffolk.* Within the Temple Hall we were too long.  
The garden here is more convenient.

"*Plantagenet.* Let him that is a true-born gentleman,  
And stands upon the honour of his birth,  
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,  
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

"*Somerset.* Let him that is no gentleman,  
Nor will not wear a soldier's armour,  
Nor yet be bound to fight for his country,  
Pluck a red rose from the thorn."



Shall dare maintain the party of the truth,  
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

"*Plantagenet*. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

"*Somerset*. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

"*Warwick*. This brawl to-day,  
Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden,  
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,  
A thousand souls to death and deadly night "

*King Henry VI., Part I., Act II., sc. 4.*

The books of the Middle Temple do not commence till the reign of King Henry VII., the first Treasurer named in them being John Brooke, in the sixteenth year of Henry VII. (1500-1). Readers were not appointed till the following year, the earliest being John Vavasour—probably son of the judge, and not, as Dugdale calls him, the judge himself, who had then been on the bench for twelve years. Members of the house might be excused from living in common on account of their wives being in town, or for other special reasons.

In the last year of Philip and Mary (1558) eight gentlemen of the Temple were expelled the society and committed to the Fleet for wilful disobedience to the Bench, but on their humble submission they were readmitted. A year before this a severe Act of Parliament was passed, prohibiting Templars wearing beards of more than

three weeks' growth, upon pain of a forty-shilling fine, and double for every week after monition. The young lawyers were evidently getting too foppish. They were required to cease wearing Spanish cloaks, swords, bucklers, rapiers, gowns, hats, or daggers at their girdles. Only knights and benchers were to display doublets or hose of any light colour, except scarlet and crimson, or to affect velvet caps, scarf-wings to their gowns, white jerkins, buskins, velvet shoes, double shirt-cuffs, or feathers or ribbons in their caps. Moreover, no attorney was to be admitted into either house. These monastic rules were intended to preserve the gravity of the profession, and must have pleased the Poloniuses and galled the Mercutios of those troublous days.

In Elizabeth's days Master Gerard Leigh, a pedantic scholar of the College of Heralds, persuaded the misguided Inner Temple to abandon the old Templar arms—a plain red cross on a shield argent, with a lamb bearing the banner of the sinless profession, surmounted by a red cross. The heraldic euphuist substituted for this a flying Pegasus striking out the fountain of Hippocrene with its hoofs, with the appended motto of "*Volat ad astra virtus*," a recondite allusion to men like Chaucer and Gower, who, it is said, had turned from lawyers to poets.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE TEMPLE (*continued*).

*The Middle Temple Hall—its Roof, Busts, and Portraits—Manningham's Diary—Fox Hunts in Hall—The Grand Revels—Spenser—Sir J. Davis—A Present to a King—Masques and Royal Visitors at the Temple—Fires in the Temple—The Last Great Revel in the Hall—Temple Anecdotes—The Gordon Riots—John Scott and his Pretty Wife—Colman "Keeping Terms"—Blackstone's "Farewell"—Burke—Sheridan—A Pair of Epigrams—Hare Court—The Barber's Shop—Johnson and the Literary Club—Charles Lamb—Goldsmith's *his Life, Troubles, and Extravagances*—"Hack Work" for Booksellers—*The Deserted Village*—*She Stoops to Conquer*—Goldsmith's Death and Burial*

In the glorious reign of Elizabeth the old Middle Temple Hall was converted into chambers, and a new Hall built. The present roof (says Mr. Peter Cunningham) is the best piece of Elizabethan architecture in London. The screen, in the Renaissance style, was long supposed to be an exact copy of the Strand front of Old Somerset House; but this is a vulgar error; nor could it have been made of timber from the Spanish Armada, for the simple reason that it was set up thirteen years before the Armada was organised. The busts of "doubting" Lord Eldon and his brother, Lord Stowell, the great Admiralty judge, are by Behnes. The portraits are chiefly second-rate copies. The exterior was cased with stone, in "wretched taste,"

in 1757. The diary of an Elizabethan barrister, named Manningham, preserved in the Harleian Miscellany, has revealed the interesting fact that in this hall in February, 1602—probably, says Mr. Collier, six months after its first appearance at the Globe—Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was acted.

"Feb. 2, 1601 (2).—At our feast," says Manningham, "we had a play called *Twelve Night, or What you Will*, much like the *Comedy of Errors* or *Menæchmi in Plautus*, but most like and neerer to that in Italian called *Inganni*. A good practice in it is to make the steward believe his lady wife was in love with him, by counterfeiting a letter, as from his lady, in general terms telling him what



shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, inscribing his appaiaile, &c., and then, when he came to practise, making him believe they tooke him to be mad."

The Temple Revels in the olden time were indeed gorgeous outbursts of mirth and hospitality. One of the most splendid of these took place in the fourth year of Elizabeth's reign, when the queen's favourite, Lord Robert Dudley (afterwards the great Earl of Leicester) was elected Palaphilos, constable or marshal of the inn, to preside over the Christmas festivities. He had lord chancellor and judges, eighty guards, officers of the household, and other distinguished persons to attend him; and another of the queen's subsequent favourites, Christopher Hatton—a handsome youth, remarkable for his skill in dancing—was appointed master of the games. The daily banquets of the Constable were announced by the discharge of a double cannon, and drums and fifes summoned the mock court to the common hall, while sackbuts, cornets, and recorders heralded the arrival of every course. At the first remove a herald at the high table cried,—“The mighty Palaphilos, Prince of Sophie, High Constable, Marshal of the Knights Templars, Patron of the Honourable Order of Pegasus!—a largesse! a largesse!” upon which the Prince of Sophie tossed the man a gold chain worth a thousand talents. The supper ended, the king-at-arms entered, and, doing homage, announced twenty-four special gentlemen, whom Pallas had ordered him to present to Palaphilos as knights-elect of the Order of Pegasus. The twenty-four gentlemen at once appeared, in long white vestures with scarves of Pallas's colours, and the king-at-arms, bowing to each, explained to them the laws of the new order.

For every feast the steward provided five fat hams, with spices and cakes, and the chief butler seven dozen gilt and silver spoons, twelve damask table-cloths, and twenty candlesticks. The Constable wore gilt armour and a plumed helmet, and bore a pole-axe in his hands. On St. Thomas's Eve a parliament was held, when the two youngest brothers, bearing torches, preceded the procession of benchers, the officers' names were called, and the whole society passed round the hearth singing a carol. On Christmas Eve the minstrels, sounding, preceded the dishes, and, dinner done, sang a song at the high table; after dinner the oldest master of the revels and other gentlemen sang songs.

On Christmas Day the feast grew still more feudal and splendid. At the great meal, at noon the minstrels, and a long train of servitors bore in

the blanched boar's head, with a golden lemon in its jaws, the trumpeters being preceded by two gentlemen in gowns, bearing four torches of white wax. On St. Stephen's Day the younger Templars waited at table upon the Benchers. At the first course the Constable entered, to the sound of horns, preceded by sixteen swaggering trumpeters, while the halberdiers bore “the tower” on their shoulders and marched gravely three times round the fire.

On St. John's Day the Constable was up at seven, and personally called and reprimanded any tardy officers, who were sometimes committed to the Tower for disorder. If any officer absented himself at meals, any one sitting in his place was compelled to pay his fee and assume his office. Any offender, if he escaped into the oratory, could claim sanctuary, and was pardoned if he returned into the hall humbly and as a servitor, carrying a roll on the point of a knife. No one was allowed to sing after the cheese was served.

On Childermas Day, New Year's Day, and Twelfth Night the same costly feasts were continued, only that on Thursday there was roast beef and venison pasty for dinner, and mutton and roast hens were served for supper. The final banquet closing all was preceded by a dance, revel, play, or mask, the gentlemen of every Inn of Court and Chancery being invited, and the hall furnished with side scaffolds for the ladies, who were feasted in the library. The Lord Chancellor and the “ancients” feasted in the hall, the Templars serving. The feast over, the Constable, in his gilt armour, ambled into the hall on a caparisoned mule, and arranged the sequence of sports.

The Constable then, with three reverences, knelt before the King of the Revels, and, delivering up his naked sword, prayed to be taken into the royal service. Next entered Hatton, the Master of the Game, clad in green velvet, his rangers arrayed in green satin. Blowing “a blast of venerie” three times on their horns, and holding green-coloured bows and arrows in their hands, the rangers paced three times round the central fire, then knelt to the King of the Revels, and desired admission into the royal service. Next ensued a strange and barbarous ceremony. A huntsman entered with a live fox and cat and nine or ten couple of hounds, and, to the blast of horns and wild shouting, the poor creatures were torn to shreds, for the amusement of the applauding Templars. At supper the Constable entered to the sound of drums, borne upon a scaffold by four men, and as he was passing three times round the hearth every man shouted, “A lord! a lord!”

He then descended, called together his mock court, by such fantastic names as—

"Sir Francis Flatterer, of Fowlershurst, in the county of Buckingham;

Sir Randal Rakabite, of Rascal Hall, in the county of Rakebell;

Sir Morgan Mumchance, of Much Monckery, in the county of Mad Mopery,"

and the banquet then began, every man having a gilt pot full of wine, and each one paying sixpence for his repast. That night, when the lights were put out, the noisy, laughing train passed out of the portal, and the long revels were ended.

"Sir Edward Coke," says Lord Campbell, writing of this period, "first evinced his forensic powers when deputed by the students to make a representation to the benchers of the Inner Temple respecting the bad quality of their *commons* in the hall. After laboriously studying the facts and the law of the case, he clearly proved that the cook had broken his engagement, and was liable to be dismissed. This, according to the phraseology of the day, was called 'the cook's case, and he was said to have argued it with so much quickness of penetration and solidity of judgment, that he gave entire satisfaction to the students, and was much admired by the Bench."

In his exquisite "Prothalamion" Spenser alludes to the Temple as if he had sketched it from the river, after a visit to his great patron, the Earl of Essex,—

"Those bricky towers,  
The which on Thames' broad, aged back doe ride,  
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,  
There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,  
Till they decayed through pride."

Sir John Davis, the author of "Nosce Teipsum," that fine mystic poem on the immortality of the soul, and of that strange philosophical rhapsody on dancing, was expelled the Temple in Elizabeth's reign, for thrashing his friend, another roysterer of the day, Mr. Richard Martin, in the Middle Temple Hall; but afterwards, on proper submission, he was readmitted. Davis afterwards reformed, and became the wise Attorney-General of Ireland. His biographer says, that the preface to his "Irish Reports" vies with Coke for solidity and Blackstone for elegance. Martin (whose monument is now hoarded up in the Triforium) also became a learned lawyer and a friend of Selden, and was the person to whom Ben Jonson dedicated his bitter play, *The Poetaster*. In the dedication the poet says, "For whose innocence as for the author's you were once a noble and kindly undertaker: signed, your true lover, BEN JONSON."

On the accession of James I. some of his hungry Scotch courtiers attempted to obtain from the king a grant of the fee-simple of the Temple; upon which the two indignant societies made "humble suit" to the king, and obtained a grant of the property to themselves. The grant was signed in 1609, the benchers paying £10 annually to the king for the Inner Temple, and £10 for the Middle. In gratitude for this concession, the two loyal societies presented his majesty with a stately gold cup, weighing 200½ ounces, which James "most graciously" accepted. On one side was engraved a temple, on the other a flaming altar, with the words *nil nisi vobis*; on the pyramidal cover stood a Roman soldier leaning on his shield. This cup the bibulous monarch ever afterwards esteemed as one of his rarest and richest jewels. In 1623 James issued one of his absurd and trumpery sumptuary edicts, recommending the ancient way of wearing caps, and requesting the Templars to lay aside their unseemly boots and spurs, the badges of "roarers, rakes, and bullies."

The Temple feasts continued to be as lavish and magnificent as in the days of Queen Mary, when no reader was allowed to contribute less than fifteen bucks to the hall dinner, and many during their readings gave fourscore or a hundred.

On the marriage (1613) of the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of King James I., with Prince Frederick, the unfortunate Elector-Palatine, the Temple and Gray's Inn men gave a masque, of which Sir Francis Bacon was the chief contriver. The masque came to Whitehall by water from Winchester Place, in Southwark; three peals of ordnance greeting them as they embarked with torches and lamps, as they passed the Temple Garden, and as they landed. This short trip cost £300. The king, after all, was so tired, and the hall was so crowded, that the masque was adjourned till the Saturday following, when all went well. The next night the king gave a supper to the forty masquers; Prince Charles and his courtiers, who had lost a wager to the king at running at the ring, paid for the banquet, £30 a man. The masquers, who dined with forty of the chief nobles, kissed his majesty's hand. Shortly after this twenty Templars fought at barriers, in honour of Prince Charles, the benchers contributing thirty shillings each to the expenses; the barristers of seven years' standing, fifteen shillings; and the other gentlemen in commons, ten shillings.

One of the grandest masques ever given by the Templars was one which cost £1,000, and was presented, in 1633, to Charles I. and his French queen, Bulstrode Whitelock, then in his youth, dressed as

picture of this pageant, which was meant to refute Prynne's angry "Histro-Mastix." Noy and Selden were members of the committee, and many grave heads met together to discuss the dances, dresses, and music. The music was written by Milton's friend, Lawes, the libretto by Shirley. The procession set out from Ely House, in Holborn, on Candlemas Day, in the evening. The four chariots that bore the sixteen masquers were preceded by twenty footmen in silver-laced scarlet liveries, who carried torches and cleared the way. After these rode 100 gentlemen from the Inns of Court, mounted and richly clad, every gentleman having two lackeys with torches and a page to carry his cloak. Then followed the other masquers—beggars on horseback and boys dressed as birds. The colours of the first chariot were crimson and silver, the four horses being plumed and trapped in parti-coloured tissue. The Middle Temple rode next, in blue and silver; and the Inner Temple and Lincoln's Inn followed in equal bravery, 100 of the suits being reckoned to have cost £10,000. The masque was most perfectly performed in the Banqueting House at Whitehall, the Queen dancing with several of the masquers, and declaring them to be as good dancers as ever she saw.

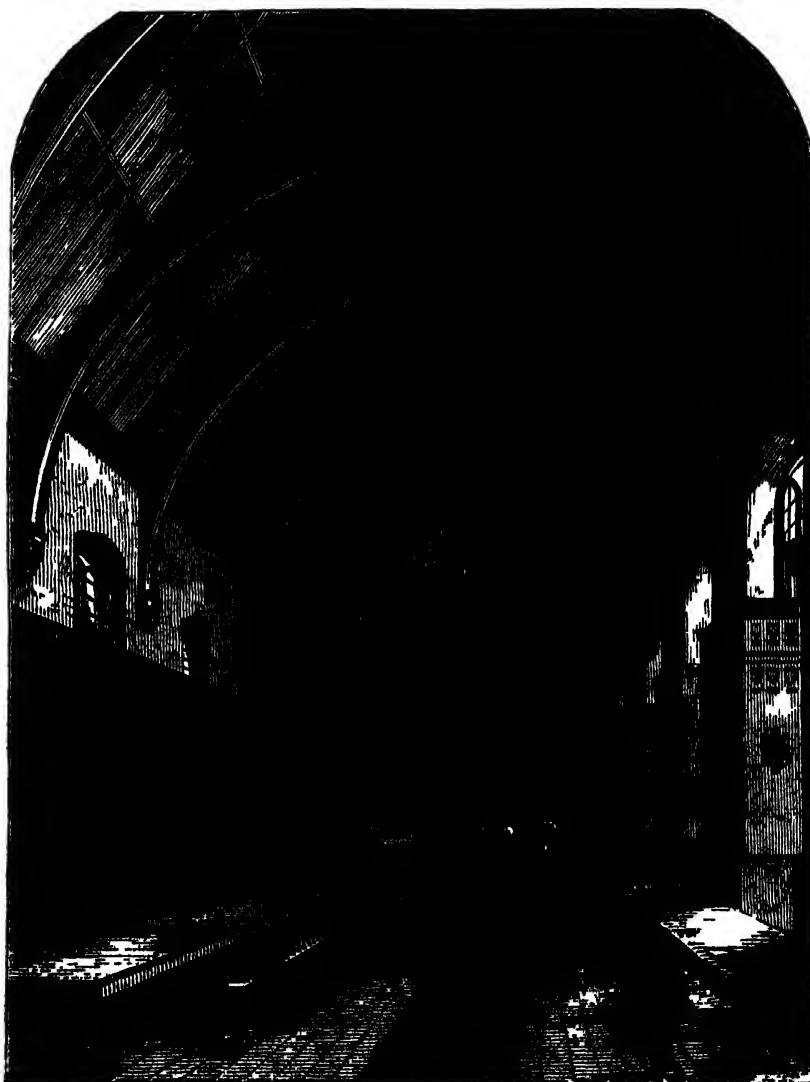
The year after the Restoration Sir Heneage Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham, kept his "reader's feast" in the great hall of the Inner Temple. At that time of universal vice, luxury, and extravagance, the banquet lasted from the 7th to the 17th of August. It was, in fact, open house to all London. The first day came the nobles and privy councillors; the second, the Lord Mayor and aldermen; the third, the whole College of Physicians, attired in their caps and gowns; the fourth, the doctors and advocates of civil law; on the fifth day, the archbishops, bishops, and abbots; the sixth, the King, the Duke of York, the Duke of Buckingham, and half the peers. An entrance was made from the river through the wall of the Temple Garden, the King being received on landing by the Reader and the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; the path from the garden to the wall was lined with the Reader's servants, clad in scarlet cloaks and white doublets; while above them stood the benchers, barristers, and students, music playing all the while, and twenty violins welcoming Charles into the hall with unanimous scrape and quaver. Dinner was served by fifty young students in their gowns, no meaner servants appearing. In the November following the Duke of York, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Earl of Dorset were admitted members of the Society of the Inner

Temple. Six years after, Prince Rupert, then a grizzly old cavalry soldier, and addicted to experiments in chemistry and engraving in his house in the Barbican, received the same honour.

The great fire of 1666, says Mr. Jeaffreson, in his "Law and Lawyers," was stayed in its westward course at the Temple; but it was not suppressed until the flames had consumed many sets of chambers, had devoured the title-deeds of a vast number of valuable estates, and had almost licked the windows of the Temple Church. Clarendon has recorded that on the occasion of this stupendous calamity, which occurred when a large proportion of the Templars were out of town, the lawyers in residence declined to break open the chambers and rescue the property of absent members of their society, through fear of prosecution for burglary. Another great fire, some years later (January, 1678-79), destroyed the old cloisters and part of the old hall of the Inner Temple, and the greater part of the residential buildings of the "Old Temple." Breaking out at midnight, and lasting till noon of next day, it devoured, in the Middle Temple, the whole of Pump Court (in which locality it originated), Elm-tree Court, Vine Court, and part of Brick Court; in the Inner Temple the cloisters, the greater part of Hare Court, and part of the hall. The night was bitterly cold, and the Templars, aroused from their beds to preserve life and property, could not get an adequate supply of water from the Thames, which the unusual severity of the season had frozen. In this difficulty they actually brought barrels of ale from the Temple butteries, and fed the engines with the malt liquor. Of course this supply of fluid was soon exhausted, so the fire spreading eastward, the lawyers fought it by blowing up the buildings that were in immediate danger. Gunpowder was more effectual than beer; but the explosions were sadly destructive to human life. Amongst the buildings thus demolished was the library of the Inner Temple. Naturally, but with no apparent good reason, the sufferers by the fire attributed it to treachery on the part of persons unknown, just as the citizens attributed the fire of 1666 to the Papists. It is more probable that the calamity was caused by some such accident as that which occasioned the fire which, during Lord Campbell's attorney-generalship, destroyed a large amount of property, and, according to one story, had its origin in the carelessness of a barrister, who upset a vessel full of oil. Of this same fire he himself observed:—"When I was Attorney-General, my chambers in the Buildings, Temple, were burnt to the ground in the night-time, and all my books and manuscripts

with some valuable official papers, were consumed. Above all, I had to lament a collection of letters written to me by my dear father, from the time of my going to college till his death in 1824. All lamented this calamity except the claimant of a peerage, some of whose documents (suspected to

chambers, which latter had been for the benefit of the Middle Temple; but, in regard that it could not be done without the consent of the Inner Houses, the masters of the Middle Houses waited upon the then Mr Attorney Finch to desire the concurrence of his society upon a proposition of

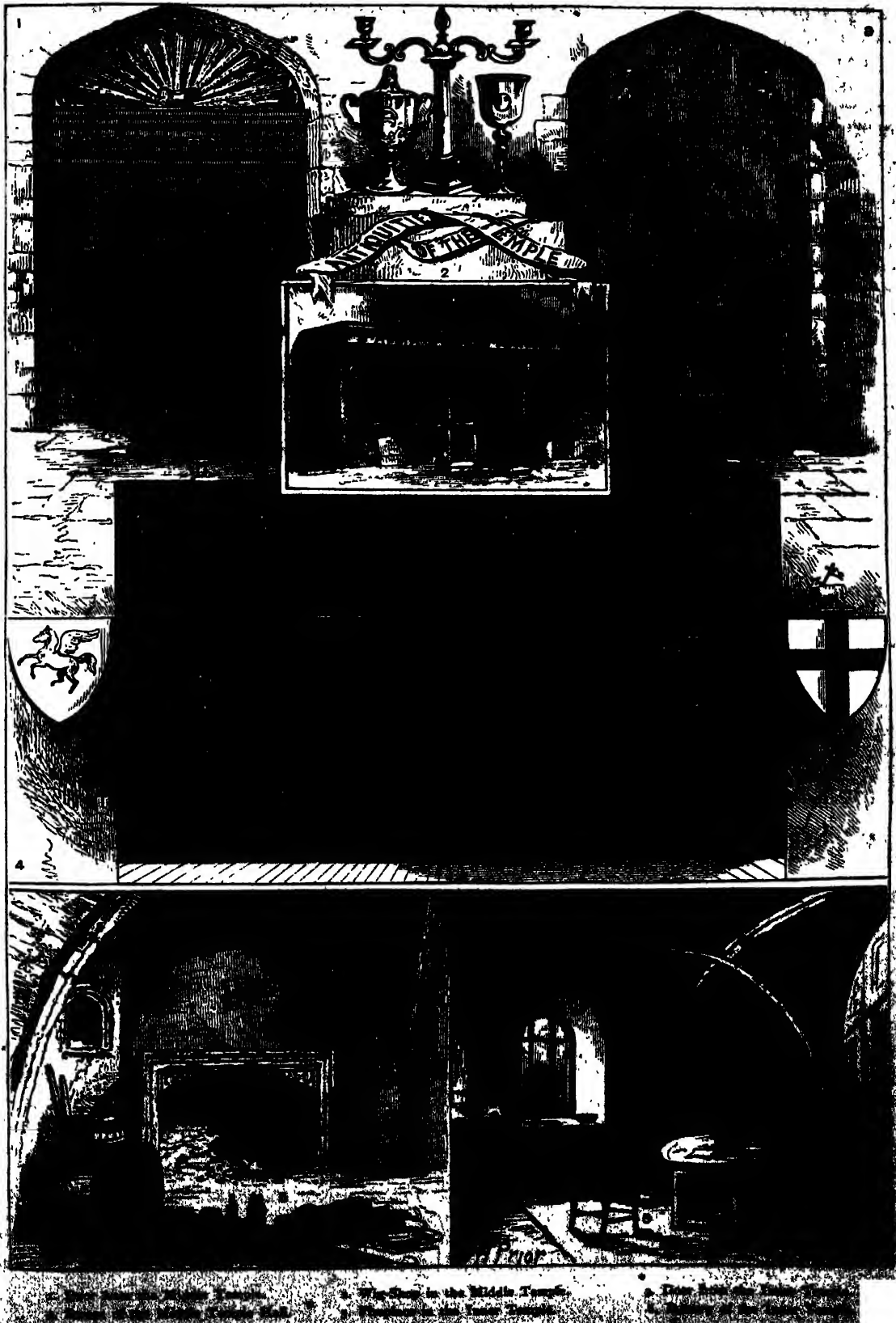


THE OLD HALL OF THE INNER TEMPLE (see page 164).

be forged) he hoped were destroyed; but fortunately they had been removed into safe custody a few days before, and the claim was dropped." The fire here alluded to broke out in the chambers of Mr. (afterwards Judge) Maule.

"I remember," says North in his "Life of Lord Keeper Guildford," "that after the fire of the Temple it was considered whether the old cloister walks should be rebuilt or rather improved into

some benefit to be thrown in on his side. But Mr. Attorney would by no means give way to it, and reproved the Middle Templars very bitterly and eloquently upon the subject of students walking in evenings there, and putting 'casts,' which, he said, 'was done in his time, ~~mean and lost~~ for the buildings were then. However, it ~~was~~ he said, 'that such a benefit to students ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~account of~~ <sup>account of</sup>. And thereupon the cloisters, by the





order and disposition of Sir Christopher Wren, were built as they now stand."

The last revel in any of the Inns of Court was held in the Inner Temple, February, 1733 (George II.), in honour of Mr. Talbot, a bencher of that house, accepting the Great Seal. The ceremony is described by an eye-witness in "Wynne's Eunomus." "The Lord Chancellor arrived at two o'clock, preceded by Mr. Wollaston, Master of the Revels, and followed by Dr. Sherlock, Bishop of Bangor, Master of the Temple, and the judges and serjeants formerly of the Inner Temple. There was an elegant dinner provided for them and the chancellor's officers, but the barristers and students had only the usual meal of grand days, except that each man was furnished with a flask of claret besides the usual allowance of port and sack. Fourteen students waited on the Bench table: among them was Mr. Talbot, the Lord Chancellor's eldest son, and by their means any special dish was easily obtainable from the upper table. A large gallery was built over the screen for the ladies; and music, placed in the little gallery at the upper end of the hall, played all dinner-time. As soon as dinner was over, the play of *Love for Love* and the farce of *The Devil to Pay* were acted, the actors coming from the Haymarket in chaises, all ready-dressed. It was said they refused all gratuity, being satisfied with the honour of performing before such an audience. After the play, the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Temple, the judges and benchers retired into their parliament chamber, and in about half an hour afterwards came into the hall again, and a large ring was formed round the fire-place (but no fire nor embers were in it). Then the Master of the Revels, who went first, took the Lord Chancellor by the right hand, and he with his left took Mr. J[ustice] King, who, joined to the other judges, serjeants, and benchers present, danced, or rather walked, round about the coal fire, according to the old ceremony, three times, during which they were aided in the figure of the dance by Mr. George Cooke, the protonotary, then upwards of sixty; and all the time of the dance the ancient song, accompanied with music, was sung by one Tony Aston (an actor), dressed in a burgher's gown, whose father had been formerly Master of the Plein Office in the King's Bench. When this was over, the ladies came down from the gallery, went into the parliament chamber, and stayed about a quarter of an hour while the hall was putting in order. Then they went into the hall and danced a few minutes. Country dances began about ten, and at twelve a very fine collation was provided for the whole company, from which they

returned to dancing. The Prince of Wales honoured the performance with his company part of the time. He came into the music gallery wing about the middle of the play, and went away as soon as the farce of walking round the coal fire was over."

Mr. Peter Cunningham, *apropos* of these revels, mentions that when the floor of the Middle Temple Hall was taken up in 1764 there were found nearly one hundred pair of very small dice, yellowed by time, which had dropped through the chinks above. The same writer caps this fact by one of his usually apposite quotations. Wycherly, in his *Plain Dealer* (1676—Charles II.), makes Freeman, one of his characters, say:—"Methinks 'tis like one of the Halls in Christmas time, whither from all parts fools bring their money to try the dice (nor the worst judges), whether it shall be their own or no."

The Inner Temple Hall (the refectory of the ancient knights) was almost entirely rebuilt in 1816. The roof was overloaded with timber, the west wall was cracking, and the wooden cupola of the bell let in the rain. The pointed arches and rude sculpture at the entrance doors showed great antiquity, but the northern wall had been rebuilt in 1680. The incongruous Doric screen was surmounted by lions' heads, cones, and other anomalous devices, and in 1741 low, classic windows had been inserted in the south front. Of the old hall, where the Templars frequently held their chapters, and at different times entertained King John, King Henry III., and several of the legates, several portions still remain. A very ancient groined Gothic arch forms the roof of the present buttery, and in the apartment beyond there is a fine groined and vaulted ceiling. In the cellars below are old walls of vast thickness, part of an ancient window, a curious fire-place, and some pointed arches, partly choked with modern brick partitions and dusty staircases. These vaults formerly communicated by a cloister with the chapel of St. Anne, on the south side of the church. In the reign of James I. some brick chambers, three storeys high, were erected over the cloister, but were burnt down in 1678. In 1681 the cloister chambers were again rebuilt.

During the formation of the present new entrance to the Temple by the church at the bottom of Inner Temple Lane, when some old houses were removed, the masons came on a strong ancient wall of chalk and ragstone, supposed to have been the ancient northern boundary of the manor.

Let us call a few Temple anecdotes and say a few ages:—

In November, 1719, *Sketches of the Temple of Lords*, speaking upon Lord Lanesdown's motion for



an inquiry into the state of the country, condemned the conduct of the yeomanry at the "Manchester massacre." "By an ordinary display of spirit and resolution," observed the brilliant egotist to his brother peers (who were so impressed by his complacent volubility and good-humoured self-esteem, that they were for the moment ready to take him at his own valuation), "insurrection may be repressed without violating the law or the constitution. In the riots of 1780, when the mob were preparing to attack the house of Lord Mansfield, I offered to defend it with a small military force; but this offer was unluckily rejected. Afterwards, being in the Temple when the rioters were preparing to force the gate and had fired several times, I went to the gate, opened it, and showed them a field-piece, which I was prepared to discharge in case the attack was persisted in. They were daunted, fell back, and dispersed."

Judge Burrough (says Mr. Jeaffreson, in his "Law and Lawyers") used to relate that when the Gordon Rioters besieged the Temple he and a strong body of barristers, headed by a sergeant of the Guards, were stationed in Inner Temple Lane, and that, having complete confidence in the strength of their massive gate, they spoke bravely of their desire to be fighting on the other side. At length the gate was forced. The lawyers fell into confusion and were about to beat a retreat, when the sergeant, a man of infinite humour, cried out in a magnificent voice, "Take care no gentleman fires from behind." The words struck awe into the assailants and caused the barristers to laugh. The mob, who had expected neither laughter nor armed resistance, took to flight, telling all whom they met that the bloody-minded lawyers were armed to the teeth and enjoying themselves. The Temple was saved. When these Gordon Rioters filled London with alarm, no member of the junior bar was more prosperous and popular than handsome Jack Scott, and as he walked from his house in Carey Street to the Temple, with his wife on his arm, he returned the greetings of the barristers, who, besides liking him for a good fellow, thought it prudent to be on good terms with a man sure to achieve eminence. Dilatory in his early as well as his later years, Scott left his house that morning half an hour late. Already it was known to the mob that the Templars were assembling in their college, and a cry of "The Temple! kill the lawyers!" had been raised in Whitefriars and Essex Street. Before they reached the Middle Temple gate Mr. and Mrs. Scott were assaulted more than once. The man who won Bessie Surtees from a host of rivals and carried her away against the will of her parents and the wishes

of his own father, was able to protect her from serious violence. But before the beautiful creature was safe within the Temple her dress was torn, and when at length she stood in the centre of a crowd of excited and admiring barristers, her head was bare and her ringlets fell loose upon her shoulders. "The scoundrels have got your hat, Bessie," whispered John Scott; "but never mind—they have left you your hair."

In Lord Eldon's "Anecdote Book" there is another gate story amongst the notes on the Gordon Riots. "We youngsters," says the aged lawyer, "at the Temple determined that we would not remain inactive during such times; so we introduced ourselves into a troop to assist the military. We armed ourselves as well as we could, and next morning we drew up in the court ready to follow out a troop of soldiers who were on guard. When, however, the soldiers had passed through the gate it was suddenly shut in our faces, and the officer in command shouted from the other side, 'Gentlemen, I am much obliged to you for your intended assistance, but I do not choose to allow my soldiers to be shot, so I have ordered you to be locked in.'" And away he galloped.

The elder Colman decided on making the younger one a barrister, and after visits to Scotland and Switzerland, the son returned to Soho Square, and found that his father had taken for him chambers in the Temple, and entered him as a student at Lincoln's Inn, where he afterwards kept a few terms by eating oysters. Upon this Mr. Peake notes:—"The students of Lincoln's Inn keep term by dining, or pretending to dine, in the hall during the term time. Those who feed there are accommodated with wooden trenchers instead of plates, and previously to the dinner oysters are served up by way of prologue to the play. Eating the oysters, or going into the hall without eating them, if you please, and then departing to dine elsewhere, is quite sufficient for term-keeping." The chambers in King's Bench Walk were furnished with a tent-bedstead, two tables, half-a-dozen chairs, and a carpet as much too scanty for the boards as Sheridan's "rivulet of rhyme" for its "meadow of margin." To these the elder Colman added £10 worth of law books which had been given to him in his own Lincoln's Inn days by Lord Bath; then enjoining the son to work hard, the father left town upon a party of pleasure.

Colman had sent his son to Switzerland to get him away from a certain Miss Catherine Morris, an actress of the Haymarket company. This quelled for a time, but no sooner had the father left the son in the Temple than he set off with Miss Morris

to Gretna Green, and was there married, in 1784; and four years after, the father's sanction having been duly obtained, they were publicly married at Chelsea Church:

In the same staircase with Colman, in the Temple, lived the witty Jekyll, who, seeing in Colman's chambers a round cage with a squirrel in it, looked for a minute or two at the little animal, which was performing the same operation as a man in the treadmill, and then quietly said, "Ah, poor devil! he is going the Home Circuit," the locality where it was uttered—the Temple—favouring this technical joke.

On the morning when young Colman began his studies (Dec. 20, 1784) he was interrupted by the intelligence that the funeral procession of the great Dr. Johnson was on its way from his late residence, Bolt Court, through Fleet Street, to Westminster Abbey. Colman at once threw down his pen, and ran forth to see the procession, but was disappointed to find it much less splendid and imposing than the sepulchral pomp of Garrick five years before.

Dr. Dibdin thus describes the Garden walks in the last century—"Towards evening it was the fashion for the leading counsel to promenade during the summer months in the Temple Gardens. Cocked hats and ruffles, with satin small clothes and silk stockings, at this time constituted the usual evening dress. Lord Erskine, though a great deal shorter than his brethren, somehow always seemed to take the lead, both in place and in discourse, and shouts of laughter would frequently follow his dicta."

"Ugly" Dunning, afterwards the famous Lord Ashburton, entered the Middle Temple in 1752, and was called four years later, in 1756. Lord Chancellor Thurlow used to describe him wittily as "the knave of clubs."

Herne Tooke, Dunning, and Kenyon were accustomed to dine together, during the vacation, at a little eating-house in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane for the sum of sevenpence-halfpenny each. "As to Dunning and myself," said Tooke, "we were generous, for we gave the girl who waited upon us a penny a piece, but Kenyon, who always knew the value of money, sometimes rewarded her with a halfpenny, and sometimes with a promise."

Blackstone, before dedicating his powers finally to the study of the law in which he afterwards became so famous, wrote in Temple chambers his "Farewell to the Muse:"—

"Lulled by the lapse of gliding floods,  
Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods,

How blest my days, my thoughts how free,  
In sweet society with thee!  
Then all was joyous, all was young,  
And years unheeded roll'd along;  
But now the pleasing dream is o'er—  
These scenes must charm me now no more.  
Lost to the field, and torn from you,  
Farewell!—a long, a last adieu!"

\* \* \*  
Then welcome business, welcome strife,  
Welcome the cures, the thorns of life,  
The visage wan, the purblind sight,  
The toil by day, the lamp by night,  
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,  
The pert dispute, the dull debate,  
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,—  
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!"

That great orator, Edmund Burke, was entered at the Middle Temple in 1747, when the heads of the Scotch rebels of 1745 were still fresh on the spikes of Temple Bar, and he afterwards came to keep his terms in 1750. In 1756 he occupied a two-pair chamber at the "Pope's Head," the shop of Jacob Robinson, the Twickenham poet's publisher, just within the Inner Temple gateway. Burke took a dislike, however, perhaps fortunately for posterity, to the calf skin books, and was never called to the bar.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, an Irishman even more brilliant, but unfortunately far less prudent, than Burke, entered his name in the Middle Temple books a few days before his elopement with Miss Linley.

"A wit," says Archdeacon Nares, in his pleasant book, "Heraldic Anomalies," "once chalked the following lines on the Temple gate"—

"As by the Templars' hold you go,  
The horse and lamb display'd  
In emblematic figures show  
The merits of their trade.

"The clients may infer from thence  
How just is their profession,  
The lamb sets forth their innocence,  
The horse their expedition.

"Oh, happy Britons! happy isle!  
Let foreign nations say,  
Where you get justice without guile  
And law without delay."

A rival wag replied to these lively lines by the following severer ones:—

"Deluded men, these holds forego,  
Nor trust such cunning elves;  
These artful emblems tend to show  
Their clients—not themselves.

"'Tis all a trick; these are all shams  
By which they mean to cheat you;  
But have a care—~~for you're the lambs,~~  
And they the wolves that eat you.

"Nor let the thought of 'no delay'  
To these their courts misguide you;  
'Tis you're the showy horse, and they  
The jockeys that will ride you."

Hare Court is said to derive its name from Sir Nicholas Hare, who was Privy Councillor to Henry VIII. the despotic, and Master of the Rolls to Queen Mary the cruel. Heaven only knows what stern decisions and anti-heretical indictments have not been drawn up in that quaint enclosure. The immortal pump, which stands as a special feature of the court, has been mentioned by the poet Garth in his "Dispensary :"—

"And dare the college insolently aim,  
To equal our fraternity in fame?  
Then let crabs' eyes with pearl for virtue try,  
Or Highgate Hill with lofty Pindus vie;  
So glowworms may compare with Titan's beams,  
And Hare Court pump with Aganippe's streams"

In Essex Court one solitary barber remains: his shop is the last wigwag of a departing tribe. Dick Danby's, in the cloisters, used to be famous. In his "Lives of the Chief Justices," Lord Campbell has some pleasant gossip about Dick Danby, the Temple barber. In our group of antiquities of the Temple on page 163 will be found an engraving of the existing barber's shop

"One of the most intimate friends," he says, "I have ever had in the world was Dick Danby, who kept a hairdresser's shop under the cloisters in the Inner Temple. I first made his acquaintance from his assisting me, when a student at law, to engage a set of chambers. He afterwards cut my hair, made my bar wigs, and aided me at all times with his valuable advice. He was on the same good terms with most of my forensic contemporaries. Thus he became master of all the news of the profession, and he could tell who were getting on, and who were without a brief—who succeeded by their talents, and who hugged the attorneys—who were desirous of becoming puisne judges, and who meant to try their fortunes in Parliament—which of the chiefs was in a failing state of health, and who was next to be promoted to the collar of S.S. Poor fellow! he died suddenly, and his death threw a universal gloom over Westminster Hall, unrelieved by the thought that the survivors who mourned him might pick up some of his business—a consolation which wonderfully softens the grief felt for a favourite Nisi Prius leader."

In spite of all the great lawyers who have been nurtured in the Temple, it has derived its chief fame from the residence within its precincts of three civilians—Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, and Charles Lamb.

Dr. Johnson came to the Temple (No. 1, Inner Temple Lane) from Gray's Inn in 1760, and left it for Johnson's Court (Fleet Street) about 1765. When he first came to the Temple, he was loitering over his edition of "Shakespeare." In 1762 a pension of £300 a year for the first time made him independent of the booksellers. In 1763 Boswell made his acquaintance and visited Uria Major in his den.

"It must be confessed," says Boswell, "that his apartments, furniture, and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty, he had on a little old shrivelled, unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt neck and the knees of his breeches were loose, his black worsted stockings ill drawn up, and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers."

At this time Johnson generally went abroad at four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. He owned it was a bad habit. He generally had a levee of morning visitors, chiefly men of letters—Hawkesworth, Goldsmith, Murphy, Langton, Stevens, Beauclerk, &c.—and sometimes learned ladies. "When Madame de Boufflers (the mistress of the Prince of Conti) was first in England," said Beauclerk, "she was desirous to see Johnson. I accordingly went with her to his chambers in the Temple, where she was entertained with his conversation for some time. When our visit was over, she and I left him, and were got into Inner Temple Lane, when all at once I heard a voice like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who, it seems, upon a little reflection, had taken it into his head that he ought to have done the honours of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality, and, eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the staircase in violent agitation. He overtook us before we reached the Temple Gate, and, brushing in between me and Madame de Boufflers, seized her hand and conducted her to her coach. His dress was a rusty-brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes by way of slippers, &c. A considerable crowd of people gathered round, and were not a little struck by his singular appearance."

It was in the year 1763, while Johnson was living in the Temple, that the Literary Club was founded; and it was in the following year that this wise and good man was seized with one of those fits of hypochondria that occasionally weighed upon that great intellect. Boswell had a chamber, not far from the god of his idolatry, at that time once called "Farrar's Buildings," at the bottom of Inner Temple Lane.

Charles Lamb came to 4, Inner Temple Lane, in 1809. Writing to Coleridge, the delightful humorist says:—"I have been turned out of my chambers in the Temple by a landlord who wanted them for himself; but I have got others at No 4, Inner Temple Lane, far more commodious and roomy. I have two rooms on the third floor, and five rooms above, with an inner staircase to myself, and all new

best room commands a court, in which there are trees and a pump, the water of which is excellent, cold—with brandy; and not very insipid without." He sends Manning some of his little books, to give him "some idea of European literature." It is in this letter that he speaks of Braham and his singing, and jokes "on titles of honour," exemplifying the eleven gradations, by which Mr. C.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH (see page 169).

painted, &c., for £30 a year. The rooms are delicious, and the best look backwards into Hare Court, where there is a pump always going; just now it is dry. Hare Court's trees come in at the window, so that it's like living in a garden." In 1810 he says:—"The household gods are slow to come; but here I mean to live and die." From this place (since pulled down and rebuilt) he writes to Manning, who is in China:—"Come, and bring any of your friends the mandarins with you. My

Lamb rose in succession to be Baron, Marquis, Duke, Emperor Lamb, and finally Pope Innocent; and other lively matters fit to solace an English mathematician self-banished to China. The same year Mary Lamb describes her brother taking to water like a hungry otter—abstaining from all spirituous liquors, but with the most indifferent result, as he became full of cramps and rheumatism, and so cold internally that fire could not warm him. It is but just to Lamb to mention that this

ascetic period was brief. This same year Lamb wrote his fine essays on Hogarth and on the tragedies of Shakespeare. He was already getting weary of the dull routine of official work at the India House.

Goldsmith came to the Temple, early in 1764, from Wine Office Court. It was a hard year with him, though he published "The Traveller," and

some say, to write secretly the erudite history of "Goody Two-Shoes" for Newbery. In 1765 various publications, or perhaps the money for "The Vicar," enabled the author to move to larger chambers in Garden Court, close to his first set, and one of the most agreeable localities in the Temple. He now carried out his threat to Johnson—started a man-servant, and ran into debt with



GOLDSMITH'S TOMB IN 1860 (see page 171)

opened sundry negotiations with Dodsley and Tonson. "He took," says Mr. Forster, "rooms on the then library-staircase of the Temple. They were a humble set of chambers enough (one Jeffs, the butler of the society, shared them with him), and on Johnson's prying and peering about in them, after his short-sighted fashion flattening his face against every object he looked at, Goldsmith's uneasy sense of their deficiencies broke out. 'I shall soon be in better chambers, sir, than these,' he said. 'Nay, sir,' answered Johnson, 'never mind that—*nec te quaviservis extra.*'" He soon hurried off to the quiet of Islington, as

his usual gay and thoughtless vanity to Mr. Filby, the tailor, at Water Lane, for coats of divers colours. Goldsmith began to feel his importance, and determined to show it. In 1766 "The Vicar of Wakefield" (price five shillings, sewed) secured his fame, but he still remained in difficulties. In 1767 he wrote *The Good-Natured Man*, knocked off an English Grammar for five guineas, and was only saved from extreme want by Davies employing him to write a "History of Rome" for 250 guineas. In 1767 Parson Scott (Lord Sandwich's chaplain), busily going about to negotiate for writers, describes himself as applying

to Goldsmith, among others, to induce him to write in favour of the Administration. "I found him," he said, "in a miserable set of chambers in the Temple. I told him my authority; I told him that I was empowered to pay most liberally for his exertions; and—would you believe it!—he was so absurd as to say, 'I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance you offer is therefore unnecessary to me.' And so I left him," added the Rev. Dr. Scott, indignantly, "in his garret."

On the partial success of *The Good-Natured Man* (January, 1768), Goldsmith, having cleared £500, broke out like a successful gambler. He purchased a set of chambers (No. 2, up two pairs of stairs, in Brick Court) for £400, squandered the remaining £100, ran in debt to his tailor, and borrowed of Mr. Bolt, a man on the same floor. He purchased Wilton carpets, blue merino curtains, chimney-glasses, book-cases, and card-tables, and, by the aid of Filby, enrobed him in a suit of Tyrian bloom, satin grain, with darker blue silk breeches, price £8 2s. 7d., and he even ventured at a more costly suit, lined with silk and ornamented with gilt buttons. Below him lived that learned lawyer, Mr. Blackstone, then poring over the fourth volume of his precious "Commentaries," and the noise and dancing overhead nearly drove him mad, as it also did a Mr. Children, who succeeded him. The cause of these noises Mr. John Forster relates in his delightful biography of the poet. An Irish merchant named Seguin "remembered dinners at which Johnson, Percy, Bickerstaff, Kelly, 'and a variety of authors of minor note,' were guests. They talked of supper-parties with younger people, as well in the London chambers as in suburban lodgings; preceded by blind-man's buff, forfeits, or games of cards; and where Goldsmith, festively entertaining them all, would make frugal supper for himself off boiled milk. They related how he would sing all kinds of Irish songs; with what special enjoyment he gave the Scotch ballad of 'Johnny Armstrong' (his old nurse's favourite); how cheerfully he would put the front of his wig behind, or contribute in any other way to the general amusement; and to what accompaniment of uncontrolled laughter he once 'danced a minuet with Mrs. Seguin.'"

In 1768 appeared "The Deserted Village." It was about this time that one of Goldy's Grub Street acquaintances called upon him, whilst he was conversing with Topham Beauclerk and General Oglethorpe; and the fellow, telling Goldsmith that he was sorry he could not pay the two guineas he owed him, offered him a quarter of a pound of tea

and half a pound of sugar as an acknowledgment. "1769. Goldsmith fell in love with Mary Horneck, known as the 'Jessamy Bride.' Unfortunately he obtained an advance of £500 for his 'Natural History,' and wholly expended it when only six chapters were written." In 1771 he published his "History of England." It was in this year that Reynolds, coming one day to Brick Court, perhaps about the portrait of Goldsmith he had painted the year before, found the mercurial poet kicking a bundle, which contained a masquerade dress, about the room, in disgust at his folly in wasting money in so foolish a way. In 1772, Mr. Forster mentions a very characteristic story of Goldsmith's warmth of heart. He one day found a poor Irish student (afterwards Dr. M'Veagh M'Donnell, a well-known physician) sitting and moping in despair on a bench in the Temple Gardens. Goldsmith soon talked and laughed him into hope and spirits, then taking him off to his chambers, employed him to translate some chapters of Buffon. In 1773 *She Stoops to Conquer* made a great hit; but Noll was still writing at hack-work, and was deeper in debt than ever. In 1774, when Goldsmith was still grinding on at his hopeless drudge-work, as far from the goal of fortune as ever, and even resolving to abandon London life, with all its temptations, Mr. Forster relates that Johnson, dining with the poet, Reynolds, and some one else, silently reproved the extravagance of so expensive a dinner by sending away the whole second course untouched.

In March, 1774, Goldsmith returned from Edgware to his Temple chambers, which he was trying to sell, suffering from a low nervous fever, partly the result of vexation at his pecuniary embarrassments. Mr. Hawes, an apothecary in the Strand (and one of the first founders of the Humane Society), was called in; but Goldsmith insisted on taking James's fever-powders, a valuable medicine, but dangerous under the circumstances. This was on Friday, the 25th. He told the doctor then his mind was not at ease, and he died on Monday, April 4th, in his forty-fifth year. His debts amounted to over £2,000. "Was ever poet so trusted before?" writes Johnson to Boswell. The staircase of Brick Court was filled with poor outcasts, to whom Goldsmith had been kind and charitable. His coffin was opened by Miss Horneck, that a lock might be cut from his hair. Burke and Reynolds superintended the funeral, Reynolds' nephew, Palmer, afterwards Dean of Cashel, being chief mourner. Hugh Kelly, who had so often lampooned the poet, was present. At five o'clock on Saturday, the 6th of April, Goldsmith was buried in the Temple church-yard. In 1837, a slab of white marble, to the



kindly poet's memory, was placed in the Temple Church, and afterwards transferred to a recess of the vestry chamber. Of the poet, Mr. Forster says, "no memorial indicates the grave to the pilgrim or the stranger, nor is it possible any longer to identify the spot which received all that was mortal of the delightful writer." The present site is entirely conjectural; but it appears from the following note, communicated to us by T. C. Noble, the well-known City antiquary, that the real site was remembered as late as 1830. Mr. Noble says :—

"In 1842, after some consideration, the benchers of the Temple deciding that no more burials should take place in the churchyard, resolved to pave it over. For about fifteen years the burial-place of Dr. Goldsmith continued in obscurity; for while some would have it that the interment took place to the east of the choir, others clung to an opinion, handed down by Mr. Broome, the gardener, who stated that when he commenced his duties, about 1830, a Mr. Collett, sexton, a very old man, and a penurious one, too, employed him to prune an elder-tree which, he stated, he venerated, because

it marked the site of Goldsmith's grave. The stone which has been placed in the yard, 'to mark the spot' where the poet was buried, is not the site of this tree. The tomb was erected in 1860, but the exact position of the grave has never been discovered." The engraving on page 169 shows the spot as it appeared in the autumn of that year. The old houses at the back were pulled down soon after.

Mr. Forster, alluding to Goldsmith's love for the rooks, the former denizens of the Temple Gardens, says: "He saw the rookery (in the winter deserted, or guarded only by some five or six, 'like old soldiers in a garrison') resume its activity and bustle in the spring, and he moralised, like a great reformer, on the legal constitution established, the social laws enforced, and the particular castigations endured for the good of the community, by those black-dressed and black-eyed chattering. 'I have often amused myself,' Goldsmith remarks, 'with observing their plans of policy from my window in the Temple, that looks upon a grove where they have made a colony, in the midst of the city.'"

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE TEMPLE (*continued*).

Fountain Court and the Temple Fountain—Ruth Pinch—L. E. L.'s Poem—Fig-tree Court—The Inner Temple Library—Paper Buildings—The Temple Gate—Guldford North and Jeffreys—Cowper, the Poet: his Melancholy and Attempted Suicide—A Tragedy in Tanfield Court—Lord Mansfield—"Mr. Murray" and his Client—Lamb's Pictures of the Temple—The Sun-dials—Porson and his Eccentricities—Rules of the Temple—Coke and his Labours—Temple Riots—Scuffles with the Alsatians—Temple Dinners—"Calling" to the Bar—The Temple Gardens—The Chrysanthemums—Sir Matthew Hale's Tree—Revenues of the Temple—Temple Celebrities

LIVES there a man with soul so dead as to write about the Temple without mentioning the little fountain in Fountain Court?—that pet and plaything of the Temple, that, like a little fairy, sings to beguile the cares of men oppressed with legal duties. It used to look like a wagoner's silver whip—now a modern writer cruelly calls it "a pert squirt." In Queen Anne's time Hatton describes it as forcing its stream "to a vast and almost incredible altitude"—it is now only ten feet high, no higher than a giant lord chancellor. Then it was fenced with palisades—now it is caged in iron; then it stood in a square—now it is in a round. But it still sparkles and glitters, and sprinkles and playfully splashes the jaunty sparrows that come to wash off the London dust in its variegated spray. It is quite careless now, however, of notice, for has it not been immortalised by the pen of Dickens, who has made it the centre of one of his most

charming love scenes? It was in Fountain Court, our readers will like to remember, that Ruth Pinch—gentle, loving Ruth—met her lover, by the merest accident of course.

"There was," says Mr. Dickens, "a little plot between them that Tom should always come out of the Temple by one way, and that was past the fountain. Coming through Fountain Court, he was just to glance down the steps leading into Garden Court, and to look once all round him; and if Ruth had come to meet him, there he would see her—not sauntering, you understand (on account of the clerks), but coming briskly up, with the best little laugh upon her face that ever played in opposition to the fountain and beat it all to nothing. For, fifty to one, Tom had been looking for her in the wrong direction, and had quite given her up, while she had been tripping towards him from the first, jingling that little

reticule of hers (with all the keys in it) to attract his wondering observation.

"Whether there was life enough left in the slow vegetation of Fountain Court for the smoky shrubs to have any consciousness of the brightest and purest-hearted little woman in the world, is a question for gardeners and those who are learned in the loves of plants. But that it was a good thing for that same paved yard to have such a delicate little figure flitting through it, that it passed like a smile from the grimy old houses and the worn flagstones, and left them duller, darker, sterner than before, there is no sort of doubt. The Temple fountain might have leaped up twenty feet to greet the spring of hopeful maidenhood that in her person stole on, sparkling, through the dry and dusty channels of the law; the chirping sparrows, bred in Temple chinks and crannies, might have held their peace to listen to imaginary skylarks as so fresh a little creature passed; the dingy boughs, unused to droop, otherwise than in their puny growth, might have bent down in a kindred gracefulness to shed their benedictions on her graceful head; old love-letters, shut up in iron boxes in the neighbouring offices, and made of no account among the heaps of family papers into which they had strayed, and of which in their degeneracy they formed a part, might have stirred and fluttered with a moment's recollection of their ancient tenderness, as she went lightly by. Anything might have happened that did not happen, and never will, for the love of Ruth. . . .

"Merrily the tiny fountain played, and merrily the dimples sparkled on its sunny face. John Westlock hurried after her. Softly the whispering water broke and fell, and roguishly the dimples twinkled as he stole upon her footsteps.

"Oh, foolish, panting, timid little heart! why did she feign to be unconscious of his coming? . . .

"Merrily the fountain leaped and danced, and merrily the smiling dimples twinkled and expanded more and more, until they broke into a laugh against the basin's rim and vanished."

"L. E. L." (Miss Landon) has left a graceful poem on this much-petted fountain, which begins,—

"The fountain's low singing is heard on the wind,  
Like a melody, bringing sweet fancies to mind—  
Some to grieve, some to gladden; around them  
they cast  
The hopes of the morrow, the dreams of the past.  
Away in the distance is heard the vast sound  
From the streets of the city that compass it round,  
Like the echo of fountains or ocean's deep call;  
Yet that fountain's low singing is heard over all."

Fig-tree Court derived its name from obvious

sources. Next to the plane, that has the strange power of sloughing off its sooty bark, the fig seems the tree that best endures London's corrupted atmosphere. Thomas Fairchild, a Hoxton gardener, who wrote in 1722 (quoted by Mr. Peter Cunningham), alludes to figs ripening well in the Rolls Gardens, Chancery Lane, and to the tree thriving in close places about Bridewell. Who can say that some Templar pilgrim did not bring from the banks of "Abana or Pharpar, rivers of Damascus," the first leafy inhabitant of inky and dusty Fig-tree Court? Lord Thurlow was living here in 1758, the year he was called to the bar, and when, it was said, he had not money enough even to hire a horse to attend the circuit.

The Inner Temple Library stands on the terrace facing the river. The Parliament Chambers and Hall, in the Tudor style, were the work of Sidney Smirke, R.A., in 1835. The library, designed by Mr. Abrahams, is 96 feet long, 42 feet wide, and 63 feet high; it has a hammer-beam roof. One of the stained glass windows is blazoned with the arms of the Templars. Below the library are chambers. The cost of the whole was about £13,000. The north window is thought to too much resemble the great window at Westminster Hall.

Paper Buildings, a name more suitable for the offices of some City companies, were first built in the reign of James I., by a Mr. Edward Hayward and others; and the learned Dugdale describes them as eighty-eight feet long, twenty feet broad, and four storeys high. This Hayward was Selden's chamber-fellow, and to him Selden dedicated his "Titles of Honour." Selden, according to Aubrey, had chambers in these pleasant riverside buildings, looking towards the gardens, and in the uppermost storey he had a little gallery, to pace in and meditate. The Great Fire swept away Selden's chambers, and their successors were destroyed by the fire which broke out in Mr. Maule's chambers. Coming home at night from a dinner-party, Maule, afterwards a judge, put a lighted candle under his bed by mistake. The stately new buildings were designed by Mr. Sidney Smirke, A.R.A., in 1848. The red brick and stone harmonise pleasantly. In 1878-9 Hare Court Buildings were extended towards the river, to answer to them.

The entrance to the Middle Temple from Fleet Street is a gatehouse of red brick pointed with stone, and is the work of Wren. It was erected in 1684, after the Great Fire, and is in the style of Inigo Jones—"not inelegant," says Ralph. It probably occupies the site of the gatehouse erected by order of Wolsey, at the expense of his prisoner,

Sir Annyas Paulet. The frightened man covered the front with the cardinal's hat and arms, hoping to appease Wolsey's anger by gratifying his pride. The Inner Temple gateway was built in the fifth year of James I.

Elm Court was built in the sixth year of Charles I. Up one pair of stairs that successful courtier, Guildford North, whom Jeffreys so tormented, commenced the practice that soon won him such high honours. Elm Court was demolished in the autumn of 1879.

In 1752 the poet Cowper, on leaving a solicitor's office, had chambers in the Middle Temple, and in that solitude the horror of his future malady began to darken over him. He gave up the classics, which had been his previous delight, and read George Herbert's poems all day long. In 1759, after his father's death, he purchased another set of rooms for £250, in an airy situation in the Inner Temple. He belonged, at this time, to the "Nonsense Club," of which Bonnell Thornton, Colman junior, and Lloyd were members. Thurlow also was his friend. In 1763 his despondency deepened into insanity. An approaching appointment to the clerkship of the Journals of the House of Lords overwhelmed him with nervous fears. Dreading to appear in public, he resolved to destroy himself. He purchased laudanum, then threw it away. He packed up his portmanteau to go to France and enter a monastery. He went down to the Custom House Quay, to throw himself into the river. He tried to stab himself. At last the poor fellow actually hung himself, and was only saved by an accident. The following is his own relation:—

"Not one hesitating thought now remained, but I fell greedily to the execution of my purpose. My garter was made of a broad piece of scarlet binding, with a sliding buckle, being sewn together at the ends. By the help of the buckle I formed a noose, and fixed it about my neck, straining it so tight that I hardly left a passage for my breath, or for the blood to circulate. The tongue of the buckle held it fast. At each corner of the bed was placed a wreath of carved work fastened by an iron pin, which passed up through the midst of it; the other part of the garter, which made a loop, I slipped over one of them, and hung by it some seconds, drawing up my feet under me, that they might not touch the floor; but the iron bent, and the carved work slipped off, and the garter with it. I then fastened it to the frame of the tester, winding it round and tying it in a strong knot. The frame broke short, and let me down again.

"The third effort was more likely to succeed.

I set the door open, which reached to within a foot of the ceiling. By the help of a chair I could command the top of it, and the loop being large enough to admit a large angle of the door, was easily fixed, so as not to slip off again. I pushed away the chair with my feet, and hung at my whole length. While I hung there I distinctly heard a voice say three times, 'Tis over!' Though I am sure of the fact, and was so at the time, yet it did not at all alarm me or affect my resolution. I hung so long that I lost all sense, all consciousness of existence.

"When I came to myself again I thought I was in hell; the sound of my own dreadful groans was all that I heard, and a feeling like that produced by a flash of lightning just beginning to seize upon me, passed over my whole body. In a few seconds I found myself fallen on my face to the floor. In about half a minute I recovered my feet, and reeling and struggling, stumbled into bed again.

"By the blessed providence of God, the garter which had held me till the bitterness of temporal death was past broke just before eternal death had taken place upon me. The stagnation of the blood under one eye in a broad crimson spot, and a red circle round my neck, showed plainly that I had been on the brink of eternity. The latter, indeed, might have been occasioned by the pressure of the garter, but the former was certainly the effect of strangulation, for it was not attended with the sensation of a bruise, as it must have been had I in my fall received one in so tender a part; and I rather think the circle round my neck was owing to the same cause, for the part was not excoriated, nor at all in pain.

"Soon after I got into bed I was surprised to hear a voice in the dining-room, where the laundress was lighting a fire. She had found the door unbolted, notwithstanding my design to fasten it, and must have passed the bed-chamber door while I was hanging on it, and yet never perceived me. She heard me fall, and presently came to ask me if I was well, adding, she feared I had been in a fit.

"I sent her to a friend, to whom I related the whole affair, and dispatched him to my kinsman at the coffee-house. As soon as the latter arrived, I pointed to the broken garter which lay in the middle of the room, and apprised him also of the attempt I had been making. His words were, 'My dear Mr. Cowper, you terrify me! To be sure you cannot hold the office at this rate. Where is the deputation?' I gave him the key of the drawer where it was deposited, and his business requiring his immediate attendance, he took it

away with him ; and thus ended all my connection with the Parliament office."

In February, 1732, Tanfield Court, a quiet, dull nook on the east side of the Temple, to the south of that sombre Grecian temple where the Master resides, was the scene of a very horrible crime. Sarah Malcolm, a laundress, aged twenty-two, employed by a young barrister named Kerrol in the same court, gaining access to the rooms of an old lady named Duncomb, whom she knew

Malcolm went to execution neatly dressed in a crape gown, held up her head in the cart with an air, and seemed to be painted. A copy of her confession was sold for twenty guineas. Two days before her execution she dressed in scarlet, and sat to Hogarth for a sketch, which Horace Walpole bought for £5. The portrait represents a cruel, thin-lipped woman, not uncomely, sitting at a table. The Duke of Roxburghe purchased a perfect impression of this print, Mr. Timbs says, for £8 5s.



THE TEMPLE FOUNTAIN, FROM AN OLD PRINT (see page 171).

to have money, strangled her and an old servant, and cut the throat of a young girl, whose bed she had probably shared. Some of her blood-stained linen, and a silver tankard of Mrs. Duncomb, stained with blood, were found by Mr. Kerrol concealed in his chambers. Fifty-three pounds of the money were discovered at Newgate hidden in the prisoner's hair. She confessed to a share in the robbery, but laid the murder to two lads with whom she was acquainted. She was, however, found guilty, and hung opposite Mitre Court, Fleet Street. The crowd was so great that one woman crossed from near Serjeants' Inn to the other side of the way on the shoulders of the mob. Sarah

Its original price was sixpence. After her execution the corpse was taken to an undertaker's on Snow Hill, and there exhibited for money. Among the rest, a gentleman in deep mourning—perhaps her late master, Mr. Kerrol—stooped and kissed it, and gave the attendant half-a-crown. She was, by special favour (for superiority even in wickedness has its admirers), buried in St. Sepulchre's Churchyard, from which criminals had been excluded for a century and a half. The corpse of the murderess was disinterred, and her skeleton, in a glass case, is still to be seen at the Botanic Garden, Cambridge.

Not many recorded crimes have taken place in



PART OF INNER TEMPLE, 1800. (From a Drawing in Mr. Crac's Collection.)



the Temple, for youth, however poor, is hopeful. It takes time to make a man despair, and when he despairs, the devil is soon at his elbow. Nevertheless, greed and madness have upset some Templars' brains. In October, 1573, a crazed, fanatical man of the Middle Temple, named Peter Burchet, mistaking John Hawkins (afterwards the naval hero) for Sir Christopher Hatton, flew at him in the Strand, and dangerously wounded him with a dagger. The queen was so furious that at first she wanted Burchet tried by camp law; but, being found to hold heretical opinions, he was committed to the Lollards' Tower (south front of St. Paul's), and afterwards sent to the Tower. Growing still madder there, Burchet slew one of his keepers with a billet from his fire, and was then condemned to death and hung in the Strand, close by where he had stabbed Hawkins, his right hand being first stricken off and nailed to the gibbet.

In 1685 John Ayloff, a barrister of the Inner Temple, was hung for high treason opposite the Temple Gate.

In 1738 Thomas Carr, an attorney, of Elm Court, and Elizabeth Adams, his accomplice, were executed for robbing a Mr. Quarrington in Shire Lane (see page 74); and in 1752 Henry Justice, of the Middle Temple, in spite of his well-omened name, was cruelly sentenced to death for stealing books from the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, but eventually he was only transported for life.

The celebrated Earl of Mansfield, when Mr. Murray, had chambers at No. 5, King's Bench Walk, *apropos* of which Pope wrote—

"To Number Five direct your doves,  
There spread round Murray all your blooming loves."  
(Pope "to Venus," from "Horace.")

A second compliment by Pope to this great man occasioned a famous parody;—

"Gleamed as thou art by all the power of words,  
So known, so honoured at the House of Lords"  
(Pope, of Lord Mansfield);

which was thus cleverly parodied by Colley Cibber:

"Persuasion tips his tongue whenever he talks,  
And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks."

One of Mansfield's biographers tells us that "once he was surprised by a gentleman of Lincoln's Inn (who took the liberty of entering his room in the Temple without the ceremonious introduction of a servant), in the act of practising the graces of a speaker at a glass, while Pope sat by in the character of a friendly preceptor." Of the friendship of Pope and Murray, Warburton has said: "Pope had all the warmth of affection for this great lawyer; and, indeed, no man ever more deserved

to have a poet for his friend, in the obtaining of which, as neither vanity, party, nor fear had a share, so he supported his title to it by all the offices of a generous and true friendship."

"A good story," says Mr. Jeaffreson, "is told of certain visits paid to William Murray's chambers at No. 5, King's Bench Walk, Temple, in the year 1738. Born in 1705, Murray was still a young man when, in 1738, he made his brilliant speech on behalf of Colonel Sloper, against whom Colley Cibber's rascally son had brought an action for immorality with his wife, the lovely actress, who on the stage was the rival of Mrs. Clive, and in private life was remarkable for immorality and fascinating manners. Amongst the many clients who were drawn to Murray by that speech, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was neither the least powerful nor the least distinguished. Her grace began by sending the rising advocate a general retainer, with a fee of a thousand guineas, of which sum he accepted only the two-hundredth part, explaining to the astonished duchess that 'the professional fee, with a general retainer, could not be less nor more than five guineas.' If Murray had accepted the whole sum he would not have been overpaid for his trouble, for her grace persecuted him with calls at most unseasonable hours. On one occasion, returning to his chambers after 'drinking champagne with the wits,' he found the duchess's carriage and attendants on King's Bench Walk. A numerous crowd of footmen and link-bearers surrounded the coach, and when the barrister entered his chambers he encountered the mistress of that army of lackeys. 'Young man,' exclaimed the grand lady, eyeing the future Lord Mansfield with a look of displeasure, 'if you mean to rise in the world, you must not sup out.' On a subsequent night Sarah of Marlborough called without appointment at the chambers, and waited till past midnight in the hope that she would see the lawyer ere she went to bed. But Murray, being at an unusually late supper-party, did not return till her grace had departed in an overpowering rage. 'I could not make out, sir, who she was,' said Murray's clerk, describing her grace's appearance and manner, 'for she would not tell me her name; but she swore so dreadfully that I am sure she must be a lady of quality.'"

Charles Lamb, who was born in Crown Office Row, in his exquisite way has sketched the benchers of the Temple whom he had seen pacing the terrace in his youth. Take, for instance, the roguish eye, the Thomas Coventry, of the elegant free step, the scowling of inferiority, the indifference of equals, who made a solitude of children wherever he came,



who took snuff by palmfuls, diving for it under the mighty flap of his old-fashioned red waistcoat. In the gentle Samuel Salt we discover a portrait of the employer of Lamb's father. Salt was a shy indolent, absent man, who never dressed for a dinner party but he forgot his sword. The day of Miss Blandy's execution he went to dine with a relative of the murderess, first carefully schooled by his clerk to avoid the disagreeable subject. However, during the pause for dinner, Salt went to the window, looked out, pulled down his ruffles, and observed, "It's a gloomy day; Miss Blandy must be hanged by this time, I suppose." Salt never laughed. He was a well-known toast with the ladies, having a fine figure and person. Coventry, on the other hand, was a man worth four or five hundred thousand, and lived in a gloomy house, like a strong box, opposite the pump in Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street. Fond of money as he was, he gave away £30,000 at once to a charity for the blind, and kept a hospitable house. Salt was indolent and careless of money, and but for Lovel, his clerk, would have been universally robbed. This Lovel was a clever little fellow, with a face like Garrick, who could mould heads in clay, turn cribbage-boards, take a hand at a quadrille or bowls, and brew punch with any man of his degree in Europe. With Coventry and Salt, Peter Pierson often perambulated the terrace, with hands folded behind him. Contemporary with these was Daines Barrington, a burly, square man. Lamb also mentions Burton, "a jolly negation," who drew up the bills of fare for the parliament chamber, where the benchers dined, thin, fragile Wharry, who used to spitefully pinch his cat's ears when anything offended him; and Jackson, the musician, to whom the cook once applied for instructions how to write down "edge-bone of beef" in a bill of commons. Then there was Blustering Mingay, who had a grappling-hook in substitute for a hand he had lost, which Lamb, when a child, used to take for an emblem of power; and Baron Mascres, who retained the costume of the reign of George II.

In his "Essays" Lamb writes:—"I was born and passed the first seven years of my life in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river I had almost said—for in those young years what was the king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places?—these are of my oldest recollections. I repeat, to this day, no verses to myself more frequently or with kindlier emotion than those of Spenser where he speaks of this spot. Indeed, it is the most elegant spot in the metropolis. What a transition for a countryman visiting London for the first time—the passing

from the crowded Strand or Fleet Street, by unexpected avenues, into its magnificent, ample squares, its classic green recesses! What a cheerful, liberal look hath that portion of it which, from three sides, overlooks the greater garden, that goodly pile

'Of buildings strong, albeit of paper hight,'

confronting with massy contrast, the lighter, older, more fantastically shrouded one named of Harcourt, with the cheerful Crown Office Row (place of my kindly engendure), right opposite the stately stream, which washes the garden foot with her yet scarcely trade-polluted waters, and seems but just weaned from Twickenham Naiades! A man would give something to have been born in such places. What a collegiate aspect has that fine Elizabethan hall, where the fountain plays, which I have made to rise and fall, how many times! to the astonishment of the young urchins, my contemporaries, who, not being able to guess at its recondite machinery, were almost tempted to hail the wondrous work as magic. . . .

"So may the winged horse, your ancient badge and cognisance, still flourish! So may future Hookers and Seldens illustrate your church and chambers! So may the sparrows, in default of more melodious quiristers, imprisoned hop about your walks! So may the fresh-coloured and cleanly nursery-maid, who by leave airs her playful charge in your stately gardens, drop her prettiest blushing curtsy as ye pass, reductive of juvenescent emotion! So may the youngers of this generation eye you, pacing your stately terrace, with the same superstitious veneration with which the child Elia gazed on the old worthies that solemnised the parade before ye!"

Charles Lamb, in his "Essay" on the old benchers, speaks of many changes he had witnessed in the Temple—i.e., the Gothicising the entrance to the Inner Temple Hall and the Library front, to assimilate them to the hall, which they did not resemble; and the removal of the winged horse over the Temple Hall, and the frescoes of the Virtues which once Italianised it. He praises, too, the antique air of the "now almost effaced sun-dials," with their moral inscriptions, seeming almost coeval with the time which they measured, and taking their revelations immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light. Of these dials there still remain—one in Temple Lane, with the motto, "Pereunt et imputantur;" one in Essex Court, "Vestigia nulla retrorsum;" and one in Brick Court on which Goldsmith must often have gazed—the motto, "Time and tide tarry for no man." In

Pump Court and Garden Court are two dials without mottoes; and in each Temple garden is a pillar dial—"the natural garden god of Christian gardens." On an old brick house at the east end of Inner Temple Terrace, removed in 1828, was a dial with the odd inscription, "Begone about your business," words with which an old bencher is said to have once dismissed a troublesome lad who had come from the dial-maker's for a motto, and who mistook his meaning. The one we have engraved at page 180 is in Pump Court. The date and the initials are renewed every time it is fresh painted.

There are many old Temple anecdotes relating to that learned disciple of Bacchus, Porson. Many a time, says Mr. Timbs, at early morn, did Porson stagger from his old haunt, the "Cider Cellars" in Maiden Lane, where he scarcely ever failed to pass some hours, after spending the evening elsewhere. It is related of him, upon better authority than most of the stories told to his discredit, that one night, or rather morning, Gurney (the Baron), who had chambers in Essex Court under Porson, was awakened by a tremendous thump in the chamber above. Porson had just come home dead drunk, and had fallen on the floor. Having extinguished the candle in the fall, he presently staggered downstairs to re-light it, and Gurney heard him dodging and poking with the candle at the staircase lamp for about five minutes, and all the time very lustily cursing the nature of things.

We read also of Porson shutting himself up in these chambers for three or four days together, admitting no visitor. One morning his friend Rogers went to call, having ascertained from the barber's hard by that Porson was at home, but had not been seen by any one for two days. Rogers proceeded to his chambers, and knocked at the door more than once; he would not open it, and Rogers came downstairs, but as he was crossing the court Porson opened the window and stopped him. He was then busy about the Grenville "Homer," for which he collated the Harleian MS. of the "Odyssey," and received for his labour but £50 and a large-paper copy. His chambers must have presented a strange scene, for he used books most cruelly, whether they were his own or belonged to others. He said that he possessed more *bad* copies of *good* books than any private gentleman in England.

Rogers, when a Templar, occasionally had some visitors who absorbed more of his time than was always agreeable; an instance of which he thus relates: "When I lived in the Temple, Mackintosh and Richard Sharp used to come to my chambers and stay there for hours, talking metaphysics. One

day they were so intent on their 'first cause,' 'spirit,' and 'matter,' that they were unconscious of my having left them, paid a visit, and returned. I was a little angry at this; and to show my indifference about them, I sat down and wrote letters, without taking any notice of them. I never met a man with a fuller mind than Mackintosh—such readiness on all subjects, such a talker."

Before any person can be admitted a member of the Temple, he must furnish a statement in writing, describing his age, residence, and condition in life, and adding a certificate of his respectability and fitness, signed by himself and a bencher of the society, or two barristers. The *Middle* Temple requires the signatures of two barristers of that Inn and of a bencher, but in each of the three other Inns the signatures of barristers of any of the four Inns will suffice.

The educational year is divided into three terms, namely, from the 1st of November to the 22nd of December, from the 11th of January to the 30th of March, and from the 15th of April to the 31st of July; and instruction is given to students by means of lectures, but the attendance of the students at such lectures is not compulsory.

Professors of jurisprudence, of common law, of equity, and of the law of real and personal property, are duly appointed by the council, for the purpose of giving instruction to the students, such professors being at liberty to receive, in addition to their salaries, fees from the students who attend the classes.

Legal students worked hard in the old times; Coke's career is an example. In 1572 he rose every morning at five o'clock, lighting his own fire; and then read Bracton, Littleton, and the ponderous folio abridgments of the law till the court met, at eight o'clock. He then took boat for Westminster, and heard cases argued till twelve o'clock, when the pleas ceased for dinner. After a meal in the Inner Temple Hall, he attended "readings" or lectures in the afternoon, and then resumed his private studies till supper-time at five. Next came the moots, after which he slammed his chamber-door, and set to work with his commonplace book to index all the law he had amassed during the day. At nine, the steady student went to bed, securing three good hours of sleep before midnight. It is said Coke never saw a play or read a play in his life—and that was Shakespeare's time! In the reign of James I. the Temple was often called "my Lord Coke's shop." He had become a great lawyer then, and lived to become Lord Chief Justice. Pity 'tis that we have

to remember that he reviled Essex and insulted Raleigh. King James once said of Coke in misfortune that he was like a cat, he always fell on his feet.

History does not record many riots in the Temple, full of wild life as that quiet precinct has been. In different reigns, however, two outbreaks occurred. In both cases the Templars, though rather hot and prompt, seem to have been right. At the dinner of John Prideaux, reader of the Inner Temple, in 1553, the students took offence at Sir John Lyon, the Lord Mayor, coming in state, with his sword up, and the sword was dragged down as he passed through the cloisters. The same sort of affray took place again in 1669, when Lord Mayor Peake came to Sir Christopher Goodfellow's feast, and the Lord Mayor had to be hidden in a benchers' chambers till, as Pepys relates, the fiery young sparks were decoyed away to dinner. The case was tried before Charles II., and Heneage Finch pleaded for the Temple, claiming immemorial exemption from City jurisdiction. The case was never decided. From that day to this (says Mr. Noble) a settlement appears never to have been made; hence it is that the Temples claim to be "extra parochial," closing nightly all their gates as the clock strikes ten, and keeping extra watch and ward when the parochial authorities "beat the bounds" upon Ascension Day. Many struggles have taken place to make the property rateable, and of late the question has more than once arisen; and it is hardly to be wondered at, for it would be a nice bit of business to assess the Templars upon the £32,866 which they have returned as the annual rental of their estates.

A third riot was with those ceaseless enemies of the Templars, the Alsatians, or lawless inhabitants of disreputable Whitefriars. In July, 1691, weary of their riotous and thievish neighbours, the benchers of the Inner Temple bricked up the gate (still existing in King's Bench Walk) leading into the high street of Whitefriars; but the Alsatians, swarming out, pulled down as fast as the bricklayers built up. The Templars hurried together, swords flew out, the Alsatians plied pokers and shovels, and many heads were broken. Ultimately, two men were killed, several wounded, and many hurried off to prison. Eventually, the ringleader of the Alsatians, Captain Francis White—a "copper captain," no doubt—was convicted of murder, in April, 1693. This riot eventually did good, for it led to the abolition of London sanctuaries, those dens of bullies, low gamblers, thieves, and courtesans.

At the Middle Temple time has proved a great worker of change, and many curious customs of

the old banquets have died out. The ante-prandial horn is sounded, it is true, and the loving cup goes round, but oysters are no longer brought in every Friday in term before dinner; nor, when one benchers dines, does he, on leaving the hall, invite the senior bar man to come and take wine with him in the parliament chamber, answering to the "Common Room" of Oxford colleges. Yet the rich and epicurean Inner Temple still cherishes many worthy customs, affects *recherché* French dishes, and is curious in *entremets*; while the Middle Temple has to content itself with plainer fare, that some hungry wit has compared to "eating a gravel-walk, and meeting an occasional weed." A writer in *Blackwood*, quoting the old proverb, "The Inner Temple for the rich, the Middle for the poor," says few great men have come from the Middle Temple; and the statement is partly true, even in the present day. At a dinner in 1865, Mr. Timbs tells us, there were present only three benchers, seven barristers, and six students.

An Inner Temple banquet is a very grand affair. At five, or half-past five, the barristers and students in their gowns follow the benchers to the hall; then the head porter strikes the table solemnly three times, grace is said by the treasurer, or senior benchers present, and the men of law fall to. In former times it was the custom to blow a horn in every court to announce the meal, but how long this ancient Templar practice has been discontinued we do not know. The benchers observe somewhat more style at their table than the other members do at theirs. The general repast is a tureen of soup, a joint of meat, a tart, and cheese, to each mess, consisting of four persons, and to each mess is allowed a bottle of wine. Dinner is served daily to the members of the Inn during term time; the masters of the Bench dining on the state, or dais, and the barristers and students at long tables. On grand days some of the judges often are present; they used to dine in succession with each of the four Inns of Court. To the parliament chamber, adjoining the hall, the benchers repair after dinner. The loving cups used on certain grand occasions are huge silver goblets, which are passed down the table, filled with a delicious composition, immemorially termed "sack," consisting of sweetened and exquisitely flavoured white wine. The butler attends the progress of the cup, to replenish it; and each student is by rule restricted to a sip; yet it is recorded that once, though the number present fell short of seventy, thirty-six quarts of the liquid were sipped away. At the Inner Temple, on May 20th,

a gold cup of sack is handed to each member, who drinks to the happy Restoration of Charles II.

The writer in *Blackwood* before referred to alludes to the strict silence enjoined at the Inner Temple dinners, the only intercourse between the several members of the mess being the usual social scowl vouchsafed by your true-born Englishman to per-

ings or discussions on points of law. The mere student sat farthest from the bar.

When these "mootings" were discontinued deponent sayeth not. In Coke's time (1543), that great lawyer, after supper at five o'clock, used to join the moots, when questions of law were proposed and discussed, when fine on the garden



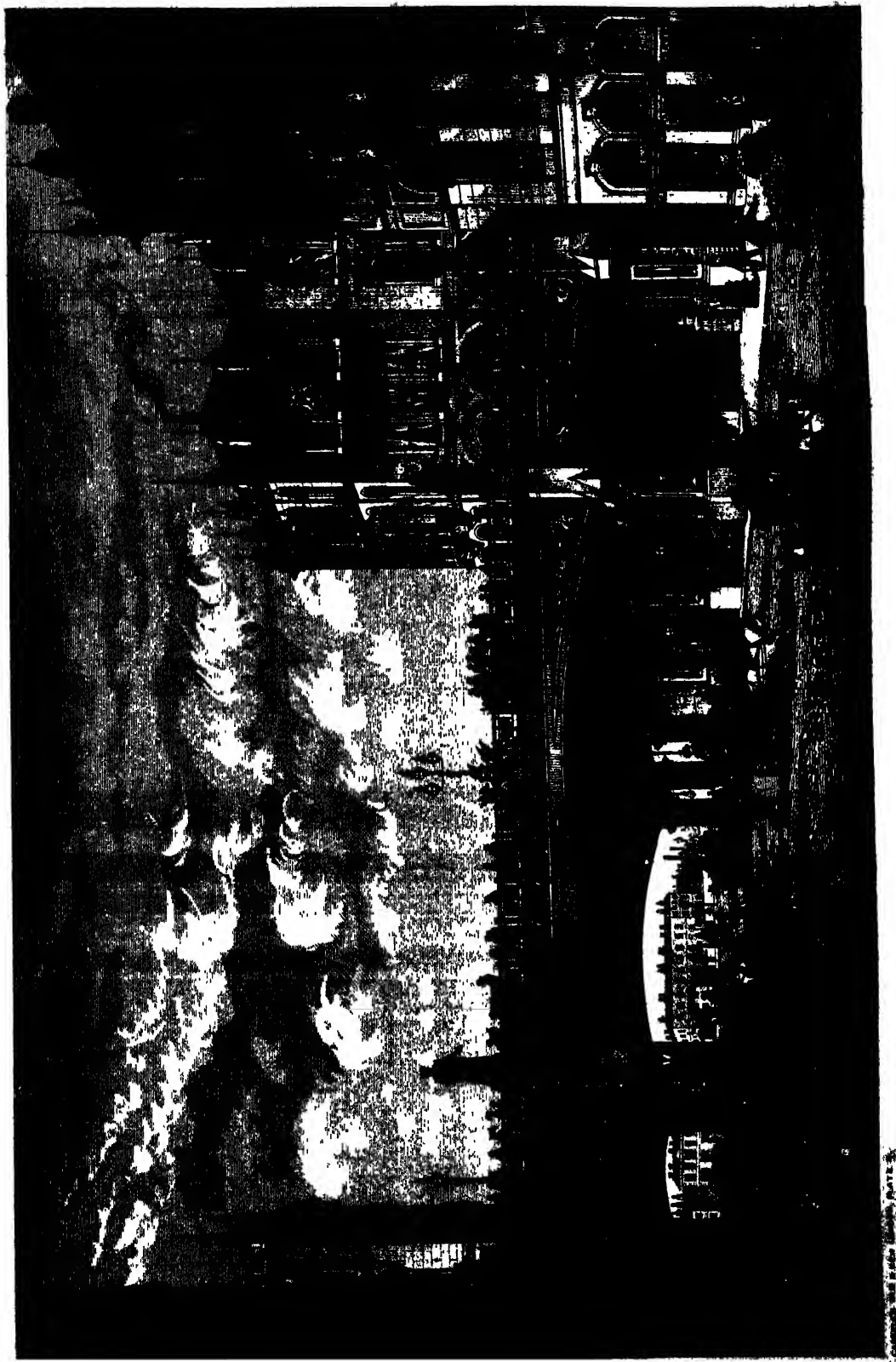
SUN-DIAL IN THE TEMPLE (see page 177).

sons who have not the honour of his acquaintance. You may, indeed, on an emergency, ask your neighbour for the salt; but, then it is also perfectly understood that he is not obliged to notice your request.

The old term of "calling to the bar" seems to have originated in the custom of summoning students, that had attained a certain standing, to the bar that separated the benchers' dais from the hall, to take part in certain probationary moot-

terrace, in rainy weather in the Temple cloisters. The dinner alone now remains; dining is now the only legal study of Temple students.

In the *Middle Temple* a three years' standing and ~~five~~ commons kept suffices to entitle a gentleman to be called to the bar, provided he is above twenty-three years of age. ~~No person can be~~ called to the bar at any of the Inns of Court before he is twenty-one years of age; and a standing of five years is understood to be required of every



THE HOLBORN VIADUCT





member before being called. The members of the several universities, &c., may, however, be called after three years' standing

The Inner Temple Garden, three acres in extent, has probably been a garden from the time when the white-mantled Templars first came from Holborn and settled by the river side. This little paradise of nurserymaids and London children is entered from the terrace by an iron gate (date, 1730), and the winged horse that surmounts the portal has looked

present; and when Paper Buildings were erected, part of this wall was dug up. The view given on this page, and taken from an old view in the Temple, shows a portion of the old wall, with the doorway opening upon the Temple Stairs.

The Temple Garden, half a century since, was famous for its white and red roses, the Old Provence, the Cabbage, and the Maiden's Blush; and the lime trees were delightful in the time of bloom. There were only two steamboats on the river then;



THE TEMPLE STAIRS, 1680.

down on many a distinguished visitor. In the centre of the grass is such a sun-dial as Charles Lamb loved, with the date 1770. A little to the east of this stands an old sycamore, which, fifteen years since, was railed in as the august mummy of that umbrageous tree under whose shade, as tradition says, Johnson and Goldsmith used to sit and converse. According to an engraving of 1672 there were formerly three trees; so that Shakespeare himself may have sat under them and meditated on the Wars of the Roses. The print shows a brick terrace faced with stone, with a flight of steps at the north. The old river wall of 1670 stood fifty or sixty yards farther north than the

but the steamers and factory smoke soon spoiled everything but the hardy chrysanthemums. However, since the Smoke Consuming Act has been enforced, the roses, stocks, and Hawthorn have again taken heart, and blossom with grateful luxuriance. In 1864 Mr Broome, the zealous gardener of the Inner Temple, exhibited at the Central Horticultural Society twenty-four trusses of roses grown under his care. In the flower-beds next the main walk he managed to secure four successive crops of flowers—the pompones were especially gaudy and beautiful; but his chief triumphs were the chrysanthemums of the northern border. The trees, however, seem delicate, and suffering from the cold

winds, dwindle as they approach the Embankment, which separates the garden from the river. The Temple rooks—the wise birds that Goldsmith delighted to watch—were originally brought by Sir William Northcote from Woodcote Green, Epsom, but they left in disgust many years since. Mr. Timbs says that 200 families enjoy these gardens throughout the year; and about 10,000 of the outer world, chiefly children, who are always in search of the lost Eden, come here on summer evenings. The flowers and trees are rarely injured.

In the secluded Middle Temple Garden is an old catalpa tree, supposed to have been planted by that grave and just judge, Sir Matthew Hale. On the lawn is a large table sun-dial, elaborately gilt and embellished. A magnificent new library was opened here in 1868. From the library oriel the Thames and its bridges, Somerset House and the Houses of Parliament, form a *grand coup d'œil*.

The revenue of the Middle Temple alone is said to be £13,000 a year. Of the savings the outside world is entirely ignorant. The students' dinners are half paid for by themselves, the library is kept up on very little fodder, and altogether the system of auditing the Inns of Court accounts is as incomprehensible as the Sybilline oracles; but there can be no doubt it is all right, and very well managed.

In the seventeenth century (says Mr. Noble) a benevolent member of the Middle Temple conveyed to the benchers in fee several houses in the City, out of the rents of which to pay a stated salary to each of two referees, who were to meet on two days weekly, in term, from two to five, in the hall or other convenient place, and without fee on either side, to settle as best they could all disputes submitted to them. From that time the

referees have been appointed, but there is no record of a single case being tried by them. The two gentlemen, finding their office a sinecure, have devoted their salaries to making periodical additions to the library. May we be allowed to ask, was this benevolent object ever made known to the public generally? We cannot but think, if it had been, that the two respected arbitrators would not have had to complain of the office as a sinecure.

He who can enumerate the wise and great men who have been educated in the Temple can count off the stars on his finger and measure the sands of the sea-shore by teacupsful. To cull a few, we may mention that the Inner Temple boasts among its eminent members—Audley, Chancellor to Henry VIII.; Nicholas Hare, of Hare Court celebrity; the great lawyer, Littleton (1481), and Coke, his commentator; Sir Christopher Hatton, the dancing Chancellor; Lord Buckhurst; Selden; Judge Jeffries; Beaumont, the poet; William Browne, the author of "Britannia's Pastorals" (so much praised by the Lamb and Hazlitt school); Cowper, the poet; and Sir William Follett.

From the Middle Temple have also sprung swarms of great lawyers. We may mention specially Plowden, the jurist, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Thomas Overbury (who was poisoned in the Tower), John Ford (one of the latest of the great dramatists), Sir Edward Bramston (chamber-fellow to Mr. Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon), Bulstrode Whitelocke (one of Cromwell's Ministers), Lord-Keeper Guildford (Charles II.), Lord Chancellor Somers, Wycherley and Congreve (the dramatists), Shadwell and Southern (comedy writers), Sir William Blackstone, Edmund Burke, Sheridan, Dunning, (Lord Ashburton), Lord Chancellor Eldon, Lord Stowell, as a few among a multitude.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### WHITEFRIARS.

The Present Whitefriars—The Carmelite Convent—Dr Butts—The Sanctuary—Lord Sanquhar Murders the Fencing-Master—His Trial—Bacon and Yelverton—His Execution—Sir Walter Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel"—Shadwell's *Squire of Alsatia*—A Riot in Whitefriars—Elizabethan Edicts against the Ruffians of Alsatia—Bridewell—A Roman Fortification—A Saxon Palace—Wolsey's Residence—Queen Katharine's Trial—Her Behaviour in Court—Persecution of the First Congregationalists—Granaries and Coal Stores destroyed by the Great Fire—The Flogging in Bridewell—Sermon on Madame Creswell—Hogarth and the "Harlot's Progress"—Fennant's Account of Bridewell—Bridewell in 1843—Its Latter Days—Pictures in the Court Room—Bridewell Dock—The Gas Works—Theatres in Whitefriars—Pepys' Visits to the Theatre—Dryden and the Dorset Gardens Theatre—Davenant—Kynaston—Somerset House—The Poet-Earl

So rich is London in legend and tradition, that even some of the spots that now appear the blankest, baldest, and most uninteresting, are really vaults of entombed apocdote and treasure-houses of old story.

Whitefriars—that dull, narrow, uninviting lane sloping from Fleet Street to the river, with ~~gas~~ works at its foot and mean shops on either side—was once the centre of a district full of noblemen's mansions; but Time's harlequin wand by-and-by

turned it into a debtors' sanctuary and thieves' paradise, and for half a century its bullies and swindlers waged a ceaseless war with their proud and rackets neighbours of the Temple. The dingy lane, now only awakened by the quick wheel of the swift newspaper cart or the ponderous tires of the sullen coal-wagon, was in olden times for ever ringing with clash of swords, the cries of quarrelsome gamblers, and the drunken songs of noisy Bobadils.

In the reign of Edward I., a certain Sir Robert Gray, moved by qualms of conscience or honest impulse, founded on the bank of the Thames, east of the well-guarded Temple, a Carmelite convent, with broad gardens, where the white friars might stroll, and with shady nooks where they might say their "office." Bouverie Street and Ram Alley were then part of their domain, and there they watched the river and prayed for their patrons' souls. In 1350 Courtenay, Earl of Devon, rebuilt the Whitefriars Church, and in 1420 a Bishop of Hereford added a steeple. In time, greedy hands were laid roughly on cope and chalice; and Henry VIII., seizing on the friars' domains, gave his physician—that Doctor Butts mentioned by Shakespeare—the chapter-house for a residence. Edward VI.—who, with all his promise, was as ready for such pillage as his tyrannical father—pulled down the church, and built noblemen's houses in its stead. The refectory of the convent, being preserved, afterwards became the Whitefriars Theatre. The mischievous right of sanctuary was preserved to the district, and confirmed by James I., in whose reign the slum became jocosely known as Alsatia—from Alsace, that unhappy frontier then, and later, contended for by French and Germans—just as Chandos Street and that shy neighbourhood at the north-west side of the Strand used to be called the Caribbee Islands, from its countless straits and intricate thieves' passages. The outskirts of the Carmelite monastery had no doubt become disreputable at an early time, for even in Edward III.'s reign the holy friars had complained of the gross temptations of Lombard Street (an alley near Bouverie Street). Sirens and Dulcineas of all descriptions were ever apt to gather round monasteries. Whitefriars, however, even as late as Cromwell's reign, preserved a certain respectability; for here, with his supposed wife, the Dowager Countess of Kent, Selden lived and studied.

In the reign of James I. a strange murder was committed in Whitefriars. The cause of the crime was highly singular. In 1607 young Lord Sanquhar, a Scotch nobleman, who with others of his countrymen had followed his king to England, had an

eye put out by a fencing-master of Whitefriars. The young lord—a man of a very ancient, proud, and noble Scotch family, as renowned for courage as for wit—had striven to put some affront on the fencing-master at Lord Norris's house, in Oxfordshire, wishing to render him contemptible before his patrons and assistants—a common bravado of the rash Tybalts and hot-headed Mercutios of those fiery days of the duello, when even to crack a nut too loud was enough to make your tavern neighbour draw his sword. John Turner, the master, jealous of his professional honour, challenged the tyro with dagger and rapier, and, determined to chastise his ungenerous assailant, parried all his most skilful passadoes and staccatoes, and in his turn pressed Sanquhar with his foil so hotly and boldly that he unfortunately thrust out one of his eyes. The young baron, ashamed of his own rashness, and not convinced that Turner's thrust was only a slip and an accident, bore with patience several days of extreme danger. As for Turner, he displayed natural regret, and was exonerated by everybody. Some time after, Lord Sanquhar being in the court of Henry IV. of France, that chivalrous and gallant king, always courteous to strangers, seeing the patch of green taffeta, unfortunately, merely to make conversation, asked the young Scotchman how he lost his eye. Sanquhar, not willing to lose the credit of a wound, answered cannily, "It was done, your majesty, with a sword." The king replied, thoughtlessly, "Doth the man live?" and no more was said. This remark, however, awoke the viper of revenge in the young man's soul. He brooded over those words, and never ceased to dwell on the hope of some requital on his old opponent. Two years he remained in France, hoping that his wound might be cured, and at last, in despair of such a result, set sail for England, still brooding over revenge against the author of his cruel and, as it now appeared, irreparable misfortune. The King of Denmark, James's toss-pot father-in-law, was on a visit here at the time, and the court was very gay. The first news that Lord Sanquhar heard was, that the accursed Turner was down at Greenwich Palace, fencing there in public matches before the two kings. To these entertainments the young Scotchman went, and there, from some corner of a gallery, the man with a patch over his eye no doubt scowled and bit his lip at the fencing-master, as he strutted beneath, proud of his skill and flushed with triumph. The moment the prizes were given, Sanquhar hurried below, and sought Turner up and down, through court and corridor, resolved to step him on the spot, though even drawing a

sword in the precincts of the palace was an offence punishable with the loss of a hand. Turner, however, at that time escaped, for Sanquhar never came across him in the throng, though he beat it as a dog beats a covert. The next day, therefore, still on his trail, Lord Sanquhar went after him to London, seeking for him up and down the Strand, and in all the chief Fleet Street and Cheapside taverns. The Scot could not have come to a more dangerous place than London. Some, with malicious pity, would tell him that Turner had vaunted of his skilful thrust, and the way he had punished a man who tried to publicly shame him. Others would thoughtlessly lament the spoiling of a good swordsman and a brave soldier. The mere sight of the turnings to Whitefriars would rouse the evil spirit nestling in Sanquhar's heart. Eagerly he sought for Turner, till he found he was gone down to Norris's house, in Oxfordshire—the very place where the fatal wound had been inflicted. Being thus for the time foiled, Sanquhar returned to Scotland, and for the present delayed his revenge. On his next visit to London Sanquhar, cruel and steadfast as a bloodhound, again sought for Turner. Yet the difficulty was to surprise the man, for Sanquhar was well known in all the taverns and fencing-schools of Whitefriars, and yet did not remember Turner sufficiently well to be sure of him. He therefore hired two Scotchmen, who undertook his assassination; but, in spite of this, Turner somehow or other was hard to get at, and escaped his two pursuers and the relentless man whose money had bought them. Business then took Sanquhar again to France, but on his return the brooding revenge, now grown to a monomania, once more burst into a flame.

At last he hired Carlisle and Gray, two Scotchmen, who were to take a lodging in Whitefriars, to discover the best way for Sanquhar himself to strike a sure blow at the unconscious fencing-master. These men, after some reconnoitring, assured their employer that he could not himself get at Turner, but that they would undertake to do so, to which Sanquhar assented. But Gray's heart failed him after this, and he slipped away; and Turner went again out of town, to fence at some country mansion. Upon this Carlisle, a resolute villain, came to his employer and told him with grim set face that, as Gray had deceived him and there was "trust in no knave of them all," he would e'en have nobody but himself, and would assuredly kill Turner on his return, though it were with the loss of his own life. Irving, a Border lad, and page to Lord Sanquhar, ultimately joined Carlisle in the assassination.

On the 11th of May, 1612, about seven o'clock in the evening, the two murderers came to a tavern in Whitefriars, which Turner usually frequented as he returned from his fencing-school. Turner, sitting at the door with one of his friends, seeing the men, saluted them, and asked them to drink. Carlisle turned to cock the pistol he had prepared, then wheeled round, and drawing the pistol from under his coat, discharged it full at the unfortunate fencing-master, and shot him near the left breast. Turner had only time to cry, "Lord have mercy upon me—I am killed," and fell from the ale-bench, dead. Carlisle and Irving at once fled—Carlisle to the town, Irving towards the river; but the latter, mistaking a court where wood was sold for the turning into an alley, was instantly run down and taken. Carlisle was caught in Scotland, Gray as he was shipping at a sea-port for Sweden; and Sanquhar himself, hearing one hundred pounds were offered for his head, threw himself on the king's mercy by surrendering himself as an object of pity to the Archbishop of Canterbury. But no intercession could avail. It was necessary for James to show that he would not spare Scottish more than English malefactors.

Sanquhar was tried in Westminster Hall on the 27th of June, before Mr. Justice Yelverton. Sir Francis Bacon, the Solicitor-General, did what he could to save the revengeful Scot, but it was impossible to keep him from the gallows. Robert Creighton, Lord Sanquhar, therefore, confessed himself guilty, but pleaded extenuating circumstances. He had, he said, always believed that Turner boasted he had put out his eye of set purpose, though at the taking up the foils he (Sanquhar) had specially protested that he played as a scholar, and not as one able to contend with a master in the profession. The mode of playing among scholars was always to spare the face.

"After this loss of my eye," continued the quasi-repentant murderer, "and with the great hazard of the loss of life, I must confess that I ever kept a grudge of my soul against Turner, but had no purpose to take so high a revenge; yet in the course of my revenge I considered not my wrongs upon terms of Christianity—for then I should have sought for other satisfaction—but, being trained up in the courts of princes and in arms, I stood upon the terms of honour, and thence befell this act of dishonour, whereby I have offended—first, God; second, my prince; third, my native country; fourth, this country; fifth, the party murdered; sixth, his wife; seventh, posterity; eighth, Carlisle, now to be executed; and lastly, ninth, my own soul, and I am now to die for my offence. But, my

lords," he added, "besides my own offence, which in its nature needs no aggravation, divers scandalous reports are given out which blemish my reputation, which is more dear to me than my life : first, that I made show of reconciliation with Turner, the which, I protest, is utterly untrue, for what I have formerly said I do again assure your good lordships, that ever after my hurt received I kept a grudge in my soul against him, and never made the least pretence of reconciliation with him. Yet this, my lords, I will say, that if he would have confessed and sworn he did it not of purpose, and withal would have foresworn arms, I would have pardoned him ; for, my lords, I considered that it must be done either of set purpose or ignorantly. If the first, I had no occasion to pardon him ; if the last, that is no excuse in a master, and therefore for revenge of such a wrong I thought him unworthy to bear arms."

Lord Sanquhar then proceeded to deny the aspersion that he was an ill-natured fellow, ever revengeful, and delighting in blood. He confessed, however, that he was never willing to put up with a wrong, nor to pardon where he had a power to retaliate. He had never been guilty of blood till now, though he had occasion to draw his sword, both in the field and on sudden violences, where he had both given and received hurts. He allowed that, upon commission from the king to suppress wrongs done him in his own country, he had put divers of the Johnsons to death, but for that he hoped he had need neither to ask God nor man for forgiveness. He denied, on his salvation, that by the help of his countrymen he had attempted to break prison and escape. The condemned prisoner finally begged the lords to let the following circumstances move them to pity and the king to mercy :—First, the indignity received from so mean a man ; second, that it was done willingly, for he had been informed that Turner had bragged of it after it was done ; third, the perpetual loss of his eye ; fourth, the want of law to give satisfaction in such a case ; fifth, the continued blemish he had received thereby.

The Solicitor-General (Bacon), in his speech, took the opportunity of fulsomely bepraising the king after his manner. He represented the sputtering, drunken, corrupt James as almost divine, in his energy and sagacity. He had stretched forth his long arms (for kings, he said, had long arms), and taken Gray as he shipped for Sweden, Carlisle ere he was yet warm in his house in Scotland. He had prosecuted the offenders "with the breath and blasts of his mouth," "so that," said this gross time-server, "I may conclude that his majesty

hath showed himself God's true lieutenant, and that he is no respecter of persons, but English, Scots, noblemen, fencers (which is but an ignoble trade), are all to him alike in respect of justice. Nay, I may say further, that his majesty hath had in this matter a kind of prophetic spirit, for at what time Carlisle and Gray, and you, my lord, yourself, were fled no man knew whither, to the four winds, the king ever spoke in confident and undertaking manner, that wheresoever the offenders were in Europe, he would produce them to justice."

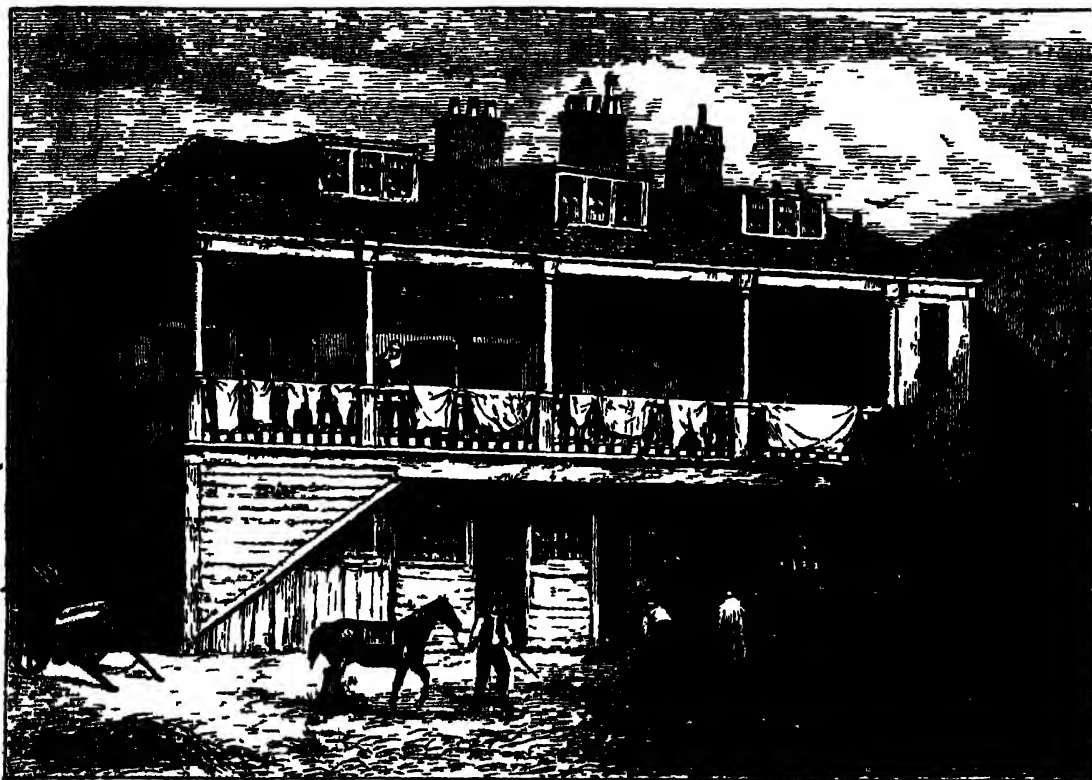
Mr. Justice Yelverton, though Bacon had altogether taken the wind out of his sails, summed up in the same vein, to prove that James was a Solomon and a prophet, and would show no favouritism to Scotchmen. He held out no hope of a reprieve. "The base and barbarous murder," he said, with ample legal verbiage, "was exceeding strange ;—done upon the sudden ! done in an instant ! done with a pistol ! done with your own pistol ! under the colour of kindness. As Cain talked with his brother Abel, he rose up and slew him. Your executioners of the murder left the poor miserable man no time to defend himself, scarce any time to breathe out those last words, 'Lord, have mercy upon me !' The ground of the malice that you bore him grew not out of any offence that he ever willingly gave you, but out of the pride and haughtiness of your own self ; for that in the false conceit of your own skill you would needs importune him to that action, the sequel whereof did most unhappily breed your blemish—the loss of your eye." The manner of his death would be, no doubt, as he (the prisoner) would think, unbefitting to a man of his honour and blood (a baron of 300 years' antiquity), but was fit enough for such an offender. Lord Sanquhar was then sentenced to be hung till he was dead. The populace, from whom he expected "scorn and disgrace," were full of pity for a man to be cut off, like Shakespeare's Claudio, in his prime, and showed great compassion.

On the 29th of June (St. Peter's Day) Lord Sanquhar was hung before Westminster Hall. On the ladder he confessed the enormity of his sins, but said that till his trial, blinded by the devil, he could not see he had done anything unfitting a man of his rank and quality, who had been trained up in the wars, and had lived the life of a soldier, standing more on points of honour than religion. He then professed that he died a Roman Catholic, and begged all Roman Catholics present to pray for him. He had long, he said, for worldly reasons, neglected the public profession of his



faith, and he thought God was angry with him. His religion was a good religion—a saving religion—and if he had been constant to it he was verily persuaded he should never have fallen into that misery. He then prayed for the king, queen, their issue, the State of England and Scotland, and the lords of the Council and Church, after which the wearied executioner threw him from the ladder, suffering him to hang a long time to display the king's justice. The compassion and sympathy of

the series of the Waverley novels, and the best suited to dramatic adaptation. Sir Walter chooses a den of Alsatia as a sanctuary for young Nigel, after his duel with Dalgarno. At one stroke of Scott's pen, the foggy, crowded streets eastward of the Temple rise before us, and are thronged with shaggy, uncombed ruffians, with greasy shoulderbelts, discoloured scarves, enormous moustaches, and torn hats. With what a Teniers' pencil the great novelist sketches the dingy precincts, with its



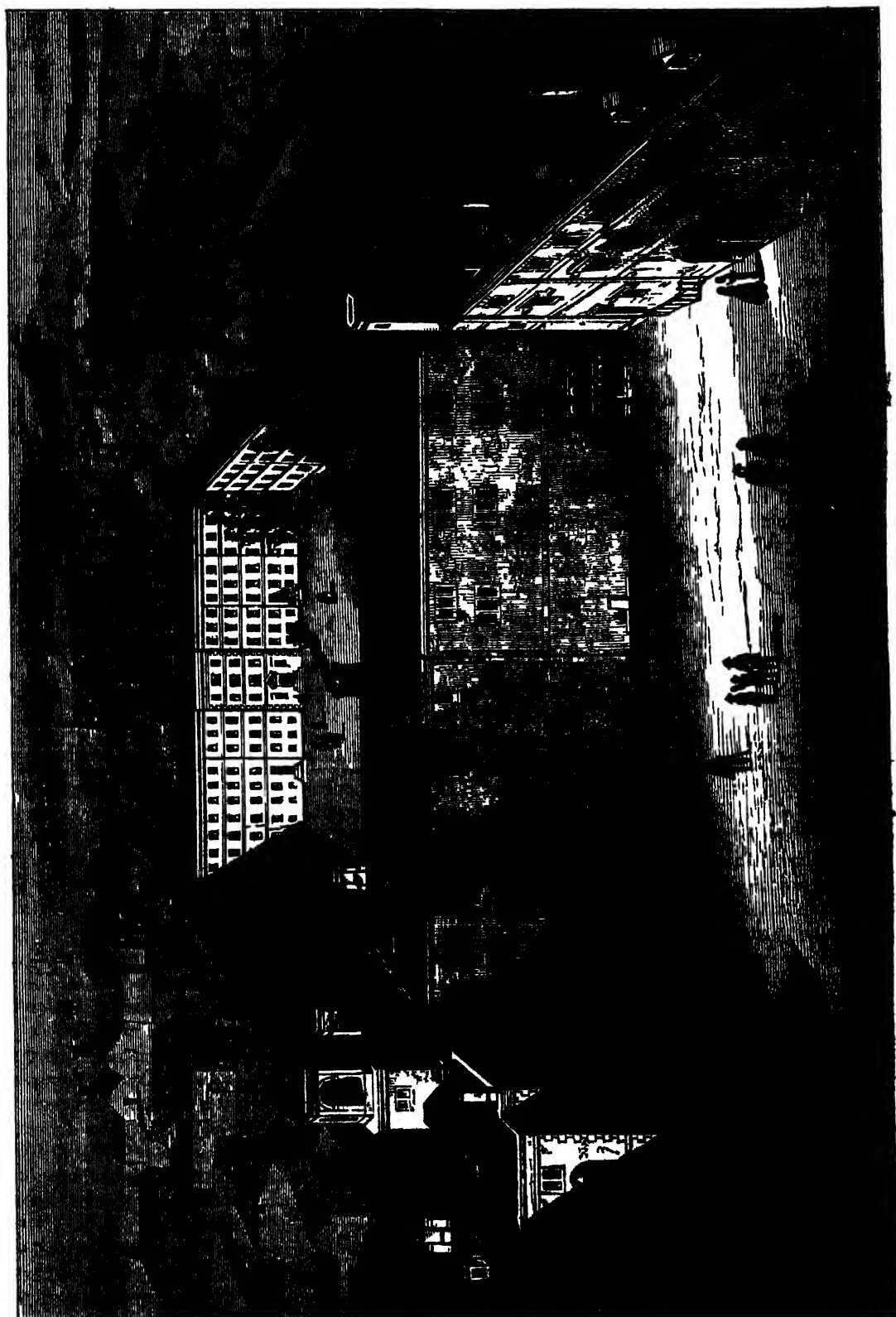
YARD OF THE BLACK LION, WHITEFRIARS (see page 195).  
From a Drawing (1859) in Mr. Crace's Collection.

the people present had abated directly they found he was a Roman Catholic. The same morning, very early, Carlisle and Irving were hung on two gibbets in Fleet Street, over against the great gate of the Whitefriars. The page's gibbet was six feet higher than the serving-man's, it being the custom at that time in Scotland that, when a gentleman was hung at the same time with one of meager quality, the gentleman had the honour, of the higher gibbet, feeling much aggrieved if he had not.

The riotous little kingdom of Whitefriars, with all its frowzy and questionable population, has been admirably drawn by Scott in his fine novel of "The Fortunes of Nigel," one of the most graphic of all

blackguardly population:—"The wailing of children," says the author of "Nigel," "the scolding of their mothers, the miserable exhibition of ragged linen hung from the windows to dry, spoke the wants and distresses of the wretched inhabitants; while the sounds of complaint were mocked and overwhelmed by the riotous shouts, oaths, profane songs, and boisterous laughter that issued from the alehouses and taverns, which, as the signs indicated, were equal in number to all the other houses; and that the full character of the place might be evident, several faded, tinselled, and painted females looked boldly at the strangers from their open lattices, or more modestly seemed busied with the cracked





BRIDGEWELL, AS REBUILT AFTER THE FIRE, FROM AN OLD PRINT (see page 191).

flower-pots, filled with *spigoulette* and rosemary, which were disposed in front of the windows, to the great risk of the passengers." It is to a dilapidated tavern in the same foul neighbourhood that the gay Templar, it will be remembered, takes Nigel to be sworn in a brother of Whitefriars by drunken and knavish Duke Hildebrod, whom he finds surrounded by his councillors—a bullying Low Country soldier, a broken attorney, and a hedge parson; and it is here also, at the house of old Miser Trapbois, that the young Scot so narrowly escapes death at the hands of the poor old wretch's cowardly assassins.

The scoundrels and cheats of Whitefriars are admirably etched by Dryden's rival, Shadwell. That unjustly-treated writer (for he was, by no means a fool) has called one of his comedies, in the Ben Jonson manner, *The Squire of Alsatia*. It paints the manners of the place at the latter end of Charles II.'s reign, when the dregs of an age that was indeed full of dregs were vatted in that disreputable sanctuary east of the Temple. The "copper captains," the degraded clergymen who married anybody, without inquiry, for five shillings, the broken lawyers, skulking bankrupts, sullen homicides, thievish money-lenders, and gaudy courtesans, Dryden's burly rival has painted with a brush full of colour, and with a brightness, clearness, and sharpness which are photographic in their force and truth. In his dedication, which is inscribed to that great patron of poets, the poetical Earl of Dorset, Shadwell dwells on the great success of the piece, the plot of which he had cleverly "adapted" from the *Adelphi* of Terence. In the prologue, which was spoken by Mountfort, the actor, whom the infamous Lord Mohun stabbed in Norfolk Street, the dramatist ridicules his tormentor Dryden, for his noise and bombast, and with some vigour writes—

"With what prodigious scarcity of wit  
Did the new authors starve the hungry pit!  
Infected by the French, you must have rhyme,  
Which long to please the ladies' ears did chime.  
Soon after this came ranting fustian in,  
And none but plays upon the fret were seen,  
Such daring bombast stuff which fops would praise,  
Tore our best actors' lungs, cut short their days.  
Some in small time did this duster kill;  
And had the savage authors gone on still,  
Fustian had been a new disease i' the bill."

The moral of Shadwell's piece is the danger of severity in parents. An elder son, being bred up under restraint, turns a "rake-hell" in Whitefriars, whilst the younger, who has had his own way, becomes "an ingenious, well-accomplished gentleman, a man of honour in King's Bench Walk, and of excellent disposition and temper," in spite of a

good deal more gallantry than our stricter age would pardon. The worst of it is that the worthy son is always being mistaken for the scamp, while the miserable Tony Lumpkin passes for a time as the pink of propriety. Eventually, he falls into the hands of some Alsatian tricksters. The first of these, Cheatley, is a rascal who, "by reason of debts, does not stir out of Whitefriars, but there inveigles young men of fortune, and helps them to goods and money upon great disadvantage, is bound for them, and shares with them till he undoes them." Shadwell tickets him, in his *dramatis personæ*, as "a lewd, impudent, debauched fellow." According to his own account, the cheat lies perdu, because his unnatural father is looking for him, to send him home into the country. Number two, Shamwell, is a young man of fortune, who, ruined by Cheatley, has turned decoy-duck, and lives on a share of the spoil. His ostensible reason for concealment is that an alderman's young wife had run away with him. The third rascal, Scrapeall, is a low, hypocritical money-lender, who is secretly in partnership with Cheatley. The fourth rascal is Captain Hackman, a bullying coward, whose wife keeps lodgings, sells cherry brandy, and is of more than doubtful virtue. He had formerly been a sergeant in Flanders, but ran from his colours, dubbed himself captain, and sought refuge in the Friars from a paltry debt. This blustering scamp stands much upon his honour, and is alternately drawing his enormous sword and being tweaked by the nose. A lion in the estimation of fools, he boasts over his cups that he has whipped five men through the lungs. He talks a detestable cant language, calling guineas "megs," and half-guineas "smelts." Money, with him is "the ready," "the rhino," "the darby;" a good hat is "a rum nab;" to be well off is to be "rhinocercical." This consummate scoundrel teaches young country Tony Lumpkins to break windows, scour the streets, to thrash the constables, to doctor the dice, and get into all depths of low mischief. Finally, when old Sir William Belfond, the severe old country gentleman, comes to confront his son, during his disgraceful revels at the "George" tavern, in Dogwell Court, Bouverie Street, the four scamps raise a shout of "An arrest! an arrest! A bailiff! a bailiff!" The drawers join in the tumult; the Friars, in a moment, is in an uproar; and eventually the old gentleman is chased by all the scum of Alsatia, shouting at the top of their voices, "Stop! stop! A bailiff! a bailiff!" He has a narrow escape of being pulled to pieces, and emerges in Fleet Street, hot, bespattered, and bruised. It was no joke then to threaten the privileges of Whitefriars.

Presently a horn is blown, there is a cry from Water Lane to Hanging-sword Alley, from Ashen-tree Court to Temple Gardens, of "Tip-staff! An arrest! an arrest!" and in a moment they are "up in the Friars," with a cry of "Fall on." The skulking debtors scuttle into their burrows, the bullies fling down cup and can, lug out their rusty blades, and rush into the *milke*. From every den and crib red-faced, bloated women hurry with fire-forks, spits, cudgels, pokers, and shovels. They're "up in the Friars," with a vengeance. Pouring into the Temple before the Templars can gather, they are about to drag old Sir William under the pump, when the worthy son comes to the rescue, and the Templars, with drawn swords, drive back the rabble, and make the porters shut the gates leading into Alsatia. Cheatley, Shamwell, and Hackman, taken prisoners, are then well drubbed and pumped on by the Templars, and the gallant captain loses half his whiskers. "The terror of his face," he moans, "is gone." "Indeed," says Cheatley, "your magnanimous phiz is somewhat disfigured by it, captain." Cheatley threatened endless actions. Hackman swears his honour is very tender, and that this one affront will cost him at least five murders. As for Shamwell, he is inconsolable. "What reparation are actions?" he moans, as he shakes his wet hair and rubs his bruised back. "I am a gentleman, and can never show my face amongst my kindred more." When at last they have got free, they all console themselves with cherry brandy from Hackman's shop, after which the "copper captain" observes, somewhat in Falstaff's manner, "A fish has a cursed life on't. I shall have that aversion to water after this, that I shall scarce ever be cleanly enough to wash my face again."

Later in the play there is still another rising in Alsatia; but this time the musketeers come in force, in spite of all privileges, and the scuffle is greater than ever. Some debtors run up and down without coats, others with still more conspicuous deficiencies. Some cry, "Oars! oars! sculler; five pound for a boat; ten pound for a boat; twenty pound for a boat;" many leap from balconies, and make for the water, to escape to the Savoy or the Mint, also sanctuaries of that day. The play ends with a dignified protest, which doubtless proved thoroughly effective with the audience, against the privileges of places that harboured such knots of scoundrels. "Was ever," Shadwell says, "such impudence suffered in a Government? Ireland conquered; Wales subdued; Scotland united. But there are some few spots of ground in London, just in the face of the Government, unconquered yet,

that hold in rebellion still. Methinks 'tis strange that places so near the king's palace should be no part of his dominions. 'Tis a shame in the society of law to countenance such practices. Should any place be shut against the king's writ or posse comitatus?"

Be sure the pugnacious young Templars present all rose at that, and great was the thundering of red-heeled shoes. King William probably agreed with Shadwell, for at the latter end of his reign the privilege of sanctuary was taken from Whitefriars, and the dogs were at last let in on the rats for whom they had been so long waiting. Two other places of refuge—the Mint and the Savoy—however, escaped a good deal longer; and there the Hackmans and Cheatleys of the day still hid their ugly faces after daylight had been let into Whitefriars and the wild days of Alsatia had ceased for ever.

In earlier times there had been evidently special endeavours to preserve order in Whitefriars, for in the State Paper Office there exist the following rules for the inhabitants of the sanctuary in the reign of Elizabeth:—

"*Item.* These gates shalbe orderly shutt and opened at convenient times, and porters appointed for the same. Also, a scavenger to keep the precinct clean.

"*Item.* Tipling houses shalbe bound for good order.

"*Item.* Searches to be made by the constables, with the assistance of the inhabitants, at the commandment of the justices.

"*Item.* Rogues and vagabondes and other disturbers of the public peace shall be corrected and punished by the authoretie of the justices.

"*Item.* A bailife to be appointed for leaviage of such duties and profittes which apperteine unto her Ma<sup>tie</sup>; as also for returne of procès for execution of justice.

"*Item.* Incontinent persons to be presented unto the Ordenary, to be tried, and punished.

"*Item.* The poore within the precincte shalbe provyded for by the inhabitantes of the same.

"*Item.* In tyme of plague, good order shalbe taken for the restrainte of the same.

"*Item.* Lanterne and light to be maintained duriinge winter time."

All traces of its former condition have long since disappeared from Whitefriars, and it is difficult indeed to believe that the dull, uninteresting region that now lies between Fleet Street and the Thames was once the riotous Alsatia of Scott and Shadwell.

And now we come to Bridewell, first a palace, then

a prison. The palace of Bridewell (St. Bride's Well) was rebuilt upon the site of the old Tower of Montfichuet, a companion of the Conqueror, by Henry VIII., for the reception of Charles V. of France in 1522. There had been a Roman fortification in the same place, and a palace both of the Saxon and Norman kings. Henry I. partly rebuilt the palace; and in 1847 a vault with Norman billet moulding was discovered in excavating the site of a public-house in Bride Lane. It remained neglected till Cardinal Wolsey (*circa* 1512) came in pomp to live here. Here, in 1525, when Henry's affection for Anne Boleyn was growing, he made her father, Thomas Boleyn, Treasurer of the King's House, Viscount Rochford. A letter of Wolsey's, June 6, 1513, to the Lord Admiral, is dated from "my poor house at Bridewell;" and from 1515 to 1521 no less than £21,924 was paid in repairs. Another letter from Wolsey, at Bridewell, mentions that the house of the Lord Prior of St. John's Hospital, at Bridewell, had been granted by the king for a record office. The palace must have been detestable enough to the monks, for it was to his palace of Bridewell that Henry VIII. summoned the abbots and other heads of religious societies, and succeeded in squeezing out of them £100,000, the contumacious Cistercians alone yielding up £33,000.

It was at the palace at Bridewell (in 1528) that King Henry VIII. first disclosed the scruples that, after his acquaintance with Anne Boleyn, troubled his sensitive conscience as to his marriage with Katharine of Arragon. "A few days later," says Lingard, condensing the old chronicles, "the king undertook to silence the murmurs of the people, and summoned to his residence in the Bridewell the members of the Council, the lords of his Court, and the mayor, aldermen, and principal citizens. Before them he enumerated the several injuries which he had received from the emperor, and the motives which induced him to seek the alliance of France. Then, taking to himself credit for delicacy of conscience, he described the scruples which had long tormented his mind on account of his marriage with his deceased brother's widow. These he had at first endeavoured to suppress, but they had been revived and confirmed by the alarming declaration of the Bishop of Tarbes in the presence of his Council. To tranquillise his mind he had recourse to the only legitimate remedy: he had consulted the Pontiff, who had appointed two delegates to hear the case, and by their judgment he was determined to abide. He would therefore warn his subjects to be cautious how they ventured to arraign his conduct. The proudest among them

should learn that he was their sovereign, and should answer with their heads for the presumption of their tongues." Yet, notwithstanding he made all this parade of conscious superiority, Henry was prudent enough not by any means to refuse the aid of precaution. A rigorous search was made for arms, and all strangers, with the exception only of ten merchants from each nation, were ordered to leave the capital.

At the trial for divorce the poor queen behaved with much womanly dignity. "The judges," says Hall, the chronicler, and after him Stow, "commanded the crier to proclaim silence while their commission was read, both to the court and the people assembled. That done, the scribes commanded the crier to call the king by the name of 'King Henry of England, come into court,' &c. With that the king answered, and said, 'Here.' Then he called the queen, by the name of 'Katharine, Queen of England, come into court,' &c., who made no answer, but rose incontinent out of her chair, and because she could not come to the king directly, for the distance secured between them, she went about, and came to the king, kneeling down at his feet in the sight of all the court and people, to whom she said in effect these words, as followeth: 'Sir,' quoth she, 'I desire you to do me justice and right, and take some pity upon me, for I am a poor woman and a stranger, born out of your dominion, having here so indifferent counsel, and less assurance of friendship. Alas! sir, in what have I offended you? or what occasion of displeasure have I showed you, intending thus to put me from you after this sort? I take God to judge, I have been to you a true and humble wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure; that never contrarised or gainsaid anything thereof; and being always contented with all things wherein you had any delight or dalliance, whether little or much, without grudge or countenance of discontent or displeasure. I loved for your sake all them you loved, whether I had cause or no cause, whether they were my friends or my enemies. I have been your wife these twenty years or more, and you have had by me divers children; and when ye had me at the first, I take God to be judge that I was a very maid; and whether it be true or not, I put it to your conscience. If there be any just cause that you can allege against me, either of dishonesty or matter lawful, to put me from you, I am content to depart, to my shame and rebuke; and if there be none, then I pray you to let me have justice at your hands.' The king, your father, was, in his time, of such excellent wit, that he was accounted among all men for wisdom to be a second Solomon; and the

King of Spain, my father, Ferdinand, was reckoned one of the wisest princes that reigned in Spain many years before. It is not, therefore, to be doubted but that they had gathered as wise counsellors unto them of every realm as to their wisdom they thought meet; and as to me seemeth, there were in those days as wise and well-learned in both realms as now at this day, who thought the marriage between you and me good and lawful. Therefore it is a wonder to me to hear what new inventions are now invented against me, that never intended but honesty, and now to cause me to stand to the order and judgment of this court. Ye should, as seemeth me, do me much wrong, for ye may condemn me for lack of answer, having no counsel but such as ye have assigned me; ye must consider that they cannot but be indifferent on my part, where they be your own subjects, and such as ye have taken and chosen out of your council, whereunto they be privy, and dare not disclose your will and intent. Therefore, I humbly desire you, in the way of charity, to spare me until I may know what counsel and advice my friends in Spain will advertise me to take; and if you will not, then your pleasure be fulfilled.' With that she rose up, making a low curtesy to the king, and departed from thence, people supposing that she would have resorted again to her former place, but she took her way straight out of the court, leaning upon the arm of one of her servants, who was her receiver-general, called Master Griffith. The king, being advertised that she was ready to go out of the house where the court was kept, commanded the crier to call her again by these words, 'Katharine, Queen of England,' &c. With that, quoth Master Griffith, 'Madam, ye be called again.' 'Oh! oh!' quoth she, 'it maketh no matter; it is no indifferent (impartial) court for me, therefore I will not tarry: go on your ways.' And thus she departed without any further answer at that time, or any other, and never would appear after in any court."

Bridewell was endowed with the revenues of the Savoy. In 1555 the City companies were taxed for fitting it up; and the next year Machyn records that a thief was hung in one of the courts, and, later on, a riotous attempt was made to rescue prisoners.

In 1863 Mr. Lemon discovered in the State Paper Office some interesting documents relative to the imprisonment in Bridewell, in 1567 (Elizabeth), of many members of the first Congregational Church. Bishop Grindal, writing to Bullinger, in 1568 describes this schism, and estimates its adherents at about 200, but more women than men. Grindal says they held meetings and administered the

sacrament in private houses, fields, and even in ships, and ordained ministers, elders, and deacons, after their own manner. The Lord Mayor, in pity, urged them to recant, but they remained firm. Several of these sufferers for conscience' sake died in prison, including Richard Fitz, their minister, and Thomas Rowland, a deacon. In the year 1597, within two months, 5,468 prisoners, including many Spaniards, were sent to Bridewell.

The Bridewell soon proved costly and inconvenient to the citizens, by attracting idle, abandoned, and "masterless" people. In 1608 (James I.) the City erected at Bridewell twelve large granaries and two coal-stores; and in 1620 the old chapel was enlarged. In the Great Fire (six years after the Restoration) the buildings were nearly all destroyed, and the old castellated river-side mansion of Elizabeth's time was rebuilt in two quadrangles, the chief of which fronted the Fleet river (long a sewer under the centre of Bridge Street). We have already given on page 12 a view of Bridewell as it appeared previous to the Great Fire; and the general bird's-eye view given on page 187 in the present number shows its appearance after it was rebuilt. Within the present century, Mr. Timbs says, the committee-rooms, chapel, and prisons were rebuilt, and the whole formed a large quadrangle, with an entrance from Bridge Street, the keystone of the arch being sculptured with the head of Edward VI. Bridewell stone bridge over the Fleet was painted by Hayman, Hogarth's friend, and engraved by Grignon, as the frontispiece to the third volume of "The Dunciad." In the burial-ground at Bridewell, now the coal-yard of the City Gas Company, was buried, in 1752, Dr. Johnson's friend and ~~poor~~ poor blameless Levett. The last interment took place here, Mr. Noble says, in 1844, and the trees and tombstones were then carted away. The gateway into Bridge Street is still standing, and such portions of the building as still remain are used for the house and offices of the treasury of the Bridewell Hospital property, which includes Bedlam.

The flogging at Bridewell is described by Ward, in his "London Spy." Both men and women, it appears, were whipped on their naked backs, before the court of governors. The president sat with his hammer in his hand, and the culprit was taken from the post when the hammer fell. The calls to *knock* when women were flogged were loud and incessant. "Oh, good Sir Robert, knock! Pray, good Sir Robert, knock!" which became at length a common cry of reproach among the lower orders, to denote that a woman had been whipped in Bridewell. Madame Creswell, the celebrated



procuress of King Charles II.'s reign, died a prisoner in Bridewell. She desired by *will* to have a sermon preached at her funeral, for which the preacher was to have £10, but upon this express condition, that he was to say nothing but what was well of her. A preacher was with some difficulty found who undertook the task. He, after a sermon preached on the general subject of mortality, concluded with saying, "By the will of the deceased, it is expected that I should mention her, and say

of £10 each. Many of these boys, says Hatton, "arrived from nothing to be governors." They wore a blue dress and white hats, and attended fires, with an engine belonging to the hospital. The lads at last became so turbulent, that in 1785 their special costume was abandoned. "Job's Pound" was the old cant name for Bridewell, and it is so called in "Hudibras."

The scene of the fourth plate of Hogarth's "Harlot's Progress," finished in 1733 (George II.),



NEW BRIDGE STREET AND THE OBELISK IN 1755.

*From a Print published in 1800.*

nothing but what was *well* of her. All that I shall say of her, therefore, is this: She was born *well*, she lived *well*, and she died *well*; for she was born with the name of *Creswell*, she lived in *Clerkenwell*, and she died in *Bridewell*."

In 1708 (Queen Anne) Hatton describes Bridewell "as a house of correction for idle, vagrant, loose, and disorderly persons, and 'night walkers,' who are there set to hard labour, but receive clothes and diet." It was also a hospital for indigent persons. Twenty art-masters, decayed traders, were also lodged, and received about 140 apprentices. The boys, after learning tailoring, weaving, flax-dressing, &c., received the freedom of the City, and presents

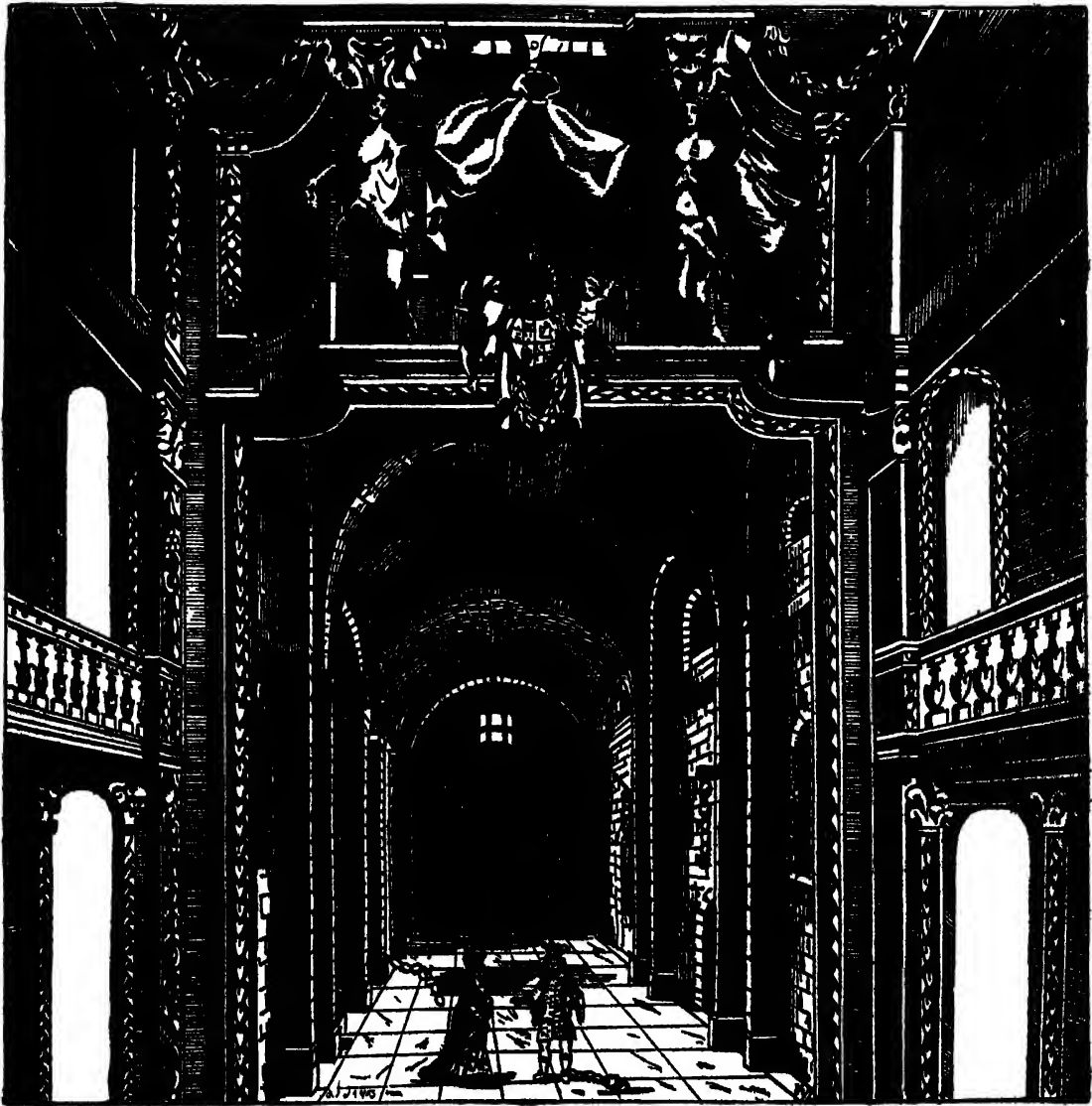
is laid in Bridewell. There, in a long, dilapidated, tiled shed, a row of female prisoners are beating hemp on wooden blocks, while a truculent-looking warder, with an apron on, is raising his rattan to strike a poor girl not without some remains of her youthful beauty, who seems hardly able to lift the heavy mallet, while the wretches around leeringly deride her fine apron, laced hood, and figured gown. There are two degraded men among the female hemp-beaters—one an old card-sharper in laced coat and foppish wig; another who stands with his hands in a pillory, on which is inscribed the admonitory legend; "Better to work than stand thus." A cocked hat and a dilapidated hoop hang on the wall.



That excellent man, Howard, visiting Bridewell in 1783, gives it a bad name, in his book on "Prisons." He describes the rooms as offensive, the prisoners receiving only one penny loaf a day each. The steward received eightpence a day for each prisoner, and a hemp-dresser, paid a salary

palace remaining, and a magnificent flight of ancient stairs leading to the court of justice. In the next room, where the whipping-stocks were, tradition says sentence of divorce was pronounced against Katherine of Arragon.

"The first time," says Pennant, "I visited the



INTERIOR OF THE DUKE'S THEATRE. From Settle's "*Empress of Morocco*." (See page 195.)

41

of £20, had the profit of the culprits' labour. For bedding the prisoners had fresh straw given them once a month. It was the only London prison where either straw or bedding was allowed. No out-door exercise was permitted. In the year 1782 there had been confined in Bridewell 659 prisoners.

In 1790, Pennant describes Bridewell as still having arches and octagonal towers of the old

place, there was not a single male prisoner, but about twenty females. They were confined on the ground floor, and employed on the beating of hemp. When the door was opened by the keeper, they ran towards it like so many hounds in kennel, and presented a most moving sight. About twenty young creatures, the eldest not exceeding sixteen, many of them with angelic faces divested of every

angelic expression, featured with impudence, impenitency, and profligacy, and clothed in the silken tatters of squalid finery. A magisterial—a national—opprobrium! What a disadvantageous contrast to the *Spinhaus*, in Amsterdam, where the confined sit under the eye of a matron, spinning or sewing, in plain and neat dresses provided by the public! No traces of their former lives appear in their countenances; a thorough reformation seems to have been effected, equally to the emolument and the honour of the republic. This is also the place of confinement for disobedient and idle apprentices. They are kept separate, in airy cells, and have an allotted task to be performed in a certain time. They, the men and women, are employed in beating hemp, picking oakum, and packing of goods, and are said to earn their maintenance."

A writer in "Knight's London" (1843) gives a very bad account of Bridewell. "Bridewell, another place of confinement in the City of London, is under the jurisdiction of the governors of Bridewell and Bethlehem Hospitals, but it is supported out of the funds of the hospital. The entrance is in Bridge Street, Blackfriars. The prisoners confined here are persons summarily convicted by the Lord Mayor and aldermen, and are, for the most part, petty pilferers, misdemeanants, vagrants, and refractory apprentices, sentenced to solitary confinement; which term need not terrify the said refractory offenders, for the persons condemned to solitude," says the writer, "can with ease keep up a conversation with each other from morning to night. The total number of persons confined here in 1842 was 1,324, of whom 233 were under seventeen, and 466 were known or reputed thieves. In 1848 no employment was furnished to the prisoners. The men sauntered about from hour to hour in those chambers where the worn blocks still stood and exhibited the marks of the toil of those who are represented in Hogarth's prints.

"The treadmill has been now introduced, and more than five-sixths of the prisoners are sentenced to hard labour, the 'mill' being employed in grinding corn for Bridewell, Bethlehem, and the House of Occupation. The 'Seventh Report of the Inspectors of Prisons on the City Bridewell' is as follows:—'The establishment answers no one object of imprisonment except that of safe custody. It does not correct, deter, nor reform; but we are convinced that the association to which all but the City apprentices are subjected proves highly injurious, counteracts any efforts that can be made for the moral and religious improvement of the prisoners, corrupts the less criminal, and confirms

the degradation of the more hardened offenders. The cells in the old part of the prison are greatly superior to those in the adjoining building, which is of comparatively recent erection, but the whole of the arrangements are exceedingly defective. It is quite lamentable to see such an injudicious and unprofitable expenditure as that which was incurred in the erection of this part of the prison.'"

Latterly Bridewell was used as a receptacle for vagrants, and as a temporary lodging for paupers on their way to their respective parishes. The prisoners sentenced to hard labour were put on a treadmill which ground corn. The other prisoners picked junk. The women cleaned the prison, picked junk, and mended the linen. In 1829 there was built adjoining Bedlam a House of Occupation for young prisoners. It was decided that from the revenue of the Bridewell hospital (£12,000) reformatory schools were to be built. The annual number of contumacious apprentices sent to Bridewell rarely exceeded twenty-five, and when Mr. Timbs visited the prison in 1863 he says he found only one lad out of the three thousand apprentices of the great City. In 1868 (says Mr. Noble) the governors refused to receive a convicted apprentice, for the very excellent reason that there was no cell to receive him.

The old court-room of Bridewell (84 by 29) was a handsome wainscoted room, adorned with a great picture, erroneously attributed to Holbein, and representing Edward VI. granting the Royal Charter of Endowment to the Mayor, which now hangs over the western gallery of the hall of Christ's Hospital. It was engraved by Vertue in 1750, and represents an event which happened ten years after the death of the supposed artist.

Beneath this was a cartoon of the "Good Samaritan," by Dadd, but this has since been removed to Bedlam.

There was a fine full-length of swarthy Charles II. by Lely, and full-lengths of George III. and Queen Charlotte, after Reynolds. There were murky portraits of past presidents, including an equestrian portrait of Sir William Withers (1708). Tables of benefactions also adorned the walls.

In this hall the governors of Bridewell dined, annually, each steward contributing a sum of £15 towards the expenses, the dinner being dressed in a large kitchen below, which was used only for that purpose. The hall and kitchen were taken down so lately as 1862.

In the entrance corridor from Bridge Street (says Mr. Timbs) are the old chapel gates, of fine iron work, originally presented by the equestrian Sir William Withers; and on the staircase is a bust of

the venerable Chamberlain Clarke, who died in his ninety-third year.

The Bridewell prison was pulled down (except the hall, treasurer's house, and offices) in 1863, when its inmates were sent to Holloway.

Bridewell Dock, now covered by Tudor and William Streets, was long noted for its taverns, and was a favourite landing-place for the Thames watermen.

The "George" Tavern, in Whitefriars, before mentioned (see p. 188), figures in Mrs. Behn's "Lucky Chance" (1687); it was afterwards the printing-office of William Bowyer, whom Nichols commemorates in his "Literary Anecdotes;" it was next occupied by Thomas Davison, a well-known printer in his time, and latterly became the printing establishment of Messrs. Bradbury and Co. Another old and well-known tavern in this locality, but one that has remained to this day, in name, at least, is the "Black Lion," on the west side of Whitefriars Street. The old house, a quaint and picturesque edifice, of which we give a view on p. 186, was pulled down in 1877, and a large tavern, more in conformity with modern tastes, has been erected in its place.

The gas-works of Whitefriars, established in 1814, were removed about 1870 to Barking, in Essex. In 1807 Mr. Winsor, a German, first lit a part of London (Pall Mall) with gas, and in 1809 he applied for a charter. Yet, even as late as 1813, the inquest-men prosecuted two persons, named Sturt and Knight, for endangering the health of the inhabitants by the "making of gas-light;" but the latter, nevertheless, went on committing his harmless misdemeanour, and in the next year (1814) started a company and built gas-works on the bank of the river at Whitefriars. On a part of the site of these gas-works the governors of the City of London School are about to erect schools to accommodate six hundred day scholars.

The first theatre in Whitefriars seems to have been built in the hall of the old Whitefriars Monastery. Mr. J. P. Collier gives the duration of this theatre as from 1586 to 1613. A memorandum from the manuscript-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels to King Charles I., notes that "I committed Cromes, a broker in Long Lane, the 16th of February, 1634, to the Marshalsey, for lending a Church robe, with the name of Jesus upon it, to the players in Salisbury Court, to represent a flamen, a priest of the heathens. Upon his petition of submission and acknowledgment of his fault, I released him the 17th February, 1634."

The Whitefriars Theatre (erected originally in the precincts of the monastery, to be out of the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor) seems to have become disreputable in 1609, and ruinous in 1619, when it is mentioned that "the rain hath made its way in, and if it be not repaired it must soon be plucked down, or it will fall." The Salisbury Court Theatre, which took its place, was erected about 1629, and the Earl of Dorset somewhat illegally let it for a term of sixty-one years and £950 down, Dorset House being afterwards sold for £4,000. The theatre was destroyed by the Puritan soldiers in 1649, and not rebuilt till the Restoration.

At the outbreak of pleasure and vice, after the Restoration, the actors, long starved and crestfallen, brushed up their plumes and burnished their tinsel. Killigrew, that clever buffoon of the Court, opened a new theatre in Drury Lane in 1663, with a play of Beaumont and Fletcher's; and Davenant (supposed to be Shakespeare's illegitimate son) opened the little theatre, long disused, in Salisbury Court, the rebuilding of which was commenced in 1660, on the site of the granary of Salisbury House. In time Davenant migrated to the old Tennis Court, in Portugal Street, on the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and when the Great Fire came it erased the Granary Theatre. In 1671, on Davenant's death, the company (nominally managed by his widow) returned to the new theatre in Salisbury Court, designed by Wren, and decorated, it is said, by Grinling Gibbons. It opened with Dryden's *Sir Martin Marcell*, which had already had a run, having been first played in 1668. On Killigrew's death, the King's and Duke's Servants united, and removed to Drury Lane in 1682; so that the Dorset Gardens Theatre flourished for only eleven years in all. It was subsequently let to wrestlers, fencers, and other brawny and wiry performers. The engraving on page 193, taken from Settle's "Empress of Morocco" (1678), represents the stage of the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Wren's new theatre in Dorset Gardens, an engraving of which is given on page 138, fronted the river, and had public stairs for the convenience of those who came by water. There was also an open place before the theatre for the coaches of the "quality." In 1698 it was used for the drawing of a penny lottery; but in 1703, when it threatened to re-open, Queen Anne finally closed it. It was standing, however, in 1720, when Strype drew up the continuation of Stow, but it was shortly after turned into a timber-yard. The New River Company next had their offices there, and in 1814 water was ousted by fire, and the City Gas Works were established in this quarter, with

a dismal front to the bright and pleasant Embankment.

Pepys, the indefatigable, was a frequent visitor to the Whitefriars Theatre. A few of his quaint remarks will not be uninteresting :—

" 1660.—By water to Salisbury Court Playhouse, where, not liking to sit, we went out again, and by coach to the theatre, &c.—To the playhouse, and there saw *The Changeling*, the first time it hath been acted these twenty years, and it takes exceedingly. Besides, I see the gallants do begin to be tyred with the vanity and pride of the theatre actors, who are indeed grown very proud and rich.

" 1661.—To White-fryars, and saw *The Bondman* acted; an excellent play, and well done; but above all that I ever saw, Betterton do the Bondman the best.

" 1661.—After dinner I went to the theatre, where I found so few people (which is strange, and the reason I do not know) that I went out again, and so to Salisbury Court, where the house as full as could be; and it seems it was a new play, *The Queen's Maske*, wherein there are some good humours; among others, a good jeer to the old story of the siege of Troy, making it to be a common country tale. But above all it was strange to see so little a boy as that was to act Cupid, which is one of the greatest parts in it.

" Creed and I to Salisbury Court, and there saw *Love's Quarrell* acted the first time, but I do not like the design or words. . . . To Salisbury Court Playhouse, where was acted the first time a simple play, and ill acted, only it was my fortune to sit by a most pretty and most ingenuous lady, which pleased me much."

Dryden, in his prologues, makes frequent mention of the Dorset Gardens Theatre, more especially in the address on the opening of the new Drury Lane, March, 1674. The Whitefriars house, under Davenant, had been the first to introduce regular scenery, and it prided itself on stage pomp and show. The year before, in Shadwell's opera of *The Tempest, or the Enchanted Island*, the machinery was very costly; and one scene, in which the spirits flew away with the wicked duke's table and viands just as the company was sitting down, had excited the town to enthusiasm. *Psyche*, another opera by Shadwell, perhaps adapted from Molière's Court spectacle, had succeeded the *Tempest*. St. André and his French dancers were probably engaged in Shadwell's piece. The king, whose taste and good sense the poet praises, had recommended simplicity of dress and frugality of ornament. This Dryden took care to well remember. He says :—

" You who each day can theatres behold,  
Like Nero's palace, shining all in gold,  
Our mean, ungilded stage will scorn, we fear,  
And for the homely room disdain the cheer."

Then he brings in the dictum of the king :—

" Yet if some pride with want may be allowed,  
We in our plainness may be justly proud :  
Our royal master willed it should be so ;  
Whate'er he's pleased to own can need no show.  
That sacred name gives ornament and grace,  
And, like his stamp, makes basest metal pass.  
'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise,  
To build a playhouse, while you throw down plays.  
While scenes, machines, and empty operas reign,  
And for the pencil you the pen disdain :  
While troops of famished Frenchmen hither drive,  
And laugh at those upon whose aims they live,  
Old English authors vanish, and give place  
To these new conquerors of the Norman race."

And when, in 1671, the burnt-out Drury Lane company had removed to the Portugal Street Theatre, Dryden wrote, in the same strain,—

" So we expect the lovers, braves, and wits ;  
The gaudy house with scenes will serve for cits."

In another epilogue Dryden alludes sarcastically to the death of Mr. Scroop, a young rake of fortune, who had just been run through by Sir Thomas Armstrong, a sworn friend of the Duke of Monmouth, in a quarrel at the Dorset Gardens Theatre, and died soon after. This fatal affray took place during the representation of Davenant's adaptation of *Macbeth*.

From Dryden's various prologues and epilogues we cull many sharply-outlined and brightly-coloured pictures of the wild and riotous audiences of those evil days. We see again the "hot Burgundians" in the upper boxes wooing the masked beauties, crying "*bon*" to the French dancers and beating cadence to the music that had stirred even the stately Court of Versailles. Again we see the scornful critics, bunched with glistening ribbons, shaking back their cascades of blonde hair, lolling contemptuously on the foremost benches, and "looking big through their curls." There from "Fop's Corner" rises the tipsy laugh, the prattle, and the chatter, as the dukes and lords, the wits and courtiers, practise what Dryden calls "the diving bow," or "the toss and the new French wallow"—the diving bow being especially admired, because it—

" With a shug cast, all the hair before,  
Till he, with full decorum, brings it back,  
And rises with a water-spaniel's shake."

Nor does the poet fail to recall the affrays in the upper boxes, when some quarrelsome rake was often pinned to the wainscot by the sword of his insulted rival. Below, at the door, the Flemish horses and

the heavy gilded coach, lighted by flambeaux, are waiting for the noisy gallant, and will take back only his corpse.

Of Dryden's coldly licentious comedies and ranting bombastic tragedies a few only seem to have been produced at the Dorset Gardens Theatre. Among these we may mention *Limberham*, *Œdipus*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *The Spanish Friar*. *Limberham* was acted at the Duke's Theatre, in Dorset Gardens; because, being a satire upon a Court vice, it was deemed peculiarly calculated for that playhouse. The concourse of the citizens thither is alluded to in the prologue to *Marriage à la Mode*. Ravenscroft, also, in his epilogue to the play of *Citizen Turned Gentleman*, which was acted at the same theatre, takes occasion to disown the patronage of the more dissolute courtiers, in all probability because they formed the minor part of his audience. The citizens were his great patrons.

In the *Postman*, December 8, 1679, there is the following notice, quoted by Smith:—"At the request of several persons of quality, on Saturday next, being the 9th instant, at the theatre in Dorset Gardens, the famous Kentish men, Wm. and Rich. Joy, design to show to the town before they leave it the same tryals of strength, both of them, that Wm. had the honour of showing before his majesty and their royal highnesses, with several other persons of quality, for which he received a considerable gratuity. The lifting a weight of two thousand two hundred and forty pounds. His holding an extraordinary large cart-horse; and breaking a rope which will bear three thousand five hundred weight. Beginning exactly at two, and ending at four. The boxes, 4s.; the pit, 2s. 6d.; first gallery, 2s.; upper gallery, 1s. Whereas several scandalous persons have given out that they can do as much as any of the brothers, we do offer to such persons £100 reward, if he can perform the said matters of strength as they do, provided the pretender will forfeit £20 if he doth not. The day it is performed will be affixed a signal-flag on the theatre. No money to be returned after once paid."

In 1681 Dr. Davenant seems, by rather unfair tactics, to have bought off and pensioned both Hart and Kynaston from the King's Company, and so to have greatly weakened his rivals. Of these two actors some short notice may not be uninteresting. Hart had been a Cavalier captain during the Civil Wars, and was a pupil of Robinson, the actor, who was shot down at the taking of Basing House. Hart was a tragedian who excelled in parts that required a certain heroic and chivalrous dignity. As a youth, before the Restoration, when boys played female parts, Hart was successful as

the Duchess, in Shirley's *Cardinal*. "In Charles's time he played Othello, by the king's command, and rivalled Betterton's Hamlet at the other house. He created the part of Alexander, was excellent as Brutus, and terribly and vigorously wicked as Ben Jonson's Cataline. Rymer, says Dr. Doran, styled Hart and Mohun the Æsopus and Roscius of their time. As Amintor and Melanthus, in *The Maud's Tragedy*, they were incomparable. Pepys is loud too in his praises of Hart. His salary, was, however, at the most, £3 a week, though he realised £1,000 yearly after he became a shareholder of the theatre. Hart died in 1683, within a year of his being bought off.

Kynaston, in his way, was also a celebrity. As a handsome boy he had been renowned for playing heroines, and he afterwards acquired celebrity by his dignified impersonation of kings and tyrants. Betterton, the greatest of all the Charles II. actors, also played occasionally at Dorset Gardens. Pope knew him, Dryden was his friend; Kneller painted him. He was probably the greatest Hamlet that ever appeared; and Cibber sums up all eulogy of him when he says, "I never heard a line in tragedy come from Betterton wherein my judgment, my ear, and my imagination were not fully satisfied, which since his time I cannot equally say of any one actor whatsoever." The enchantment of his voice was such, adds the same excellent dramatic critic, that the multitude no more cared for sense in the words he spoke, "than our musical connoisseurs think it essential in the celebrated airs of an Italian opera."

Even when Whitefriars was at its grandest, and plumes moved about its narrow river-side streets, Dorset House was its central and most stately mansion. It was originally a mansion with gardens, belonging to a Bishop of Winchester; but about the year 1177 (Henry III.) a lease was granted by William, Abbot of Westminster, to Richard, Bishop of Sarum, at the yearly rent of twenty shillings, the Abbot retaining the advowson of St. Bride's Church, and promising to impart to the said bishop any needful ecclesiastical advice. It afterwards fell into the hands of the Sackvilles, held at first by a long lease from the see, but was eventually alienated by Bishop Jewel. In 1611 a grant from James I. confirmed the manor of Salisbury Court to Richard, Earl of Dorset.

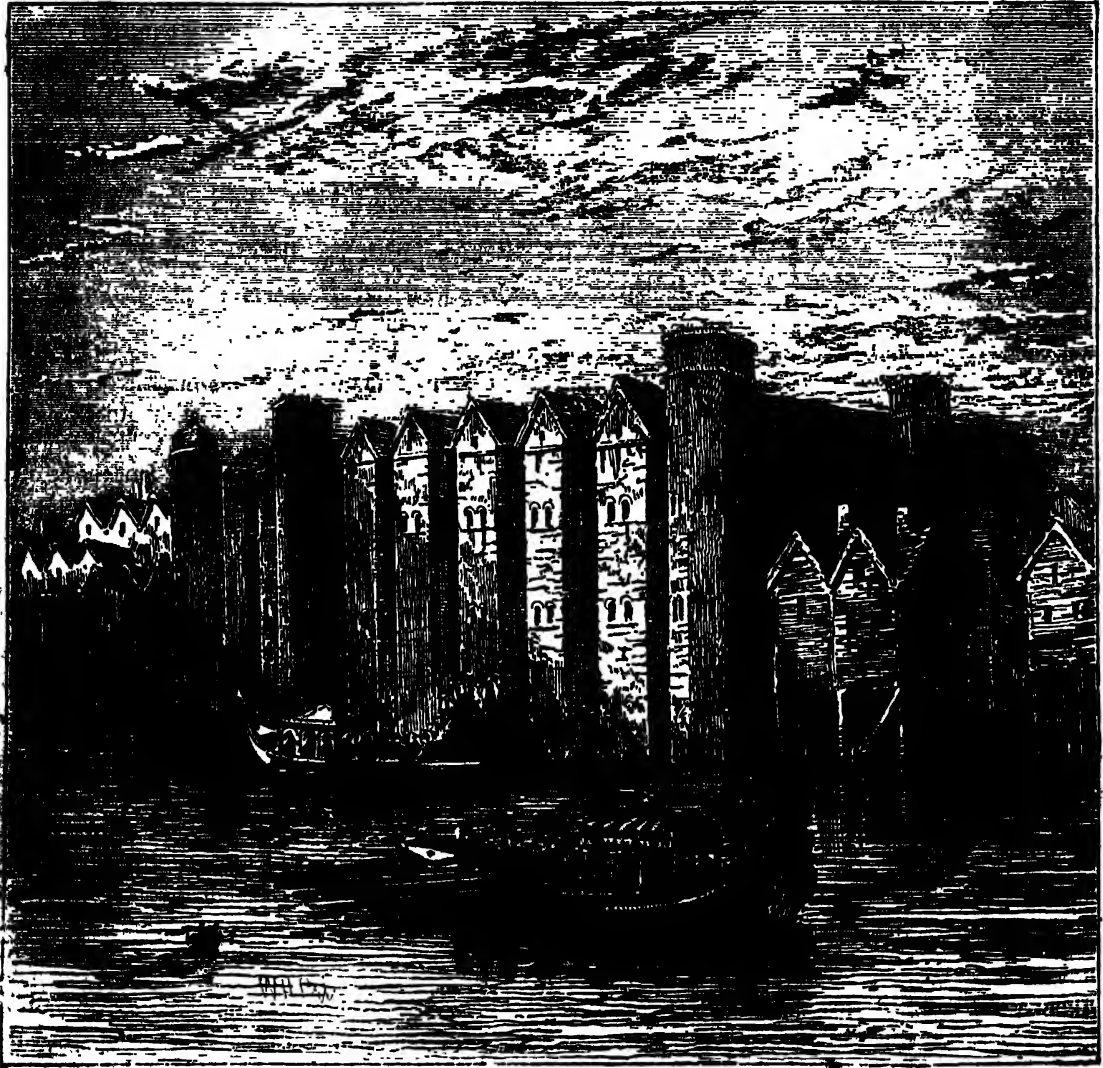
This Earl of Dorset, to whom Bishop Jewel alienated the Whitefriars House, was the father of the poet, Thomas Sackville, Lord High Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth. The bishop received in exchange for the famous old house a piece of land near Cricklade, in Wiltshire. The poet



earl was that wise old statesman who began "The Mirror for Magistrates," an allegorical poem of gloomy power, in which the poet intended to make all the great statesmen of England since the Conquest pass one by one to tell their troublous stories. He, however, lived to write only one legend—that of Henry Stafford, Duke of Bucking-

Went on three feet, and sometimes crept on four,  
With old lame bones, that rattled by his side ;  
His scalp all pil'd, and he with old forelore,  
His wither'd fist still knocking at death's door ;  
Fumbling and drivelling, as he draws his breath ;  
For brief, the shape and messenger of death."

At the Restoration, the Marquis of Newcastle, —the author of a magnificent book on horseman-



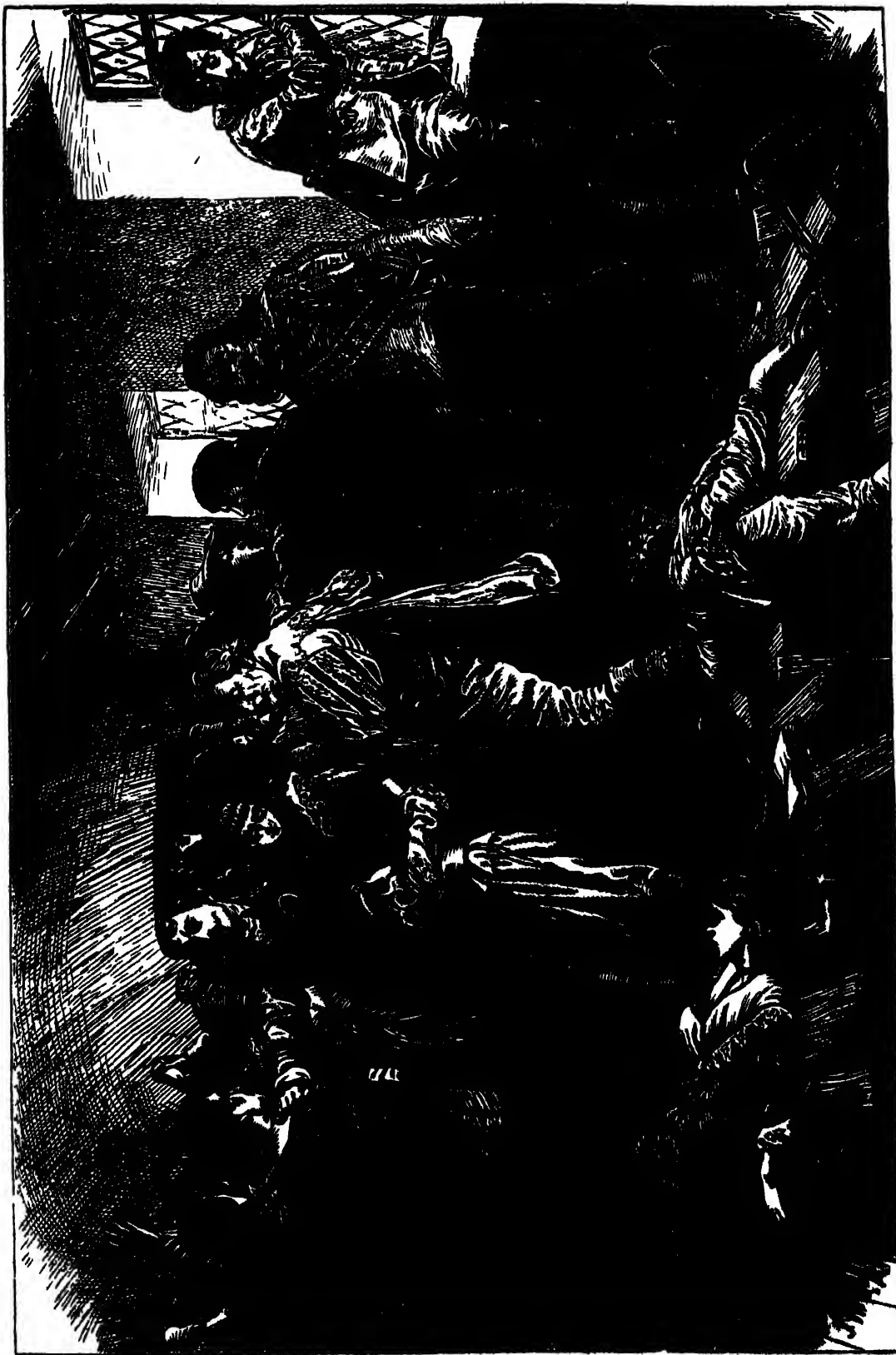
BAYNARD'S CASTLE, FROM A VIEW PUBLISHED IN 1790 (see page 200).

ham. One of his finest and most Holbeinesque passages relates to old age :—

" And next in order sad, Old Age we found ;  
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind ;  
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,  
As on the place where Nature him assigned  
To rest, when that the sisters had untwined  
His vital thread, and ended with their knife  
The fleeting course of fast declining life.  
Crooked-back'd he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed,

ship—and his pedantic wife, whom Scott has sketched so well in "Peveril of the Peak," inhabited a part of Dorset House ; but whether Great Dorset House or Little Dorset House, topographers do not record. "Great Dorset House," says Mr. Peter Cunningham, quoting Lady Anne Clifford's "Memoirs," "was the jointure house of Cicely Baker, Dowager Countess of Dorset, who died in it in 1615 (James I.)."





FALLING IN OF THE CHAPEL AT BLACKFRIARS (see page 202).

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## BLACKFRIARS.

Three Norman Fortresses on the Thames' Bank—The Black Parliament—The Trial of Katherine of Arragon—Shakespeare a Blackfriars Manager—The Blackfriars Puritans—The Jesuit Sermon at Hunsdon House—Fatal Accident—Extraordinary Escapes—Queen Elizabeth at Lord Herbert's Marriage—Old Blackfriars Bridge—Johnson and Mylne—Laying of the Stone—The Inscription—A Toll Riot—Failure of the Bridge—The New Bridge—Bridge Street—Sir Richard Phillips and his Works—Painters in Blackfriars—The King's Printing Office—Printing House Square—The *Times* and its History—Walter's Enterprise—War with the *Dispatch*—The Gigantic Swindling Scheme exposed by the *Times*—Apothecaries' Hall—Quarrel with the College of Physicians.

ON the river-side, between St. Paul's and Whitefriars, there stood, in the Middle Ages, three Norman fortresses. Baynard Castle and the old tower of Mountfichuet were two of them. Baynard Castle, granted to the Earls of Clare and afterwards rebuilt by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was the palace in which the Duke of Buckingham offered the crown to his wily confederate, Richard the Crookback. In Queen Elizabeth's time it was granted to the Earls of Pembroke, who lived there in splendour till the Great Fire melted their gold, calcined their jewels, and drove them into the fashionable flood that was already moving westward. Mountfichuet Castle was pulled down in 1276, when Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, transplanted a colony of Black Dominican friars from Holborn, near Lincoln's Inn, to the river-side, south of Ludgate Hill. Yet so conservative is even Time in England, that a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* pointed out a piece of mediæval walling and the fragment of a buttress, still standing in 1874, near the *Times* Office, in Printing House Square, which seem to have formed part of the stronghold of the Mountfichuets. This interesting relic was visible on the north of Queen Victoria Street, going up from the bridge, just where there was formerly a picturesque but dangerous descent by a flight of break-neck stone steps. At the right-hand side of the same street stood an old rubble chalk wall, even older. It adjoined the new house of the Bible Society, and seemed to have formed part of the old City wall, which at first ended at Baynard Castle. The rampart advanced to Mountfichuet; and, lastly, to please and protect the Dominicans, was pushed forward outside Ludgate to the Fleet, which served as a moat, the Old Bailey being an advanced work.

King Edward I. and Queen Eleanor heaped many gifts on these sable friars. Charles V. of France was lodged at this monastery when he visited England; but his nobles resided in Henry's newly-built palace of Bridewell, a gallery being thrown over the Fleet and driven through the City wall, to serve as a communication between the two mansions. Henry held the "Black Parliament" in this

monastery, and here Cardinal Campeggio presided at the trial which ended with the tyrant's divorce from the ill-used Katherine of Arragon. In the same house also sat the Parliament that condemned Wolsey, and sent him to beg "a little earth for charity" of the monks of Leicester. The rapacious king laid his rough hand on the treasures of the house in 1538; and Edward VI. sold the hall and prior's lodgings to Sir Francis Bryan, a courtier, afterwards granting to Sir Francis Cawarden, Master of the Revels, the whole house and precincts of the Preacher Friars, the yearly value being then estimated at nineteen pounds. The holy brothers were dispersed to beg or thief, and the church was pulled down, but the mischievous right of sanctuary continued.

And now we come to the event which connects the old monastic ground with the name of the great genius of England. James Burbage (afterwards Shakespeare's friend and fellow-actor), and other servants of the Earl of Leicester, tormented out of the City by over-scrupulous Lord Mayors, took shelter in the Precinct, and there, in 1578, erected a playhouse, whence the place was called Playhouse Yard. Every attempt was in vain made to crush the intruders. About the year 1586, according to the best authorities, the young Shakespeare came to London, and joined the company at the Blackfriars Theatre. Only three years later we find the new arrival—and this is one of the unsolvable mysteries of Shakespeare's life—one of sixteen sharers in the prosperous though persecuted theatre. It is true that Mr. Halliwell has lately discovered that he was not exactly a proprietor, but only an actor, receiving a share of the profits of the house, exclusive of the galleries, the boxes and dress circle of those days. But this is, after all, only a lessening of the difficulty; and it is almost as remarkable that a young, unknown Warwickshire poet should receive such profits, as it is that he should have held a sixteenth of the whole property. Without the generous patronage of such friends as the Earl of Southampton or Lord Brooke, how could the young actor have thriven? He was only twenty-six, and ~~may have written~~ "Venus and

Adonis" or "Lucrece;" yet the first of these poems was not published till 1593. He may already, it is true, have adapted one or two tolerably successful historical plays, and, as Mr. Collier thinks, might have written *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, or *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. One thing is certain, that in 1587 five companies of players, including the Blackfriars Company, performed at Stratford, and in his native town Mr. Collier thinks Shakespeare first proved himself useful to his new comrades.

In 1589 the Lord Mayor closed two theatres for ridiculing the Puritans. Burbage and his friends, alarmed at this, petitioned the Privy Council, and pleaded that they had never introduced into their plays matters of state or religion. The Blackfriars company, in 1593, began to build a summer theatre, the Globe, in Southwark; and Mr. Collier, remembering that this was the year in which "Venus and Adonis" was published, supposes that some great gift of the Earl of Southampton to Shakespeare immediately followed this poem, which was dedicated to him. By 1594 the poet had written *King Richard II.* and *King Richard III.*, and Burbage's son Richard had made himself famous as the first representative of the crook-backed king. In 1596 we find Shakespeare and his partners (only eight now) petitioning the Privy Council to allow them to repair and enlarge their theatre, which the Puritans of Blackfriars wanted to close. The Council allowed the repairs, but forbade the enlargement. At this time Shakespeare was living near the Bear Garden, Southwark, to be close to the Globe. He was now evidently a thriving, "warm" man, for in 1597 he purchased for £60 New Place, one of the best houses in Stratford. In 1613 we find Shakespeare purchasing a plot of ground not far from Blackfriars Theatre, and abutting on a street leading down to Puddle Wharf, "right against the king's majesty's wardrobe;" but he had retired to Stratford, and given up London and the stage before this. The deed of this sale was sold in 1841 for £162 5s.

In 1608 the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London made a final attempt to crush the Blackfriars players, but failing to prove to the Lord Chancellor that the City had ever exercised any authority within the precinct and liberty of Blackfriars, their cause fell to the ground. The Corporation then opened a negotiation for purchase with Burbage, Shakespeare, and the other (now nine) shareholders. The players asked about £7,000, Shakespeare's four shares being valued at £1,433 6s. 8d., including the wardrobe and properties, estimated at £500. The poet's income at this time Mr. Collier esti-

mates at £400 a year. The Blackfriars Theatre was pulled down in Cromwell's time (1655), and houses built in its room.

Randolph, the dramatist, a pupil of Ben Jonson, ridicules, in that strange "morality" play, *The Muses' Looking-Glass*, the Puritan feather-sellers of Blackfriars, whom Ben Jonson also taunts; Randolph's pretty Puritan, Mrs. Flowerdew, says of the ungodly of Blackfriars:—

"Indeed, it sometimes pricks my conscience,  
I come to sell 'em pins and looking-glasses."

To which her friend, Mr. Bird, replies, with the sly sanctity of Tartuffe:—

"I have this custom, also, for my feathers;  
'Tis fit that we, which are sincere professors,  
Should gain by infidels."

Ben Jonson, that smiter of all such hypocrites, wrote *Volpone* at his house in Blackfriars, where he laid the scene of *The Alchemist*. The Friars were fashionable, however, in spite of the players, for Vandyke lived in the precinct for nine years (he died in 1641); and the wicked Earl and Countess of Somerset resided in the same locality when they poisoned their former favourite, Sir Thomas Overbury. As late as 1735, Mr. Peter Cunningham says, there was an attempt to assert precinct privileges, but years before sheriffs had arrested in the Friars.

In 1623 Blackfriars was the scene of a most fatal and extraordinary accident. It occurred in the chief house of the Friary, then a district declining fast in respectability. Hunsdon House derived its name from Queen Elizabeth's favourite cousin, the Lord Chamberlain, Henry Carey, Baron Hunsdon, and was at the time occupied by Count de Tillier, the French ambassador. About three o'clock on Sunday, October 26th, a large Roman Catholic congregation of about three hundred persons, worshipping to a certain degree in stealth, not without fear from the Puritan feather-makers of the theatrical neighbourhood, had assembled in a long garret on the third and uppermost storey. Master Drury, a Jesuit preacher of celebrity, had drawn together this crowd of timid people. The garret, looking over the gateway, was approached by a passage having a door opening into the street, and also by a corridor from the ambassador's withdrawing-room. The garret was about seventeen feet wide and forty feet long, with a vestry for a priest partitioned off at one end. In the middle of the garret, and near the wall, stood a raised table and chair for the preacher. The gentry sat on chairs and stools facing the pulpit, the rest stood behind, crowding as far as the head of the stairs. At the appointed hour Master Drury,

the priest, came from the inner room in white robe and scarlet stole, an attendant carrying a book and an hour-glass, by which to measure his sermon. He knelt down at the chair for about an Ave Maria, but uttered no audible prayer. He then took the Jesuits' Testament, and read for the text the Gospel for the day, which was, according to the Gregorian Calendar, the twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost—"Therefore is the kingdom of heaven like unto a man being a king that would make an account of his servants. And when he began to make account there was one presented unto him that owed him ten thousand talents." Having read the text, the Jesuit preacher sat down, and putting on his head a red quilt cap, with a white linen one beneath it, commenced his sermon. He had spoken for about half an hour when the calamity happened. The great weight of the crowd in the old room suddenly snapped the main summer beam of the floor, which instantly crashed in and fell into the room below. The main beams there also snapped and broke through to the ambassador's drawing-room over the gate-house, a distance of twenty-two feet. Only a part, however, of the gallery floor, immediately over Father Rudgate's chamber, a small room used for secret mass, gave way. The rest of the floor, being less crowded, stood firm, and the people on it, having no other means of escape, drew their knives and cut a way through a plaster wall into a neighbouring room.

A contemporary pamphleteer, who visited the ruins and wrote fresh from the first outburst of sympathy, says: "What ear without tingling can bear the doleful and confused cries of such a troop of men, women, and children, all falling suddenly in the same pit, and apprehending with one horror the same ruin? What eye can behold without inundation of tears such a spectacle of men overwhelmed with breaches of mighty timber, buried in rubbish and smothered with dust? What heart without evaporating in sighs can ponder the burden of deepest sorrows and lamentations of parents, children, husbands, wives, kinsmen, friends, for their dearest pledges and chiefest comforts? This world all bereft and swept away with one blast of the same dismal tempest."

The news of the accident fast echoing through London, Serjeant Finch, the Recorder, and the Lord Mayor and aldermen-at once provided for the safety of the ambassador's family, who were naturally shaking in their shoes, and shutting up the gates to keep off the curious and thievish crowd, set guards at all the Blackfriars passages. Workmen were employed to remove the *débris* and rescue the sufferers who were still alive. The pamphleteer,

again rousing himself to the occasion, and turning on his tears, says:—"At the opening hereof what a chaos! what fearful objects! what lamentable representations! Here some buried, some dismembered, some only parts of men; here some wounded and weltering in their own and others' blood; others putting forth their fainting hands and crying out for help. Here some gasping and panting for breath; others stifled for want of air. So the most of them being thus covered with dust, their death was a kind of burial." All that night and part of the next day the workmen spent in removing the bodies, and the inquest was then held. It was found that the main beams were only ten inches square, and had two mortise-holes, where the girders were inserted, facing each other, so that only three inches of solid timber were left. The main beam of the lower room, about thirteen inches square, without mortise-holes, broke obliquely near the end. No wall gave way, and the roof and ceiling of the garret remained entire. Father Drury perished, as did also Father Rudgate, who was in his own apartment, underneath. Lady Webb, of Southwark, Lady Blackstone's daughter, from Scroope's Court, Mr. Fowell, a Warwickshire gentleman, and many tradesmen, servants, and artisans—ninety-five in all—perished. Some of the escapes seemed almost miraculous. Mistress Lucie Penruddock fell between Lady Webb and a servant, who were both killed, yet was saved by her chair falling over her head. Lady Webb's daughter was found alive near her dead mother, and a girl named Elizabeth Sanders was also saved by the dead who fell and covered her. A Protestant scholar, though one of the very undermost, escaped by the timbers arching over him and some of them slanting against the wall. He tore a way out through the laths of the ceiling by main strength, then crept between two joists to a hole where he saw light, and was drawn through a door by one of the ambassador's family. He at once returned to rescue others. There was a girl of ten who cried to him, "Oh, my mother!—oh, my sister!—they are down under the timber." He told her to be patient, and by God's grace they would be quickly got forth. The child replied, "This will be a great scandal to our religion." One of the men that fell said to a fellow-sufferer, "Oh, what advantage our adversaries will take at this!" The other replied, "If it be God's will this should befall us, what can we say to it?" One gentleman was saved by keeping near the stairs, while his friend, who had pushed near the pulpit, perished.

Many of those who were saved died in a few hours after their extrication. The bodies of Lady

Webb, Mistress Udall, and Lady Blackstone's daughter, were carried to Ely House, Holborn, and there buried under the chapel. In the fore courtyard, by the French ambassador's house, a huge grave, eighteen feet long and twelve feet broad, was dug, and forty-four corpses piled within it. In another pit, twelve feet long and eight feet broad, in the ambassador's garden, were buried fifteen more. Others were interred in St. Andrew's, St. Bride's, and Blackfriars churches. The list of the killed and wounded is curious, from its topographical allusions. Amongst other entries, we find "John Halifax, a water-bearer" (in the old times of street conduits the water-bearer was an important person); "a son of Mr. Flood, the scrivener, in Holborn; a man of Sir Ives Pemberton; Thomas Brisket, his wife, son, and maid, in Montague Close; Richard Fitzgarret, of Gray's Inn, gentleman; Davie, an Irishman, in Angell Alley, Gray's Inn, gentleman; Sarah Watson, daughter of Master Watson, a surgeon; Master Grimes, near the 'Horse Shoe' tavern, in Drury Lane; John Bevan, at the 'Seven Stars', in Drury Lane; Francis Man, Thieving Lane, Westminster," &c. As might have been expected, the fanatics of both parties had much to say about this terrible accident. The Catholics declared that the Protestants, knowing this to be a chief place of meeting for men of their faith, had secretly drawn out the pins, or sawn the supporting timbers partly asunder. The Protestants, on the other hand, lustily declared that the planks would not bear such a weight of Romish sin, and that God was displeased with their pulpits and altars, their doctrine and sacrifice. One zealot remembered that, at the return of Prince Charles from the madcap expedition to Spain, a Catholic had lamented, or was said to have lamented, the street bonfires, as there would be never a fagot left to burn the heretics. "If it had been a Protestant chapel," the Puritans cried, "the Jesuits would have called the calamity an omen of the speedy downfall of heresy." A Catholic writer replied "with a word of comfort," and pronounced the accident to be a presage of good fortune to Catholics and of the overthrow of error and heresy. This zealous, but not well-informed, writer compared Father Drury's death with that of Zuinglius, who fell in battle, and with that of Calvin, "who, being in despair, and calling upon the devil, gave up his wicked soul, swearing, cursing, and blaspheming." So intolerance, we see, is neither specially Protestant nor Catholic, but of every party. "The Fatal Vespers," as that terrible day at Blackfriars was afterwards called, were long remembered with a shudder by Catholic England.

In a curious old pamphlet entitled "Something Written by Occasion of that Fatal and Memorable Accident in the Blacke-friers, on Sunday, being the 26th October, 1623, *stilo antiquo*, and the 5th November, *stilo novo*, or *Romano*," the author relates a singular escape of one of the listeners. "When all things were ready," he says, "and the prayer finished, the Jesuite tooke for his text the gospell of the day, being (as I take it) the 22nd Sunday after Trinity, and extracted out of the 18th of Matthew, beginning at the 21st verse, to the end. The story concerns forgiveness of sinnes, and describeth the wicked cruelty of the unjust steward, whom his maister remitted, though he owed him 10,000 talents, but he would not forgive his fellow a 100 pence, whereupon he was called to a new reckoning, and cast into prison, and then the particular words are, which he insisted upon, the 34th verse: 'So his master was wroth, and delivered him to the taylor, till he should pay all that was due to him.' For the generall, he urged many good doctrines and cases; for the particular, he modelled out that fantasie of purgatory, which he followed with a full crie of penance, satisfaction, paying of money, and such like.

"While this exercise was in hand, a gentleman brought up his friend to see the place, and bee partaker of the sermon, who all the time he was going up stairs cried out, 'Whither doe I goe? I protest my heart trembles;' and when he came into the roome, the priest being very loud, he whispered his friend in the eare that he was afraid, for, as he supposed, the room did shake under him; at which his friend, between smiling and anger, left him, and went close to the wall behind the preacher's chaire. The gentleman durst not stirre from the staires, and came not full two yards in the roome, when on a sudden there was a kinde of murmuring amongst the people, and some were heard to say, 'The roome shakes;' which words being taken up one of another, the whole company rose up with a strong suddainnesse, and some of the women screeched. I cannot compare it better than to many passengers in a boat in a tempest, who are commanded to sit still and let the waterman alone with managing the oares, but some unruly people rising overthrowes them all. So was this company served; for the people thus affrighted started up with extraordinary quicknesse, and at an instant the maine summer beame broke in sunder, being mortised in the wall some five foot from the same; and so the whole rooffe or floore fell at once, with all the people that stood thronging on it, and with the violent impetuosity drove downe the nether roome quite to the ground, so that they fell

twenty-four foot high, and were most of them buried and bruised between the rubbish and the timber; and though some were questionlesse smothered, yet for the most part they were hurt and bled, and being taken forth the next day, and laid all along in the gallery, presented to the lookers-on a wofull spectacle of fourscore and seventeen dead persons, besides eight or nine which perished since, unable to recover themselves.

of a grand festivity at the house of Lord Herbert, which the Queen honoured by her attendance. The account is worth inserting, if only for the sake of a characteristic bit of temper which the Queen exhibited on the occasion.

"Lord Herbert, son of William, fourth Earl of Worcester," says Pennant, "had a house in Blackfriars, which Queen Elizabeth, in 1600, honoured with her presence, on occasion of his nuptials



RICHARD BURBAGE. *From the Original Portrait in Dulwich College. (See page 201.)*

"They that kept themselves close to the walls, or remained by the windows, or held by the rafters, or settled themselves by the stayres, or were driven away by fear and suspition, sauved themselves without further hurt; but such as seemed more devoute, and thronged neere the preacher, perished in a moment with himselfe and other priests and Jesuites; and this was the summe of that unhappy disaster."

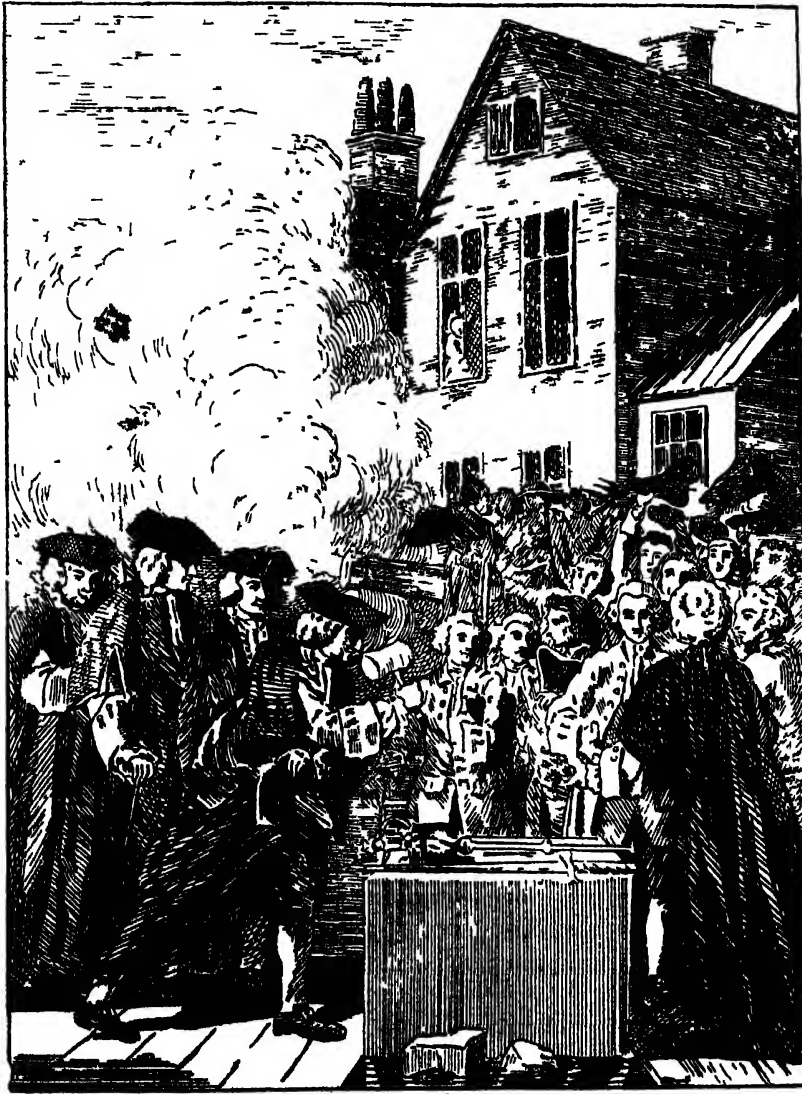
In earlier days Blackfriars had been a locality much inhabited by fashionable people, especially about the time of Queen Elizabeth. Pennant quotes from the *Sydney Papers* a curious account

with the daughter and heiress of John, Lord Russell, son of Francis, Earl of Bedford. The queen was met at the water-side by the bride, and carried to her house in a *litter* by six knights. Her majesty dined there, and supped in the same neighbourhood with Lord Cobham, where there was a memorable maske of eight ladies, and a strange dawnce new invented. Their attire is this: each hath a skirt of cloth of silver, a mantell of coruscan taffete, cast under the arme, and their haire loose about their shoulders, curiously knotted and interlaced. Mrs. Fyton leade. These eight ladys maskem choose eight



ladies more to dawnce the measures. Mrs. Fitton went to the queen and wooed her dawnce. Her majesty (the love of Essex rankling in her heart) asked what she was? "*Affection*," she said. "*Affection*!" said the queen; "*affection* is false; yet her majestie rose up and dawnced' At this

Sunday, November 19, 1769. It was built from the design of Robert Mylne, a clever young Scotch engineer, whose family had been master masons to the kings of Scotland for five hundred years. Mylne had just returned from a professional tour in Italy, where he had followed in



LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE, 1760. *From a Contemporary Print.*  
(See page 206.)

time the queen was sixty. Surely, as Mr. Walpole observed, it was at that period as natural for her as to be in love! I must not forget that in her passage from the bride's to Lord Cobham's she went through the house of Dr. Puddin, and was presented by the doctor with a fan."

Old Blackfriars Bridge, pulled down a few years since, was begun in 1760, and first opened on

the footsteps of Vitruvius, and gained the first prize at the Academy of St. Luke. He arrived in London friendless and unknown, and at once entered into competition with twenty other architects for the new bridge. Among these rivals was Smeaton, the great engineer (a friend of Lord Bute), and Dr. Johnson's friend, Gwynn, well known for his admirable work on London improve-

ments. The committee were, however, just enough to be unanimous in favouring the young unknown Scotchman, and he carried off the prize. Directly it was known that Mylne's arches were to be elliptical, every one unacquainted with the subject began to write in favour of the semi-circular arch. Among the champions Dr. Johnson was, if not the most ignorant, the most rash. He wrote three letters to the printer of the *Gazetteer*, praising Gwynn's plans and denouncing the Scotch conqueror. Gwynn had "coached" the learned Doctor in a very unsatisfactory way. In his early days the giant of Bolt Court had been accustomed to get up subjects rapidly, but the science of architecture was not so easily digested. The Doctor contended "that the first excellence of a bridge built for commerce over a large river is strength." So far so good; but he then went on to try and show that the pointed arch is necessarily weak, and here he himself broke down. He allowed that there was an elliptical bridge at Florence, but he said carts were not allowed to go over it, which proved its fragility. He also condemned a proposed cast-iron parapet, in imitation of one at Rome, as too poor and trifling for a great design. He allowed that a certain arch of Perault's was elliptical, but then he contended that it had to be held together by iron clamps. He allowed that Mr. Mylne had gained the prize at Rome, but the competitors, the arrogant despot of London clubs asserted, were only boys; and, moreover, architecture had sunk so low at Rome, that even the Pantheon had been deformed by petty decorations. In his third letter the Doctor grew more scientific, and even more confused. He was very angry with Mr. Mylne's friends for asserting that though a semi-ellipse might be weaker than a semicircle, it had quite strength enough to support a bridge. "I again venture to declare," he wrote—"I again venture to declare, in defiance of all this contemptuous superiority" (how arrogant men hate other people's arrogance!), "that a straight line will bear no weight. Not even the science of Vasari will make that form strong which the laws of nature have condemned to weakness. By the position that a straight line will bear nothing is meant that it receives no strength from straightness; for that many bodies laid in straight lines will support weight by the cohesion of their parts, every one has found who has seen dishes on a shelf, or a thief upon the gallows. It is not denied that stones may be so crushed together by enormous pressure on each side, that a heavy mass may be safely laid upon them; but the strength must be derived merely from the lateral resistance, and the line so

loaded will be itself part of the load. The semi-elliptical arch has one recommendation yet unexamined. We are told that it is difficult of execution."

In the face of this noisy newspaper thunder, Mylne went on, and produced one of the most beautiful bridges in England for £152,640 3s. 10d., actually £163 less than the original estimate—an admirable example for all architects, present and to come. The bridge, which had nine arches, and was 995 yards from wharf to wharf, was erected in ten years and three quarters. Mylne received £500 a year and ten per cent. on the expenditure. His claims, however, were disputed, and not allowed by the grateful City till 1776. The bridge-tolls were bought by Government in 1785, and the passage then became free. It was afterwards lowered, and the open parapet, condemned by Johnson, removed. It was supposed that Mylne's mode of centreing was a secret, but in contempt of all quackery he deposited exact models of his system in the British Museum. He was afterwards made surveyor of St. Paul's Cathedral, and in 1811 was interred near the tomb of Wren. He was a despot amongst his workmen, and ruled them with a rod of iron. However, the foundations of this bridge were never safely built, and latterly the piers began visibly to subside. The semi-circular arches would have been far stronger.

The foundation-stone of Blackfriars Bridge was laid by Sir Thomas Chitty, Lord Mayor, on the 31st of October, 1760. Horace Walpole, always Whiggish, describing the event, says:—"The Lord Mayor laid the first stone of the new bridge yesterday. There is an inscription on it in honour of Mr. Pitt, which has a very Roman air, though very unclassically expressed. They talk of the contagion of his public spirit; I believe they had not got rid of their panic about mad dogs." Several gold, silver, and copper coins of the reign of George II. (just dead) were placed under the stone, with a silver medal presented to Mr. Mylne by the Academy of St. Luke's, and upon two plates of tin—Bonnell Thornton said they should have been lead—was engraved a very shaky Latin inscription, thus rendered into English:—

On the last day of October, in the year 1760,  
And in the beginning of the most auspicious reign of  
GEORGE the Third,  
Sir THOMAS CHITTY, Knight, Lord Mayor,  
laid the first stone of this Bridge,  
undertaken by the Common Council of London  
(amidst the rage of an extensive war)  
for the public accommodation  
and ornament of the City;  
ROBERT MYLNE being the architect.

And that there might remain to posterity  
a monument of this city's affection to the man  
who, by the strength of his genius,  
the steadiness of his mind,  
and a certain kind of happy contagion of his  
Probity and Spirit  
(under the Divine favour  
and fortunate auspices of GEORGE the Second)  
recovered, augmented, and secured  
the British Empire  
in Asia, Africa, and America,  
and restored the ancient reputation  
and influence of his country  
amongst the nations of Europe ;  
the citizens of London have unanimously voted this  
Bridge to be inscribed with the name of  
WILLIAM PITT.

On this pretentious and unlucky inscription, that reckless wit, Bonnel Thornton, instantly wrote a squib, under the obvious pseudonym of the "Rev. Busby Birch." In these critical and political remarks (which he entitled "City Latin") the gay scoffer professed in his preface to prove "almost every word and every letter to be erroneous and contrary to the practice of both ancients and moderns in this kind of writing," and appended a plan or pattern for a new inscription. The clever little lampoon soon ran to three editions. The ordinary of Newgate, my lord's chaplain, or the masters of Merchant Taylors', Paul's, or Charter-house schools, who produced the wonderful pontine inscription, must have winced under the blows of this jester's bladderful of peas. Thornton laughed most at the awkward phrase implying that Mr. Pitt had caught the happy contagion of his own probity and spirit. He said that "Gulielmi Pitt" should have been "Gulielmi Fossæ." Lastly, he proposed, for a more curt and suitable inscription, the simple words—

"GUIL. FOSSÆ,  
Patri Patriæ D.D.D. (*i.e.*, Datur, Dicatur, Dedicatur)."

Party feeling, as usual at those times, was rife. Mylne was a friend of Paterson, the City solicitor, an apt scribbler and a friend of Lord Bute, who no doubt favoured his young countryman. For, being a Scotchman, Johnson no doubt took pleasure in opposing him, and for the same reason Churchill, in his bitter poem on the Cock Lane ghost, after ridiculing Johnson's credulity, goes out of his way to sneer at Mylne :—

"What of that bridge which, void of sense,  
But well supplied with impudence,  
Englishmen, knowing not the Guild,  
Thought they might have the claim to build ;  
Till Paterson, as white as milk,  
As smooth as oil, as soft as silk,  
In solemn manner had decreed  
That, on the other side the Tweed,

Art, born and bred and fully grown,  
Was with one Mylne, a man unknown ?  
But grace, preferment, and renown  
Deserving, just arrived in town ;  
One Mylne, an artist, perfect quite,  
Both in his own and country's right,  
As fit to make a bridge as he,  
With glorious Patavinity,  
To build inscriptions, worthy found  
To lie for ever underground."

In 1766 the bridge was opened for foot passengers, the completed portion being connected with the shore by a wooden structure ; two years later it was made passable for horses, and in 1769 it was fully opened. An unpopular toll of one halfpenny on week-days for every person, and of one penny on Sundays, was exacted. The result of this was that while the Gordon Riots were raging, in 1780, the too zealous Protestants, forgetting for a time the poor tormented Papists, attacked and burned down the toll-gates, stole the money, and destroyed all the account-books. Several rascals lost their lives, and one rioter, being struck with a bullet, ran howling for thirty or forty yards, and then dropped down dead. Nevertheless, the obnoxious toll continued until 1785, when it was redeemed by Government.

The bridge, according to the order of Common Council, was first named Pitt Bridge, and the adjacent streets (in honour of the great earl) Chatham Place, William Street, and Earl Street. But the first name of the bridge soon dropped off, and the monastic locality asserted its prior right. This is the more remarkable (as Mr. Timbs judiciously observes), because with another Thames bridge the reverse change took place. Waterloo Bridge was first called Strand Bridge, but it was soon dedicated by the people to the memory of the most famous of British victories.

The £152,640 that the bridge cost does not include the £5,830 spent in altering and filling up the Fleet Ditch, or the £2,167 the cost of the temporary wooden bridge. The piers, of bad Portland stone, were decorated by some columns of unequal sizes, and the line of parapet was low and curved. The approaches to the bridge were also designed by Mylne, who built himself a house at the corner of Little Bridge Street. The walls of the rooms were adorned with classical medallions, and on the exterior was the date (1780), with Mylne's crest, and the initials "R. M." Dr. Johnson became a friend of Mylne, and dined with him at this residence at least on one occasion. The house afterwards became the "York Hotel," and eventually was taken down in 1863.

The repairs of the Bridge between 1833 and

1840, by Walker and Burgess, engineers, at an expense of £74,000, produced a loss to the contractors; and the removal of the cornice and balustrade spoiled the bridge whither old Richard Wilson, the landscape-painter, used to come and admire the grand view of St. Paul's. The bridge seemed to be as unlucky as if it had incurred Dr. Johnson's curse. In 1843 the Chamberlain reported to the Common Council that the sum of £100,960 had been already expended in repairing Mylne's faulty work, besides the £800 spent in procuring a local Act (4 William IV.). According to a subsequent report, £10,200 had been spent in six years in repairing one arch alone. From 1851 to 1859 the expenditure had been at the rate of £600 a year. Boswell, indeed, with all his zealous partiality for the Scotch architect, had allowed that the best Portland stone belonged to Government quarries, and from this Parliamentary interest had debarred Mylne.

The tardy Common Council was at last forced, in common decency, to build a new bridge. The architect began by building a temporary structure of great strength. It consisted of two storeys—the lower for carriages, the upper for pedestrians—and stretching 990 feet from wharf to wharf. The lower piles were driven ten feet into the bed of the river, and braced with horizontal and diagonal bracings. The demolition began with vigour in 1864. In four months only, the navigators' brawny arms had removed twenty thousand tons of earth, stone, and rubble above the turning of the arches, and the pulling down those enemies of Dr. Johnson commenced by the removal of the key-stone of the second arch on the Surrey side. The masonry of the arches proved to be rather thinner than it appeared to be, and was stuffed with river ballast, mixed with bones and small old-fashioned pipes. The bridge had taken nearly ten years to build; it was entirely demolished in less than a year, and rebuilt in two. In some cases the work of removal and re-construction went on harmoniously and simultaneously side by side. Ingenious steam cranes travelled upon rails laid on the upper scaffold beams, and lifted the blocks of stone with playful ease and speed. In December, 1864, the men worked in the evenings, by the aid of naphtha lamps.

According to a report printed in the *Times*, Blackfriars Bridge had suffered from the removal of London Bridge, which served as a mill-dam, to restrain the speed and scour of the river.

Twelve designs had been sent in at the competition, and, singularly enough, among the competitors was a Mr. Mylne, grandson of Johnson's foe. The design of Mr. Page was first selected, as the hand-

somest and cheapest. It consisted of only three arches. Ultimately Mr. Joseph Cubitt won the prize. Cubitt's bridge has five arches, the centre one eighty-nine feet span; the style, Venetian Gothic; the cost, £265,000. The piers are grey, the columns red, granite; the bases and capitals are of carved Portland stone; the bases, balustrades, and roads of somewhat over-ornamented iron.

The *Quarterly Review*, of April, 1872, contains the following bitter criticisms of the new double bridge:—"With Blackfriars Bridge," says the writer, "we find the public thoroughly well pleased, though the design is really a wonder of depravity. Polished granite columns of amazing thickness, with carved capitals of stupendous weight, all made to give shop-room for an apple-woman, or a convenient platform for a suicide. The parapet is a fiddle-faddle of pretty cast-iron arching, out of scale with the columns, incongruous with the capitals, and quite unsuited for a work that should be simply grand in its usefulness; and at each corner of the bridge is a huge block of masonry, *à propos* of nothing, a well-known evidence of desperate imbecility."

Bridge Street is too new for many traditions. Its chief hero is that active-minded and somewhat shallow speculator, Sir Richard Phillips, the bookseller and projector. An interesting memoir by Mr. Timbs, his friend, furnishes us with many curious facts about him, and shows how the publisher of Bridge Street impinged on many of the most illustrious of his contemporaries, and how in a way he pushed forward the good work which afterwards owed so much to Mr. Charles Knight. Phillips, born in London in 1767, was educated in Soho Square, and afterwards at Chiswick, where he remembered often seeing Hogarth's widow and Dr. Griffith, of the *Monthly Review* (Goldsmith's tyrant), attending church. He was brought up to be a brewer, but in 1788 settled as a schoolmaster, first at Chester and afterwards at Leicester. At Leicester he opened a bookseller's shop, started a newspaper (the *Leicester Herald*), and established a philosophical society. Obnoxious as a Radical, he was at last entrapped for selling Tom Paine's "Rights of Man," and was sent to gaol for eighteen months, where he was visited by Lord Moira, the Duke of Norfolk, and other advanced men of the day. His house being burned down, he removed to London, and projected a Sunday newspaper, but eventually Mr. Bell stole the idea and started the *Messenger*. In 1795 this restless and energetic man commenced the *Monthly Magazine*. Before this he had already been a hostler, a tutor, and a speculator in canals. The politico-literary magazine

was advertised by circulars sent to eminent men of the opposition in commercial parcels, to save the enormous postage of those unregenerate days. Dr. Aiken, the literary editor, afterwards started a rival magazine, called the *Athenæum*. The *Gentleman's Magazine* never rose to a circulation above 10,000, which soon sank to 3,000. Phillips's magazine sold about 3,750. With all these multifarious pursuits, Phillips was an antiquary—purchasing Wolsey's skull for a shilling, a portion of his stone coffin, that had been turned into a horse-trough at the "White Horse" inn, Leicester; and Rufus's stirrup, from a descendant of the charcoal-burner who drove the body of the slain king to Winchester.

As a pushing publisher Phillips soon distinguished himself, for the Liberals came to him, and he had quite enough sense to discover if a book was good. He produced many capital volumes of "Ana," on the French system, and memoirs of Foote, Monk Lewes, Wilkes, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. He published Holcroft's "Travels," Godwin's best novels, and Miss Owenson's (Lady Morgan's) first work, "The Novice of St. Dominick." In 1807, when he removed to New Bridge Street, he served the office of sheriff; was knighted on presenting an address, and effected many reforms in the prisons and lock-up houses. In his useful "Letter to the Livery of London" he computes the number of writs then annually issued at 24,000; the sheriffs' expenses at £2,000. He also did his best to repress the cruelties of the mob to poor wretches in the pillory. He was a steady friend of Alderman Waithman, and was with him in the carriage at the funeral of Queen Caroline, in 1821, when a bullet from a soldier's carbine passed through the carriage window near Hyde Park. In 1809 Phillips had some reverses, and breaking up his publishing-office in Bridge Street, devoted himself to the profitable reform of school-books, publishing them under the names of Goldsmith, Major, and Blair.

This active-minded man was the first to assert that Dr. Wilmot wrote "Junius," and to start the celebrated scandal about George III. and the young Quakeress, Hannah Lightfoot, daughter of a linendraper, at the corner of Market Street, St. James's. She afterwards, it is said, married a grocer, named Axford, on Ludgate Hill, was then carried off by the prince, and bore him three sons, who in time became generals. The story is perhaps traceable to Dr. Wilmot, whose daughter married the Duke of Cumberland. Phillips found time to attack the Newtonian theory of gravitation, to advocate a memorial to Shakespeare, to compile a book containing a million of facts, to write on

Divine philosophy, and to suggest (as he asserted) to Mr. Brougham, in 1825, the first idea of the Society for Useful Knowledge. Almost ruined by the failures during the panic in 1826, he retired to Brighton, and there pushed forward his books and his interrogative system of education. Sir Richard's greatest mistakes, he used to say, had been the rejection of Byron's early poems, of "Waverley," of Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy," and O'Meara's "Napoleon in Exile." He always stoutly maintained his claim to the suggestion of the "Percy Anecdotes." Phillips died in 1840. Superficial as he was, and commercial as were his literary aims, we nevertheless cannot refuse him the praise awarded in his epitaph:—"He advocated civil liberty, general benevolence, ascendancy of justice, and the improvement of the human race."

The old monastic ground of the Black Friars seems to have been beloved by painters, for, as we have seen, Vandyke lived luxuriously here, and was frequently visited by Charles I. and his Court. Cornelius Jansen, the great portrait-painter of James's Court, arranged his black draperies and ground his fine carnations in the same locality; and at the same time Isaac Oliver, the exquisite Court miniature-painter, dwelt in the same place. It was to him Lady Ayres, to the rage of her jealous husband, came for a portrait of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, an imprudence that very nearly led to the assassination of the poet-lord, who believed himself so specially favoured of Heaven.

The king's printing-office for proclamations, &c., used to be in Printing-house Square, but was removed in 1770; and we must not forget that where a Norman fortress once rose to oppress the weak, to guard the spoils of robbers, and to protect the oppressor, the *Times* printing-office now stands, to diffuse its ceaseless floods of knowledge, to spread its resistless ægis over the poor and the oppressed, and ever using its vast power to extend liberty and crush injustice, whatever shape the Proteus assumes, whether it sits upon a throne or lurks in a swindler's office.

This great paper was started in the year 1785, by Mr. John Walter, under the name of the *Daily Universal Register*. It was first called the *Times*, January 1, 1788, when the following prospectus appeared:—

"The *Universal Register* has been a name so injurious to the logographic newspaper as Tristram was to Mr. Shandy's son; but old Shandy forgot he might have rectified by confirmation the mistake of the parson at baptism, and with the touch of a bishop changed Tristram into Trismegistus. The *Universal Register*, from the day of its first



appearance to the day of its confirmation, had, like *Tristram*, suffered from innumerable casualties, both laughable and serious, arising from its name, which in its introduction was immediately curtailed of its fair proportions by all who called for it, the word 'Universal' being universally omitted, and

him with the *Court and City Register*, the *Old Annual Register*, or the *New Annual Register*, or, if the house be within the purlieus of Covent Garden or the hundreds of Drury, slips into the politician's hand *Harris's Register of Ladies*.

"For these and other reasons the printer of the



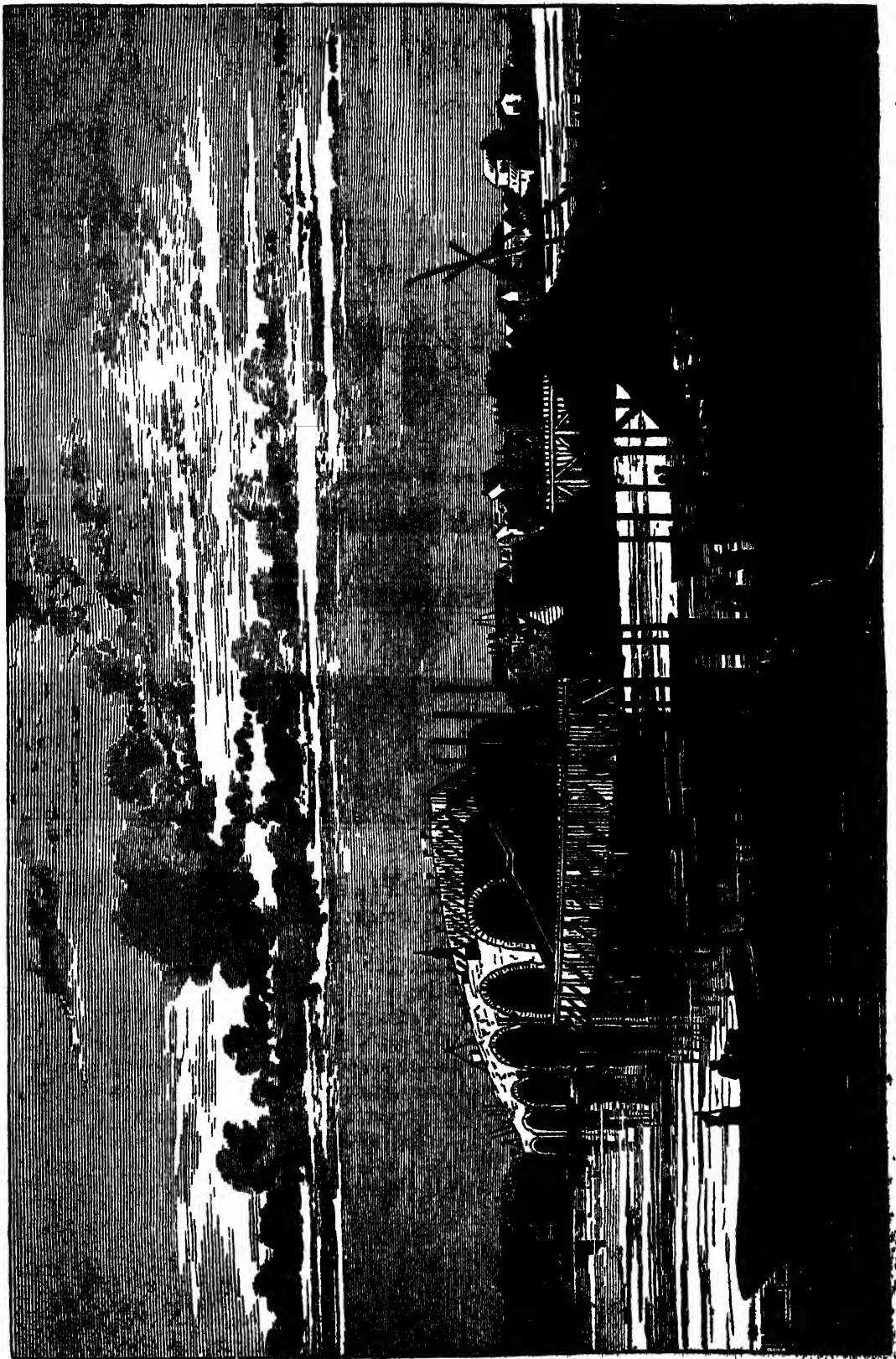
PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE AND THE "TIMES" OFFICE, 1870 (see page 209).

the word 'Register' only retained. 'Boy, bring me the *Register*.' The waiter answers, 'Sir, we have no library; but you may see it in the "New Exchange" coffee-house.' 'Then I will see it there,' answers the disappointed politician; and he goes to the 'New Exchange' coffee-house, and calls for the *Register*, upon which the waiter tells him he cannot have it, as he is not a subscriber, or presents

*Universal Register* has added to its original name that of the *Times*, which, being a monosyllable, bids defiance to the corruptions and mutilations of the language.

"The *Times*! what a monstrous name! Granted—for the *Times* is a many-headed monster, that speaks with a hundred tongues, and displays a thousand characters; and in the course of its





BLACKFRIARS FOOT BRIDGE DURING ITS CONSTRUCTION, SHOWING THE TEMPORARY FOOT BRIDGE. From a Print of 1775. (See page 207.)

transitions in life, assumes innumerable shapes and humours.

"The critical reader will observe, we personify our new name; but as we give it no distinction of sex, and though it will be active in its vocation, yet we apply to it the neuter gender.

"The *Times*, being formed of and possessing qualities of opposite and heterogeneous natures, cannot be classed either in the animal or vegetable genus, but, like the polypus, is doubtful; and in the discussion, description, and illustration, will employ the pen of the most celebrated *literati*.

"The heads of the *Times*, as has already been said, are many; these will, however, not always appear at the same time, but casually, as public or private affairs may call them forth.

"The principal or leading heads are—the literary, political, commercial, philosophical, critical, theatrical, fashionable, humorous, witty, &c., each of which is supplied with a competent share of intellect for the pursuit of their several functions, an endowment which is not in all cases to be found, even in the heads of the State, the heads of the Church, the heads of the law, the heads of the navy, the heads of the army, and, though last not least, the great heads of the universities.

"The political head of the *Times*—like that of Janus, the Roman deity—is double-faced. With one countenance it will smile continually on the friends of Old England, and with the other will frown incessantly on her enemies.

"The alteration we have made in our paper is not without precedents. The *World* has parted with half its *caput mortuum* and a moiety of its brains; the *Herald* has cutoff one half of its head and has lost its original humour; the *Post*, it is true, retains its whole head and its old features; and as to the other public prints, they appear as having neither heads nor tails.

"On the Parliamentary head, every communication that ability and industry can produce may be expected. To this great national object the *Times* will be most assiduously attentive, most accurately correct, and strictly impartial in its reports."

Both the *Times* and its predecessor were printed "logographically," Mr. Walter having obtained a patent for his peculiar system. The plan consisted in abridging the compositors' labour by casting all the more frequently recurring words in metal. It was, in fact, a system of partial stereotyping. The English language, said the sanguine inventor, contained above 90,000 words. This number Walter had reduced to about 5,000. The projector was assailed by the wits, who declared that his orders to the type-founders ran,—"*Send me a*

*hundredweight, in separate pounds, of heat, cold, wet, dry, murder, fire, dreadful robbery, atrocious outrage, fearful calamity, and alarming explosion.*" But nothing could daunt or stop Walter. One eccentricity of the *Daily Register* was that on red-letter days the title was printed in red ink, and the character of the day stated under the date-line. For instance, on Friday, August 11, 1786, there is a red heading, and underneath the words—

"Princess of Brunswick born.

Holiday at the Bank, Excise offices, and the Exchequer."

The first number of the *Times* is not so large as the *Morning Herald* or *Morning Chronicle* of the same date, but larger than the *London Chronicle*, and of the same size and shape as the *Public Advertiser*.

The first Walter lived in rough times, and suffered from the political storms that then prevailed. He was several times imprisoned for articles against great people, and it has been asserted that he stood in the pillory in 1790 for a libel against the Duke of York. This is not, however, true; but it is a fact that he was sentenced to such a punishment, and remained sixteen months in Newgate, till released at the intercession of the Prince of Wales. The first Walter died in 1812. The second Mr. Walter, who came to the helm in 1803, was the real founder of the future greatness of the *Times*; and he, too, had his rubs. In 1804 he offended the Government by denouncing the foolish Catamaran expedition. For this the Government meanly deprived his family of the printing for the Customs, and also withdrew their advertisements. During the war of 1805 the Government stopped all the foreign papers sent to the *Times*. Walter, stopped by no obstacle, at once contrived other means to secure early news, and had the triumph of announcing the capitulation of Flushing forty-eight hours before the intelligence had arrived through any other channel.

There were no reviews of books in the *Times* till long after it was started, but it paid great attention to the drama from its commencement. There were no leading articles for several years, yet in the very first year the *Times* displays threefold as many advertisements as its contemporaries. For many years Mr. Walter, with his usual sagacity and energy, endeavoured to mature some plan for printing the *Times* by steam. As early as 1804 a compositor named Martyn had invented a machine for the purpose of superseding the hand-press, which took hours struggling over the three or four thousand copies of the *Times*. The pressmen threatened destruction to the new machine, and it

had to be smuggled piecemeal into the premises, while Martyn sheltered himself under various disguises to escape the vengeance of the workmen. On the eve of success, however, Walter's father lost courage, stopped the supplies, and the project was for the time abandoned. In 1814 Walter, however, returned to the charge. Koenig and Barnes put their machinery in premises adjoining the *Times* office, to avoid the violence of the pressmen. At one time the two inventors are said to have abandoned their machinery in despair, but a clerical friend of Walter examined the difficulty and removed it. The night came at last when the great experiment was to be made. The unconscious pressmen were kept waiting in the next office for news from the Continent. At six o'clock in the morning Mr. Walter entered the press-room, with a wet paper in his hand, and astonished the men by telling them that the *Times* had just been printed by steam. If they attempted violence, he said, there was a force ready to suppress it; but if they were peaceable their wages should be continued until employment was found for them. He could now print 1,100 sheets an hour. By-and-by Koenig's machine proved too complicated, and Messrs. Applegarth and Cowper invented a cylindrical one, that printed 8,000 an hour. Then came Hoe's process, which is now said to print at the rate of from 18,000 to 22,000 copies an hour (Grant). The various improvements in steam-printing have altogether cost the *Times*, according to general report, not less than £80,000.

About 1813 Dr. Stoddart, the brother-in-law of Hazlitt (afterwards Sir John Stoddart, a judge in *Malta*), edited the *Times* with ability, till his almost insane hatred of Bonaparte, "the Corsican fiend," as he called him, led to his secession in 1815 or 1816. Stoddart was the "Doctor Slop" whom Tom Moore derided in his gay little Whig lampoons. The next editor was Thomas Barnes, a better scholar and a far abler man. He had been a contemporary of Lamb at Christ's Hospital, and a rival of Blomfield, afterwards Bishop of London. While a student in the Temple he wrote for the *Times* a series of political letters in the manner of "Junius," and was at once placed as a reporter in the gallery of the House. Under his editorship Walter secured some of his ablest contributors, including that Captain Stirling, "The Thunderer," whom Carlyle has sketched so happily. Stirling was an Irishman, who had fought with the Royal troops at Vinegar Hill, then joined the line, and afterwards turned gentleman farmer in the Isle of Bute. He began writing for the *Times* about 1815, and, it is said, eventually received £2,000 a year as a writer of dashing and effective leaders.

Lord Brougham also, it is said, wrote occasional articles. Tom Moore was even offered £100 a month if he would contribute, and Southey declined an offer of £2,000 a year for editing the *Times*. Macaulay in his day wrote many brilliant squibs in the *Times*; amongst them one containing the line,

"Ye diners out, from whom we guard our spoons."

Barnes died in 1841, and was succeeded in the editorial chair by Mr. John Delane, who retained that post till 1877, when, owing to failing health, he retired into private life. Under Mr. Delane's hands the *Times* held undisputed sway in the newspaper world; and instead of containing the fierce declamations for which it was once famous, became "mild, argumentative, and discriminating." Mr. Delane died in November, 1879.

One of the longest wars the *Times* ever carried on was that against Alderman Harmer. It was Harmer's turn, in due order of rotation, to become Lord Mayor. A strong feeling had arisen against Harmer because, as the avowed proprietor of the *Weekly Dispatch*, he inserted certain letters of the late Mr. Williams ("Publicola"), which were said to have had the effect of preventing Mr. Walter's return for Southwark (see page 59). The *Times* upon this wrote twelve powerful leaders against Harmer, which at once decided the question. This was a great assertion of power, and raised the *Times* in the estimation of all England. For these twelve articles, originally intended for letters, the writer (says Mr. Grant) received £200. But in 1841 the extraordinary social influence of this giant paper was even still more shown. Mr. O'Reilly, their Paris correspondent, obtained a clue to a vast scheme of fraud concocting in Paris by a gang of fourteen accomplished swindlers, who had already netted £10,700 of the million for which they had planned. At the risk of assassination, O'Reilly exposed the scheme in the *Times*, dating the *exposé* from Brussels, in order to throw the swindlers on the wrong scent.

At a public meeting of merchants, bankers, and others held in the Egyptian Hall, Mansion House, October 1, 1841, the Lord Mayor (Thomas Johnson) in the chair, it was unanimously resolved to thank the proprietors of the *Times* for the services they had rendered in having exposed the most remarkable and extensively fraudulent conspiracy (the famous "Bogle" swindle) ever brought to light in the mercantile world, and to record in some substantial manner the sense of obligation conferred by the proprietors of the *Times* on the commercial world.

The proprietors of the *Times* declining to receive the £2,625 subscribed by the London merchants

to recompense them for doing their duty, it was resolved, in 1842, to set apart the funds for the endowment of two scholarships, one at Christ's Hospital, and one at the City of London School. In both schools a commemorative tablet was put up, as well as one at the Royal Exchange and over the entrance of the *Times* printing-office.

At various periods the *Times* has had to endure violent attacks in the House of Commons, and many strenuous efforts to restrain its vast powers. In 1819 John Payne Collier, one of their Parliamentary reporters, and better known as one of the greatest of Shakesperian critics, was committed into the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms for a report in which he had attacked Canning. The *Times*, however, had some powerful friends in the House; and in 1821 we find Mr. Hume complaining that the Government advertisements were systematically withheld from the *Times*. In 1831 Sir R. H. Inglis complained that the *Times* had been guilty of a breach of privilege, in asserting that there were borough nominees and lackeys in the House. Sir Charles Wetherell, that titled, incomparable old Tory, joined in the attack, which Burdett chivalrously cantered forward to repel. Sir Henry Hardinge wanted the paper prosecuted; Lord John Russell, Orator Hunt, and O'Connell, however, moved the previous question, and the great debate on the Reform Bill then proceeded. The same year the House of Lords flew at the great paper. The Earl of Limerick had been called "an absentee, and a thing with human pretensions." The Marquis of Londonderry joined in the attack. The next day Mr. Lawson, printer of the *Times*, was examined and worried by the House; and Lord Wynford moved that Mr. Lawson, as printer of a scandalous libel, should be fined £100, and committed to Newgate till the fine be paid. The next day Mr. Lawson handed in an apology, but Lord Brougham generously rose and denied the power of the House to imprison and fine without a trial by jury. The Tory lords spoke angrily; the Earl of Limerick called the press a tyrant that ruled all things, and crushed everything under its feet; and the Marquis of Londonderry complained of the coarse and virulent libels against Queen Adelaide, for her supposed opposition to Reform.

In 1833 O'Connell attributed dishonest motives to the London reporter who had suppressed his speeches, and the reporters in the *Times* expressed their resolution not to report any more of his speeches unless he retracted. O'Connell then moved in the House that the printer of the *Times* be summoned to the bar for printing their resolution, but his motion was rejected. In 1838 Mr. Lawson

was fined £200 for accusing Sir John Conroy, treasurer of the household of the Duchess of Kent, of peculation. In 1840 an angry member brought a breach of privilege motion against the *Times*, and advised every one who was attacked in that paper to horsewhip the editor.

In January, 1829, the *Times* came out with a double sheet, consisting of eight pages, or forty-eight columns. In 1830 it paid £70,000 advertisement duty. In 1800 its sale had been below that of the *Morning Chronicle*, *Post*, *Herald*, and *Advertiser*.

The *Times*, according to Mr. Grant, in one day of 1870, received no less than £1,500 for advertisements. On June 22, 1862, it produced a paper containing no less than twenty-four pages, or 144 columns. In 1854 the *Times* had a circulation of 51,000 copies; in 1860, 60,000. For special numbers its sale is enormous. The biography of Prince Albert sold 90,000 copies; the marriage of the Prince of Wales, 110,000 copies. The income of the *Times* from advertisements alone has been calculated at £260,000. A writer in a Philadelphia paper of 1867 estimates the paper consumed weekly by the *Times* at seventy tons; the ink at two tons. There are employed in the office ten stereotypers, sixteen firemen and engineers, ninety machine-men, six men who prepare the paper for printing, and seven to transfer the papers to the news-agents. The new Walter press prints 22,000 to 24,000 impressions an hour, or 12,000 perfect sheets printed on both sides. It prints from a roll of paper three-quarters of a mile long, and cuts the sheets and piles them without help. It is a self-feeder, and requires only a man and two boys to guide its operations. A copy of the *Times* has been known to contain 4,000 advertisements; and for every daily copy it is computed that the compositors mass together not less than 2,500,000 separate types.

The number of persons engaged in daily working for the *Times* is put at nearly 350.

In the annals of this paper we must not forget the energy that, in 1834, established a system of home expresses, which enabled them to give the earliest intelligence before any other paper; and at an expence of £200 brought a report of Lord Durham's speech at Glasgow to London at the then unprecedented rate of fifteen miles an hour; nor should we forget their noble disinterestedness during the railway mania of 1845, when, although they were receiving more than £3,000 a week for railway advertisements, they warned the country unceasingly of the misery and ruin that must inevitably follow. The *Times* proprietors are known to pay the highest sums for articles, and to be

uniformly generous in pensioning men who have spent their lives in its service.

The late Mr. Walter, even when M.P. for Berkshire and Nottingham, never forgot Printing-house Square when the debate, however late, had closed. One afternoon, says Mr. Grant, he came to the office and found the compositors gone to dinner. Just at that moment a parcel, marked "immediate and important," arrived. It was news of vast importance. He at once slipped off his coat, and set up the news with his own hands; a pressman was at his post, and by the time the men returned a second edition was actually printed and published. But his foresight and energy was most conspicuously shown in 1845, when the jealousy of the French Government had thrown obstacles in the way of the *Times*' couriers, who brought their Indian despatches from Marseilles. What were seas and deserts to Walter? He at once took counsel with Lieutenant Waghorn, who had opened up the overland route to India, and proposed to try a new route by Trieste. The result was that Waghorn reached London two days before the regular mail—the usual mail aided by the French Government. The *Morning Herald* was at first forty-eight hours before the *Times*, but after that the *Times* got a fortnight ahead; and although the Trieste route was abandoned, the *Times*, eventually, was left alone as a troublesome and invincible adversary.

Apothecaries' Hall, the grave stone and brick building, in Water Lane, Blackfriars, was erected in 1670 (Charles II.), as the dispensary and hall of the Company of Apothecaries, incorporated by a charter of James I., at the suit of Gideon Delaune, the king's own apothecary. Drugs in the Middle Ages were sold by grocers and pepperers, or by the doctors themselves, who, early in James's reign, formed one company with the apothecaries; but the ill-assorted union lasted only eleven years, for the apothecaries were then fast becoming doctors themselves.

Garth, in his "Dispensary," describes, in the Hogarthian manner, the topographical position of Apothecaries' Hall:—

"Nigh where Fleet Ditch descends in sable streams,  
To wash the sooty Naiads in the Thames,  
There stands a structure on a rising hill,  
Where tyros take their freedom out to kill."

Gradually the apothecaries, refusing to be merely "the doctors' tools," began to encroach more and more on the doctors' province, and to prescribe for and even cure the poor. In 1687 (James II.) open war broke out. First Dryden, then Pope, fought on the side of the doctors against the humbler men, whom they were taught to consider as mere greedy

mechanics and empirics. (Dryden first let fly his mighty shaft:—

"The apothecary tribe is wholly blind;  
From files a random recipe they take,  
And many deaths from one prescription make.  
Garth, generous as his muse, prescribes and gives;  
The shopman sells, and by destruction lives."

Pope followed with a smaller but keener arrow:—

"So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art'  
By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,  
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,  
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools."

The origin of the memorable affray between the College of Physicians and the Company of Apothecaries is admirably told by Mr. Jeaffreson, in his "Book of Doctors." The younger physicians, impatient at beholding the increasing prosperity and influence of the apothecaries, and the older ones indignant at seeing a class of men they had despised creeping into their quarters, and craftily laying hold of a portion of their monopoly, concocted a scheme to reinstate themselves in public favour. Without a doubt, many of the physicians who countenanced this scheme gave it their support from purely charitable motives; but it cannot be questioned that, as a body, the dispensarians were only actuated in their humanitarian exertions by a desire to lower the apothecaries and raise themselves in the eyes of the world. In 1687 the physicians, at a college meeting, voted "that all members of the college, whether fellows, candidates, or licentiates, should give their advice gratis to all their sick neighbouring poor, when desired, within the city of London, or seven miles round." The poor folk carried their prescriptions to the apothecaries, to learn that the trade charge for dispensing them was beyond their means. The physicians asserted that the demands of the drug-vendors were extortionate, and were not reduced to meet the finances of the applicants, to the end that the undertakings of benevolence might prove abortive. This was, of course, absurd. The apothecaries knew their own interests better than to oppose a system which at least rendered drug-consuming fashionable with the lower orders. Perhaps they regarded the poor as their peculiar property as a field of practice, and felt insulted at having the same humble people for whom they had pompously prescribed, and put up boluses at twopence apiece, now entering their shops with papers dictating what the twopenny bolus was to be composed of. But the charge preferred against them was groundless. Indeed, a numerous body of the apothecaries expressly offered to sell medicines "to the poor within their respective parishes



at such rates as the committee of physicians should think reasonable."

But this would not suit the game of the physicians. "A proposal was started by a committee of the college that the college should furnish the medicines of the poor, and perfect alone that

paring and delivering medicines at their intrinsic value."

Such was the version of the affair given by the college apologists. The plan was acted upon, and a dispensary was eventually established (some nine years after the vote of 1687) at the College



THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, WARWICK LANE, 1868 (see page 216).

charity which the apothecaries refused to concur in; and, after divers methods ineffectually tried, and much time wasted in endeavouring to bring the apothecaries to terms of reason in relation to the poor, an instrument was subscribed by divers charitably-disposed members of the college, now in numbers about fifty, wherein they obliged themselves to pay ten pounds apiece towards the pre-

of Physicians, Warwick Lane, where medicines were vended to the poor at cost price. This measure of the college was impolitic and unjustifiable. It was unjust to that important division of the trade who were ready to vend the medicines at rates to be paid by the college authorities, for it took altogether out of their hands the small amount of profit which they, as *dealers*, could have realised



on those terms. It was also an eminently unwise course. The College sank to the level of the Apothecaries' Hall, becoming an emporium for the sale of medicines. It was all very well to say that no profit was made on such sale, the censorious world would not believe it. The apothecaries and

fees. They therefore joined in the cry against the dispensary. The profession was split up into two parties—Dispensarians and Anti-Dispensarians. The apothecaries combined, and agreed not to recommend the Dispensarians. The Anti-Dispensarians repaid this ill service by refusing to



OUTER COURT OF LA BELLE SAUVAGE IN 1828. (See page 221.)  
(From an Original Drawing in Mr. Gardner's Collection)

their friends denied that such was the fact, and vowed that the benevolent dispensarians were bent only on underselling and ruining them.

Again, the movement introduced dissensions within the walls of the college. Many of the first physicians, with the conservatism of success, did not care to offend the apothecaries, who were continually calling them in and paying them

meet Dispensarians in consultation. Sir Thomas Millington, the President of the College, Hans Sloane, John Woodward, Sir Edmund King, and Sir Samuel Garth, were amongst the latter. Of these the last named was the man who rendered the most efficient service to his party. For a time Garth's great poem, "The Dispensary," covered the apothecaries and Anti-Dispensarians with rid-

cule. It rapidly passed through numerous editions. To say that of all the books, pamphlets, and broad-sheets thrown out by the combatants on both sides, it is by far the one of the greatest merit, would be scant justice, when it might almost be said that it is the only one of them that can now be read by a gentleman without a sense of annoyance and disgust. There is no point of view from which the medical profession appears in a more humiliating and contemptible light than that which the literature of this memorable squabble presents to the student. Charges of ignorance, dishonesty, and extortion were preferred on both sides. And the Dispensarian physicians did not hesitate to taunt their brethren of the opposite camp with playing corruptly into the hands of the apothecaries—prescribing enormous and unnecessary quantities of medicine, so that the drug-vendors might make heavy bills, and, as a consequence, recommend in all directions such complacent superiors to be called in. Garth's, unfair and violent though it is, nowhere offends against decency. As a work of art it cannot be ranked high, and is now deservedly forgotten, although it has many good lines and some felicitous satire. Garth lived to see the apothecaries gradually emancipate themselves from the ignominious regulations to which they consented when their vocation was first separated from the grocery trade. Four years after his death they obtained legal acknowledgment of their right to dispense and sell medicines without the prescription of a physician; and six years later the law again decided in their favour with regard to the physicians' right of examining and condemning their drugs. In 1721, Mr. Rose, an apothecary, on being prosecuted by the college for prescribing as well as compounding medicines, carried the matter into the House of Lords, and obtained a favourable decision; and from 1727, in which year Mr. Goodwin, an apothecary, obtained in a court of law a considerable sum for an illegal seizure of his wares (by Drs. Arbuthnot, Bale, and Levit), the physicians may be said to have discontinued to exercise their privileges of inspection.

In his elaborate poem Garth cruelly caricatures the apothecaries of his day:—

“Long has he been of that amphibious fry,  
Bold to prescribe, and busy to apply;  
His shop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs,  
With foreign trinkets and domestic toys.  
Here mummies lay, most reverently stale,  
And there the tortoise hung her coat of mail;  
Not far from some huge shark's devouring head  
The flying-fish their finny pinions spread.  
Aloft in rows large poppy-heads were strung,  
And near, a scaly alligator hung.

In this place drugs in musty heaps decay'd,  
In that dried bladders and false teeth were laid.

“An inner room receives the num'rous shoals  
Of such as pay to be reputed fools;  
Globes stand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,  
And planetary schemes amuse the eye.  
The sage in velvet chair here lolls at ease,  
To promise future health for present fees;  
Then, as from tripod, solemn shams reveals,  
And what the stars know nothing of foretells.  
Our manufactures now they merely sell,  
And their true value treacherously tell;  
Nay, they discover, too, their spite is such,  
That health, than crowns more valued, cost not much;  
Whilst we must steer our conduct by these rules,  
To cheat as tradesmen, or to starve as fools.”

Before finally leaving Blackfriars, let us gather up a few reminiscences of the King's and Queen's printers who here first worked their inky presses.

Queen Anne, by patent in 1713, constituted Benjamin Tooke, of Fleet Street, and John Barber (afterwards Alderman Barber), Queen's printers for thirty years. This Barber, a high Tory and suspected Jacobite, was Swift's printer and warm friend. A remarkable story is told of Barber's dexterity in his profession. Being threatened with a prosecution by the House of Lords, for an offensive paragraph in a pamphlet which he had printed, and being warned of his danger by Lord Bolingbroke, he called in all the copies from the publishers, cancelled the leaf which contained the obnoxious passage, and returned them to the booksellers with a new paragraph supplied by Lord Bolingbroke; so that when the pamphlet was produced before the House, and the passage referred to, it was found unexceptionable. He added greatly to his wealth by the South Sea Scheme, which he had prudence enough to secure in time, and purchased an estate at East Sheen with part of his gain. In principles he was a Jacobite; and in his travels to Italy, whither he went for the recovery of his health, he was introduced to the Pretender, which exposed him to some danger on his return to England; for, immediately on his arrival, he was taken into custody by a King's messenger, but was released without punishment. After his success in the South Sea Scheme, he was elected Alderman of Castle Baynard Ward, 1722; sheriff, 1730; and, in 1732-3, Lord Mayor of London.

John Baskett subsequently purchased both shares of the patent, but his printing-offices in Blackfriars (now Printing House Square) were soon afterwards destroyed by fire. In 1739 George II. granted a fresh patent to Baskett for sixty years, with the privilege of supplying Parliament with stationery. Half this lease Baskett sold to Charles Eyre, who eventually appointed William Strahan his printer.

Strahan soon after brought in Mr. Eyre, and in 1770 erected extensive premises in Printer Street, New Street Square, between Gough Square and Fetter Lane, near the present offices of Mr. Spottiswoode, one of whose family married Mr. Strahan's daughter. Strahan died a year after his old friend, Dr. Johnson, at his house in New Street, leaving £1,000 to the Stationers' Company, which his son Andrew augmented with £2,000 more. This son died in 1831, aged eighty-three.

William Strahan, the son of a Scotch Custom-house officer, had come up to London a poor printers' boy, and worked his way to wealth and social distinction. He was associated with Cadell in the purchase of copyrights, on the death of Cadell's partner and former master, Andrew Millar, who died *circa* 1768. The names of Strahan and Cadell appeared on the title-pages of the great works of Gibbon, Robertson, Adam Smith, and Blackstone. In 1776 Hume wrote to Strahan, "There will be no books of reputation now to be printed in London, but through your hands and Mr. Cadell's." Gibbon's history was a vast success. The first edition of 1,000 went off in a few days. This produced £490, of which Gibbon received £326 13s. 4d. The great history was finished in 1788, by the publication of the fourth quarto volume. It appeared on the author's fifty-first birthday, and the double festival was celebrated by a dinner at Mr. Cadell's, when complimentary verses from that second-rate poet, Hayley, made the great man with the button-hole mouth blush or feign to blush. That was a proud day for Gibbon, and a proud day for Messrs. Cadell and Strahan.

The first Strahan, Johnson's friend, was M.P. for Malmesbury and Wootton Bassett (1775-84), and his taking to a carriage was the subject of a recorded conversation between Boswell and Johnson, who gloried in his friend's success. It was Strahan who, with Johnston and Dodsley, purchased, in 1759, for £100, the first edition of Johnson's "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," that sententious story, which Johnson wrote in a week, to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral.

Boswell has recorded several conversations between Dr. Johnson and Strahan. Strahan, at the doctor's return from the Hebrides, asked him, with a firm tone of voice, what he thought of his country. "That it is a very vile country, to be sure, sir," Dr. Johnson returned for answer. "Well, sir," replied the other, somewhat mortified, "God made it." "Certainly he did," answered Dr. Johnson again; "but we must always remember that he made it for Scotchmen, and — comparisons are odious, Mr. Strahan—God made hell!"

Boswell has also a pretty anecdote relating to one of the doctor's visits to Strahan's printing-office, which shows the "Great Bear" in a very amiable light, and the scene altogether is not unworthy of the artist's pencil.

"Mr. Strahan," says Boswell, "had taken a poor boy from the country as an apprentice, upon Johnson's recommendation. Johnson having inquired after him, said, 'Mr. Strahan, let me have five guineas on account, and I'll give this boy one. Nay, if a man recommends a boy, and does nothing for him, it is a sad work. Call him down.' I followed him into the court-yard, behind Mr. Strahan's house, and there I had a proof of what I heard him profess—that he talked alike to all. 'Some people will tell you that they let themselves down to the capacity of their hearers. I never do that. I speak uniformly in as intelligible a manner as I can.' 'Well, my boy, how do you go on?' 'Pretty well, sir; but they are afraid I'm not strong enough for some parts of the business.' Johnson: 'Why, I shall be sorry for it; for when you consider with how little mental power and corporal labour a printer can get a guinea a week, it is a very desirable occupation for you. Do you hear? Take all the pains you can; and if this does not do, we must think of some other way of life for you. There's a guinea.' Here was one of the many instances of his active benevolence. At the same time the slow and sonorous solemnity with which, while he bent himself down, he addressed a little thick, short-legged boy, contrasted with the boy's awkwardness and awe, could not but excite some ludicrous emotions."

In Ireland Yard, on the west side of St. Andrew's Hill, and in the parish of St. Anne, Blackfriars, stood the house which Shakespeare bought, in the year 1612, and which he bequeathed by will to his daughter, Susanna Hall. In the deed of conveyance to the poet, the house is described as "abutting upon a street leading down to Puddle Wharf, and now or late in the tenure or occupation of one William Ireland" (hence, we suppose, Ireland Yard), "part of which said tenement is erected over a great gate leading to a capital messuage, which some time was in the tenure of William Blackwell, Esq., deceased, and since that in the tenure or occupation of the Right Honourable Henry, now Earl of Northumberland." The original deed of conveyance is shown in the City of London Library, at Guildhall, under a handsome glass case.

The street leading down to Puddle Wharf is called St. Andrew's Hill, from the Church of St. Andrew's-in-the-Wardrobe. The proper name (says Cunningham) is Puddle Dock Hill.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## LUDGATE HILL.

An Ugly Bridge and "Ye Belle Savage"—A Radical Publisher—The Principal Gate of London—From a Fortress to a Prison—"Remember the Poor Prisoners"—Relics of Early Times—St Martin's, Ludgate—The London Coffee House—Celebrated Goldsmiths on Ludgate Hill—Mrs Rundell's Cookery Book—Stationers' Hall—Old Burgavenny House and its History—Early Days of the Stationers' Company—The Almanacks—An Awkward Misprint—The Hall and its Decorations—The St. Cecilia Festivals—Dryden's "St. Cecilia's Day" and "Alexander's Feast"—Handel's Setting of them—A Modest Poet—Funeral Feasts and Political Banquets—The Company's Plate—Their Charities—The Pictures at Stationers' Hall—The Company's Arms—Famous Masters.

OF all the eyesores of modern London, surely the most hideous is the Ludgate Hill Viaduct—that enormous flat iron which lies across the chest of Ludgate Hill, like a bar of metal on the breast of a wretch in a torture-chamber. Let us hope that a time will come when all designs for City improvements will be compelled to endure the scrutiny and win the approval of a committee of taste. The useful and the beautiful must not for ever be divorced. The railway bridge lies flat across the street, only eighteen feet above the roadway, and is a miracle of clumsy and stubborn ugliness, entirely spoiling the approach to one of the finest buildings in London. The five girders of wrought iron cross the street, here only forty-two feet wide, and the span is sixty feet, in order to allow of future enlargement of the street. Absurd lattice-work, decorative brackets, bronze armorial medallions, and gas lanterns and standards, form a combination that only the unsettled and imitative art of the ruthless nineteenth century could have put together. Think of what the Egyptian, in the times of the Pharaohs did with granite! and observe what we Englishmen of the present day do with iron. Observe this vulgar daubing of brown paint and barbaric gilding, and think of what the Moors did with colour in the courts of the Alhambra! A viaduct was necessary, we allow, but such a viaduct even the architect of the National Gallery would have shuddered at. The difficulties, we however allow, were great. The London, Chatham, and Dover Company, eager for dividends, was bent on wedding the Metropolitan Railway near Smithfield; but how could the hands of the affianced couple be joined? If there was no viaduct, there must be a tunnel. Now, the bank of the river being a very short distance from Smithfield, a very steep and dangerous gradient would have been required to effect the junction. Moreover, had the line been carried under Ludgate Hill, there must have been a slight detour to ease the ascent, the cost of which detour would have been enormous. The tunnel proposed would have involved the destruction of a few trifles—such, for instance, as Apothecaries' Hall, the churchyard adjoining, the *Times* printing office—

besides doing injury to the foundations of St. Martin's Church, the Old Bailey Sessions House, and Newgate. Moreover, no station would have been possible between the Thames and Smithfield. The puzzled inhabitants, therefore, ended in despair by giving evidence in favour of the viaduct. The stolid hammermen went to work, and the iron nightmare was set up in all its Babylonian hideousness.

The enormous sum of upwards of £10,000 was awarded as the Metropolitan Board's quota for removing the hoarding, for widening the pavement a few feet under the railway bridge over Ludgate Hill, and for rounding off the corner.

An incredible quantity of ink has been shed about the origin of the sign of the "Belle Sauvage" inn, and even now the controversy is scarcely settled. Mr. Riley records that in 1380 (Richard II.) a certain William Lawton was sentenced to an uncomfortable hour in the pillory for trying to obtain, by means of a forged letter, twenty shillings from William Savage, Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bridget. This at least shows that Savage was the name of a citizen of the locality. In 1453 (Henry VI.) a clause roll quoted by Mr. Lysons notices the bequest of John French to his mother, Joan French, widow, of "Savage's Inn," otherwise called the "Bell in the Hoop," in the parish of St. Bride's. Stow (Elizabeth) mentions a Mrs. Savage as having given the inn to the Cutlers' Company, which, however, the books of that company disprove. This, anyhow, is certain, that in 1568 (Elizabeth) a John Craythorne gave the reversion of the "Belle Sauvage" to the Cutlers' Company, on condition that two exhibitions to the university and certain sums to poor prisoners be paid by them out of the estate. A portrait of Craythorne's wife still hangs in Cutler's Hall. In 1584 the inn was described as "Ye Belle Savage." In 1648 and 1672 the landlords' tokens exhibited (says Mr. Noble) an Indian woman holding a bow and arrow. The sign in Queen Anne's time was a savage man standing by a bell. The question, therefore, is, whether the name of the inn was originally derived from Isabel (Bel) Savage, the land-

lady, or the sign of the bell and savage; or whether it was, as the *Spectator* cleverly suggests, from La Belle Sauvage, "the beautiful savage," which is a derivation very generally received. There is an old French romance formerly popular in this country, the heroine of which was known as La Belle Sauvage; and it is possible that Mrs. Isabel Savage, the ancient landlady, might have become in time confused with the heroine of the old romance.

In the ante-Shakespearean days our early actors performed in inn-yards, the court-yard representing the pit, the upper and lower galleries the boxes and gallery of the modern theatre. The "Belle Sauvage," says Mr. Collier, was a favourite place for these performances. There was also a school of defence, or fencing school, here in Queen Elizabeth's time; so many a hot Tybalt and fiery Mercutio have here crossed rapiers, and many a silk button has been reft from gay doublets by the quick passadoes of the young swordsmen who ruffed it in the Strand. This quondam inn was also the place where Banks, the showman (so often mentioned by Nash and others in Elizabethan pamphlets and lampoons), exhibited his wonderful trained horse "Marocco," the animal which once ascended the tower of St. Paul's, and who on another occasion, at his master's bidding, delighted the mob by selecting Tarleton, the low comedian, as the greatest fool present. Banks eventually took his horse, which was shod with silver, to Rome, and the priests, frightened at the circus tricks, burnt both "Marocco" and his master for witchcraft. At No. 11 in this yard—now such a little world of industry, although it no longer rings with the stage-coach horn—lived in his obscurer days that great carver in wood, Grinling Gibbons, whose genius Evelyn first brought under the notice of Charles II. Horace Walpole says that, as a sort of advertisement, Gibbons carved an exquisite pot of flowers in wood, which stood on his window-sill, and shook surprisingly with the motion of the coaches that passed beneath. No man (says Walpole) before Gibbons had "ever given to wood the loose and airy lightness of flowers, or linked together the various productions of the elements with a free disorder natural to each species." His *chef d'œuvre* of skill was an imitation point-lace cravat, which he carved at Chatsworth for the Duke of Devonshire. Petworth is also garlanded with Gibbons' fruit, flowers, and dead game.

Belle Sauvage Yard no longer re-echoes with the guard's rejoicing horn, and the old coaching interest is now only represented by a railway parcel office huddled up in the left-hand corner. The old galleries are gone over which pretty chambermaids leant and waved their dusters in farewell greeting

to the handsome guards or smart coachmen. Industries of a very different character have now, turned the old yard into a busy hive. It is not for us to dilate upon the firm whose operations are carried on here, but it may interest the reader to know that the very sheet he is now perusing was printed on the site of the old coaching inn, and published very near the old tap-room of La Belle Sauvage; for where coach-wheels once rolled and clattered, only printing-press wheels now revolve.

The old inn-yard is now very much altered in plan from what it was in former days. Originally it consisted of two courts. Into the outer one of these the present archway from Ludgate Hill led. It at one period certainly had contained private houses, in one of which Grinling Gibbons had lived. The inn stood round an inner court, entered by a second archway which stood about half-way up the present yard. Over the archway facing the outer court was the sign of "The Bell," and all round the interior ran those covered galleries, so prominent a feature in old London inns.

Near the "Belle Sauvage" resided that proud cobbler mentioned by Steele, who has recorded his eccentricities. This man had bought a wooden figure of a beau of the period, who stood before him in a bending position, and humbly presented him with his awl, wax, bristles, or whatever else his tyrannical master chose to place in his hand.

To No. 45 (south side), Ludgate Hill, that strange, independent man, Lamb's friend, William Hone, the Radical publisher, came from Ship Court, Old Bailey, where he had published those blasphemous "Parodies," for which he was three times tried and acquitted, to the vexation of Lord Ellenborough. Here, having sown his seditious wild oats and broken free from the lawyers, Hone continued his occasional clever political satires, sometimes suggested by bitter Hazlitt and illustrated by George Cruikshank's inexhaustible fancy. Here Hone devised these delightful miscellanies, the "Every-Day Book" and "Year Book," into which Lamb and many young poets threw all their humour and power. The books were commercially not very successful, but they have delighted generations, and will delight generations to come. Mr. Timbs, who saw much of Hone, describes him as sitting in a second-floor back room, surrounded by rare books and black-letter volumes. His conversion from materialism to Christianity was apparently sudden, though the process of change had no doubt long been maturing. The story of his conversion is thus related by Mr. Timbs:—"Hone was once called to a house, in a certain street in a part of the world of London entirely unknown



THE INNER COURT OF THE "BELLE SAUVAGE" (From an Original Drawing in Mr. Crace's Collection)



to him. As he walked he reflected on the entirely unknown region. He arrived at the house, and was shown into a room to wait. All at once, on looking round, to his astonishment and almost horror, every object he saw seemed familiar to him. He said to himself, 'What is this? I was never here before, and yet I have seen all this before, and as a

the knot in the particular place was a mere coincidence. But, considering that Hone was a self-educated man, and, like many sceptics, was incredulous only with regard to Christianity, and even believed he once saw an apparition in Ludgate Hill, who can be surprised?

At No. 7, opposite Hone's, "The Percy Anec-



THE NORTH SIDE OF LUDGATE HILL.—THE CAMBRIDGE COACH STARTING.  
(From a Coloured Print after a Drawing in Mr. Crace's Collection.)

proof I have I now remember a very peculiar knot behind the shutters.' He opened the shutters, and found the very knot. 'Now then,' he thought, 'here is something I cannot explain on any principle—there must be some power beyond matter.' The argument that so happily convinced Hone does not seem to us in itself as very convincing. Hone's recognition of the room was but some confused memory of an analogous place. Knots are not uncommon in deal shutters, and the discovery of

dotes," that well-chosen and fortunate selection of every sort of story, were first published.

Lud Gate, which Stow in his "Survey" designates the sixth and principal gate of London, taken down in 1760 at the solicitation of the chief inhabitants of Farringdon Without and Farringdon Within, stood between the old London Coffee House and the church of St. Martin. According to old Geoffrey of Monmouth's fabulous history of England, this entrance to London was first built

by King Lud, a British monarch, sixty-six years before Christ. Our later antiquaries, ruthless as to legends, however romantic, consider its original name to have been the Flood or Fleet Gate, which is far more feasible. Lud Gate was either repaired or rebuilt in the year 1215, when the armed barons, under Robert Fitzwalter, repulsed at Northampton, were welcomed to London, and there awaited King John's concession of the Magna Charta. While in the metropolis these greedy and fanatical barons spent their time in spoiling the houses of the rich Jews, and used the stones in strengthening the walls and gates of the City. That this tradition is true was proved in 1586, when, as Stow says, all the gate was rebuilt. Embedded among other stones was found one on which was engraved, in Hebrew characters, the words "This is the ward of Rabbi Moses, the son of the honourable Rabbi Isaac." This stone was probably the sign of one of the Jewish houses pulled down by Fitzwalter, Magnaville, and the Earl of Gloucester, perhaps for the express purpose of obtaining ready materials for strengthening the bulwarks of London. In 1260 (Henry III.) Lud Gate was repaired, and beautified with images of King Lud and other monarchs. In the reign of Edward VI. the citizens, zealous against everything that approached idolatry, smote off the heads of Lud and his family; but Queen Mary, partial to all images, afterwards replaced the heads on the old bodies.

In 1554 King Lud and his sons looked down on a street seething with angry men, and saw blood shed upon the hill leading to St. Paul's. Sir Thomas Wyatt, a Kentish gentleman, urged by the Earl of Devon, and led on by the almost universal dread of Queen Mary's marriage with the bigoted Philip of Spain, assembled 2,500 armed men at Rochester Castle, and, aided by 500 Londoners, who deserted to him, raised the standard of insurrection. Five vessels of the fleet joined him, and with seven pieces of artillery, captured from the Duke of Norfolk, he marched upon London. Soon followed by 15,000 men, eager to save the Princess Elizabeth, Wyatt marched through Dartford to Greenwich and Deptford. With a force now dwindled to 7,000 men, Wyatt attacked London Bridge. Driven from there by the Tower guns, he marched to Kingston, crossed the river, resolving to beat back the Queen's troops at Brentford, and attempt to enter the City by Lud Gate, which some of the Protestant citizens had offered to throw open to him. The Queen, with true Tudor courage, refused to leave St. James's, and in a council of war it was agreed to throw a strong force into Lud Gate, and, per-

mitting Wyatt's advance up Fleet Street, to enclose him like a wild boar in the toils. At nine on a February morning, 1554, Wyatt reached Hyde Park Corner, was cannonaded at Hay Hill, and further on towards Charing Cross he and some three or four hundred men were cut off from his other followers. Rushing on with a standard through Piccadilly, Wyatt reached Lud Gate. There (says Stow) he knocked, calling out, "I am Wyatt; the Queen has granted all my petitions."

But the only reply from the strongly-guarded gate was the rough, stern voice of Lord William Howard—"Avaunt, traitor; thou shalt have no entrance here."

No friends appearing, and the Royal troops closing upon him, Wyatt said, "I have kept my promise," and retiring, silent and desponding, sat down to rest on a stall opposite the gate of the "Belle Sauvage." Roused by the shouts and sounds of fighting, he sought his way back, with forty of his staunchest followers, to Temple Bar, which was held by a squadron of horse. There the Norroy King-of-Arms exhorted him to spare blood and yield himself a prisoner. Wyatt then surrendered himself to Sir Maurice Berkeley, who just then happened to ride by, ignorant of the affray, and, seated behind Sir Maurice, he was taken to St. James's. On April 11th Wyatt perished on the scaffold at Tower Hill. This rash rebellion also led to the immediate execution of the innocent and unhappy Lady Jane Grey and her husband, Guilford Dudley, endangered the life of the Princess Elizabeth, and hastened the Queen's marriage with Philip, which took place at Winchester, July 25th of the same year.

In the reign of Elizabeth (1586), the old gate, being "sore decayed," was pulled down, and was newly built, with images of Lud and others on the east side, and a "picture of the lion-hearted queen" on the west, the cost of the whole being over £1,500.

Lud Gate became a free debtors' prison the first year of Richard II., and was enlarged in 1463 (Edward IV.) by that "well-disposed, blessed, and devout woman," the widow of Stephen Forster, fishmonger, Mayor of London in 1454. Of this benefactress of Lud Gate, Maitland (1739) has the following legend. Forster himself, according to this story, in his younger days had once been a pining prisoner in Lud Gate. Being one day at the begging grate, a rich widow asked how much would release him. "He said, 'Twenty pounds.'" She paid it, and took him into her service, where, by his indefatigable application to business, he so gained her affections that she married him, and he

earned so great riches by commerce that she concurred with him to make his former prison more commodious, and to endow a new chapel, where, on a wall, there was this inscription on a brass plate:—

"Devout souls that pass this way,

For Stephen Forster, late Lord Mayor, heartily pray,  
And Dame Agnes, his spouse, to God consecrate,  
That of pity this house made for Londoners in Lud Gate;  
So that for lodging and water prisoners here nought pay,  
As their keepers shall all answer at dreadful doomsday."

This legend of Lud Gate is also the foundation of Rowley's comedy of *A Woman Never Vext*, or, *The Widow of Cornhill*, which has in our times been revived, with alterations, by Mr. Planché. In the first scene of the fifth act occurs the following passage:—

"Mrs. S. Forster. But why remove the prisoners from Ludgate?"

"Stephen Forster. To take the prison down and build it new,

With leads to walk on, chambers large and fair;  
For when myself lay there the noxious air  
Choked up my spirits. None but captives, wife,  
Can know what captives feel."

Stow, however, seems to deny this story, and suggests that it arose from some mistake. The stone with the inscription was preserved by Stow when the gate was rebuilt, together with Forster's arms, "three broad arrow-heads," and was fixed over the entry to the prison. The enlargement of the prison on the south-east side formed a quadrant thirty-eight feet long and twenty-nine feet wide. There were prisoners' rooms above it, with a leaden roof, where the debtors could walk, and both lodging and water were free of charge.

Styve says the prisoners in Ludgate were chiefly merchants and tradesmen, who had been driven to want, by losses at sea. When King Philip came to London after his marriage with Mary in 1554 thirty prisoners in Lud Gate, who were in gaol for £10,000, compounded for at £2,000, presented the king a well-penned Latin speech, written by "the curious pen" of Roger Ascham, praying the king to redress their miseries, and by his royal generosity to free them, inasmuch as the place was not *sceleratorum carcer*, sed *miserorum custodia* (not a dungeon for the wicked, but a place of detention for the wretched).

Marmaduke Johnson, a poor debtor in Lud Gate the year before the Restoration, wrote a curious account of the prison, which Styve printed. The officials in "King Lud's House" seem to have been—1, a reader of Divine service; 2, the upper steward, called the master of the box; 3, the under steward; 4, seven assistants—that is, one for every day of the week; 5, a running

assistant; 6, two churchwardens; 7, a scavenger; 8, a chamberlain; 9, a runner; 10, the cryers at the grate, six in number, who by turns kept up the ceaseless cry to the passers-by of "Remember the poor prisoners!" The officers' charge (says Johnson) for taking a debtor to Ludgate was sometimes three, four, or five shillings, though their just due is but twopence; for entering name and address, fourteen pence to the turnkey; a lodging is one penny, twopence, or threepence; for sheets to the chamberlain, eighteenpence; to chamber-fellows a garnish of four shillings (for non-payment of this his clothes were taken away, or "mobbed," as it was called, till he did pay); and the next day a due of sixteen pence to one of the stewards, which was called table money. At his discharge the several fees were as follows—Two shillings the master's fee; fourteen pence for the turning of the key; twelve pence for every action that lay against him. For leave to go out with a keeper upon security (as formerly in the Queen's Bench) the prisoners paid for the first time four shillings and tenpence, and two shillings every day afterwards. The exorbitant prison fees of three shillings a day swallowed up all the prison bequests, and the miserable debtors had to rely on better means from the Lord Mayor's table, the light bread seized by the clerk of the markets, and presents of under-sized and illegal fish from the water-bailiffs.

A curious handbill of the year 1664, preserved by Mr. Collier, and containing the petition of 230 poor Ludgate prisoners, seems to have been a circular taken round by the alms-seekers of the prison, who perambulated the streets with baskets at their backs and a sealed money-box in their hands. "We most humbly beseech you," says the handbill, "even for God's cause, to relieve us with your charitable benevolence, and to put into this bearer's box—the same being sealed with the house seal, as it is figured upon this petition."

A quarto tract, entitled "*Prison Thoughts*," by Thomas Browning, citizen and cook of London, a prisoner in Lud Gate, "where poor citizens are confined and starve amidst copies of their freedom," was published in that prison, by the author, in 1682. It is written both in prose and verse, and probably gave origin to Dr. Dodd's more elaborate work on the same subject. The following is a specimen of the poetry:—

#### "ON PATIENCE.

"Patience is the poor man's walk,  
Patience is the dumb man's talk,  
Patience is the lame man's thigh,  
Patience is the blind man's eye,  
Patience is the poor man's ditty,  
Patience is the exil'd man's cry,

Patience is the sick man's bed of down,  
 Patience is the wise man's crown,  
 Patience is the live man's story,  
 Patience is the dead man's glory.

"When your troubles do controul,  
 In Patience then possess your soul."

In the *Spectator* (Queen Anne) a writer says: "Passing under Lud Gate the other day, I heard a voice bawling for charity which I thought I had heard somewhere before. Coming near to the grate, the prisoner called me by my name, and desired I would throw something into the box."

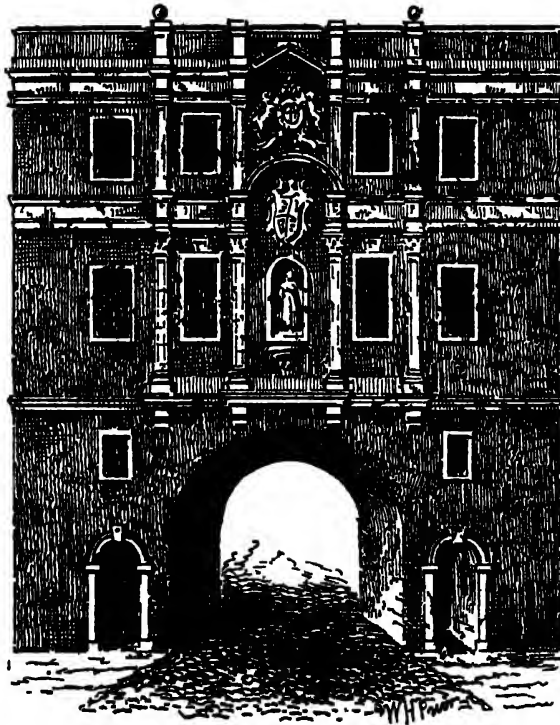
The prison at Lud Gate was gutted by the Great Fire of 1666, and in 1760, the year of George III.'s accession, the gate, impeding traffic, was taken down, and the materials sold for £148. The prisoners were removed to the London Workhouse, in Bishopsgate Street, a part whereof was fitted up for that purpose, and Lud Gate prisoners continued to be received there until the year 1794, when they were removed to the prison of Lud Gate, adjoining the compters in Giltspur Street.

When old Lud Gate was pulled down, Lud and his worthy sons were given by the City to Sir Francis Gooden, who intended to set them up at the east end of St. Dunstan's. Nevertheless the royal effigies, of very rude workmanship, were sent to end their days in the parish bone-house; a better fate, however, awaited them, for the late Marquis of Hertford eventually purchased them, and they are now, with St. Dunstan's clock, in Hertford Villa, Regent's Park. The statue of Elizabeth was placed in a niche in the outer wall of old St. Dunstan's Church, and it still adorns the new church, as we have before mentioned in our chapter on Fleet Street.

In 1792 an interesting discovery was made in St. Martin's Court, Ludgate Hill. Workmen came upon the remains of a small barbican, or watch-tower, part of the old City wall of 1276; and in a

line with the Old Bailey they found another outwork. A fragment of it in a court is now built up. A fire which took place on the premises of Messrs. Kay, Ludgate Hill, May 1, 1792, disclosed these interesting ruins, probably left by the builders after the fire of 1666 as a foundation for new buildings. The tower projected four feet from the wall into the City ditch, and measured twenty-two feet from top to bottom. The stones were of different sizes, the largest and the corner rudely squared. They had been bound together with cement of hot lime, so that wedges had to be used to split the blocks asunder. Small

square holes in the sides of the tower seemed to have been used either to receive floor timbers, or as peep-holes for the sentries. The adjacent part of the City wall was about eight feet thick, and of rude workmanship, consisting of irregular-sized stones, chalk, and flint. The only bricks seen in this part of the wall were on the south side, bounding Stonecutters' Alley. On the east half of Chatham Place, by Blackfriars Bridge, stood the tower built by order of Edward I., at the end of a continuation of the City wall, running from Lud Gate behind the houses in Fleet Ditch to the Thames. A rare



OLD LUD GATE, FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED ABOUT 1750  
 (see page 223).

plan of London, by Hollar (says Mr. J. T. Smith), marks this tower. Roman monuments have been so frequently dug up near St. Martin's Church, that there is no doubt that a Roman extra-mural cemetery once existed here; in the same locality, in 1800, a sepulchral monument was dug up, dedicated to Claudina Mertina, by her husband, a Roman soldier. A fragment of a statue of Hercules and a female head were also found, and were preserved at the "London" Coffee House.

Ludgate Hill and Street is probably the greatest thoroughfare in London. Through Ludgate Hill and Street there have passed in twelve hours 2,752 vehicles, 13,025 horses, and 105,352 persons.

St. Martin's, Ludgate, though one of Wren's

churches, is not a romantic building; yet it has its legends. Robert of Gloucester, a rhyming chronicler, describes it as built by Cadwallo, a British prince, in the seventh century :—

"A churche of Sent Martyn lvyng he let rere,  
In whyche yet man should Goddy's seruys do,  
And singe for his soule, and al Christine also."

The church seems to have been rebuilt in 1437 (Henry VI.). From the parish books, which commence in 1410, we find the old church to have had several chapels, and to have been well furnished with plate, paintings, and vestments, and to have had two projecting porches on the south side, next Ludgate Hill. The right of presentation to St. Martin's belonged to the Abbot of Westminster, but Queen Mary granted it to the Bishop of London. The following curious epitaph in St. Martin's, found also elsewhere, has been beautifully paraphrased by the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton :—

Earth goes to	} Earth,	{ As mold to mold, Glittering in gold, Return nere should, Goe ere he would.
Earth treads on		
Earth as to		
Earth shall to		
Earth upon	} Earth,	{ Consider may, Naked away, Be stout and gay, Passe poore away.
Earth goes to		
Earth though on		
Earth shall from		

Strype says of St. Martin's—"It is very comely, and ascended up by stone steps, well finished within; and hath a most curious spire steeple, of excellent workmanship, pleasant to behold." The new church stands farther back than the old. The little black spire that adorns the tower rises from a small bulb of a cupola, round which runs a light gallery. Between the street and the body of the church Wren, always ingenious, contrived an ambulatory the whole depth of the tower, to deaden the sound of passing traffic. The church is a cube, the length 57 feet, the breadth 66 feet; the spire, 168 feet high, is dwarfed by St. Paul's. The church cost in erection £5,378 18s. 8d.

The composite pillars, organ balcony, and oaken altar-piece are tasteless and pagan. The font was the gift of Thomas Morley, in 1673, and is encircled by a favourite old Greek palindrome, that is, a puzzle sentence that reads equally well backwards or forwards—

"Tripson anomeema me monan opsin."  
(Cleanse thy sins, not merely thy outward self.)

This inscription, according to Mr. G. Godwin ("Churches of London"), is also found on the font in the basilica of St. Sophia, Constantinople. In the vestry-room, approached by a flight of stairs at the north-east angle of the church, there is a carved

seat (date 1690) and several chests, covered with curious indented ornaments.

On this church, and other satellites of St. Paul's, a poet has written—

"So, like a bishop upon dainties fed,  
St. Paul's lifts up his sacerdotal head;  
While his lean curates, slim and lank to view,  
Around him point their steeples to the blue."

Coleridge used to compare a Mr. H—, who was always putting himself forward to interpret Fox's sentiments, to the steeple of St. Martin's, which is constantly getting in the way when you wish to see the dome of St. Paul's.

One great man, at least, has been connected with this church, where the Knights Templars were put to trial, and that was good old Purchas, the editor and enlarger of "Hakluyt's Voyages." He was rector of this parish. Hakluyt was a prebendary of Westminster, who, with a passion for geographical research, though he himself never ventured farther than Paris, had devoted his life, encouraged by Drake and Raleigh, in collecting from old libraries and the lips of venturous merchants and sea-captains travels in various countries. The manuscript remains were bought by Purchas, who, with a veneration worthy of that heroic and chivalrous age, wove them into his "Pilgrims" (five vols., folio), which are a treasury of travel, exploit, and curious adventures. It has been said that Purchas ruined himself by this publication, and that he died in prison. This is not, however, true. He seems to have impoverished himself chiefly by taking upon himself the blame and cost of his brother and brother-in-law's children. He appears to have been a single-minded man, with a thorough devotion to geographic study. Charles I. promised him a deanery, but Purchas did not live to enjoy it.

There is an architectural tradition that Wren purposely designed the spire of St. Martin's, Ludgate, small and slender, to give a greater dignity to the dome of St. Paul's.

The London Coffee House, 24 to 26, Ludgate Hill, a place of celebrity in its day, was first opened in May, 1731. The proprietor, James Aspley, in his advertisement announcing the opening, professes cheap prices, especially for punch. The usual price of a quart of arrack was then eight shillings, and six shillings for a quart of rum made into punch. This new punch house, Dorchester beer, and Welsh ale warehouse, on the contrary, professed to charge six shillings for a quart of arrack made into punch; while a quart of rum or brandy made into punch was to be four shillings, and half a quartern fourpence halfpenny, and gentlemen were



to have punch as quickly made as a gill of wine could be drawn. After Roney and Ellis, the house, according to Mr. Timbs, was taken by Messrs. Leech and Dallimore. Mr. Leech was the father of one of the most admirable caricaturists of modern times. Then came Mr. Lovegrove, from the "Horn," Doctors' Commons. In 1856 Mr. Robert Clarke took possession, and was the last tenant, the house being closed in 1867, and pur-

Prison. At the bar of the London Coffee House was sold Rowley's British Cephalic Snuff. A singular incident occurred here many years since. Mr. Brayley, the topographer, was present at a party, when Mr. Broadhurst, the famous tenor, by singing a high note caused a wine-glass on the table to break, the bowl being separated from the stem.

At No. 32 (north side) for many years Messrs.



1871. RUINS OF THE BARBICAN ON LUDGATE HILL (see page 226)

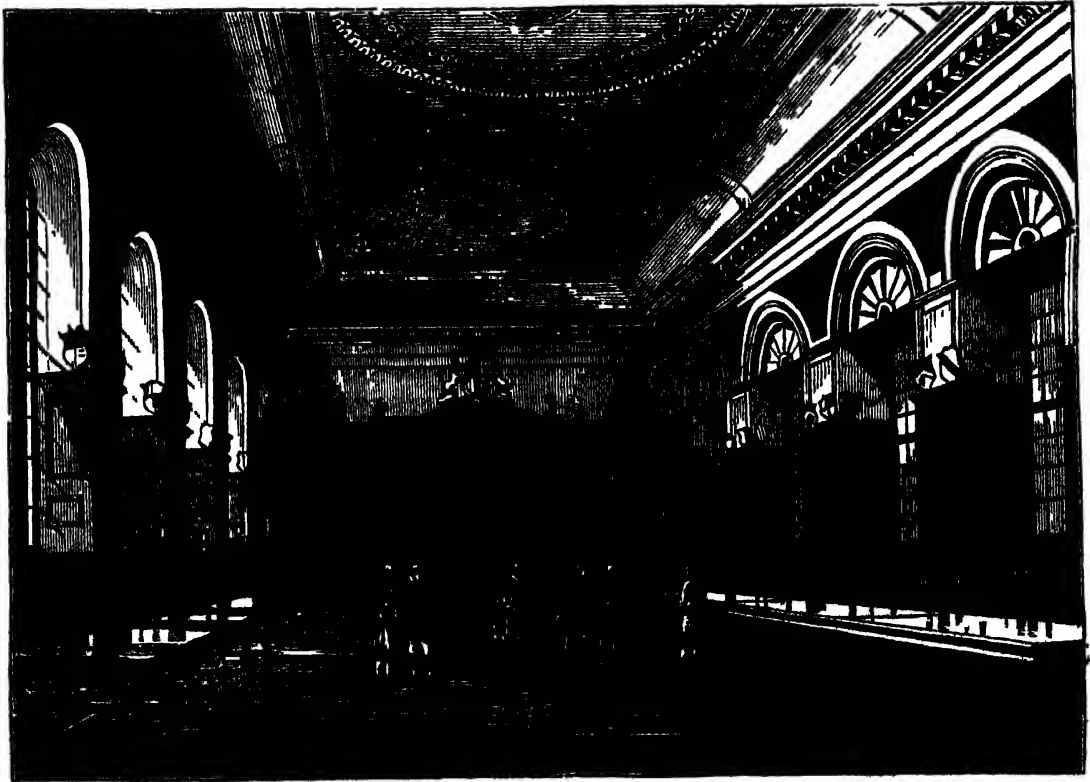
chased by the Corporation for £38,000. Several lodges of Freemasons and sundry clubs were wont to assemble here periodically—among them "The Sons of Industry," to which many of the influential tradesmen of the wards of Farringdon have been long attached. Here, too, in the large hall, the juries from the Central Criminal Court were lodged during the night when important cases lasted more than one day. During the Exeter Hall May meetings the London Coffee House was frequently resorted to as a favourite place of meeting. It was also noted for its publishers' sales of stocks and copyrights. It was within the rules of the Fleet;

Rundell and Bridge, the celebrated goldsmiths and diamond merchants, carried on their business. Here Flaxman's *chef d'œuvre*, the Shield of Achilles, in silver gilt, was executed; also the crown worn by that august monarch, George IV. at his coronation, for the loan of the jewels of which £7,000 was charged, and among the elaborate luxuries a gigantic silver wine-cooler (now at Windsor), that took two years in chasing. Two men could be seated inside that great cup, and on grand occasions it has been filled with wine and served round to the guests. Two golden salmon, leaning against each other, was the sign of this old shop, now



removed. Mrs. Rundell met a great want of her day by writing her well-known book, "The Art of Cookery," published in 1806, and which has gone through countless editions. Up to 1833 she had received no remuneration for it, but she ultimately obtained 2,000 guineas. People had no idea of cooking in those days; and she laments in her preface the scarcity of good melted butter, good toast and water, and good coffee. Her directions were sensible and clear, and she studied

was first incorporated. The old house had been, in the reign of Edward III., the palace of John, Duke of Bretagne and Earl of Richmond. It was afterwards occupied by the Earls of Pembroke. In Elizabeth's reign it belonged to Lord Abergavenny, whose daughter married Sir Thomas Vane. In 1611 (James I.) the Stationers' Company purchased it and took complete possession. The house was swept away in the Great Fire of 1666, when the Stationers—the greatest sufferers on that



INTERIOR OF STATIONERS' HALL (see page 230).

economical cooking, which great cooks like Ude and Francatelli despised. It is not every one who can afford to prepare for a good dish by stewing down half-a-dozen hams.

The hall of the Stationers' Company hides itself with the modesty of an author in Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Hill, close abutting on Paternoster Row, a congenial neighbourhood. This hall of the master, and keepers or wardens, and commonalty of the mystery or art of a Stationer of the City of London stands on the site of Burgavenny House, which the Stationers modified and re-erected in the third and fourth years of Philip and Mary—the dangerous period when the company

occasion—lost property to the amount of £200,000.

The fraternity of the Stationers of London (says Mr. John Gough Nichols, F.S.A., who has written a most valuable and interesting historical notice of the Worshipful Company) is first mentioned in the fourth year of Henry IV., when their bye-laws were approved by the City authorities, and they are then described as "writers (transcribers), lymaners of books and dyverse things for the Church and other uses." In early times all special books were protected by special letters patent, so that the early registers of Stationers' Hall chiefly comprise books of entertainment, sermons, pamphlets, and ballads.

Mary originally incorporated the society in order to put a stop to heretical writings, and gave the Company power to search in any shop, house, chamber, or building of printer, binder, or seller, for books published contrary to statutes, acts, and proclamations. King James, in the first year of his reign, by letters-patent, granted the Stationers' Company the exclusive privilege of printing Almanacs, Primers, Psalters, the A B C, the "Little Catechism," and Nowell's Catechism.

The Stationers' Company, for two important centuries in English history (says Mr. Cunningham), had pretty well the monopoly of learning. Printers were obliged to serve their time to a member of the Company; and almost every publication, from a Bible to a ballad, was required to be "entered at Stationers' Hall." The service is now unnecessary, but Parliament still requires, under the present Copyright Act, that the proprietor of every published work should register his claim in the books of the Stationers' Company, and pay a fee of five shillings to the Registering Officer before he can commence any proceedings to protect his property. The Company do not derive any pecuniary benefit from the Registry; and have to forward the copies of new books lodged at Stationers' Hall to various public libraries. The number of the freemen of the Company is between 1,000 and 1,100, and of the livery, or leading persons, about 450. The capital of the Company amounts to upwards of £40,000, divided into shares, varying in amount from £40 to £400 each. A considerable sum out of the profit from this capital is annually distributed amongst the poor freemen and their widows. The great treasure of the Stationers' Company is its series of registers of works entered for publication. This valuable collection of entries commences in 1557, and, though often consulted and quoted, was never properly understood till Mr. J. Payne Collier published two carefully-edited volumes of extracts from its earlier pages. Since then the registers from 1557 to 1640 have been printed *in extenso* by Mr. Edward Arber.

The celebrated Bible of the year 1632, with the important word "not" omitted in the seventh commandment—"Thou shalt *not* commit adultery"—was printed by the Stationers' Company. Archbishop Laud made a Star-Chamber matter of the omission, and a heavy fine was laid upon the Company for their neglect. And in another later edition in Psalm xiv. the text ran, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is a God." For the substitution of "a" for the important word "no" the printer was fined £3,000. Several other errors

have occurred, but the wonder is that they have not been more frequent.

The only publications which the Company continues to issue are a Latin *gradus* and almanacs, of which it had at one time the entire monopoly. A few years since Almanac-day at Stationers' Hall (every 22nd of November, at three o'clock) was a sight worth seeing, from the bustle of the porters anxious to get off with early supplies. The Stationers' Company's almanacs have much improved in late years. Formerly the Company was not ashamed to publish in their almanacs nonsensical, old astrological tables, describing the moon's influence on various parts of the human body; but this farrago, with the monkish hieroglyphics which accompanied it, has now disappeared; and in place of these obsolete productions the Company continue the publication of the "British Almanac and Companion," which were started by the late Mr. Charles Knight, who worked so strenuously and so successfully for the spread of popular education. Two "Charles Knight" scholarships have been founded in the Company's School in commemoration of this great benefactor.

The first Stationers' Hall was in Milk Street. In 1553 they removed to St. Peter's College, near St. Paul's Deanery, where the chantry priests of St. Paul's had previously resided. The present hall closely resembles the hall at Bridewell, having a row of oval windows above the lower range, which were fitted up by Mr. Mylne in 1800, when the chamber was cased with Portland stone and the lower windows lengthened.

The great window at the upper end of the hall was erected in 1801, at the expense of Mr. Alderman Cadell. It includes some older glass blazoned with the arms and crest of the Company, the two emblematic figures of Religion and Learning being designed by Smirke. Like most ancient halls, it had a raised dais, or *haut place*, which was occupied by the Court table at the two great dinners in August and November; but this was removed in 1866. On the wall, above the wainscoting that has glowed red with the reflection of many a bumper of generous wine, are hung in decorous state the pavises or shields of arms of members of the court, which in civic processions were usually borne by a body of pensioners, the number of whom, when the Lord Mayor is a member of the Company, corresponded with the years of that august dignitary's age. In the old water-show these escutcheons decorated the sides of the Company's barge when they accompanied the Lord Mayor to Westminster, and called at the landing of Lambeth Palace to pay their respects to the representative of

their former ecclesiastical censors. On this occasion the Archbishop usually sent out the thirsty Stationers a hamper of wine, while the rowers of the barge had bread and cheese and ale to their hearts' content. It is still the custom (says Mr. Nichols) to forward the Archbishop annually a set of the Company's almanacs, and some also to the Lord Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls. Formerly the twelve judges and various other persons received the same compliment. Alas for the mutation of other things than almanacs, however; for in 1850 the Company's barge, being sold, was taken to Oxford, where it may still be seen on the Isis, the property of one of the College boat clubs. At the upper end of the hall is a court cupboard or buffet for the display of the Company's plate, and at the lower end, on either side of the doorway, is a similar recess. The entrance-screen of the hall, guarded by allegorical figures, and crowned by the royal arms (with the inescutcheon of Nassau—William III.), is richly adorned with carvings.

Stationers' Hall was in 1677 used for Divine service by the parish of St. Martin's, Ludgate, and towards the end of the seventeenth century an annual musical festival was instituted on the 22nd of November, in commemoration of Saint Cecilia, and as an excuse for some good music. A splendid entertainment was provided in the hall, preceded by a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music, which was attended by people of the first rank. The special attraction was always an ode to Saint Cecilia, set by Purcell, Blow, or some other eminent composer of the day. Dryden's and Pope's odes are almost too well known to need mention; but Addison, Yalden, Shadwell, and even D'Urfey, tried their hands on praises of the same musical saint.

After several odes by the mediocre satirist, Oldham, and that poor verse-maker, Nahum Tate, who scribbled upon King David's tomb, came Dryden. The music to the first ode, says Scott, was first written by Percival Clarke, who killed himself in a fit of lovers' melancholy in 1707. It was then reset by Draghi, the Italian composer, and in 1711 was again set by Clayton for one of Sir Richard Steele's public concerts. The first ode (1687) contains those fine lines:—

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
This universal frame began;  
From harmony to harmony,  
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
The diapason closing full in man,"

Of the composition of this ode, for which Dryden received £40, and which was afterwards

eclipsed by the glories of its successor, the following interesting anecdote is told:—

"Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, happening to pay a morning visit to Dryden, whom he always respected, found him in an unusual agitation of spirits, even to a trembling. On inquiring the cause, 'I have been up all night,' replied the old bard. 'My musical friends made me promise to write them an ode for their feast of St. Cecilia. I have been so struck with the subject which occurred to me, that I could not leave it till I had completed it. Here it is, finished at one sitting.' And immediately he showed him the ode."

Dryden's second ode, "Alexander's Feast; or, the Power of Music," was written for the St. Cecilian Feast at Stationers' Hall in 1697. This ode ends with those fine and often-quoted lines on the fair saint:—

"Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown;  
He raised a mortal to the skies,  
She drew an angel down."

Handel, in 1736, set this ode, and reproduced it at Covent Garden, with deserved success. Not often do such a poet and such a musician meet at the same anvil. The great German also set the former ode, which is known as "The Ode on St. Cecilia's Day." Dryden himself told Tonson that he thought with the town that this ode was the best of all his poetry; and he said to a young flatterer at Will's, with honest pride—"You are right, young gentleman; a nobler never was produced, nor ever will."

Many magnificent funerals have been marshalled in the Stationers' Hall; it has also been used for several great political banquets. In September, 1831, the Reform members of the House of Commons gave a dinner to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Althorp, and to Lord John Russell—Mr. Abercromby (afterwards Speaker) presiding. In May, 1842, the Duke of Wellington presided here over a dinner for the Infant Orphan Asylum, and in June, 1847, a dinner for the King's College Hospital was given under Sir Robert Peel's presidency. In the great kitchen below the hall, Mr. Nichols, long an honorary member of the Company, says there have been sometimes seen at the same time as many as eighteen haunches of venison, besides a dozen necks and other joints; for these companies are as hospitable as they are rich.

The funeral feast of Thomas Sutton, of the Charterhouse, was given May 28th, 1612, in Stationers' Hall, the procession having started

from Doctor Law's, in Paternoster Row. For the repast were provided "32 neats' tongues, 40 stone of beef, 24 marrow-bones, 1 lamb, 46 capons, 32 geese, 4 pheasants, 12 pheasants' pullets, 12 godwits, 24 rabbits, 6 hearnshaws, 43 turkey-chickens, 48 roast chickens, 18 house pigeons, 72 field pigeons, 36 quails, 48 ducklings, 160 eggs, 3 salmon, 4 congers, 10 turbot, 2 dories, 24 lobsters, 4 mullets, a firkin and keg of sturgeon, 3 barrels of pickled oysters, 6 gammon of bacon, 4 Westphalia gammons, 16 fried tongues, 16 chicken pies, 16 pasties, 16 made dishes of rice, 16 neats'-tongue pies, 16 custards, 16 dishes of bait, 16 mince pies, 16 orange pies, 16 gooseberry tarts, 8 redcare pies, 6 dishes of whitebait, and 6 grand salads."

To the west of the hall is the handsome court-room, where the meetings of the Company are held. The wainscoting, &c., were renewed in the year 1757, and in octagonal card-room was added by Mr. Mylne in 1828. On the opposite side of the hall is the stock-room, adorned by beautiful carvings of the school of Grinling Gibbons. Here the commercial committees of the Company usually meet.

The nine painted storeys which stood in the old hall, above the wainscot in the council parlour, probably crackled to dust in the Great Fire, which also rolled up and took away the portraits of John Cawood, printer to Philip and Mary, and his master, John Raynes. This same John Cawood seems to have been specially munificent in his donations to the Company, for he gave two new stained-glass windows to the hall; also a hearse-cover, of cloth and gold, powdered with blue velvet and bordered with black velvet, embroidered and stained with blue, yellow, red, and green, besides considerable plate.

The Company's curious collection of plate is carefully described by Mr. Nichols. In 1581 it seems every master on quitting the chair was required to give a piece of plate, weighing fourteen ounces at least; and every upper or under warden a piece of plate of at least three ounces. In this accumulative manner the Worshipful Company soon became possessed of a glittering store of "salts," gilt bowls, college pots, snuffers, cups, and flagons. Their greatest trophy seems to have been a large silver-gilt bowl, given in 1626 by a Mr. Hulet (Owlett), weighing sixty ounces, and shaped like an owl, in allusion to the donor's name. In the early Civil War, when the Company had to pledge their plate to meet the heavy loans exacted by Charles the Martyr from a good many of his unfortunate subjects, the cherished Owlett was specially excepted. Among other memorials in the posses-

sion of the Company was a silver college cup bought in memory of Mr. John Sweeting, who, dying in 1659 (the year before the Restoration), founded by will the pleasant annual venison dinner of the Company in August.

It is supposed that all the great cupboards of plate were lost in the fire of 1666, for there is no piece now existing (says Mr. Nichols) of an earlier date than 1676. It has been the custom also from time to time to melt down obsolete plate into newer forms and more useful vessels. Thus salvers and salt-cellars were in 1720-21 turned into monteaths, or bowls, filled with water, to keep the wine-glasses cool; and in 1844 a handsome rose-water dish was made out of a silver bowl, and an old tea-urn and coffee-urn. This custom is rather too much like Saturn devouring his own children, and has led to the destruction of many curious old relics. The massive old plate now remaining is chiefly of the reign of Charles II. High among these presents tower the quaint silver candlesticks bequeathed by Mr. Richard Royston, twice Master of the Stationers' Company, who died in 1686, and had been bookseller to three kings—James I., Charles I., and Charles II. The ponderous snuffers and snuffer-box are gone. There were also three other pairs of candlesticks, given by Mr. Nathanael Cole, who had been clerk of the Company, at his death in 1760. A small two-handled cup was bequeathed in 1771 by that worthy old printer, William Bowyer, as a memorial of the Company's munificence to his father after his loss by fire in 1712-13.

The Stationers are very charitable. Their funds spring chiefly from £1,150 bequeathed to them by Mr. John Norton, the printer to the learned Queen Elizabeth in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, alderman of London in the reign of James I., and thrice Master of this Company. The money laid out by Norton's wish in the purchase of estates in fee-simple in Wood Street has grown and grown. One hundred and fifty pounds out of this bequest the old printer left to the minister and churchwardens of St. Faith, in order to have distributed weekly to twelve poor persons—six appointed by the parish, and six by the Stationers' Company—twopence each and a penny loaf, the vantage loaf (the thirteenth allowed by the baker) to be the clerk's; ten shillings to be paid for an annual sermon on Ash Wednesday at St. Faith's; the residue to be laid out in cakes, wine, and ale for the Company of Stationers, either before or after the sermon. The liverymen still (according to Mr. Nichols) enjoy this annual dole of well-spiced and substantial buns. The sum of £1,000 was left for

the generous purpose of advancing small loans to struggling young men in business. In 1861, however, the Company, under the direction of the Court of Chancery, devoted the sum to the founding of a commercial school in Bolt Court for the sons of liverymen and freemen of the Company, and £8,500 were spent in purchasing Mr. Bensley's premises and Dr. Johnson's old house. The doctor's usual sitting-room is now occupied by the head master. The school itself is built on the site formerly occupied by Johnson's garden. The boys pay a quarterage not exceeding £2. The school has four exhibitions.

The pictures at Stationers' Hall are worthy of mention. In the stock-room are portraits, after Kneller, of Prior and Steele, which formerly belonged to Harley, Earl of Oxford, Swift's great patron. The best picture in the room is a portrait by an unknown painter of Tycho Wing, the astronomer, holding a celestial globe. Tycho was the son of Vincent Wing, the first author of the almanacks still published under his name, and who died in 1668. There are also portraits of that worthy old printer, Samuel Richardson and his wife; Archbishop Tillotson, by Kneller; Bishop Hoadley, prelate of the Order of the Garter; Robert Nelson, the author of the "Fasts and Festivals," who died in 1714-15, by Kneller; and one of William Bowyer, the Whitefriars printer, with a posthumous bust beneath it of his son, the printer of the votes of the House of Commons. There was formerly a brass plate beneath this bust expressing the son's gratitude to the Company for their munificence to his father after the fire which destroyed his printing-office.

In the court-room hangs a portrait of John Boydell, who was Lord Mayor of London in the year 1791. This picture, by Graham, was formerly surrounded by allegorical figures of Justice, Prudence, Industry, and Commerce; but they have been cut out to reduce the canvas to Kit-cat size. There is a portrait, by Owen, of Lord Mayor Domville, Master of the Stationers' Company, in the actual robe he wore when he rode before the Prince Regent and the Allies in 1814 to the Guildhall banquet and the Peace thanksgiving. In the card-room is an early picture, by West, of King Alfred dividing his loaf with the pilgrim—a representation, by the way, of a purely imaginary occurrence—in fact, the old legend is that it was really St. Cuthbert who executed this generous partition. There are also portraits of the two Strahans, Masters in 1774 and 1816; one of Alderman Cadell, Master in 1798, by Sir William Beechey; and one of John Nicholls, Master of the

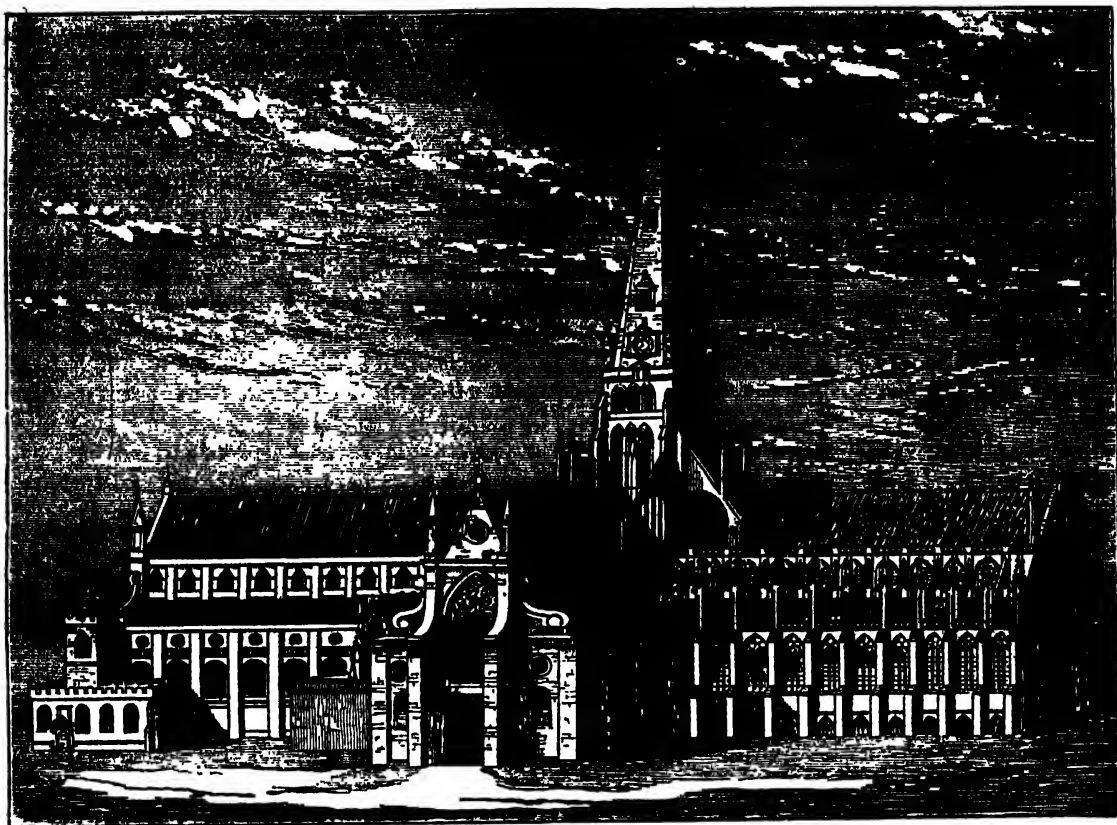
Company in 1804, after a portrait by Jackson. In the hall, over the gallery, is a picture, by Graham, of Mary Queen of Scots escaping from the Castle of Lochleven. It was engraved by Dawe, afterwards a Royal Academician, when he was only fourteen years of age.

The arms of the Company appear from a Herald's visitation of 1634 to have been azure on a chevron, an eagle volant, with a diadem between two red roses, with leaves vert, between three books clasped gold; in chief, issuing out of a cloud, the sunbeams gold, a holy spirit, the wings displayed silver, with a diadem gold. In later times the books have been blazoned as Bibles. In a "tricking" in the volume before mentioned, in the College of Arms, St. John the Evangelist stands behind the shield in the attitude of benediction, and bearing in his left hand a cross with a serpent rising from it (much more suitable for the scriveners or law-writers, by the bye). On one side of the shield stands the Evangelist's emblematic eagle, holding an inkhorn in his beak. The Company never received any grant of arms or supporters, but about the year 1790 two angels seem to have been used as supporters. About 1788 the motto "Verbum Domini manet in eternum" (The word of the Lord endureth for ever) began to be adopted, and in the same year the crest of an eagle was used. On the silver badge of the Company's porter the supporters are naked winged boys, and the eagle on the chevron is turned into a dove holding an olive-branch. Some of the buildings of the present hall are still let to Paternoster Row booksellers as warehouses.

The list of masters of this Company includes Sir John Key, Bart. ("Don Key"), Lord Mayor in 1831-1832. In 1712 Thomas Parkhurst, who had been Master of the Worshipful Company in 1683, left £37 to purchase Bibles and Psalters, to be annually given to the poor; hence the old custom of giving Bibles to apprentices bound at Stationers' Hall.

This is the first of the many City companies of which we shall have by turns to make mention in the course of this work. Though no longer useful as a guild to protect a trade which now needs no fostering, we have seen that it still retains some of its mediæval virtues. It is hospitable and charitable as ever, if not so given to grand funeral services and ecclesiastical ceremonials. Its privileges have grown out of date and obsolete, but they harm no one but authors, and to the wrongs of authors both Governments and Parliaments have been from time immemorial systematically in-



OLD ST. PAUL'S. (*From a View by Hollar.*)

## CHAPTER XX.

## ST. PAUL'S.

London's chief Sanctuary of Religion—The Site of St. Paul's—The Earliest authenticated Church there—The Shrine of Erkenwald—St. Paul's Burnt and Rebuilt—It becomes the Scene of a Strange Incident—Important Political Meeting within its Walls—The Great Charter published there—St. Paul's and Papal Power in England—Turmoils around the Grand Cathedral—Relics and Chantry Chapels in St. Paul's—Royal Visits to St. Paul's—Richard, Duke of York, and Henry VI.—A Fruitless Reconciliation—Jane Shore's Penance—A Tragedy of the Lollards' Tower—A Royal Marriage—Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey at St. Paul's—"Peter of Westminster"—A Bonfire of Bibles—The Cathedral Clergy Fined—A Miraculous Rood—St. Paul's under Edward VI. and Bishop Ridley—A Protestant Tumult at Paul's Cross—Strange Ceremonials—Queen Elizabeth's Munificence—The Burning of the Spire—Desecration of the Nave—Elizabeth and Dean Nowell—Thanksgiving for the Armada—The "Children of Paul's"—Government Lotteries—Executions in the Churchyard—Inigo Jones's Restorations and the Puritan Parliament—The Great Fire of 1666—Burning of Old St. Paul's, and Destruction of its Monuments—Evelyn's Description of the Fire—Sir Christopher Wren called in.

STOOPING under the flat iron bar that lies like a bone in the mouth of Ludgate Hill, we pass up the gentle ascent between shops hung with gold chains, brimming with wealth, or crowded with all the luxuries that civilisation has turned into necessities; and once past the impertinent black spire of St. Martin's, we come full-butt upon the great grey dome. The finest building in London, with the worst approach; the shrine of heroes; the model of grace; the *chef-d'œuvre* of a great genius, rises

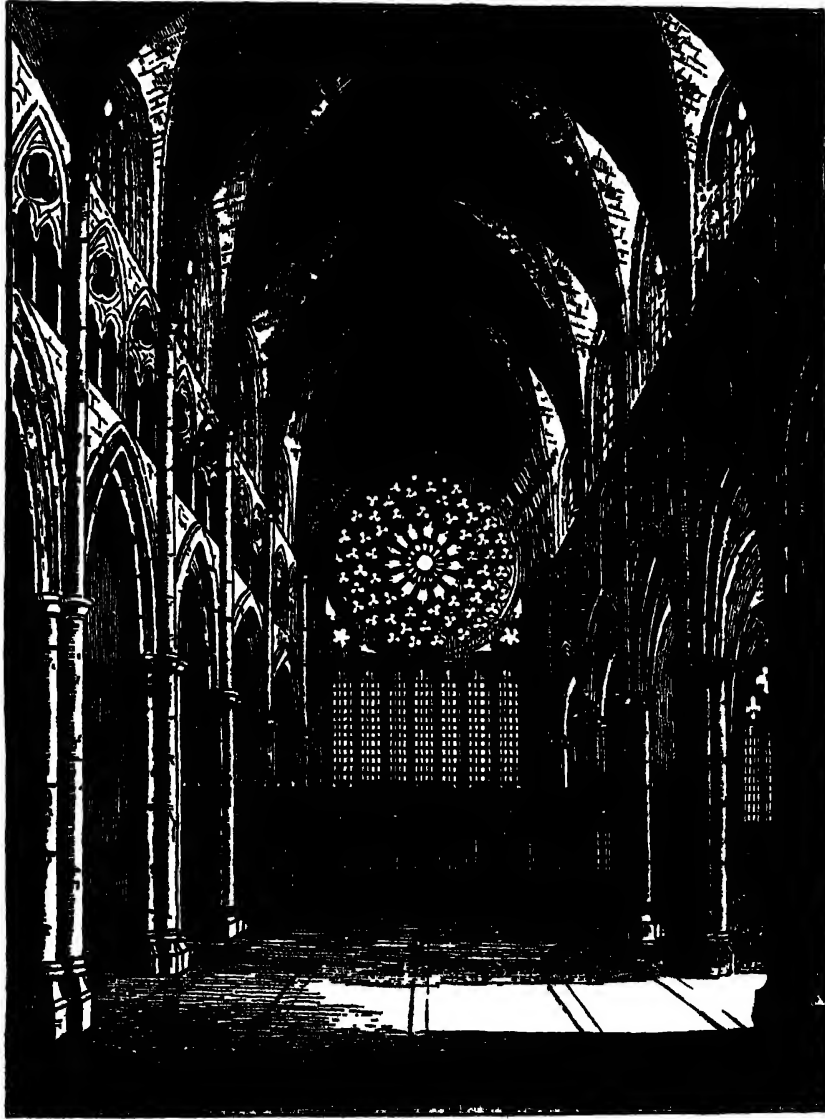
before us, and between its sable Corinthian pillars we have now to thread our way in search of the old legends of St. Paul's.

The old associations rise around us as we pass across the paved area that surrounds Queen Anne's mean and sooty statue. From the times of the Saxons to the present day, London's chief sanctuary of religion has stood here above the river, a landmark to the ships of all nations that have floated on the welcoming waters of the Thames. That



great dome, circled with its coronet of gold, is the first object the pilgrim traveller sees, whether he approach by river or by land; the sparkle of that golden cross is seen from many a distant hill and plain. St. Paul's is the central object—the very palladium—of modern London.

of London from two Welsh words, "Llan-den"—church of Diana. Dugdale, to confirm these traditions, drags a legend out of an obscure monkish chronicle, to the effect that during the Diocletian persecution, in which St. Alban, a centurion, was martyred, the Romans demolished a church stand-



OLD ST. PAUL'S.—THE INTERIOR, LOOKING EAST.

Camden, the Elizabethan historian, revived an old tradition that a Roman temple to Diana once stood where St. Paul's was afterwards built; and he asserts that in the reign of Edward III. an incredible quantity of ox-skulls, stag-horns, and boars' tusks, together with some sacrificial vessels, were exhumed on this site. Selden, a better Orientalist than Celtic scholar (Charles I.), derived the name

ing on the site of St. Paul's, and raised a temple to Diana on its ruins, while in Thorny Island, Westminster, St. Peter, in the like manner, gave way to Apollo. These myths are, however, more than doubtful.

Sir Christopher Wren's excavations for the foundation of modern St. Paul's entirely refuted these confused stories, to which the learned and

the credulous had paid too much deference. He dug down to the river-level, and found neither ox-bone nor stag-horn. What he did find, however, was curious. It was this:—1. Below the mediæval graves Saxon stone coffins and Saxon tombs, lined with slabs of chalk. 2. Lower still, British graves, and in the earth around the ivory and box-wood skewers that had fastened the Saxons' woollen shrouds. 3. At the same level with the Saxon graves, and also deeper, Roman funeral urns. These were discovered as deep as eighteen feet. Roman lamps, tear vessels, and fragments of sacrificial vessels of Samian ware were met with chiefly towards the Cheapside corner of the churchyard.

There had evidently been a Roman cemetery outside this Prætorian camp, and beyond the ancient walls of London, the wise nation, by the laws of the Twelve Tables, forbidding the interment of the dead within the walls of a city. There may have been a British or a Saxon temple here; for the Church tried hard to conquer and consecrate places where idolatry had once triumphed. But the Temple of Diana was doubtful from the beginning, and doubtful it will ever remain. The antiquaries were, however, angry with Wren for the logical refutation of their belief, Dr. Woodward (the "Martinus Scriblerus" of Pope and his set) was especially vehement at the slaying of his hobby, and produced a small brass votive image of Diana, that had been found between the Deanery and Blackfriars. Wren, who could be contemptuous, disdained a reply, and so the matter remained till 1830, when the discovery of a rude stone altar, with an image of Diana, under the foundation of the new Goldsmith's Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside, revived the old dispute, yet did not help a whit to prove the existence of the supposed temple to the goddess of moonshine.

The earliest authenticated church of St. Paul's was built and endowed by Ethelbert, King of East Kent, with the sanction of Sebert, King of the East Angles; and the first bishop who preached within its walls was Mellitus, the companion of St. Augustine, the first Christian missionary who visited the heathen Saxons. The visit of St. Paul to England in the time of Boadicea's war, and that of Joseph of Arimathea, are mere monkish legends. The Londoners again became pagan, and for thirty-eight years there was no bishop at St. Paul's, till a brother of St. Chad of Lichfield came and set his foot on the images of Thor and Wodin. With the fourth successor of Mellitus, Saint Erkenwald, wealth and splendour returned to St. Paul's. This zealous man worked miracles both before and after his death. He used to be

driven about in a cart, and one legend says that he often preached to the woodmen in the wild forests that lay to the north of London. On a certain day one of the cart-wheels came off in a slough. The worthy confessor was in a dilemma. The congregation under the oaks might have waited for ever, but the one wheel left was equal to the occasion, for it suddenly grew invested with special powers of balancing, and went on as steadily as a velocipede with the smiling saint. This was pretty well, but still nothing to what happened after the good man's death.

St. Erkenwald departed at last in the odour of sanctity at his sister's convent at Barking. Eager to get hold of so valuable a body, the Chertsey monks instantly made a dash for it, pursued by the equally eager clergy of St. Paul's, who were fully alive to the value of their dead bishop, whose shrine would become a money-box for pilgrim's offerings. The London priests, by a forced march, got first to Barking and bore off the body; but the monks of Chertsey and the nuns of Barking followed, wringing their hands and loudly protesting against the theft. The river Lea, sympathising with their prayers, rose in a flood. There was no boat, no bridge, and a fight for the body seemed imminent. A pious man present, however, exhorted the monks to peace, and begged them to leave the matter to heavenly decision. The clergy of St. Paul's then broke forth into a litany. The Lea at once subsided, the cavalcade crossed at Stratford, the sun cast down its benediction, and the clergy passed on to St. Paul's with their holy spoil. From that time the shrine of Erkenwald became a source of wealth and power to the cathedral.

The Saxon kings, according to Dean Milman, were munificent to St. Paul's. The clergy claimed Tillingham, in Essex, as a grant from King Ethelbert, and that place still contributes to the maintenance of the cathedral. The charters of Athelstane are questionable, but the places mentioned in them certainly belonged to St. Paul's till the Ecclesiastical Commissioners broke in upon that wealth; and the charter of Canute, still preserved, and no doubt authentic, ratifies the donations of his Saxon predecessors.

William the Conqueror's Norman Bishop of London was a good, peace-loving man, who interceded with the stern monarch, and recovered the forfeited privileges of the refractory London citizens. For centuries—indeed, even up to the end of Queen Mary's reign—the mayor, aldermen, and crafts used to make an annual procession to St. Paul's, to visit the tomb of good Bishop William in the nave. In 1622 the Lord Mayor, Edward

Barkham, caused these quaint lines to be carved on the bishop's tomb :—

"Walkers, whosoe'er ye bee,  
If it prove you chance to see,  
Upon a solemn scarlet day,  
The City senate pass this way,  
Their grateful memory for to show,  
Which they the reverent ashes owe  
Of Bishop Norman here inhumed,  
By whom this city has assumed  
Large privileges ; those obtained  
By him when Conqueror William reigned.  
'This being by Barkham's thankful mind renewed,  
Call it the monument of gratitude."

The ruthless Conqueror granted valuable privileges to St. Paul's. He freed the church from the payment of Danegeld, and all services to the Crown. His words (if they are authentic) are—"Some lands I give to God and the church of St. Paul's, in London, and special franchises, because I wish that this church may be free in all things, as I wish my soul to be on the day of judgment." In this same reign the Primate Lanfranc held a great council at St. Paul's—a council which Milman calls "the first full Ecclesiastical Parliament of England." Twelve years after (1087), the year in which the Conqueror died, fire, that persistent enemy of St. Paul's, almost entirely consumed the cathedral.

Bishop Maurice set to work to erect a more splendid building, with a vast crypt, in which the valuable remains of St. Erkenwald were enshrined. William of Malmesbury ranked it among the great buildings of his time. One of the last acts of the Conqueror was to give the stone of a Palatine tower (on the subsequent site of Blackfriars) for the building. The next bishop, De Balmeis, is said to have devoted the whole of his revenues for twenty years to this pious work. Fierce Rufus—no friend of monks—did little ; but the milder monarch, Henry I., granted exemption of toll to all vessels, laden with stone for St. Paul's, that entered the Fleet.

To enlarge the area of the church, King Henry gave part of the Palatine Tower estate, which was turned into a churchyard and encircled with a wall, which ran along Carter Lane to Creed Lane, and was freed of buildings. The bishop, on his part, contributed to the service of the altar the rents of Paul's Wharf, and for a school gave the house of Durandus, at the corner of Bell Court. On the bishop's death, the Crown seized his wealth ; and the bishop's boots were carried to the Exchequer full of gold and silver. St. Bernard, however, praises him, and says : "It was not wonderful that Master Gilbert should be a bishop ; but that the

Bishop of London should live like a poor man, that was magnificent."

In the reign of Stephen a dreadful fire broke out and raged from London Bridge to St. Clement Danes. In this fire St. Paul's was partially destroyed. The Bishop, in his appeals for contributions to the church, pleaded that this was the only London church specially dedicated to St. Paul. The citizens of London were staunch advocates of King Stephen against the Empress Maud, and at their folkmote, held at the Cheapside end of St. Paul's, claimed the privilege of naming a monarch.

In the reign of Henry II. St. Paul's was the scene of a strange incident connected with the quarrel between the King and that ambitious Churchman, the Primate Becket. Gilbert Foliot, the learned and austere Bishop of London, had sided with the King and provoked the bitter hatred of Becket. During the celebration of mass a daring emissary of Becket had the boldness to thrust a roll, bearing the dreaded sentence of excommunication against Foliot, into the hands of the officiating priest, and at the same time to cry aloud—"Know all men that Gilbert, Bishop of London, is excommunicated by Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury !" Foliot for a time defied the interdict, but at last bowed to his enemy's authority, and refrained from entering the Church of St. Paul's.

The reign of Richard I. was an eventful one to St. Paul's. In 1191, when Cœur de Lion was in Palestine, Prince John and all the bishops met in the nave of St. Paul's to arraign William de Longchamp, one of the King's regents, of many acts of tyranny. In the reign of their absentee monarch the Londoners grew mutinous, and their leader, William Fitzosbert, or Longbeard, denounced their oppressors from Paul's Cross. These disturbances ended in the siege of Bow Church, where Fitzosbert had fortified himself, and by the burning alive of him and other ringleaders. It was at this period that Dean Radulph de Diceto, a monkish chronicler of learning, built the Deanery, "inhabited," says Milman, "after him, by many men of letters ;" before the Reformation, by the admirable Colet ; after the Reformation by Alexander Nowell, Donne, Sancroft (who rebuilt the mansion after the Great Fire), Stillingfleet, Tillotson, W. Sherlock, Butler, Secker, Newton, Van Mildert, Copleston, Milman, and Mansel.

St. Paul's was also the scene of one of those great meetings of prelates, abbots, deans, priors, and barons that finally led to King John's concession of Magna Charta. On this solemn occasion—

important for the progress of England—the Primate Langton displayed the old charter of Henry I. to the chief barons, and made them sacredly pledge themselves to stand up for Magna Charta and the liberties of England.

One of the first acts of King Henry III. was to hold a council in St. Paul's, and there publish the Great Charter. Twelve years after, when a Papal Legate enthroned himself in St. Paul's, he was there openly resisted by Cantelupe, Bishop of Worcester.

In this reign Papal power attained its greatest height in England. On the death of Bishop Roger, an opponent of these inroads, the King gave orders that out of the episcopal revenue 1,500 poor should be feasted on the day of the conversion of St. Paul, and 1,500 lights offered in the church. The country was filled with Italian prelates. An Italian Archbishop of Canterbury, coming to St. Paul's, with a cuirass under his robes, to demand first-fruits from the Bishop, found the doors closed in his face; and two canons of the Papal party, endeavouring to install themselves at St. Paul's, were in 1259 killed by the angry populace.

In the reign of this weak king several folk-motes of the London citizens were held at Paul's Cross, in the churchyard. On one occasion the king himself, and his brother, the King of Almayne, were present. All citizens, even to the age of twelve, were sworn to allegiance, for a great outbreak for liberty was then imminent. The inventory of the goods of Bishop Richard de Gravesend, Bishop of London for twenty-five years of this reign, is still preserved in the archives of St. Paul's. It is a roll twenty-eight feet long. The value of the whole property was nearly £3,000, and this sum (says Milman) must be multiplied by about fifteen to bring it to its present value.

When the citizens of London justly ranged themselves on the side of Simon de Montfort, who stood up for their liberties, the great bell of St. Paul's was the tocsin that summoned the burghers to arms, especially on that memorable occasion when Queen Eleanor tried to escape by water from the Tower to Windsor, where her husband was, and the people who detested her tried to sink her barge as it passed London Bridge.

In the equally troublous reign of Edward II. St. Paul's was again splashed with blood. The citizens, detesting the king's foreign favourites, rose against the Bishop of Exeter, Edward's regent in London. A letter from the queen, appealing to them, was affixed to the cross in Cheapside. The bishop demanded the City keys of the Lord Mayor, and the people sprang to arms, with cries

of "Death to the queen's enemies!" They cut off the head of a servant of the De Spensers, burst open the gates of the Bishop of Exeter's palace (Essex Street, Strand), and plundered, sacked, and destroyed everything. The bishop, at the time riding in the Islington fields, hearing the danger, dashed home, and made straight for sanctuary in St. Paul's. At the north door, however, the mob thickening, tore him from his horse, and, hurrying him into Cheapside, proclaimed him a traitor, and beheaded him there, with two of his servants. They then dragged his body back to his palace, and flung the corpse into the river.

In the inglorious close of the glorious reign of Edward III., Courtenay, Bishop of London, an inflexible prelate, did his best to induce some of the London rabble to plunder the Florentines, at that time the great bankers and money-lenders of the metropolis, by reading at Paul's Cross the interdict Gregory XI. had launched against them; but on this occasion the Lord Mayor, leading the principal Florentine merchants into the presence of the aged king, obtained the royal protection for them.

Wycliffe and his adherents (amongst whom figured Chaucer's patron, John of Gaunt—"old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster"—) soon brewed more trouble in St. Paul's for the proud bishop. The great reformer being summoned to an ecclesiastical council at St. Paul's, was accompanied by his friends, John of Gaunt and the Earl Marshal, Lord Percy. When in the lady chapel Percy demanded a soft seat for Wycliffe. The bishop said it was law and reason that a cited man should stand before the ordinary. Angry words ensued, and the Duke of Lancaster taunted Courtenay with his pride. The bishop answered, "I trust not in man, but in God alone, who will give me boldness to speak the truth." A rumour was spread that John of Gaunt had threatened to drag the bishop out of the church by the hair, and that he had vowed to abolish the title of Lord Mayor. A tumult began. All through the City the billmen and bowmen gathered. The Savoy, John of Gaunt's palace, would have been burned but for the intercession of the bishop. A priest mistaken for Percy was murdered. The duke fled to Kennington, and joined the Princess of Wales.

Richard II., that dissolute, rash, and unfortunate monarch, once only (alive) came to St. Paul's in great pomp, his robes hung with bells, and afterwards feasted at the house of his favourite, Sir Nicholas Brember, who was eventually put to death.

The Lollards were now making way, and Archbishop Courtenay had a great barefooted procession to St. Paul's to hear a famous Carmelite preacher inveigh against the Wycliffe doctrines. A Lollard, indeed, had the courage to nail to the doors of St. Paul's twelve articles of the new creed denouncing the mischievous celibacy of the clergy, transubstantiation, prayers for the dead, pilgrimages, and other mistaken and idolatrous usages. When Henry Bolingbroke (not yet crowned Henry IV.) came to St. Paul's to offer prayer for the dethronement of his ill-fated cousin, Richard, he paused at the north side of the altar to shed tears over the grave of his father, John of Gaunt, interred early that very year in the Cathedral. Not long after the shrunken body of the dead king, on its way to the Abbey, was exposed in St. Paul's, to prove to the populace that Richard was not still alive. Hardyng, in his chronicles (quoted by Milman), says that the usurping king and his nobles spread—some seven, some nine—cloths of gold on the bier of the murdered king.

Bishop Braybroke, in the reign of Edward IV., was strenuous in denouncing ecclesiastical abuses. Edward III. himself had denounced the resort of mechanics to the refectory, the personal vices of the priests, and the pilfering of sacred vessels. He restored the communion-table, and insisted on daily alms-giving. But Braybroke also condemned worse abuses. He issued a prohibition at Paul's Cross against barbers shaving on Sundays; he forbade the buying and selling in the Cathedral, the flinging stones and shooting arrows at the pigeons and jackdaws nestling in the walls of the church, and the playing at ball, both within and without the church, a practice which led to the breaking of many beautiful and costly painted windows.

But here we stop awhile in our history of St. Paul's, on the eve of the sanguinary wars of the Roses, to describe mediæval St. Paul's, its structure, and internal government. Foremost among the relics were two arms of St. Mellitus (miraculously enough, of quite different sizes). Behind the high altar—what Dean Milman justly calls "the pride, glory, and fountain of wealth" to St. Paul's—was the body of St. Erkenwald, covered with a shrine which three London goldsmiths had spent a whole year in chiselling; and this shrine was covered with a grate of tinned iron. The very dust of the chapel floor, mingled with water, was said to work instantaneous cures. On the anniversary of St. Erkenwald the whole clergy of the diocese attended in procession in their copes. When King John of France was made captive at Poitiers, and paid his orisons at St. Paul's, he presented four golden

basins to the high altar, and twenty-two nobles at the shrine of St. Erkenwald. Milman calculates that in 1344 the oblation-box alone at St. Paul's produced an annual sum to the dean and chapter of £9,000. Among other relics that were milch cows to the monks were a knife of our Lord, some hair of Mary Magdalen, blood of St. Paul, milk of the Virgin, the hand of St. John, pieces of the impetuous skull of Thomas à Becket, and the head and jaw of King Ethelbert. These were all preserved in jewelled cases. One hundred and eleven anniversary masses were celebrated. The chantry chapels in the Cathedral were very numerous, and they were served by an army of idle and often dissolute mass priests. There was one chantry in Pardon Churchyard, on the north side of St. Paul's, east of the bishop's chapel, where St. Thomas Becket's ancestors were buried. The grandest was one near the nave, built by Bishop Kemp, to pray for himself and his royal master, Edward IV. Another was founded by Henry IV. for the souls of his father, John of Gaunt, and his mother, Blanche of Castile. A third was built by Lord Mayor Pulteney, who was buried in St. Lawrence Pulteney, so called from him. The revenues of these chantries were vast.

But to return to our historical sequence. During the ruthless Wars of the Roses St. Paul's became the scene of many curious ceremonies, on which Shakespeare himself has touched, in his early historical plays. It was on a platform at the cathedral door that Roger Bolingbroke, the spurious necromancer who was supposed to have aided the ambitious designs of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, was exhibited. The Duchess's penance for the same offence, according to Milman's opinion, commenced or closed near the cathedral, in that shameful journey when she was led through the streets wrapped in a sheet, and carrying a lighted taper in her hand. The duke, her husband, was eventually buried at St. Paul's, where his tomb became the haunt of needy men about town, whence the well-known proverb of "dining with Duke Humphrey."

Henry VI.'s first peaceful visit to St. Paul's is quaintly sketched by that dull old poet, Lydgate, who describes "the bishops in pontificalibus, the Dean of Paules and canons, every one who conveyed the king"

"Up into the church, with full devout singing;  
And when he had made his offering,  
The mayor, the citizens, bowed and left him."

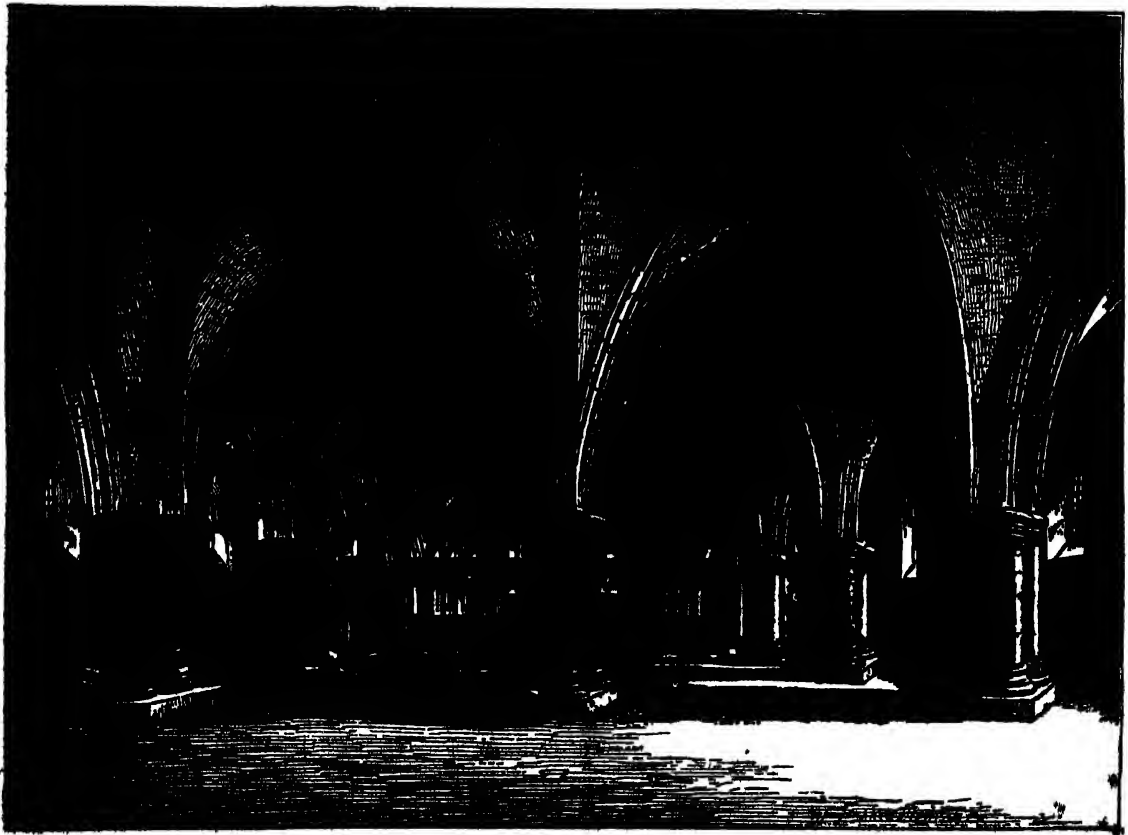
While all the dark troubles still were pending, we find the Duke of York taking a solemn oath

on the host of fealty to King Henry. Six years later, after the battle of St. Albans, the Yorkists and Lancastrians met again at the altar of St. Paul's in feigned unity. The poor weak monarch was crowned, and had sceptre in hand, and his proud brilliant queen followed him in smiling converse with the Duke of York. Again the city poet broke into rejoicing at the final peace :—

" At Paul's in London, with great renown,  
On Lady Day in Lent, this peace was wrought ;

knelt before the primate, and swore allegiance to the king ; and the duke's two sons, March and Rutland, took the same oath. Within a few months the battle of Wakefield was fought ; Richard was slain, and the duke's head, adorned with a mocking paper crown, was sent, by the she-wolf of a queen, to adorn the walls of York.

The next year, however, fortune forsook Henry for ever, and St. Paul's welcomed Edward IV. and the redoubtable " king-maker," who had won the



THE CHURCH OF ST. FAITH, THE CRYPT OF OLD ST. PAUL'S, FROM A VIEW BY HOLLAR.

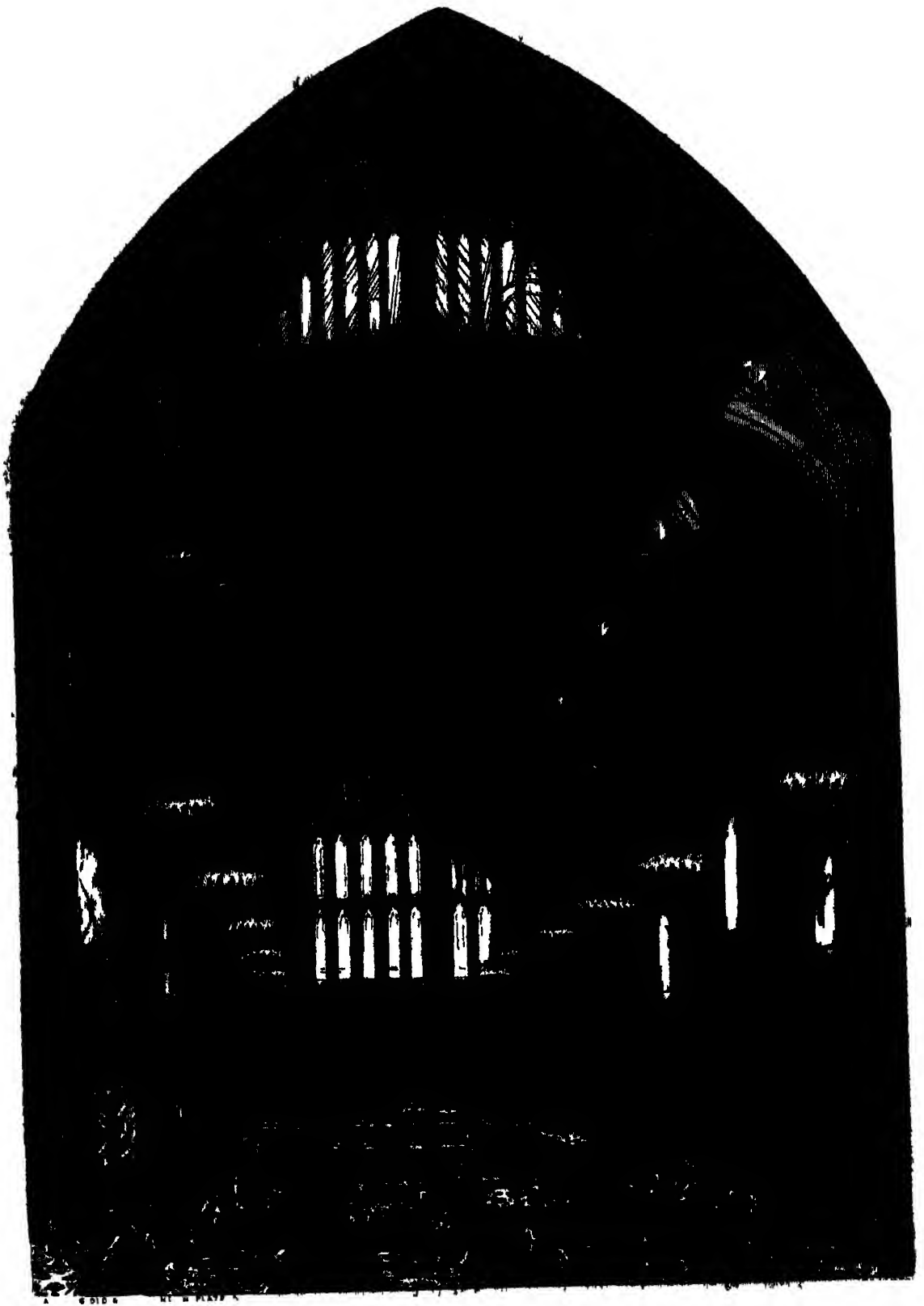
The King, the Queen, with lords many an one,  
To worship the Virgin as they ought,  
Went in procession, and spared right nought  
In sight of all the commonalty ;  
In token this love was in heart and thought,  
Rejoice England in concord and unity."

Alas for such reconciliations ! Four years later more blood had been shed, more battle-fields strewn with dead. The king was a captive, had disinherited his own son, and granted the succession to the Duke of York, whose right a Parliament had acknowledged. His proud queen was in the North rallying the scattered Lancastrians. York and Warwick, Henry's deadly enemies,

crown for him at the battle of Mortimer's Cross ; and no Lancastrian dared show his face on that triumphant day. Ten years later Warwick, veering to the downfallen king, was slain at Barnet, and the body of the old warrior, and that of his brother, were exposed, barefaced, for three days in St. Paul's, to the delight of all true Yorkists. Those were terrible times, and the generosity of the old chivalry seemed now despised and forgotten. The next month there was even a sadder sight, for the body of King Henry himself was displayed in the Cathedral. Broken-hearted, said the Yorkists ; but the Lancastrian belief (favoured by Shakespeare) was that Richard Duke of Gloucester, the wicked Crook-





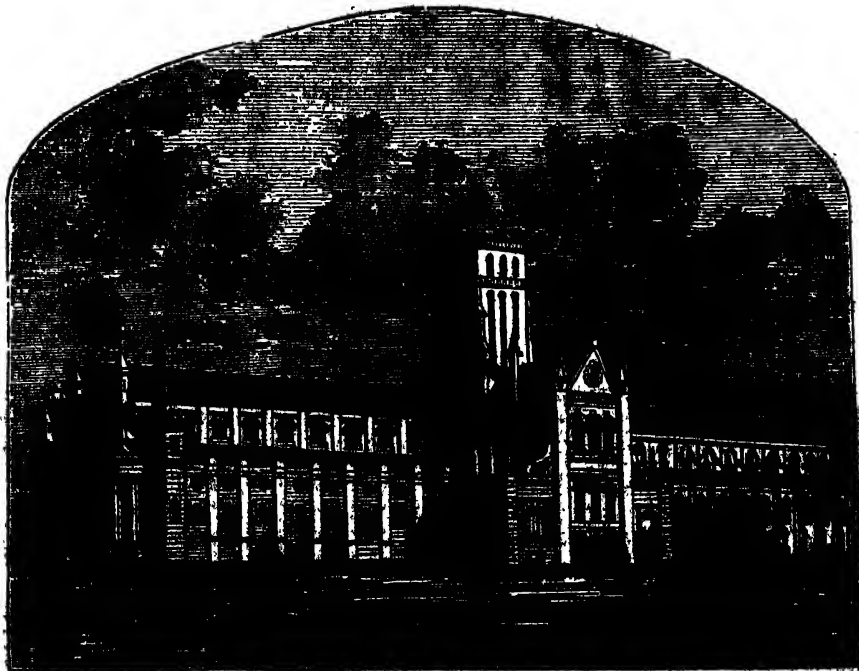


BANQUET AT THE GUILDEHALL

back, stabbed him with his own hand in the Tower, and it was said that blood poured from the body when it lay in the Cathedral. Again St. Paul's was profaned at the death of Edward IV., when Richard came to pay his ostentatious orisons in the Cathedral, while he was already planning the removal of the princes to the Tower. Always anxious to please the London citizens, it was to St. Paul's Cross that Richard sent Dr. Shaw to accuse Clarence of illegitimacy. At St. Paul's, too, according to Shakespeare, who in his historic plays often follows traditions now forgotten, or chronicles that have perished, the charges against Hastings

were read. His ill-shaped body thrown, like carrion, across a horse and driven off to Leicester, and Henry VII., the astute, the wily, the thrifty, reigned in his stead. After Henry's victory over Simnel he came two successive days to St. Paul's to offer his thanksgiving, and Simnel, afterwards a scullion in the royal kitchen, rode humbly at his conqueror's side.

The last ceremonial of the reign of Henry VII. that took place at St. Paul's was the ill-fated marriage of Prince Arthur—a mere boy, who died six months after—with Katharine of Arragon. The whole church was hung with tapestry, and there



ST. PAUL'S AFTER THE FALL OF THE SPIRE, FROM A VIEW BY HOLLAR (see page 244)

were publicly read. Jane Shore, the mistress, and supposed accomplice of Hastings in bewitching Richard, did penance in St. Paul's. She was the wife of a London goldsmith, and had been mistress of Edward IV. Her beauty, as she walked down-cast with shame, is said to have moved even the king to pity. On his accession, King Richard, nervously fingering his dagger, as was his wont to do according to the chronicles, rode to St. Paul's, and was received, by acclamation, amid great congratulation and rejoicing from the London people. Kemp, who was the Mayor's officer during all these dreadful times, rebuilt St. Paul's Cross, which then became one of the chief ornaments of London.

Richard's cross was presently beaten into a

huge scaffold, with seats round it, reaching from the west door to the choir. On this platform the ceremony was performed. All day, at several places in the city, and at the west door of the Cathedral, the conduits ran for the delighted people with red and white wine. The wedded couple were lodged in the bishop's palace, and three days later returned by water to Westminster. When Henry VII. died, his body lay in state in the choir, and from thence it was taken to Westminster, and there till the beautiful chapel he had built at Westminster was ready for his deposition. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's were the trustees for the endowment he left, and the Cathedral still possesses the royal treasures.

A Venetian ambassador who was present at

left a graphic description of one of the earliest ceremonies (1514) which Henry VIII. witnessed at St. Paul's. The Pope, Leo X., had sent the young and chivalrous king a sword and cap of maintenance, as a special mark of honour. The cap was of purple satin, covered with embroidery and pearls, and decked with ermine. The king rode from the bishop's palace to the cathedral on a beautiful black palfrey, the nobility walking before him in pairs. At the high altar the king donned the cap, and was girt with the sword. The procession then made the entire circuit of the church. The king wore a gown of purple satin and gold in chequer, and a jewelled collar; his cap of purple velvet had two jewelled rosettes, and his doublet was of gold brocade. The nobles wore massive chains of gold, and their chequered silk gowns were lined with sables, lynx-fur, and swansdown.

In the same reign Richard Fitz-James, the fanatical Bishop of London, persecuted the Lollards, and burned two of the most obstinate at Smithfield. It is indeed, doubtful, even now, if Fitz-James, in his hatred of the reformers, stopped short of murder. In 1514 Richard Hunn, a citizen who had disputed the jurisdiction of the obnoxious Ecclesiastical Court, was thrown into the Lollards' Tower, the bishop's prison, at the south-west corner of the Cathedral. A Wycliffe Bible had been found in his house; he was adjudged a heretic, and one night this obstinate man was found hung in his cell. The clergy called it suicide, but the coroner brought in a verdict of wilful murder against the Bishop's Chancellor, the sumner, and the bell-ringer of the Cathedral. The king, however, pardoned them all on their paying £1,500 to Hunn's family. The bishop, still furious, burned Hunn's body sixteen days after, as that of a heretic, in Smithfield. This fanatical bishop was the ceaseless persecutor of Dean Colet, that excellent and enlightened man, who founded St. Paul's School, and was the untiring friend of Erasmus, whom he accompanied on his memorable visit to Becket's shrine at Canterbury.

In 1518 Wolsey, proud and portly, appears upon the scene, coming to St. Paul's to sing mass and celebrate eternal peace between France, England, and Spain, and the betrothal of the beautiful Princess Mary to the Dauphin of France. The large chapel and the choir were hung with gold brocade, blazoned with the king's arms. Near the altar was the king's pew, formed of cloth of gold, and in front of it a small altar covered with silver-gilt images, with a gold cross in the centre. Two low masses were said at this before the king,

while high mass was being sung before the rest. On the opposite side of the altar, on a raised and canopied chair, sat Wolsey; further off stood the legate Campeggio. The twelve bishops and six abbots present all wore their jewelled mitres, while the king himself shone out in a tunic of purple velvet, "powdered" with pearls and rubies, sapphires and diamonds. His collar was studded with carbuncles as large as walnuts. A year later Charles V. was proclaimed emperor by the heralds at St. Paul's. Wolsey gave the benediction, no doubt with full hope of the Pope's tiara.

In 1521, but a little later, Wolsey, "Cardinal of St. Cecilia and Archbishop of York," was welcomed by Dean Pace to St. Paul's. He had come to sit near Paul's Cross, to hear Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, by the Pope's command, denounce "Martinus Eleutherius" and his accursed works, many of which were burned in the churchyard during the sermon, no doubt to the infinite alarm of all heretical booksellers in the neighbouring street. Wolsey had always an eye to the emperor's helping him to the papacy; and when Charles V. came to England to visit Henry, in 1522, Wolsey said mass, assisted by more than twenty obsequious prelates. It was Wolsey who first, as papal legate, removed the Convocation entirely from St. Paul's to Westminster, to be near his house at Whitehall. His ribald enemy, Skelton, then hiding from the cardinal's wrath in the Sanctuary at Westminster, wrote the following rough distich on the arbitrary removal:—

"Gentle Paul, lay down thy sword,  
For Peter of Westminster hath shaven thy beard."

On the startling news of the battle of Pavia, when Francis I. was taken prisoner by his great rival of Spain, a huge bonfire illumined the west front of St. Paul's, and hogsheads of claret were broached at the Cathedral door, to celebrate the welcome tidings. On the Sunday after, the bluff king, the queen, and both houses of Parliament, attended a solemn "Te Deum" at the cathedral; while on St. Matthew's Day there was a great procession of all the religious orders in London, and Wolsey, with his obsequious bishops, performed service at the high altar. Two years later Wolsey came here again, to lament or rejoice over the sack of Rome by the Constable Bourbon, and the captivity of the Pope.

Singularly enough, the fire lighted by Wolsey in St. Paul's Churchyard had failed totally to burn up Luther and all his works; and on Shrove Tuesday, 1527, Wolsey made another attempt to reduce the new-formed Bible to ashes. In the great procession that came on this day to St. Paul's, there

were six Lutherans in penitential dresses, carrying terribly symbolical fagots and huge lighted tapers. On a platform in the nave sat the portly and proud cardinal, supported by thirty-six zealous bishops, abbots, and priests. At the foot of the great rood over the northern door the heretical tracts and Testaments were thrown into a fire. The prisoners, on their knees, begged pardon of God and the Catholic Church, and were then led three times round the fire, which they fed with the fagots they had carried.

Four years later, after Wolsey's fall, the London clergy were summoned to St. Paul's Chapter-house, on the south side. The king, offended at the Church having yielded to Wolsey's claims as a papal legate, by which the penalty of *præmunire* had been incurred, had demanded from Convocation the alarming fine of £100,000. Immediately six hundred clergy of all ranks thronged riotously to the chapter-house, to resist this outrageous tax. The bishop was all for concession; "their goods and lands were forfeit, their bodies liable to imprisonment." The humble clergy cried out, "We have never meddled in the cardinal's business. Let the bishops and abbots, who have offended, pay." Blows were struck, and eventually fifteen priests and four laymen were condemned to terms of imprisonment in the Fleet and Tower, for their resistance to despotic power.

In 1535 nineteen German Anabaptists were examined in St. Paul's, and fourteen of them sent to the stake. Then came plain signs that the Reformation had commenced. The Pope's authority had been denied at Paul's Cross in 1534. A miraculous rood from Kent was brought to St. Paul's, and the machinery that moved the eyes and lips was shown to the populace, after which it was thrown down and broken amid contemptuous laughter. Nor would this chapter be complete if we did not mention a great civic procession at the close of the reign of Henry VIII. On Whit Sunday, 1546, the children of St. Paul's School, with parsons and vicars of every London church, in their copes, went from St. Paul's to St. Peter's, Cornhill, Bishop Bonner bearing the sacrament under a canopy; and at the Cross, before the mayor, aldermen, and all the crafts, heralds proclaimed perpetual peace between England, France, and the Emperor. Two months after, the ex-bishop of Rochester preached a sermon at Paul's Cross recanting his heresy, four of his late fellow-prisoners in Newgate having obstinately perished at the stake.

In the reign of Edward VI. St. Paul's witnessed far different scenes. The year of the accession of

the child-king a funeral service was celebrated in memory of Francis I., Latin dirges were chanted, and eight mitred bishops sang a requiem to the monarch lately deceased. At his Coronation, while the guilds were marshalled along Cheap-side, and tapestries hung from every window, an acrobat descended by a cable from St. Paul's steeple to the anchor of a ship near the Deanery door. In November of the next year, at night, the crucifixes and images in St. Paul's were pulled down and removed, to the horror of the faithful, and all obits and chantries were confiscated, and the vestments and altar cloths were sold. The early reformers were backed by greedy partisans. The Protector Somerset, who was desirous of building rapidly a sumptuous palace in the Strand, pulled down the chapel and charnel-house in the Pardon churchyard, and carted off the stones of St. Paul's cloister. When the good Ridley was installed Bishop of London, he would not enter the choir until the lights on the altar were extinguished. Very soon a table was substituted for the altar, and there was an attempt made to remove the organ. The altar, and chapel, and tombs, all but John of Gaunt's, were then ruthlessly destroyed.

During the Lady Jane Grey rebellion, Ridley denounced Mary and Elizabeth as bastards. The accession of gloomy Queen Mary soon turned the tables. As the Queen passed to her Coronation, a daring Dutchman stood on the cross of St. Paul's waving a long streamer, and shifting from foot to foot as he shook two torches which he held over his head.

But the citizens were Protestants at heart. At the first sermon preached at St. Paul's Cross in this reign, Dr. Bourne, an Essex clergyman, prayed for the dead, praised Bonner, and denounced Ridley. The mob, inflamed to madness, shouted, "He preaches damnation! Pull him down! pull him down!" A dagger, thrown at the preacher, stuck quivering in a side-post of the pulpit. With difficulty two good men dragged the rash zealot safely into St. Paul's School. For this riot several persons were sent to the Tower, and a priest and a barber had their ears nailed to the pillory at St. Paul's Cross. The crosses were raised again in St. Paul's, and the old ceremonies and services revived. On St. Katharine's Day, in honour of the queen's mother's patron saint there was a procession with lights and the image of St. Katharine, round St. Paul's steeple, and the bells rang. Not long after this, when a Dr. Pendleton preached the "old doctrine" at St. Paul's Cross, a gun was fired at him. When Bonner was released from the Marshalsea and

restored to his see, the people shouted, "Welcome home;" and a woman ran forward and kissed him. We are told that he knelt in prayer on the Cathedral steps.

In 1554, at the reception in St. Paul's of Cardinal Pole, King Philip attended with English, Spanish, and German guards, and a great retinue of nobles. Bishop Gardiner preached on the widening heresy till the audience groaned and wept. Of the cruel persecutions of the Protestants in this reign, St. Paul's was now and then a witness, and likewise of the preparations for the execution of Protestants, which Bonner's party called "trials." Thus we find Master Cardmaker, vicar of St. Bride's, and Warne, an upholsterer in Walbrook, both arraigned at St. Paul's before the bishop for heresy, and carried back from there to Newgate, to be shortly after burned alive in Smithfield.

In the midst of these horrors, a strange ceremony took place at St. Paul's, far more worthy, indeed, of the supposed temple of Diana than of a Christian cathedral, did it not remind us that Popery was always strangely intermingled with fragments of old paganism. In June, 1557 (St. Paul's Day, says Machyn, an undertaker and chronicler of Mary's reign), a fat buck was presented to the dean and chapter, according to an annual grant made by Sir Walter le Baud, an Essex knight, in the reign of Edward I. A priest from each London parish attended in his cope, and the Bishop of London wore his mitre, while behind the burly, bullying, persecutor Bonner came a fat buck, his head with his horns borne upon a pole, while forty huntsmen's horns blew a rejoicing chorus.

The last event of this blood-stained reign was the celebration at St. Paul's of the victory over the French at the battle of St. Quintin by Philip and the Spaniards. A sermon was preached before the city authorities at Paul's Cross, bells were rung, and bonfires blazed in every street.

At Elizabeth's accession its new mistress soon purged St. Paul's of all its images: copes and shaven crowns disappeared. The first ceremony of the new reign was the performance of the obsequies of Henry II. of France. An empty hearse was hung with cloth of gold, the choir draped in black, the clergy appearing in plain black gowns and caps. And now, what the Catholics called a great judgment fell on the old Cathedral. During a great storm in 1561, St. Martin's Church, Ludgate, was struck by lightning; immediately after, the wooden steeple of St. Paul's started into a flame. The fire burned downwards furiously for four hours, the bells were melted, the lead poured in torrents; the roof fell in, and the whole Cathedral became for a time a ruin.

Soon after, at the Cross, Dean Nowell rebuked the Papists for crying out "a judgment." In papal times the church had also suffered. In Richard I.'s reign an earthquake shook down the spire, and in Stephen's time fire had also brought destruction. The Crown and City were roused by this misfortune. Thrifty Elizabeth gave 1,000 marks in gold, and 1,000 marks' worth of timber; the City gave a great benevolence, and the clergy subscribed £1,410. In one month a false roof was erected, and by the end of the year the aisles were leaded in. On the 1st of November, the same year, the mayor, aldermen, and crafts, with eighty torchbearers, went to attend service at St. Paul's. The steeple, however, was never rebuilt, in spite of Queen Elizabeth's angry remonstrances.

In the first year of Philip and Mary, the Common Council of London passed an act which shows the degradation into which St. Paul's had sunk even before the fire. It forbade the carrying of beer-casks, or baskets of bread, fish, flesh, or fruit, or leading mules or horses through the Cathedral, under pain of fines and imprisonment. Elizabeth also issued a proclamation to a similar effect, forbidding a fray, drawing of swords in the church, or shooting with hand-gun or dagg within the church or churchyard, under pain of two months' imprisonment. Neither were agreements to be made for the payment of money within the church. Soon after the fire, a man that had provoked a fray in the church was set in the pillory in the churchyard, and had his ears nailed to a post, and then cut off. These proclamations, however, led to no reform. Cheats, gulls, assassins, and thieves thronged the middle aisle of St. Paul's; advertisements of all kinds covered the walls, the worst class of servants came there to be hired; worthless rascals and disreputable flaunting women met there by appointment. Parasites, hunting for a dinner, hung about a monument of the Beauchamps, foolishly believed to be the tomb of the good Duke Humphrey. Shakespeare makes Falstaff hire red-nosed Bardolph in St. Paul's, and Ben Jonson lays the third act of his *Every Man in his Humour* in the middle aisle. Bishop Earle, in his "Microcosmography," describes the noise of the crowd of idlers in Paul's "as that of bees, a strange hum mixed of walking tongues and feet, a kind of still roar or loud whisper." He describes the crowd of young curates, "copper" captains, thieves, and dinnerless adventurers and gossip-mongers. Bishop Corbet, that jolly prelate, speaks of

"The walk,

Where all our British sinners swear and talk,  
Old hardy ruffians, bankrupts, soothsayers,  
And youths whose courage is old as time."



On the eve of the election of Sandys as Bishop of London, May, 1570, all London was roused by a papal bull against Elizabeth being found nailed on the gates of the bishop's palace. It declared her crown forfeited and her people absolved from their oaths of allegiance. The fanatic maniac, Felton, was soon discovered, and hung on a gallows at the bishop's gates.

One or two anecdotes of interest specially connect Elizabeth with St. Paul's. On one occasion Dean Nowell placed in the queen's closet or pew a splendid prayer-book, full of German scriptural engravings, richly illuminated. The zealous queen was furious; the book seemed to her of Catholic tendencies.

"Who placed this book on my cushion? You know I have an aversion to idolatry. The cuts resemble angels and saints—nay, even grosser absurdities."

The frightened dean pleaded innocence of all evil intentions. The queen prayed God to grant him more wisdom for the future, and asked him where they came from. When told Germany, she replied, "It is well it was a stranger. Had it been one of my subjects, we should have questioned the matter."

Once again Dean Nowell vexed the queen—this time by being too strongly Puritan. On Ash Wednesday, 1572, the dean preaching before her, he denounced certain popish superstitions in a book recently dedicated to her majesty. He specially denounced the use of the sign of the cross. Suddenly a harsh voice was heard in the royal closet. It was Elizabeth's. She chidingly bade Mr. Dean return from his ungodly digression and revert to his text. The next day the frightened dean wrote a most abject apology to the high-spirited queen.

The victory over the Armada was, of course, not forgotten at St. Paul's. When the thanksgiving sermon was preached at Paul's Cross, eleven Spanish ensigns waved over the cathedral battlements, and one painted streamer with an image of the Virgin fluttered over the preacher. That was in September; the queen herself came in November, drawn by four white horses, and with her privy council and all the nobility. Elizabeth heard a sermon, and dined at the bishop's palace.

The "aery of children" whom Shakespeare, in *Hamlet*, mentions with the jealousy of a rival manager, were, as Dean Milman has proved, the chorister-boys of St. Paul's. They acted, it is supposed, in their singing-school. The play began at four p.m., after prayers, and the price of admission was 4d. They are known at a later period to

have acted some of Lily's Euphuistic plays, and one of Middleton's.

In this reign lotteries for Government purposes were held at the west door of St. Paul's, where a wooden shed was erected for drawing the prizes, which were first plate and then suits of armour. In the first lottery (1569) there were 40,000 lots at 10s. a lot, and the profits were applied to repairing the harbours of England.

In the reign of James I. blood was again shed before St. Paul's. Years before a bishop had been murdered at the north door; now, before the west entrance, in January, 1605-6, four of the desperate Gunpowder Plot conspirators, Sir Everard Digby, Winter, Grant, and Bates, were there hung, drawn, and quartered. Their attempt to restore the old religion by one blow ended in the hangman's strangling rope and the executioner's cruel knife. In the May following a man of less-proven guilt, Garnet, the Jesuit, suffered the same fate in St. Paul's Churchyard; and zealots of his faith affirmed that on straws saved from the scaffold miraculous portraits of their martyr were discovered.

The ruinous state of the great cathedral, still without a tower, now aroused the king. He tried to saddle the bishop and chapter with its restoration, but Lord Southampton, Shakespeare's friend, interposed to save them. Then the matter went to sleep for twelve years. In 1620 the king again awoke, and came in state with all his lords on horseback, to hear a sermon at the Cross and to view the church. A royal commission followed, Inigo Jones, the king's *protégé*, whom James had brought from Denmark, being one of the commissioners. The sum required was estimated at £22,536. But the king's zeal ended here; his favourite, Buckingham, borrowed, for his Strand palace, the stone collected for St. Paul's, and from parts of it was raised that fine water-gate still existing in the Thames Embankment gardens.

When Charles I. made that narrow-minded churchman, Laud, Bishop of London, one of Laud's first endeavours was to restore St. Paul's. Charles I. was a man of taste, and patronised painting and architecture. Inigo Jones was already building the Banqueting House at Whitehall. The king was so pleased with Inigo's design for the new portico of St. Paul's, that he proposed to pay for that himself. Laud gave £1,200. The fines of the obnoxious and illegal High Commission Court were set apart for the same object. The small sheds and houses round the west front were ruthlessly cleared away. All shops in Cheapside and Lombard Street, except goldsmiths, were to be shut up, that the eastern approach to St. Paul's

might appear more splendid. The church of St. Gregory, at the south-west wing of the cathedral, was removed and rebuilt. Inigo Jones cut away all the decayed stone and crumbling Gothic work of the Cathedral, and on the west portico expended all the knowledge he had acquired in his visit to Rome. The result was a pagan composite, beautiful but incongruous. The front, 161 feet long and 162 feet high, was supported by fourteen Corinthian columns. On the parapet above the pillars Inigo proposed that there should stand ten statues of

1639, a paper was found in the yard of the deanery, before Laud's house, inscribed—"Laud, look to thyself. Be assured that thy life is sought, as thou art the fountain of all wickedness;" and in October, 1640, the High Commission sitting at St. Paul's, nearly 2,000 Puritans made a tumult, tore down the benches in the consistory, and shouted, "We will have no bishops and no High Commission."

The Parliament made short work with St. Paul's, of Laud's projects, and Inigo Jones's classicisms. They at once seized the £17,000 or so left of the

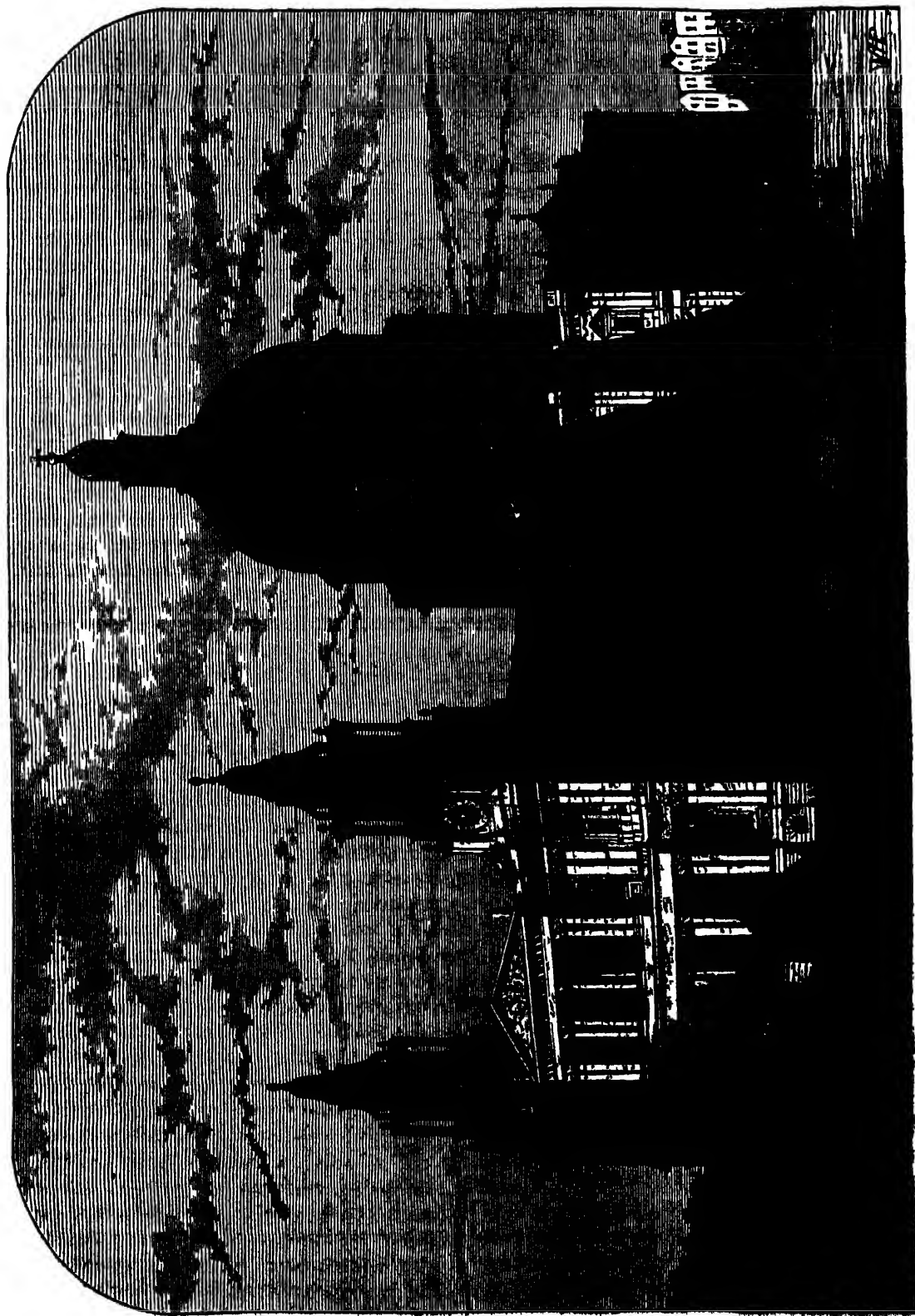


THE CHAPTER HOUSE OF OLD ST. PAUL'S, FROM A VIEW BY HOLLAR (see page 243).

principally benefactors of St. Paul's. At each angle of the west front there was a tower. The portico was intended for a Paul's Walk, to drain off the profanation from within.

Nor were the London citizens backward. One most large-hearted man, Sir Paul Pindar, a Turkey merchant who had been ambassador at Constantinople, and whose house is still to be seen in Bishopsgate Street, contributed £10,000 towards the screen and south transept. The statues of James and Charles were set up over the portico, and the steeple was begun, when the storm arose that soon whistled off the king's unlucky head. The coming troubles cast shadows around St. Paul's. In March,

subscription. To Colonel Jephson's regiment, in arrears for pay, £1,746, they gave the scaffolding round St. Paul's tower, and in pulling it to pieces down came part of St. Paul's south transept. The copes in St. Paul's were burnt, to extract the gold, and the money sent to the unfortunate Protestant poor in Ireland. The silver vessels were sold to buy artillery for Cromwell. There was a story current that Cromwell intended to sell St. Paul's to the Jews for a synagogue. The east end of the church was walled in for a Puritan lecture; the graves were desecrated; the choir became a cavalry barrack; the portico was let out to sempsters and hucksters, who lodged in rooms above; James and Charles



EXTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S FROM THE SOUTH WEST, 1800.

were toppled from the portico; while the pulpit and cross were entirely destroyed. The dragoons in St. Paul's became so troublesome to the inhabitants by their noisy brawling games and their rough interruption of passengers, that in 1651 we find them forbidden to play at ninepins from six a.m. to nine p.m.

When the Restoration came, sunshine again fell upon the ruins. Wren, that great genius, was called in. His report was not very favourable. The pillars were giving way; the whole work had been from the beginning ill designed and ill built; the tower was leaning. He proposed to have a rotunda, with cupola and lantern, to give the church light, "and incomparable more grace" than the lean shaft of a steeple could possibly afford. He closed his report by a eulogy on the portico of Inigo Jones, as "an absolute piece in itself." Some of the stone collected for St. Paul's went, it is said, to build Lord Clarendon's house, near Albemarle Street. On August 27, 1661, good Mr. Evelyn, one of the commissioners, describes meeting Wren, the Bishop and Dean of St. Paul's, &c., and resolving finally on a new foundation. But on Sunday, September 2, the Great Fire drew a red cancelling-line over Wren's half-drawn plans. The old cathedral passed away, like Elijah, in flames. The fire broke out about ten o'clock on Saturday night at a bakehouse in Pudding Lane, near East Smithfield. On Sunday afternoon Pepys found all the goods carried that morning to Cannon Street now removing to Lombard Street. At St. Paul's Wharf he takes water, follows the king's party, and lands at Bankside. "In corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the city, a most horrid, bloody, malicious flame, not like the flame of an ordinary fire." On the 7th he saw St. Paul's Church with all the roof off, and the body of the choir fallen into St. Faith's.

On Monday, the 3rd, Mr. Evelyn describes the whole north of the City on fire, the sky ablaze for ten miles round, and the scaffolds round St. Paul's in flames. On the 4th he saw the stones of St. Paul's flying like grenades, the melting lead running in streams down the streets, the very pavements too hot for the feet, and the approaches too blocked for any help to be applied. A Westminster boy named Taswell, quoted by Dean Milman from "Camden's Miscellany," vol. ii., p. 12, has also sketched the scene. On Monday, the 3rd, from Westminster he saw, about eight o'clock, the fire burst forth, and before nine he could read by the blaze a 16mo "Terence" which he had with him. The boy at once set out for St. Paul's, resting by the way upon Fleet Bridge, being almost faint with

the intense heat of the air. The bells were melting, and vast avalanches of stones were pouring from the walls. Near the east end he found the body of an old woman, who had cowered there, burned to a coal. Taswell also relates that the ashes of the books kept in St. Faith's were blown as far as Eton and Windsor.

On the 7th (Friday) Evelyn again visited St. Paul's. The portico he found rent in pieces, the vast stones split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription on the architrave, not one letter of which was injured. Six acres of lead on the roof were all melted. The roof of St. Faith's had fallen in, and all the stores and books from Paternoster Row were consumed, burning for a week together. Singularly enough, the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the monuments the body of one bishop, Braybroke (Richard II.) remained entire. The old tombs nearly all perished; amongst them those of two Saxon kings, John of Gaunt, his wife Constance of Castile, poor St. Erkenwald, and scores of bishops, good and bad; Sir Nicholas Bacon, Elizabeth's Lord Keeper, and father of the great philosopher; the last of the true knights, the gallant Sir Philip Sidney; and Walsingham, that astute counsellor of Elizabeth. Then there was Sir Christopher Hatton, the dancing chancellor, whose proud monument crowded back Walsingham's and Sidney's. According to the old scoffing distich,

"Philip and Francis they have no tomb,  
For great Christopher takes all the room."

Men of letters in old St. Paul's, says Dean Milman, there were few. The chief were Lily, the grammarian, second master of St. Paul's; and Linacre, the physician, the friend of Colet and Erasmus. Of artists there was at least one great man—Vandyck, who was buried near John of Gaunt. Among citizens, the chief was Sir William Hewet, whose daughter married Osborne, the apprentice who saved her from drowning, and who was the ancestor of the Dukes of Leeds.

After the fire Bishop Sancroft preached in a patched-up part of the west end of the ruins. All hopes of restoration were soon abandoned, as Wren had, with his instinctive genius, predicted. Sancroft at once wrote to the great architect, "What you last whispered in my ear is now come to pass. A pillar has fallen, and the rest threatens to follow." The letter concludes thus: "You are so absolutely necessary to us, that we can do nothing, resolve on nothing, without you." There was plenty of zeal in London still; but, nevertheless, after all, nothing was done in the way of rebuilding till the year 1673.

## CHAPTER XXI.

ST. PAUL'S (*continued*).

The Rebuilding of St. Paul's—III Treatment of its Architect—Cost of the Present Fabric—Royal Visitors—The First Grave in St. Paul's—Monuments in St. Paul's—Nelson's Funeral—Military Heroes in St. Paul's—The Duke of Wellington's Funeral—Other Great Men in St. Paul's—Proposals for the Completion and Decoration of the Building—Dimensions of St. Paul's—Plan of Construction—The Dome, Ball, and Cross—Mr. Horner and his Observatory—Two Narrow Escapes—Sir James Thornhill—Peregrine Falcon on St. Paul's—Nooks and Corners of the Cathedral—The Library, Trophy Room, and Clock—The Great Bell—The New Peal of Bells—Curious Story of a Monomaniac—The Poets and the Cathedral—Discovery of Ancient Foundations—St. Paul's Churchyard Gardens

TOWARDS the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral, Charles II., generous as usual in promises, offered an annual contribution of £1,000; but this, however, never seems to have been paid. It, no doubt, went to pay Nell Gwynne's losses at the gambling-table, or to feed the Duchess of Portsmouth's lap-dogs. Some £1,700 in fines, however, were set apart for the new building. The Primate Sheldon gave £2,000. Many of the bishops contributed largely, and there were parochial collections all over England. But the bulk of the money was obtained from the City duty on coals, which, as Dean Milman remarks, in time had their revenge by destroying the stone-work of the Cathedral. It was only by a fortunate accident that Wren became the builder, for Charles II., whose tastes and vices were all French, had in vain invited over Perrault, the designer of one of the fronts of the Louvre.

The great architect, Wren, was the son of a Dean of Windsor, and nephew of a Bishop of Norwich whom Cromwell had imprisoned for his Romish tendencies. From a boy Wren had shown a genius for scientific discovery. He distinguished himself in almost every branch of knowledge, and to his fruitful brain we are indebted for some fifty-two suggestive discoveries. He now hoped to rebuild London on a magnificent scale; but it was not to be. Even in the plans for the new cathedral Wren was from the beginning thwarted and impeded. Ignorance, envy, jealousy, and selfishness met him at every line he drew. He made two designs—the first a Greek, the second a Latin cross. The Greek cross the clergy considered as unsuitable for a cathedral. The model for it, which is still preserved in the Cathedral, was for some time on view at the South Kensington Museum, having been lent for that purpose by the Dean and Chapter. The interior of the first design is by many considered superior to the present interior. The present recesses along the aisles of the nave, tradition says, were insisted on by James II., who thought they would be useful as side chapels when masses were once more introduced.

The first stone was laid by Wren on the east

June, 1675, but there was no public ceremonial. Soon after the great geometrician had drawn the circle for the beautiful dome, he sent a workman for a stone to mark the exact centre. The man returned with a fragment of a tombstone, on which was the one ominous word, as every one observed, "Resurgam!" The ruins of old St. Paul's were stubborn. When they tried to blow up the tower, a passer-by was killed, and Wren, with his usual ingenuity, resorted successfully to the old Roman battering-ram, which soon cleared a way. "I build for eternity," said Wren, with the true confidence of genius, as he searched for a firm foundation. Below the Norman, Saxon, and Roman graves he dug and probed till he could find the most reliable stratum. Below the loam was sand; under the sand a layer of fresh-water shells; under these were sand, gravel, and London clay. At the north-east corner of the dome Wren was vexed by coming upon a pit dug by the Roman potters in search of clay. He, however, began from the solid earth a strong pier of masonry, and above turned a short arch to the former foundation. He also slanted the new building more to the north-east than its predecessor, in order to widen the street south of St. Paul's.

Well begun is half done. The Cathedral grew fast, and in two-and-twenty years from the laying of the first stone the choir was opened for Divine service. The master mason who helped to lay the first stone assisted in fixing the last in the lantern. A great day was chosen for the opening of St. Paul's. December 2nd, 1697, was the thanksgiving day for the Peace of Ryswick—the treaty which humbled France, and seated William firmly and permanently on the English throne. The king, much against his will, was persuaded to stay at home by his courtiers, who dreaded armed Jacobites among the 300,000 people who would throng the streets. Worthy Bishop Compton, who, dressed as a trooper, had guarded the Princess Anne in her flight from her father, preached that inspiring sermon on the text, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." Even then till now the daily voice of prayer and praise has never ceased in St. Paul's.



Queen Anne, during her eventful reign, went seven times to St. Paul's in solemn procession, to commemorate victories over France or Spain. The first of these (1702) was a jubilee for Marlborough's triumph in the Low Countries and Rooke's destruction of the Spanish fleet at Vigo. The Queen sat on a raised and canopied throne; the Duke of Marlborough, as Groom of the Stole, on a stool behind her. The Lords and Commons, who had arrived in procession, were arranged in the choir. The brave old Whig Bishop of Exeter, Sir Jonathan Trelawny ("And shall Trelawny die?"), preached the sermon. Guns at the Tower, on the river, and in St. James's Park, were fired at the Te Deum, and when the Queen started and returned. In 1704, the victory of Blenheim was celebrated; in 1705, the forcing of the French lines at Tirllemont; in 1706, the battle of Ramillies and Lord Peterborough's successes in Spain; in 1707, more triumphs; in 1708, the battle of Oudenarde; and last of all, in 1713, the Peace of Utrecht, when the Queen was unable to attend. On this last day the charity children of London, 4,000 in number, first attended outside the church.

St. Paul's was already, to all intents and purposes, completed. The dome was ringed with its golden gallery, and crowned with its glittering cross. In 1710, Wren's son and the body of Freemasons had laid the highest stone of the lantern of the cupola. But now commenced the bitterest mortifications of Wren's life. The commissioners had dwindled down to Dean Godolphin and six or seven civilians from Doctors' Commons. Wren's old friends were dead. His foes compelled him to pile the organ on the screen, though he had intended it to be under the north-west arch of the choir, where it was placed later. Wren wished to use mosaic for internal decoration; they pronounced it too costly, and they took the painting of the cupola out of Wren's hands, and gave it to Hogarth's father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill. They complained of wilful delay in the work, and accused Wren or his assistant of corruption; they also withheld part of his salary till the work was completed. Wren covered the cupola with lead, at a cost of £2,500; the committee were for copper, at £3,050. About the iron railing for the churchyard there was also wrangling. Wren wished a low fence, to leave the vestibule and the steps free and open. The commissioners thought Wren's design mean and weak, and chose the heavy and cumbrous iron-work, which spoilt the view of the west front, and was only removed in 1874.

The new organ, by Father Bernard Smith, which cost £2,000, was shorn of its full size by Wren,

perhaps in vexation at its misplacement. The paltry statue of Queen Anne, in the churchyard, was by Bird, and cost £1,130, exclusive of the marble, which the Queen provided. The carvings in the choir, by Grinling Gibbons, cost £1,337 7s. 5d. On some of the exterior sculpture Cibber worked.

In 1718 a violent pamphlet appeared, written, it was supposed, by one of the commissioners. It accused Wren's head workmen of pilfering timber and cracking the bells. Wren proved the charges to be malicious and untrue. The commissioners now insisted on adding a stone balustrade all round St. Paul's, in spite of Wren's protests. He condemned the addition as "contrary to the principles of architecture, and as breaking into the harmony of the whole design;" but, he said, "ladies think nothing well without an edging."

The next year, the commissioners went a step further. Wren, then eighty-six years old, and in his forty-ninth year of office, was dismissed without apology from his post of Surveyor of Public Works. The German Court, hostile to all who had served the Stuarts, appointed in his place a poor pretender, named Benson. This charlatan—now only remembered by a line in the "Dunciad," which ridicules the singular vanity of a man who erected a monument to Milton in Westminster Abbey, and crowded the marble with his own titles—was afterwards dismissed from his surveyorship with ignominy, but had yet influence enough at Court to escape prosecution and obtain several valuable sinecures. Wren retired to his house at Hampton Court, and there sought consolation in philosophical and religious studies. Once a year, says Horace Walpole, the good old man was carried to St. Paul's, to contemplate the glorious *chef-d'œuvre* of his genius. Steele, in the *Tatler*, refers to Wren's vexations, and attributes them to his modesty and bashfulness.

The total sum expended on the building of St. Paul's Cathedral, according to Dean Milman, was £736,752 2s. 3½d.; a small residue from the coal duty was all that was left for future repairs. To this Dean Clark added about £500, part of the profits arising from an Essex estate, the gift of an old Saxon king, leased from the Dean and Chapter. The charge of the fabric was vested not in the Dean and Chapter, but in the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the Lord Mayor for the time being. These trustees elect the surveyor and audit the accounts.

On the accession of George I. (1715), the new king, princes, and princesses went in state to St. Paul's. Seventy years elapsed before an English king again entered Wren's cathedral. In April,



1789, George III. went thither to thank God for his temporary recovery from insanity. Queen Charlotte, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York were present, and both Houses of Parliament. Bishop Porteus preached the sermon, and 6,000 charity children joined in the service. In 1797 King George came again to attend a thanksgiving for Lord Duncan's and Lord Howe's naval victories; French, Spanish, and Dutch flags waved above the procession, and Sir Horatio Nelson was there among other heroes.

The first grave sunk in St. Paul's was fittingly that of Wren, its builder. He lies in the place of honour, the extreme east of the crypt. The black marble slab is railed in, and the light from a small window-grating falls upon the venerated name. Sir Christopher died in 1723, aged ninety-one. The fine inscription, "Si monumentum requiris, circumspecte," written probably by his son, or by Mylne, the builder of Blackfriars Bridge, was formerly in front of the organ-gallery, but is now placed over the north-western entrance.

The clergy of St. Paul's were for a long time jealous of allowing any monument in the cathedral. Dean Newton wished for one, but that was afterwards erected in St. Mary-le-Bow. A better man than the vain, place-hunting dean was the first so honoured. The earliest statue admitted was that of the benevolent Howard, who had mitigated suffering and sorrow in all the prisons of Europe; he stands at the corner of the dome facing that half-stripped athlete, Dr. Johnson; and the two are generally taken by country visitors for St. Peter and St. Paul. He who with Goldsmith had wandered through the Abbey, wondering if one day their names might not be recorded there, found a grave in Westminster, and, thanks to Reynolds, the first place of honour. Sir Joshua himself, as one of our greatest painters, took the third place, that Hogarth should have occupied; and the fourth was awarded to that great Oriental scholar, Sir William Jones. The clerical opposition was now broken through, for the world felt that the Abbey was full enough, and that St. Paul's required adorning.

Henceforward St. Paul's was chiefly set apart for naval and military heroes whom the city could best appreciate, while the poets, great writers, and statesmen were honoured in the Abbey, and laid among the old historic dead. From the beginning our sculptors resorted to pagan emblems and pagan allegorical figures; the result is that St. Paul's resembles a Pantheon of the Lower Empire, and is a hospital of third-rate art. The first naval conqueror so honoured was Rodney; Ross received £6,000 for his cold and clumsy design;

Lord Howe's statue followed; and next that of Lord Duncan, the hero of Camperdown. It is a simple statue by Westmacott, with a seaman and his wife and child on the pedestal. For Lord St. Vincent Bailey produced a colossal statue and the usual scribbling, History and a trumpeting Victory.

Then came Nelson's brothers in arms—men of lesser mark; but the nation was grateful, and the Government was anxious to justify its wars by its victories. St. Paul's was growing less particular, and now opened its arms to the best men it could get. Many of Nelson's captains preceded him on the red road to death—Westcott, who fell at Aboukir; Mosse and Riou, who fell before Copenhagen, a far from stainless victory. Riou was the brave man whom Campbell immortalised in his fiery "Battle of the Baltic." Riou lies

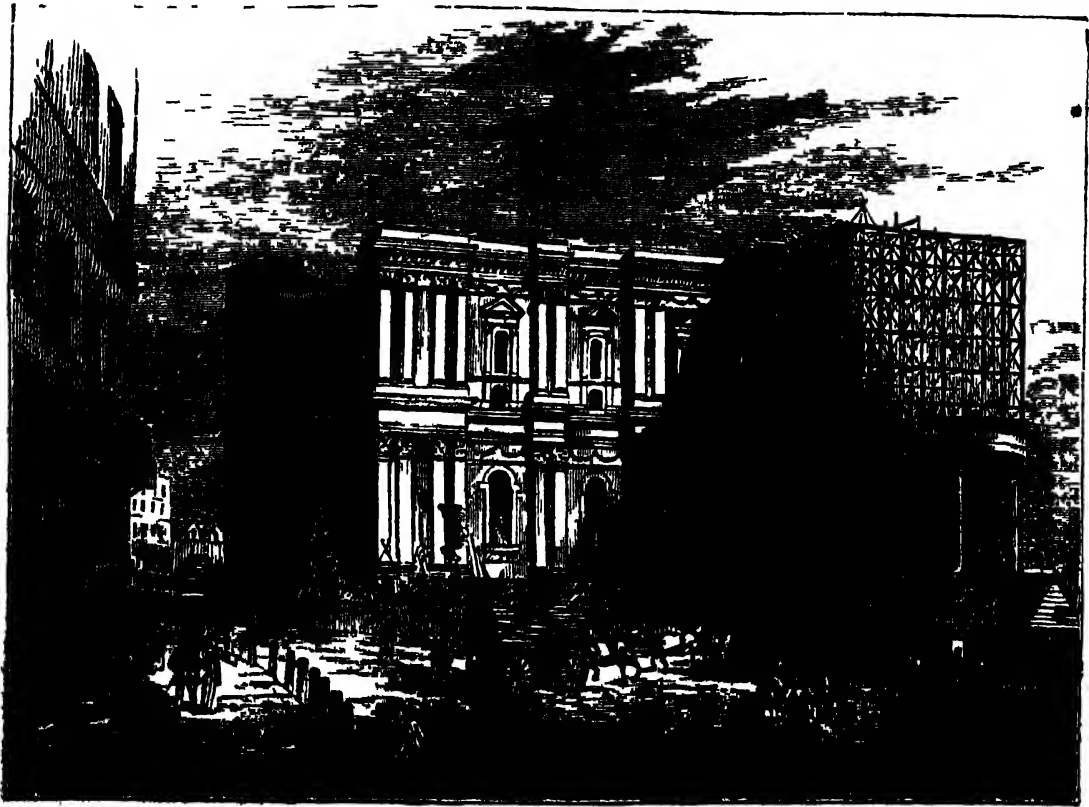
"Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore."

Then at last, in 1806, came a hero worthy, indeed, of such a building—Nelson himself. At what a moment had Nelson expired!—at the close of a victory that had annihilated the fleets of France and Spain, and secured to Britain the empire of the seas. The whole nation that day shed tears of "pride and of sorrow." The Prince of Wales and all his brothers led the procession of nearly 8,000 soldiers, the chief mourner being Admiral Parker, whose name is connected with the Mutiny of the Nore. Nelson's coffin was formed out of a mast of the *L'Orient*—a vessel blown up at the battle of the Nile—presented to Nelson by his friend, the captain of the *Swiftsure*. The sarcophagus, singularly enough, had been designed by Michael Angelo's contemporary, Torreguiano, for Wolsey, in the days of his most insatiable pride, and had remained ever since in Wolsey's chapel at Windsor; Nelson's flag was to have been placed over the coffin, but as it was about to be lowered, the sailors who had borne it, as if by an irresistible impulse, stepped forward and tore it in pieces, for relics. Dean Milman, who, as a youth, was present, says, "I heard, or fancied I heard, the low wail of the sailors who encircled the remains of their admiral." Nelson's trusty companion, Lord Collingwood, who led the vanguard at Trafalgar, sleeps near his old captain, and Lord Northesk, who led the rear-guard, is buried opposite. A brass plate on the pavement under the dome marks the spot of Nelson's tomb. The monument, for Nelson, inconveniently placed at the opening of the choir, is by one of our greatest sculptors, Flaxman. It is hardly worthy of the wonderful and the figures on the pedestal are worthy.

Lyons is the last admiral whose monument has been erected in St. Paul's.

The military heroes have been contributed by various wars, just and unjust, successful and the reverse. There is that tough old veteran, Lord Heathfield, who drove off two angry nations from the scorched rock of Gibraltar, Sir Isaac Brock, who fell near Niagara; Sir Ralph Abercromby, who perished in Egypt; and Sir John Moore, who played so well a losing game at Corunna. Hosts of Wellington's soldiers lie in St. Paul's—brave men, who

15,000 persons were present. The impressive funeral procession, with the representatives of the various regiments, and the solemn bursts of the "Dead March in Saul" at measured intervals, can never be forgotten by those who were present. The pall was borne by the general officers who had fought by the side of Wellington, and the cathedral was illuminated for the occasion. The service was read by Dean Milman, who had been, as we have before mentioned, a spectator of Nelson's funeral. So perfectly adapted for sound is St. Paul's, that



THE REBUILDING OF ST. PAUL'S FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE POSSESSION OF J. G. CRACE, ESQ.

sacrificed their lives at Talavera, Vimiera, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, Vittoria, and Bayonne. Nor has our proud and just nation disdained to honour even equally gallant men who were defeated. There are monuments in St. Paul's to the vanquished at Bergen-op-Zoom, New Orleans, and Baltimore.

That climax of victory, Waterloo, brought Ponsonby and Picton to St. Paul's. Picton lies in the vestibule of the Wellington chapel. Thirty-seven years after Waterloo, in the fulness of his years, Wellington was deservedly honoured by a tomb in St. Paul's. It was impossible to lay him beside Nelson, so the eastern chapel of the crypt was appropriated for his sarcophagus. From 12,000 to

though the walls were muffled with black cloth, the Dean's voice could be heard distinctly, even up in the western gallery. A monument to the "iron Duke," consisting of a recumbent effigy surmounted by a canopy adorned with military trophies, from the designs of the late Mr. Stevens, was completed in 1878.

After Nelson and Wellington, the lesser names seem to dwindle down. Yet among the great, pure, and good, we may mention, there are some Crimean memorials. There also is the monument of Cornwallis, that good Governor-General of India; those of the two Napiers, the historian and the conqueror of Scinde, true knights both; that

of Elphinstone, who twice refused the dignity of Governor-General of India; and that of the saviour of our Indian empire, Sir Henry Lawrence. Nor should we forget the monuments of two Indian bishops—the scholarly Middleton, and the excellent and lovable Heber. There is an unsatisfactory

monument in such a place, is the historian Hallam, a calm, sometimes cold, but always impartial writer.

In the crypt near Wren lie many of our most celebrated English artists. Sir Joshua Reynolds died in 1792. His pall was borne by poets, and upwards of a hundred carriages followed his hearse.



THE CHOIR OF ST. PAUL'S BEFORE THE REMOVAL OF THE SCREEN, from an engraving published in 1750.

statue of Turner, by Bailey; and monuments to Dr. Babington, a London physician, and Sir Astley Cooper, the great surgeon. The ambitious monument to Viscount Melbourne, the Queen's first prime minister, by Baron Marochetti, stands in one of the alcoves of the nave; great gates of black marble represent the entrance to a tomb, guarded by two figures of white marble at the portals. More worthy than the gay Melbourne of the honours of a

Near him lies his successor as president, William Quaker painter; courtly Lawrence; Barry, whom Reynolds detested; rough, clever Opie; and eccentric Fuseli. In this goodly company sleeps a greater than all of these—John William Turner, the first landscape painter of the world. He had requested to be buried as near to his old master, Raphael, as he could get. It is said that Turner, when he was dying, said that

threatened to make his shroud out of his grand picture of "The Building of Carthage." In this spot also rest Robert Mylne and Charles Robert Cockerell, the eminent architects, Sir Edwin Landseer, George Cruikshank, and Dean Milman.

Only one robbery has occurred in modern times in St. Paul's. In December, 1810, the plate repository of the cathedral was broken open by thieves, with the connivance of, as is supposed, some official, and 1,761 ounces of plate, valued at above £2,000, were stolen. The thieves broke open nine doors to get at the treasure, which was never afterwards heard of. The spoil included the chased silver-gilt covers of the large (1640) Bible, chalices, plates, tankards, and candlesticks.

The cathedral, left colourless and blank by Wren, has never yet been finished. The Protestant choir remains in one corner, like a dry, shrivelled nut in a large shell. Like the proud snail in the fable, that took possession of the lobster-shell and starved there, we remained for more than a century complacently content with our unfurnished house. At length our tardy zeal awoke. In 1858 the Bishop of London wrote to the Dean and Chapter, urging a series of Sunday evening services, for the benefit of the floating masses of Londoners. Dean Milman replied, at once warming to the proposal, and suggesting also the decoration and completion of St. Paul's. The earnest appeal for "the noblest church, in its style, of Christian Europe, the master piece of Wren, the glory and pride of London," was at once responded to. A committee of the leading merchants and bankers was formed, including those great authorities, Sir Charles Barry, Sir Cockerell, Mr. Tite, and Mr. Penrose. They were resolved to gladden the eye with colour, without disturbing the solemn and harmonious simplicity. Paintings, mosaics, marble and gilding were requisite; the dome was to be relieved of its lifeless *grisailles*; and above all, stained-glass windows were pronounced indispensable.

The dome had originally been filled by Thornhill with eight scenes from the life of St. Paul. He received for them the not very munificent but quite adequate sum of 40s. per square yard. They soon began to show symptoms of decay, and Mr. Parris, the painter, invented an apparatus by which they could easily be repaired, but no funds could then be found; yet when the paintings fell off in flakes, much money and labour was expended on the restoration, which has now proved useless. Mr. Penrose has shown that so ignorant was Sir James of perspective, that his painted architecture has actually the effect of making Wren's thirty-two pilasters seem to lean forward.

Much has already been done in St. Paul's. Two out of the eight large spandrel pictures round the dome are already executed. There are eventually to be four evangelists and four major prophets. Above the gilt rails of the whispering gallery an inscription on a mosaic and gold ground has been placed. A marble memorial pulpit has been put up. The screen has been removed, and the organ, greatly enlarged and improved, has been divided into two parts, which have been placed on either side of the choir, above the stalls; the dome is lighted with gas, the golden gallery, ball, and cross have been re-gilt. Ten stained-glass windows have been inserted, and among the donors have been the Drapers' and Goldsmiths' Companies, there are also memorial windows to the late Bishop Blomfield, W. Cotton, Esq., and Dean Mansel. The Grocers', Merchant Taylors', Goldsmiths', Mercers, and Fishmongers' Companies have generously gilt the vaults of the choir and the arches adjoining the dome. Some fifty or more windows still require stained glass. The wall panels are to be in various places adorned with unlaid marbles. It is not intended that St. Paul's should try to rival St. Peter's at Rome in exuberance of ornament, but it still requires a good deal of clothing. The great army of sable martyrs in marble have been at last washed white, and the fire-engines might now advantageously be used upon the exterior.

A few figures about the dimensions of St. Paul's will not be uninteresting. The cathedral is 2,292 feet in circumference, and the height from the nave pavement to the top of the cross is 365 feet. The height of St. Peter's at Rome being 432 feet, St. Paul's could stand inside St. Peter's. The western towers are 220 feet high. From east to west, St. Paul's is 500 feet long, while St. Peter's is 669 feet. The cupola is considered by many as more graceful than that of St. Peter's, "though in its connection with the church by an order higher than that below it there is a violation of the laws of the art." The external appearance of St. Paul's rivals, if not excels, that of St. Peter's, but the inside is much inferior. The double portico of St. Paul's has been greatly censured. The commissioners insisted on twelve columns, as emblematical of the twelve apostles, and Wren could not obtain stones of sufficient size; but, as Mr. Gwilt observes, it would have been better to have had joined pillars rather than a Composite heaped on a Corinthian portico. In the tympanum is the Conversion of St. Paul, sculptured in high relief by Bird; on the apex is a colossal figure of St. Paul, and on the right and left are St. Peter and St.

James. Over the southern portico is sculptured the Phoenix; over the north are the royal arms and regalia, while on each side stand on guard five statues of the apostles. The ascent to the whispering gallery is by 260 steps, to the outer and highest golden gallery 560 steps, and to the ball 616 steps. The outer golden gallery is at the summit of the dome. The inner golden gallery is at the base of the lantern. Through this the ascent is by ladders to the small dome, immediately below the inverted consoles which support the ball and cross. Ascending through the cross iron-work in the centre, you look into the dark ball, which is said to weigh 5,600 pounds, thence to the cross, which weighs 3,360 pounds, and is 30 feet high. In 1821-2 Mr. Cockerell removed for a time the ball and cross.

From the haunches of the dome, says Mr. Gwilt, 200 feet above the pavement of the church, another cone of brickwork commences, 85 feet high and 94 feet in diameter at the bottom. This cone is pierced with apertures, as well for the purpose of diminishing its weight as for distributing the light between it and the outer dome. At the top it is gathered into a dome in the form of a hyperboloid, pierced near the vertex with an aperture 12 feet in diameter. The top of this cone is 285 feet from the pavement, and carries a lantern 55 feet high, terminating in a dome whereon a ball and (Aveline) cross is raised. The last-named cone is provided with corbels, sufficient in number to receive the hammer-beams of the external dome, which is of oak, and its base 220 feet from the pavement, its summit being level with the top of the cone. In form it is nearly hemispherical, and generated by radii 57 feet in length, whose centres are in a horizontal diameter passing through its base. The cone and the interior dome are restrained in their lateral thrust on the supports by four tiers of strong iron chains (weighing 95 cwt. 3 qrs. 23 lbs.), placed in grooves prepared for their reception, and run with lead. The lowest of these is inserted in masonry round their common base, and the other three at different heights on the exterior of the cone. Over the intersection of the nave and transepts for the external work, and for a height of 25 feet above the roof of the church, a cylindrical wall rises, whose diameter is 146 feet. Between it and the lower conical wall is a space, but at intervals they are connected by cross-walls. This cylinder is quite plain, but perforated by two courses of rectangular apertures. On it stands a peristyle of thirty columns of the Corinthian order, 40 feet high, including bases and capitals, with a pila entablature crowned by a balustrade. In this peristyle every fourth intercolumniation is filled up

solid, with a niche, and connection is provided between it and the wall of the lower cone. Vertically over the base of that cone, above the peristyle, rises another cylindrical wall, appearing above the balustrade. It is ornamented with pilasters, between which are two tiers of rectangular windows. From this wall the external dome springs. The lantern receives no support from it. It is merely ornamental, differing entirely, in that respect, from the dome of St. Peter's.

In 1822 Mr. Horner passed the summer in the lantern, sketching the metropolis, he afterwards erected an observatory several feet higher than the cross, and made sketches for a panorama on a surface of 1,680 feet of drawing paper. From these sheets was painted a panorama of London and its environs, first exhibited at the Colosseum, in Regent's Park, in 1829. The view from St. Paul's extends for twenty miles round. On the south the horizon is bounded by Leith Hill. In high winds the scaffold used to creak and whistle like a ship labouring in a storm, and once the observatory was torn from its lashings and turned partly over on the edge of the platform. The sight and sounds of awaking London are said to have much impressed the artist.

On entering the cathedral, says Mr. Horner, at three in the morning, the stillness which then prevailed in the streets of this populous city, contrasted with their midday bustle, was only surpassed by the more solemn and sepulchral stillness of the cathedral itself. But not less impressive was the development at that early hour of the immense scene from its lofty summit, whence was frequently beheld "the forest of London," without any indication of animated existence. It was interesting to mark the gradual symptoms of returning life, until the rising sun vivified the whole into activity, bustle, and business. On one occasion Mr. Horner passed the night in the observatory, for the purpose of meeting the first glimpse of day; but the cold was so intense as to preclude any wish to repeat the experiment.

Mr. Horner, in his narrative, mentions a narrow escape of Mr. Gwyn, while engaged in measuring the top of the dome in order to make a correct drawing of the cathedral. While absorbed in his work Mr. Gwyn slipped down the gleaming face of the dome till his foot was stopped by a projecting lump of lead. In this awful position, like a man hanging to the moon, he remained, when one of his assistants providentially saw him.

The following was, if possible, a narrow escape. When Sir James Thompson was



the cupola of St. Paul's Cathedral, a gentleman of his acquaintance was one day with him on the scaffolding, which, though wide, was not railed; he had just finished the head of one of the apostles, and running back, as is usual with painters, to observe the effect, had almost reached the extremity; the gentleman, seeing his danger, and not having time for words, snatched up a large brush and smeared the face. Sir James ran hastily forward, crying out, "Bless my soul, what have you done?" "I have only saved your life!" responded his friend.

Sir James Thornhill was the son of a reduced Dorsetshire gentleman. His uncle, the well-known physician, Dr. Sydenham, helped to educate him. He travelled abroad to see the works of the old masters, and on his return Queen Anne appointed him to paint the dome of St. Paul's. He was considered to have executed the work, in the eight panels, "in a noble manner." "He afterwards," says Pilkington, "executed several public works—painting, at Hampton Court, the Queen and Prince George of Denmark, allegorically; and in the chapel of All Souls, Oxford, the portrait of the founder, over the altar, the ceiling, and figures between the windows. His masterpiece is the refectory and saloon at Greenwich Hospital. He was knighted by George II. He died May 4, 1734, leaving a son, John, who became serjeant-painter to the king, and a daughter, who married Hogarth. He was a well-made and pleasant man, and sat in Parliament for some years."

The cathedral was artificially secured from lightning, according to the suggestion of the Royal Society, in 1769. The seven iron scrolls supporting the ball and cross are connected with other rods (used merely as conductors), which unite them with several large bars descending obliquely to the stone-work of the lantern, and connected by an iron ring with four other iron bars to the lead covering of the great cupola, a distance of forty-eight feet; thence the communication is continued by the rain-water pipes, which pass into the earth, thus completing the entire communication from the cross to the ground, partly through iron and partly through lead. On the clock-tower a bar of iron connects the pine-apple on the top with the iron staircase, and thence with the lead on the roof of the church. The bell-tower is similarly protected. By these means the metal used in the building is made available as conductors, the metal employed merely for that purpose being exceedingly small in quantity.

In 1841 the exterior of the dome was repaired by workmen resting upon a shifting iron frame. In 1848 a scaffold and observatory, as shown on

page 258, were raised round the cross, and in three months some four thousand observations were made for a new trigonometrical survey of London.

Harting, in his "Birds of Middlesex," mentions the peregrine falcons of St. Paul's. "A pair of these birds," he says, "for many years frequented the top of St. Paul's, where it was supposed they had a nest; and a gentleman with whom I am acquainted has assured me that a friend of his once saw a peregrine strike down a pigeon in London, his attention having been first attracted by seeing a crowd of persons gazing upwards at the hawk as it sailed in circles over the houses." A pair of hawks frequenting the buildings at Westminster Abbey is referred to in "Annals of an Eventful Life," by Sir George Dasent.

A few nooks and corners of the cathedral have still escaped us. The library in the gallery over the southern aisle was formed by Bishop Compton, and consists of some 7,000 volumes, including some manuscripts from old St. Paul's. The room contains some loosely hung flowers, exquisitely carved in wood by Grinling Gibbons, and the floor is composed of 2,300 pieces of oak, inlaid without nails or pegs. At the end of the gallery is a geometrical staircase of 110 steps, which was constructed by Wren to furnish a private access to the library. In crossing thence to the northern gallery, we gain a fine view of the entire vista of the cathedral. What was once the Trophy-room—so called from its having contained Wren's first model for the re-building of the cathedral, and some old tattered flags—has since been used as a practising-room for the choir, and for meetings of the clergy, lay-helpers, &c. A staircase from the southern gallery leads to the south-western campanile tower, in which is the clock-room. The clock, which cost £300, was made by Langley Bradley in 1708. The minute-hands are 9 feet 8 inches long, and weigh 75 pounds each. The pendulum is 16 feet long, and the bob weighs 180 pounds, and yet is suspended by a spring no thicker than a shilling. The clock goes eight days, and strikes the hours on the great bell, the clapper of which weighs 180 pounds. Below the great bell are two smaller bells, on which the clock strikes the quarters. In the northern tower is the bell that tolls for prayers. Mr. E. B. Denison pronounced the St. Paul's bell, although the smallest, as by far the best of the four large bells of England—York, Lincoln, and Oxford being the other three.

The great bell of St. Paul's (about five tons) has a diameter of nine feet, and weighs 11,474 pounds. It was cast from the metal of Great Tom, a bell that once hung in a clock tower, and was



Westminster Hall. It was given away in 1698 by William III., and bought for St. Paul's for £385 17s. 6d. It was re-cast in 1716. The key-note (tonic) or sound of this bell is A flat—perhaps A natural—of the old pitch. It is never tolled but at the death or funeral of any of the Royal Family, the Bishop of London, the Dean, or the Lord Mayor, should he die during his mayoralty.

In 1878 a fine peal of bells was hung in the campanile tower, at the north-western corner of the cathedral. They were cast at the expense of the principal City Companies, aided by a gift from Lady Burdett-Coutts. The bells are twelve in number, and are inscribed with the names of the several Companies who gave them, also the date of their casting, together with appropriate legends.

Before the time of the present St. Paul's, and as long ago as the reign of Henry VII., there is on record a well-attested story of a young girl who, going to confess, was importuned by the monk then on his turn there for the purpose of confession in the building; and quickly escaping from him up the stairs of the great clock tower, raised the clapper or hammer of the bell of the clock, just as it had finished striking twelve, and, by means of the roof, eluded her assailant and got away. On accusing him, as soon as she reached her friends and home, she called attention to the fact of the clock having struck thirteen that time; and on those in the immediate neighbourhood of the cathedral being asked if so unusual a thing had been heard, they said it was so. This proved the story, and the monk was degraded.

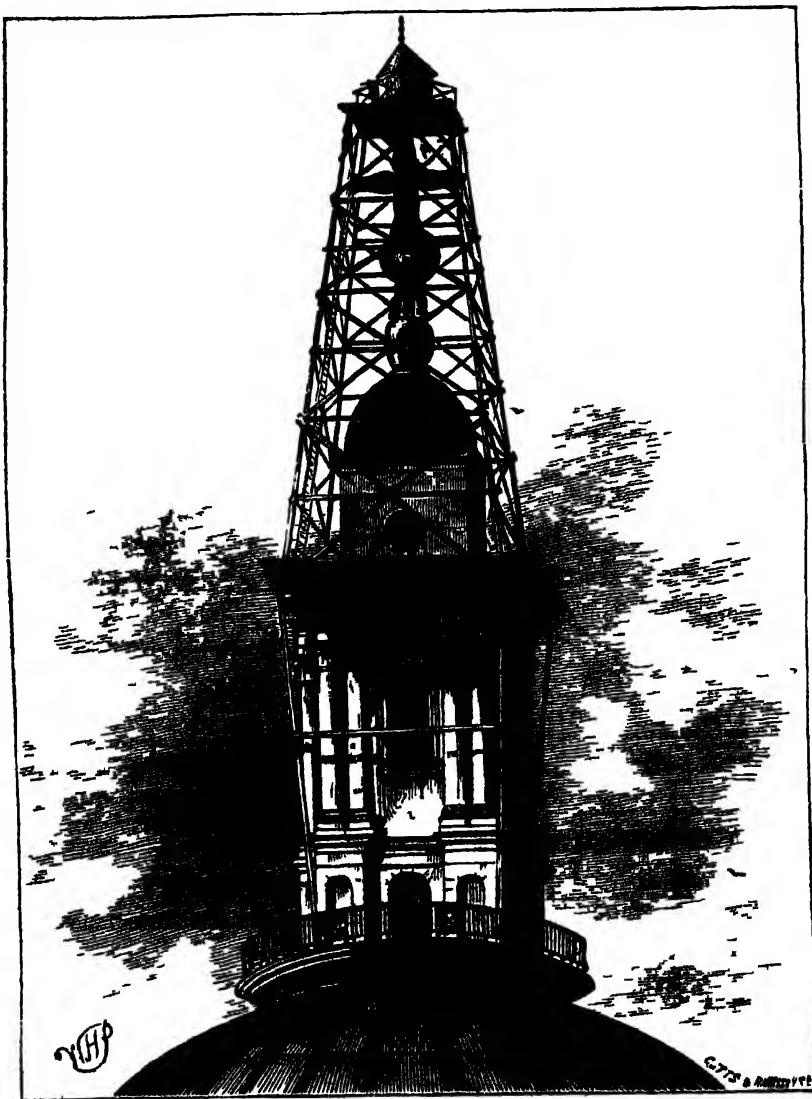
And here we may insert a curious story of a monomaniac whose madness was associated with St. Paul's. Dr. Pritchard, in an essay on "Somnambulism and Animal Magnetism," in the "Cyclopædia of Medicine," gives the following remarkable case of ecstasis:—

A gentleman about thirty-five years of age, of active habits and good constitution, living in the neighbourhood of London, had complained for about five weeks of a slight headache. He was feverish, inattentive to his occupation, and negligent of his family. He had been cupped, and taken some purgative medicine, when he was visited by Dr. Arnould, of Camberwell. By that gentleman's advice, he was sent to a private asylum, where he remained about two years. His delusions very gradually subsided, and he was afterwards restored to his family. The account which he gave of himself was, almost verbatim, as follows:—One afternoon, in the month of May, feeling himself a little unsettled, and not inclined to business, he

thought he would take a walk into the City to amuse his mind; and having strolled into St. Paul's Churchyard, he stopped at the shop-window of Carrington and Bowles, and looked at the pictures, among which was one of the cathedral. He had not been long there before a short, grave-looking, elderly gentleman, dressed in dark brown clothes, came up and began to examine the prints, and, occasionally casting a glance at him, very soon entered into conversation with him; and, praising the view of St. Paul's which was exhibited at the window, told him many anecdotes of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, and asked him at the same time if he had ever ascended to the top of the dome. He replied in the negative. The stranger then inquired if he had dined, and proposed that they should go to an eating-house in the neighbourhood, and said that after dinner he would accompany him up St. Paul's. "It was a glorious afternoon for a view, and he was so familiar with the place that he could point out every object worthy of attention." The kindness of the old gentleman's manner induced him to comply with the invitation, and they went to a tavern in some dark alley, the name of which he did not know. They dined, and very soon left the table and ascended to the ball, just below the cross, which they entered alone. They had not been there many minutes when, while he was gazing on the extensive prospect, and delighted with the splendid scene below him, the grave gentleman pulled out from an inside coat-pocket something resembling a compass, having round the edges some curious figures. Then, having muttered some unintelligible words, he placed it in the centre of the ball. He felt a great trembling and a sort of horror come over him, which was increased by his companion asking him if he should like to see any friend at a distance, and to know what he was at that moment doing, for if so the latter could show him any such person. It happened that his father had been for a long time in bad health, and for some weeks past he had not visited him. A sudden thought came into his mind, so powerful that it overcame all terror, that he should like to see his father. He had no sooner expressed the wish than the person of his father was immediately presented to his sight in the mirror, reclining in a chair and taking his afternoon sleep. He fully believed in the power of the vision, and, to make good his offer, he became so agitated with terror at the clearness and truth of the vision presented to him, and he expressed to his companion that they were both

as he felt very ill. The request was complied with, and on parting under the portico of the northern entrance the stranger said to him, "Remember, you are the slave of the Man of the Mirror!" He returned in the evening to his home, he does not know exactly at what hour;

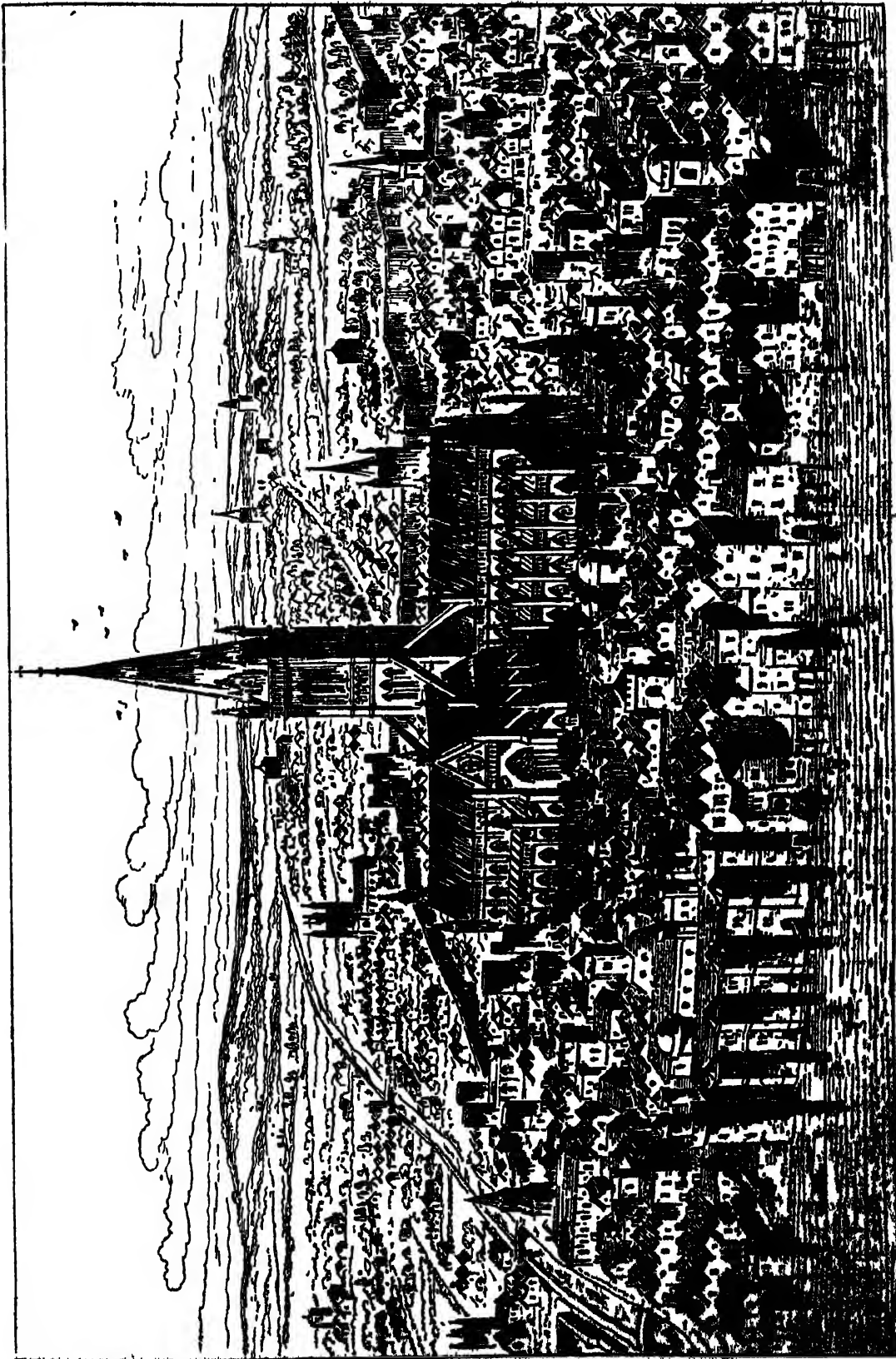
there is no concealment from him, for all places are alike open to him; he sees us and he hears us now.' I asked him where this being was who saw and heard us. He replied, in a voice of deep agitation, 'Have I not told you that he lives in the ball below the cross on the top of St. Paul's, and



THE SCAFFOLDING AND OBSERVATORY ON ST. PAUL'S IN 1848 (see page 256).

felt himself unquiet, depressed, gloomy, apprehensive, and haunted with thoughts of the stranger. For the last three months he has been conscious of the power of the latter over him. Dr. Arnould adds:—"I inquired in what way his power was exercised. He cast on me a look of suspicion, mingled with confidence, took my arm, and after leading me through two or three rooms, and then into the garden, exclaimed, 'It is of no use;

that he only comes down to take a walk in the churchyard and get his dinner at the house in the dark alley? Since that fatal interview with the necromancer,' he continued, 'for such I believe him to be, he is continually dragging me before him on his mirror, and he not only sees me every moment of the day, but he reads all my thoughts, and I have a dreadful consciousness that no action of my life is free from his inspection, and no place



ST. PAUL'S AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD IN 1540  
*From a Copy in the possession of J. G. Chene, Esq., of the earliest known view of London, taken by Van der Weyden for Philip II. of Spain.*

can afford me security from his power.' On my replying that the darkness of the night would afford him protection from these machinations, he said, 'I know what you mean, but you are quite mistaken. I have only told you of the mirror; but in some part of the building which we passed in coming away, he showed me what he called a great bell, and I heard sounds which came from it, and which went to it—sounds of laughter, and of anger, and of pain. There was a dreadful confusion of sounds, and as I listened, with wonder and affright, he said, 'This is my organ of hearing; this great bell is in communication with all other bells within the circle of hieroglyphics, by which every word spoken by those under my command is made audible to me.' Seeing me look surprised at him, he said, 'I have not yet told you all, for he practises his spells by hieroglyphics on walls and houses, and wields his power, like a detestable tyrant, as he is, over the minds of those whom he has enchanted, and who are the objects of his constant spite, within the circle of the hieroglyphics.' I asked him what these hieroglyphics were, and how he perceived them. He replied, 'Signs and symbols which you, in your ignorance of their true meaning, have taken for letters and words, and read, as you have thought, "Day and Martin's and Warren's blacking." 'Oh! that is all nonsense!' 'They are only the mysterious characters which he traces to mark the boundary of his dominion, and by which he prevents all escape from his tremendous power. How have I toiled and laboured to get beyond the limit of his influence! Once I walked for three days and three nights, till I fell down under a wall, exhausted by fatigue, and dropped asleep; but on awakening I saw the dreadful signs before mine eyes, and I felt myself as completely under his infernal spells at the end as at the beginning of my journey.'"

It is probable that this gentleman had actually ascended to the top of St. Paul's, and that impressions there received, being afterwards renewed in his mind when in a state of vivid excitement, in a dream of ecstatic reverie, became so blended with the creations of fancy as to form one mysterious vision, in which the true and the imaginary were afterwards inseparable. In 1855 the fees for seeing St. Paul's completely were 4s. 4d. each person. In 1847 the mere twopences paid to see the forty monuments produced the four vergers the sum of £430 3s. 8d. These exorbitant fees originated in the "stair-foot money" started by Jennings, the carpenter, in 1707, as a fund for the injured during the building of the cathedral. The fees now for viewing the entire building amount to 1s. 6d.

The staff of the cathedral consists of the dean, the precentor, the chancellor, the treasurer, the five archdeacons of London, Middlesex, Essex, Colchester, and St. Albans, thirty major canons or prebendaries (four of whom are resident), twelve minor canons, and six vicars-choral, besides the choristers. One of the vicars-choral officiates as organist, and three of the minor canons hold the appointments of sub-dean, librarian, and succentor, or under-precentor.

Three of the most celebrated men connected with St. Paul's in the present century have been Milman, Sydney Smith, and Barham (the author of "Ingoldsby Legends"). Smith and Barham both died in 1845; Dean Milman followed in 1858.

Of Sydney Smith's connection with St. Paul's we have many interesting records. One of the first things Lord Grey said on entering Downing Street, to a relation who was with him, was, "Now I shall be able to do something for Sydney Smith," and shortly after he was appointed by the Premier to a prebendal stall at St. Paul's, in exchange for the one he held at Bristol.

Mr. Cockerell, the architect, and superintendent of St. Paul's Cathedral, in a letter printed in Lady Holland's "Memoir of Sydney Smith," describes the *gesta* of the witty canon; how his early communications with himself (Mr. C.) and all the officers of the chapter were extremely unpleasant; but when the canon had investigated the matter, and there had been "a little collision," nothing could be more candid and kind than his subsequent treatment. He examined the prices of all the materials used in the repairs of the cathedral—as Portland stone, putty, and white lead; every item was taxed, payments were examined, and nothing new could be undertaken without his survey and personal superintendence. He surveyed the pinnacles and heights of the sacred edifice; and once, when it was feared he might stick fast in a narrow opening of the western towers, he declared that "if there were six inches of space there would be room enough for him." The insurance of the magnificent cathedral, Mr. Cockerell tells us, engaged his early attention; and the fabric was speedily and effectually insured in some of the most substantial offices in London. Not satisfied with this security, he advised the introduction of the mains of the New River into the lower parts of the fabric, and cisterns and movable engines in the roof; and quite justifiable was his joke, that "he would reproduce the Deluge in our cathedral."

He had also the library heated by a stove, so as to be more comfortable to the students; and the bindings of the books were repaired. Lastly, the

Smith materially assisted the progress of a suit in Chancery, by the successful result of which a considerable addition was made to the fabric fund.

It is very gratifying to read these circumstantial records of the practical qualities of Mr. Sydney Smith, as applied to the preservation of our magnificent metropolitan cathedral.

Before we leave Mr. Smith we may record an odd story of Lady B. calling the vergers "virgins." She asked Mr. Smith, one day, if it was true that he walked down St. Paul's with three virgins holding silver pokers before him. He shook his head and looked very grave, and bade her come and see. "Some enemy of the Church," he said, "some Dissenter, had clearly been misleading her."

Let us recapitulate a few of the English poets who have made special allusions to St. Paul's in their writings. Denham says of the restoration of St. Paul's, began by Charles I. —

"First salute the place,  
Crowned with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,  
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky  
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud  
Aspiring mountain or descending cloud  
Paul's, the late theme of such a muse, whose flight  
Has bravely reached and soared above thy height,  
Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or fire,  
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,  
Secure, while thee the best of poets sing,  
Preserved from ruin by the best of kings."

Byron, in the Tenth Canto of "Don Juan," treats St. Paul's contemptuously—sneering, as was his affectation, at everything, human or divine —

"A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,  
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye  
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping  
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry  
Of masts, a wilderness of steeples peeping  
On tiptoe through their sea-coral canopy,  
A huge, dun cupola, like a fool-cap crown  
On a fool's head—and there is London Town!"

Among other English poets who have sung of St. Paul's, we must not forget Tom Hood, with his delightfully absurd ode, written on the cross, and full of most wise folly —

"The man that pays his pence and goes  
Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul's,  
Looks over London's naked nose,  
Women and men;  
The world is all beneath his len;  
He sits above the ball,  
He seems on Mount Olympus' top,  
Among the gods, by Jupiter! and lets drop  
His eyes from the empyreal clouds  
On mortal crowds."

"Seen from these skies,  
How small these mortals in our eyes!"

Some carry little sticks, and one  
His eggs, to warm them in the sun;  
Dear, what a hustle  
And bustle!

And there's my aunt! I know her by her waist,  
So long and thin,  
And so pinch'd in,  
Just in the pismire taste.

"Oh, what are men! Beings so small  
That, should I fall,  
Upon their little heads, I must  
Crush them by hundreds into dust

"And what is life and all its ages!  
There's seven stages!  
Turnham Green! Chelsea! Putney! Fulham!  
Brentford and Kew!  
And Tooting, too!

And, oh, what very little nags to pull 'em!  
Yet each would seem a horse indeed,  
If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got 'em!  
Although, like Cinderella's breed,  
They're mice at bottom  
Then let me not despise a horse,  
Though he looks small from Paul's high cross;  
Since he would be, as near the sky,  
I fourteen hands high.

"What is this world with London in its lap?  
Mogg's map  
The Thames that ebbs and flows in its broad channel?  
A tidy kennel!  
The bridges stretching from its banks?  
Stone planks  
Oh, me! Hence could I read an admonition  
To mad Ambition!  
But that he would not listen to my call,  
Though I should stand upon the cross, and bawl!"

We can hardly close our account of St. Paul's without referring to that most beautiful and touching of all London sights, the anniversary of the charity schools on the first Thursday in June. About 8,000 children are generally present, ranged in a vast amphitheatre under the dome. Blake, the true but unrecognised predecessor of Wordsworth, has written an exquisite little poem on the scene, and well it deserves it. Such nosegays of little rosy faces can be seen on no other day. Very grand and overwhelming are the beautes of the Mary Axe and St. Margaret Moses on this tremendous morning, and no young ensign ever bore so many colours prouder than do these good-natured humanitarians their maces, staves, and ponderous banners. In endless ranks pour in the children, dressed in all sorts of quaint dresses. Boys in the breeches of Hogarth's school-days, bearing gartering pewter badges on their coats; girls in blue and orange, with quaint little mob-caps, and long white gloves covering their hands. See, at a given signal, all the



fugleman, how they all rise; at another signal how they hustle down. Then at last, when the "Old Hundredth" begins, all the little voices unite as the blending of many waters. Such fresh, happy voices, singing with such innocent, heedful tenderness as would bring tears to the eyes of even stony-hearted old Malthus, bring to the most irreligious thoughts of Him who bade little children come to Him, and would not have them repulsed.

Blake's poem begins—

" 'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,  
Came children walking two and two, in red and blue and  
green;  
Grey-headed beadles walked before, with wands as white as  
snow,  
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames' waters  
flow.

" Oh, what a multitude they seemed, those flowers of  
London town;  
Seated in companies they were, with radiance all their own;

The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,  
Thousands of little boys and girls, raising their innocent hands.

" Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of  
song,

Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among;  
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor;  
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door."

In 1878-9 the grounds north, south, and east of the Cathedral were laid out as ornamental gardens, with grass-plats and gravel walks; the iron railing which encloses those three sides being at the same time lowered by reducing the height of the wall upon which it stands. These alterations laid bare some fragments of the foundations of the chapter-house, and of St. Faith's on the south of the nave, and also of "Paul's Cross" at the north-east corner of the churchyard. These improvements were effected solely at the cost of the Corporation of London, and the grounds were thrown open to the public in September, 1879.

after he  
ndal stall at  
'nd at Bristol

## CHAPTER XXII.

### ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

St. Paul's Churchyard and Literature—Queen Anne's Statue—Execution of a Jesuit in St. Paul's Churchyard—Miracle of the "Face in the Straw"—Wilkinson's Story—Newbery the Bookseller—Paul's Chain—"Cocker"—Chapter House of St. Paul's—St. Paul's Coffee House—Child's Coffee House and the Clergy—Gurrick's Club at the "Queen's Arms," and the Company there—"Sir Benjamin" Figgins—Johnson the Bookseller—Hunter and his Guests—Fuseli—Bonnycastle—Kinnaird—Musical Associations of the Churchyard—Jeremiah Clark and his Works—Handel at Meares's Shop—Young the Violin maker—The "Castle" Concerts—An Old Advertisement—Wren at the "Grove and Grindiron"—St. Paul's School—Famous Paulines—Peppys visiting his Old School—Milton at St. Paul's

THE shape of St. Paul's Churchyard has been compared to that of a bow and a string. The south side is the bow, the north the string. The booksellers overflowing from Fleet Street mustered strong here, till the Fire scared them off to Little Britain, from whence they regurgitated to the Row. At the sign of the "White Greyhound" the first editions of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece," the first-fruits of a great harvest, were published by John Harrison. At the "Flower de Luce" and the "Crown" appeared the *Merry Wives of Windsor*; at the "Green Dragon," in the same locality, the *Merchant of Venice*; at the "Fox," *Richard II.*; at the "Angel," *Richard III.*; at the "Gun," *Titus Andronicus*; and at the "Red Bull," that masterpiece, *King Lear*. So that in this area near the Row the great poet must have paced with his first proofs in his doublet-pocket, wondering whether he should over rival Spenser, or become immortal, like Chaucer. Here he must have come smiling over

Falstaff's perils, and here have walked with the ripened certainty of greatness and of fame stirring at his heart.

The ground-plot of the Cathedral is 2 acres 16 perches 70 feet. The western area of the churchyard marks the site of St. Gregory's Church. On the mean statue of Queen Anne a scurrilous epigram was once written by some ribald Jacobite, who spoke of the queen—

"With her face to the brandy-shop and her back to the church."

The precinct wall of St. Paul's first ran from Ave Maria Lane eastward along Paternoster Row to the old Exchange, Cheapside, and then southwards to Carter Lane, at the end of which it turned to Ludgate Archway. In the reign of Edward II. the Dean and Chapter, finding the precinct a resort of thieves and courtesans, rebuilt and purified it. Within, at the north-west corner, stood the Bishop's palace, beyond which, eastward, was St. Paul's Churchyard and Becket Chapel, north with a wall



cloister in the reign of Henry V. On the walls of this cloister, pulled down by the greedy Protector Somerset (Edward VI.), was painted one of those grim Dances of Death which Holbein at last carried to perfection. The cloister was full of monuments, and above was a library. In an enclosure east of this stood the College of Minor Canons; and at Canon Alley, east, was a burial chapel called the Charnel, from whence Somerset sent cart-loads of bones to Finsbury Fields. East of Canon Alley stood Paul's Cross, where open-air sermons were preached to the citizens, and often to the reigning monarch. East of it rose St. Paul's School and a belfry tower, in which hung the famous Jesus bells, won at dice by Sir Giles Partridge from that Ahab of England, Henry VIII. On the south side stood the Dean and Chapter's garden, dormitory, refectory, kitchen, slaughterhouse, and brewery. These eventually yielded to a cloister, near which, abutting on the cathedral wall, stood the chapter-house and the Church of St. Gregory. Westward were the houses of the residentiales; and the deanery, according to Milman, an excellent authority, stood on its present site. The precinct had six gates—the first and chief in Ludgate Street; the second in Paul's Alley, leading to Paternoster Row; the third in Canon Alley, leading to the north door; the fourth, a little gate leading to Cheapside; the fifth, the Augustine gate, leading to Watling Street; the sixth, on the south side, by Paul's Chain. On the south tower of the west front was the Lollard's Tower, a bishop's prison for ecclesiastical offenders.

The 2,500 railings of the churchyard and the seven ornamental gates, weighing altogether two hundred tons, were cast at Brightling, Sussex, and cost 6d. a pound; the whole cost £11,202 os. 6d.

In 1606 St. Paul's Churchyard was the scene of the execution of Father Garnet, one of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators—the only execution, as far as we know, that ever desecrated that spot. It is very doubtful, after all, whether Garnet was cognizant that the plot was really to be carried out, though he may have strongly suspected some dangerous and deadly conspiracy, and the Roman Catholics were prepared to see miracles wrought at his death.

On the 3rd day of May, 1606 (to condense Dr. Abbott's account), Garnet was drawn upon a hurdle, according to the usual practice, to his place of execution. The Recorder of London, the Dean of St. Paul's, and the Dean of Winchester were present, by command of the King—the former in the King's name, and the two latter in the name of God and Christ, to advise Garnet

with such advice as suited the condition of a dying man. As soon as he had ascended the scaffold, which was much elevated in order that the people might behold the spectacle, Garnet saluted the Recorder somewhat familiarly, who told him that "it was expected from him that he should publicly deliver his real opinion respecting the conspiracy and treason; that it was now of no use to dissemble, as all was clearly and manifestly proved; but that if, in the true spirit of repentance, he was willing to satisfy the Christian world by declaring his hearty compunction, he might freely state what he pleased." The deans then told him that they were present on that occasion by authority, in order to suggest to him such matters as might be useful for his soul; that they desired to do this without offence, and, without him to prepare and settle himself for another world, and to commence his reconciliation with God by a sincere and saving repentance. To this exhortation Garnet replied "that he had already done so, and that he had before satisfied himself in this respect." The clergymen then suggested "that he would do well to declare his mind to the people." Then Garnet said to those near him, "I always disapproved of tumults and seditious against the king, and if this crime of the powder treason had been completed I should have abhorred it with my whole soul and conscience." They then advised him to declare as much to the people. "I am very weak," said he, "and my voice fails me. If I should speak to the people, I cannot make them hear me; it is impossible that they should hear me." Then said Mr. Recorder, "Mr. Garnet, if you will come with me, I will take care that they shall hear you," and, going before him, led him to the western end of the scaffold. He still hesitated to address the people, but the Recorder urged him to speak his mind freely, promising to repeat his words aloud to the multitude. Garnet then addressed the crowd as follows:—"My good fellow-citizens,—I am come hither, on the morrow of the invention of the Holy Cross, to see an end of all my pains and troubles in this world. I hereby declare before you all that I consider the late treason and conspiracy against the State to be heinous and detestable; and, for my part, all designs and endeavours against the king were ever mischievous to me; and if this attempt had been performed, as was designed, I think it would have been most damnable; and I pray for all prosperity to the king, the queen, and the royal family." He paused, and the Recorder reminded him to ask pardon of the King for that which he had said. "I do so," said Garnet, "as the King is my

against him—namely, in that I did not reveal that whereof I had a general knowledge from Mr. Catesby, but not otherwise." Then said the Dean of Winchester, "Mr. Garnet, I pray you deal clearly in the matter: you were certainly privy to the whole business." "God forbid!" said Garnet; "I never understood anything of the design of blowing up the Parliament House." "Nay," responded the Dean of Winchester, "it is manifest that all the particulars were known to you, and

fessing a sin, but by way of conference and consultation; and that Greenaway and Catesby both came to confer with him upon that business, and that as often as he saw Greenaway he would ask him about that business because it troubled him. "Most certainly," said Garnet; "I did so in order to prevent it, for I always disliked it." Then said the Dean, "You only withheld your approbation until the Pope had given his opinion." "But I was well persuaded," said Garnet, "that the



THE LIBRARY OF ST. PAUL'S (see page 256).

you have declared under your own hand that Greenaway told you all the circumstances in Essex." "That," said Garnet, "was in secret confession, which I could by no means reveal." Then said the Dean, "You have yourself, Mr. Garnet, almost acknowledged that this was only a pretence, for you have openly confessed that Greenaway told you not in a confession, but by way of a confession, and that he came of purpose to you with the design of making a confession; but you answered that it was not necessary you should know the full extent of his knowledge." The dean further reminded him that he had affirmed under his own hand that this was not told him by way of con-

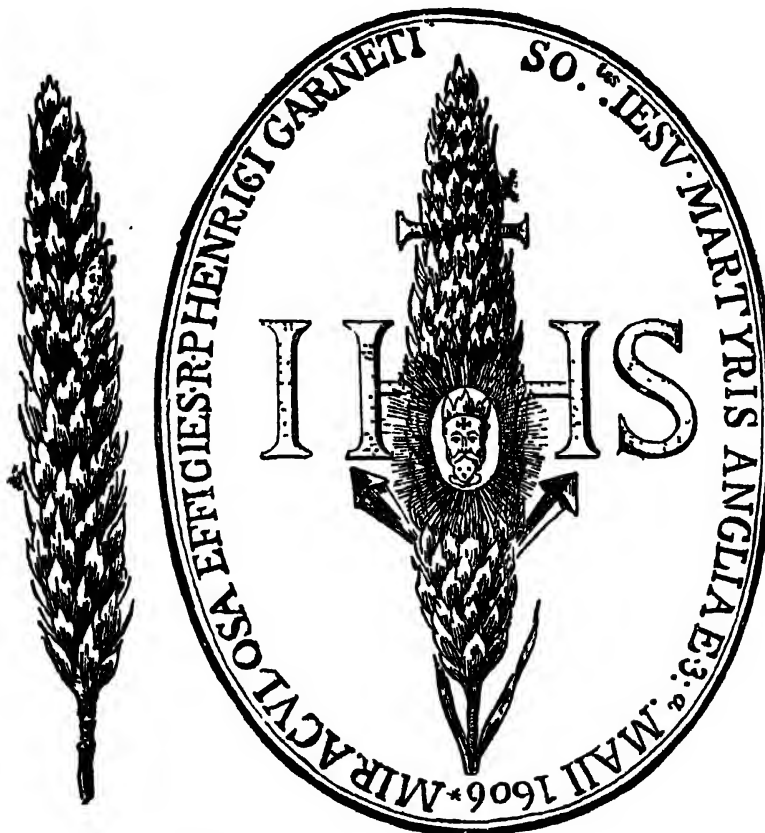
Pope would never approve the design." "Your intention," said the Dean of Winchester, "was clear from those two breves which you received from Rome for the exclusion of the King." "That," said Garnet, "was before the King came in." "But if you knew nothing of the particulars of the business," said the Dean, "why did you send Baynham to inform the Pope? for this also you have confessed in your examinations." Garnet replied, "I have already answered to all these matters on my trial, and I acknowledge everything that is contained in my written confessions."

Then, turning his discourse again to the people, at the instance of the Recorder, he proceeded to

the same effect as before, declaring "that he wholly disliked that cruel and inhuman design, and that he had never sanctioned or approved of any such attempts against the King and State, and that this project, if it had succeeded, would have been in his mind most damnable."

Having thus spoken, he raised his hands, and made the sign of the cross upon his forehead and

The "face in the straw," to which allusion was made a few pages back, was a miracle said to have been performed at Garnet's death. The original fabricator of the story was one John Wilkinson, a young Roman Catholic, who at the time of Garnet's trial was about to commence his studies at the Jesuits' College at St. Omer's. Some time after his arrival there, Wilkinson was



*Spica Wilkinsoii.*

*Spica Jesuitica.*

"THE FACE IN THE STRAW."—FROM ABBOT'S "ANTHOLOGIA," 1613 (see page 266).

breast, saying, "*In nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritus Sancti! Jesus Maria! Maria, mater gratia! Mater misericordie! Tu me ab hoste protege, et hora mortis suscipe!*" Then he said, "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum, quia tu redemisti me, Domine, Deus veritatis!*" Then, again crossing himself, he said, "*Per crucis hoc signum fugiat procul omne malignum! Infige crucem tuam, Domine, in corde meo;*" and again, "*Jesus Maria! Maria, mater gratia!*" In the midst of these prayers the ladder was drawn away, and, by the express command of the King, he remained hanging from the gallows until he was quite dead.

attacked by a dangerous disease, from which there was no hope of his recovery; and while in this state he gave utterance to the story, which Endemon-Joannes relates in his own words, as follows:—"The day before Father Garnet's execution my mind was suddenly impressed (as by some external impulse) with a strong desire to witness his death, and bring home with me some relic of him. I had at that time conceived so certain a persuasion that my design would be gratified, that I did not for a moment doubt, that I should witness some immediate testimony from God in favour of the dependence of his saint; though as often as the idea occurred

to my mind, I endeavoured to drive it away, that I might not vainly appear to tempt Providence by looking for a miracle where it was not necessarily to be expected. Early the next morning I betook myself to the place of execution, and, arriving there before any other person, stationed myself close to the scaffold, though I was afterwards somewhat forced from my position as the crowd increased." Having then described the details of the execution, he proceeds thus:—"Garnet's limbs having been divided into four parts, and placed, together with the head, in a basket, in order that they might be exhibited, according to law, in some conspicuous place, the crowd began to disperse. I then again approached close to the scaffold, and stood between the cart and place of execution; and as I lingered in that situation, still burning with the desire of bearing away some relic, that miraculous ear of straw, since so highly celebrated, came, I know not how, into my hand. A considerable quantity of dry straw had been thrown with Garnet's head and quarters into the basket, but whether this ear came into my hand from the scaffold or from the basket I cannot venture to affirm; this only I can truly say, that a straw of this kind was thrown towards me before it had touched the ground. This straw I afterwards delivered to Mrs. N——, a matron of singular Catholic piety, who inclosed it in a bottle, which being rather shorter than the straw, it became slightly bent. A few days afterwards Mrs. N—— showed the straw in a bottle to a certain noble person, her intimate acquaintance, who, looking at it attentively, at length said, 'I can see nothing in it but a man's face.' Mrs. N—— and myself being astonished at this unexpected exclamation, again and again examined the ear of the straw, and distinctly perceived in it a human countenance, which others also, coming in as casual spectators, or expressly called by us as witnesses, likewise beheld at that time. This is, as God knoweth, the true history of Father Garnet's straw." The engraving upon the preceding page is taken from Abbot's "Anthologia," published in 1613, in which a full account of the "miracle" is given.

At 65, St. Paul's Churchyard, north-west corner, lived Goldsmith's kind friend and employer, Mr. John Newbery, that good-natured man with the red-pimpled face, who, as the philanthropic bookseller, figures pleasantly in the "Vicar of Wakefield;" always in haste to be gone, he was ever on business of the utmost importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Thomas Trip. "The friend of all mankind," Dr. Primrose calls him. "The

honestest man in the nation," as Goldsmith said of him in a doggerel riddle which he wrote. Newbery's nephew printed the "Vicar of Wakefield" for Goldsmith, and the elder Newbery published the "Traveller," the corner-stone of Goldsmith's fame. It was the elder Newbery who unearthed the poet at his miserable lodgings in Green Arbour Court, and employed him to write his "Citizens of the World," at a guinea each, for his daily newspaper, the *Public Ledger* (1760). The Newberies seem to have been ~~very~~ prudent tradesmen, constantly vexed and ~~irritated~~ at Goldsmith's extravagance, carelessness, and ceaseless cry for money; and so it went on till the hare-brained, delightful fellow died, when Francis Newbery wrote a violent defence of the fever medicine, an excess of which had killed Goldsmith.

The office of the Registrar of the High Court of Admiralty occupied the site of the old cathedral bakehouse. Paul's Chain is so called from a chain that used to be drawn across the carriage-way of the churchyard, to preserve silence during divine service. The northern barrier of St. Paul's is of wood. Opposite the Chain, at the time of the Restoration, lived that king of writing and arithmetic masters, the man whose name has grown into a proverb—Edward Cocker—who wrote "The Pen's Transcendancy," an extraordinary proof of true eye and clever hand.

In the Chapter House of St. Paul's, which Mr. Peter Cunningham not too severely calls "a shabby, dingy-looking building," on the north side of the churchyard, was performed the unjust ceremony of degrading Samuel Johnson, the chaplain to William Lord Russell, the martyr of the party of liberty. The divines present, in compassion, and with a prescient eye for the future, purposely omitted to strip off his cassock, which rendered the ceremony imperfect, and afterwards saved the worthy man his benefice.

St. Paul's Coffee House stood at the corner of the archway of Doctors' Commons, on the site of "Paul's Brew House" and the "Paul's Head" tavern. Here, in 1721, the books of the great collector, Dr. Rawlinson, were sold, "after dinner;" and they sold well.

Child's Coffee House, in St. Paul's Churchyard, was a quiet place, much frequented by the clergy of Queen Anne's reign, and by proctors from Doctors' Commons. Addison used to look in there, to smoke a pipe and listen, behind his paper, to the conversation. In the *Spectator*, No. 609, he smiles at a country gentleman who mistook all persons in scarves for doctors of divinity. This was at a time when clergymen always wore their black gowns in

public. "Only a scarf of the first magnitude," he says, "entitles one to the appellation of 'doctor' from the landlady and the boy at 'Child's.'"

"Child's" was the resort of Dr. Mead, and other professional men of eminence. The Fellows of the Royal Society came here. Whiston relates that Sir Hans Sloane, Dr. Halley, and he were once at "Child's," when Dr. Halley asked him (Whiston) why he was not a member of the Royal Society? Whiston answered, "Because they durst not choose a heretic." Upon which Dr. Halley said, if Sir Hans Sloane would propose him, he (Dr. Halley) would second it, which was done accordingly.

Garrick, who kept up his interest with different coteries, carefully cultivated the City men, by attending a club held at the "Queen's Arms" tavern, in St. Paul's Churchyard. Here he used to meet Mr. Sharpe, a surgeon; Mr. Paterson, the City Solicitor; Mr. Diaper, a bookseller, and Mr. Clutterbuck, a mercer; and these quiet cool men were his standing council in theatrical affairs, and his gauge of the city taste. They were none of them drinkers, and in order to make a reckoning, called only for French wine. Here Dr. Johnson started a City Club, and was particular the members should not be "patriotic." Boswell, who went with him to the "Queen's Arms" club, found the members "very sensible, well-behaved men." Brasbridge, the silversmith of Fleet Street, who wrote his memoirs, has described a sixpenny card club held here at a later date. Among the members was that generous and hospitable man, Henry Baldwin, who, under the auspices of Garrick, the elder Colman, and Bonnell Thornton, started the *St. James's Chronicle*, the most popular evening paper of the day.

"I belonged," says Brasbridge, "to a sixpenny card club, at the 'Queen's Arms,' in St. Paul's Churchyard; it consisted of about twenty members, of whom I am the sole survivor. Among them was Mr. Goodwin of St. Paul's Churchyard, a woollen draper, whose constant salutation, when he first came down-stairs in the morning, was to his shop, in these words, 'Good morrow, Mr. Shop; you'll take care of me, Mr. Shop, and I'll take care of you.' Another was Mr. Curtis, a respectable stationer, who from very small beginnings left his son £90,000 in one line, besides an estate of near £300 a year."

"The 'Free and Easy under the Rose' was another society which I frequented. It was founded sixty years ago, at the 'Queen's Arms,' in St. Paul's Churchyard, and was afterwards removed to the 'Horn' tavern. It was originally kept by Bates, who was never so happy as when standing

behind a chair with a napkin under his arm; but arriving at the dignity of alderman, tucking in his callipash and calipée himself, instead of handing it round to the company, soon did his business. My excellent friend Briskett, the Marshal of the High Court of Admiralty, was president of this society for many years, and I was constantly in attendance as his vice. It consisted of some thousand members, and I never heard of any one of them that ever incurred any serious punishment. Our great fault was sitting too late: in this respect, according to the principle of Franklin, that 'time is money,' we were most unwary spendthrifts; in other instances, our conduct was orderly and correct."

One of the members in Brasbridge's time was Mr. Hawkins, a worthy but ill-educated spatterdash maker, of Chancery Lane, who daily murdered the king's English. He called an invalid an "individual," and said our troops in America had been "manured" to hardship. Another oddity was a Mr. Darwin, a Radical, who one night brought to the club-room a caricature of the head of George III. in a basket; and whom Brasbridge nearly frightened out of his wits by pretending to send one of the waiters for the City Marshal. Darwin was the great chum of Mr. Figgins, a wax-chandler in the Poultry; and as they always entered the room together, Brasbridge gave them the nickname of "Liver and Gizzard." Miss Boydell, when her uncle was Lord Mayor, conferred sham knighthood on Figgins, with a tap of her fan, and he was henceforward known as "Sir Benjamin."

The Churchyard publisher of Cowper's first volume of poems, "Table Talk," and also of "The Task," was a very worthy, liberal man—Joseph Johnson, who also published the "Olney Hymns" for Newton, the scientific writings of the persecuted Priestley, and the smooth, vapid verses of Darwin. Johnson encouraged Fuseli to paint a Milton Gallery, for an edition of the poet to be edited by Cowper. Johnson was imprisoned nine months in the King's Bench, for selling the political writings of Gilbert Wakefield. He, however, bore the oppression of the majority philosophically, and rented the marshal's house, where he gave dinners to his distinguished literary friends.

"Another set of my acquaintances," writes Leigh Hunt in his Autobiography, "used to assemble on Fridays at the hospitable table of Mr. Hunter, the bookseller, in St. Paul's Churchyard. They were the survivors of the literary party that were accustomed to dine with his predecessor, Mr. Johnson. The most regular were Fuseli and Bonnycardie. Now and then Godwin was present; oftener Mr. Knapp, the magistrate, a great lover of Horace.



"Fuseli was a small man, with energetic features and a white head of hair. Our host's daughter, then a little girl, used to call him the white-headed lion. He combed his hair up from the forehead, and as his whiskers were large his face was set in a kind of hairy frame, which, in addition to the fierceness of his look, really gave him an aspect of that sort. Otherwise his features were rather sharp than round. He would have looked much like an old military officer if his face, besides its real energy, had not affected more. There was the same defect in it as in his pictures. Conscious of not having all the strength he wished, he endeavoured to make up for it by violence and pretension. He carried this so far as to look fiercer than usual when he sat for his picture. His friend and engraver, Mr. Houghton, drew an admirable likeness of him in this state of dignified extravagance. He is sitting back in his chair, leaning on his hand, but looking ready to pounce withal. His notion of repose was like that of Pistol.

"A student reading in a garden is all over intensity of muscle, and the quiet tea-table scene in Cowper he has turned into a preposterous conspiracy of huge men and women, all bent on showing their thews and postures, with dresses as fantastic as their minds. One gentleman, of the existence of whose trousers you are not aware till you see the terminating line at the ankle, is sitting and looking grim on a sofa, with his hat on and no waistcoat.

"Fuseli was lively and interesting in conversation, but not without his usual faults of violence and pretension. Nor was he always as decorous as an old man ought to be, especially one whose turn of mind is not of the lighter and more pleasurable cast. The licences he took were coarse, and had not sufficient regard to his company. Certainly they went a great deal beyond his friend Armstrong, to whose account, I believe, Fuseli's passion for swearing was laid. The poet condescended to be a great swearer, and Fuseli thought it energetic to swear like him. His friendship with Bonnycastle had something childlike and agreeable in it. They came and went away together for years, like a couple of old schoolboys. They also like boys rallied one another, and sometimes made a singular display of it—Fuseli, at least, for it was he who was the aggressor.

"Bonnycastle was a good fellow. He was a tall, gaunt, long-headed man, with large features and spectacles, and a deep internal voice, with a twang of rusticity in it; and he goggled over his plate like a horse. I often thought that a bag of

corn would have hung well on him. His laugh was equine, and showed his teeth upwards at the sides. Wordsworth, who notices similar mysterious manifestations on the part of donkeys, would have thought it ominous. Bonnycastle was extremely fond of quoting Shakespeare and telling stories, and if the *Edinburgh Review* had just come out, would have given us all the jokes in it. He had once a hypochondriacal disorder of long duration, and he told us that he should never forget the comfortable sensation given him one night during this disorder by his knocking a landlord that was insolent to him down the man's staircase. On the strength of this piece of energy (having first ascertained that the offender was not killed) he went to bed, and had a sleep of unusual soundness.

"It was delightful one day to hear him speak with complacency of a translation which had appeared in Arabic, and which began by saying, on the part of the translator, that it pleased God, for the advancement of human knowledge, to raise us up a Bonnycastle.

"Kinnaid, the magistrate, was a sanguine man, under the middle height, with a fine laming black eye, lively to the last, and a body that 'had increased, was increasing, and ought to have been diminished,' which is by no means what he thought of the prerogative. Next to his bottle, he was fond of his Horace, and, in the intervals of business at the police office, would enjoy both in his arm-chair. Between the vulgar calls of this kind of magistracy and the perusal of the urbane Horace there must have been a quota of contradiction, which the bottle, perhaps, was required to render quite palatable."

Mr. Charles Knight's pleasant book, "Shadows of the Old Booksellers," reminds us also of another of the great Churchyard booksellers, John Rivington and Sons, at the "Bible and Crown." They published, in 1737, an early sermon by Whitefield, before he left the Church, and were booksellers to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; and to this shop country clergymen invariably went to buy their theology, or to publish their own sermons.

In St. Paul's Churchyard, says Sir John Hawkins, in his "History of Music," were formerly many shops where music and musical instruments were sold, for which, at this time, no better reason can be given than that the service at the Cathedral drew together, twice a day, all the lovers of music in London—not to mention that the choirmen were wont to assemble there, and were met by their friends and acquaintances.



Jeremiah Clark, a composer of sacred music, who shot himself in his house in St. Paul's Churchyard, was educated in the Royal Chapel, under Dr. Blow, who entertained so great a friendship for him as to resign in his favour his place of Master of the Children and Almoner of St. Paul's, Clark being appointed his successor, in 1693, and shortly afterwards he became organist of the cathedral. "In July, 1700," says Sir John Hawkins, "he and his fellow pupils were appointed Gentlemen Extraordinary of the Royal Chapel; and in 1704 they were jointly admitted to the place of organist thereof, in the room of Mr. Francis Piggot. Clark had the misfortune to entertain a hopeless passion for a very beautiful lady, in a station of life far above him; his despair of success threw him into a deep melancholy; in short, he grew weary of his life, and on the first day of December, 1707, shot himself. He was determined upon this method of putting an end to his life by an event which, strange as it may seem, is attested by the late Mr. Samuel Weeley, one of the lay-vicars of St. Paul's, who was very intimate with him, and had heard him relate it. Being at the house of a friend in the country, he took an abrupt resolution to return to London; this friend having observed in his behaviour marks of great dejection, furnished him with a horse and a servant. Riding along the road, a fit of melancholy seized him, upon which he alighted, and giving the servant his horse to hold, went into a field, in a corner whereof was a pond, and also trees, and began a debate with himself whether he should then end his days by hanging or drowning. Not being able to resolve on either, he thought of making what he looked upon as chance the umpire, and drew out of his pocket a piece of money, and tossing it into the air, it came down on its edge, and stuck in the clay. Though the determination answered not his wish, it was far from ambiguous, as it seemed to forbid both methods of destruction, and would have given unspeakable comfort to a mind less disordered than his was. Being thus interrupted in his purpose, he returned, and mounting his horse, rode on to London, and in a short time after shot himself. He dwelt in a house in St. Paul's Churchyard, situate on the place where the Chapter-house now stands. Old Mr. Reading was passing by at the instant the pistol went off, and entering the house, found his friend in the agonies of death.

"The compositions of Clark are few. His anthems are remarkably pathetic, at the same time that they preserve the dignity and majesty of the church style. The most celebrated of them are 'I will love thee,' printed in the second book of

the 'Harmonia Sacra;' 'Bow down thine ear,' and 'Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem.'

"The only works of Clark published by himself are lessons for the harpsichord and sundry songs, which are to be found in the collections of that day, particularly in the 'Pills to Purge Melancholy,' but they are there printed without the basses. He also composed for D'Urfey's comedy of 'The Fond Husband, or the Plotting Sisters,' that sweet ballad air, 'The bonny grey-eyed Morn,' which Mr. Gay has introduced into 'The Beggar's Opera,' and is sung to the words, 'Tis woman that seduces all mankind.'

"Mattheson, of Hamburg," says Hawkins, "had sent over to England, in order to their being published here, two collections of lessons for the harpsichord, and they were accordingly engraved on copper, and printed for Richard Meares, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and published in the year 1714. Handel was at this time in London, and in the afternoon was used to frequent St. Paul's Church for the sake of hearing the service, and of playing on the organ after it was over; from whence he and some of the gentlemen of the choir would frequently adjourn to the 'Queen's Arms' tavern, in St. Paul's Churchyard, where was a harpsichord. It happened one afternoon, when they were thus met together, Mr. Weeley, a gentleman of the choir, came in and informed them that Mr. Mattheson's lessons were then to be had at Mr. Meares's shop; upon which Mr. Handel ordered them immediately to be sent for, and upon their being brought, played them all over without rising from the instrument."

"There dwelt," says Sir John Hawkins, "at the west corner of London House Yard, in St. Paul's Churchyard, at the sign of the 'Dolphin and Crown,' one John Young, a maker of violins and other musical instruments. This man had a son, whose Christian name was Talbot, who had been brought up with Greene in St. Paul's choir, and had attained to great proficiency on the violin, as Greene had on the harpsichord. The merits of the two Youngs, father and son, are celebrated in the following quibbling verses, which were set to music in the form of a catch, printed in the pleasant 'Musical Companion,' published in 1726—

"You composers that want a good fiddle well strung,  
You must go to the man that is old while he's young;  
But if you will fiddle you fain would play bold,  
You must go to his son, who'll be young when you're old.  
There's old Young and young Young, both fiddlers in song,  
Old sells and young plays the fiddle in song;  
Young and old live together, and every day live long,  
Young to play an old fiddle, old to sell a new song."

"This young man, Talbot Young, together with



FROM CHAPTER COURT TO CHEAPSIDE.



FROM PAUL'S CHAIN TO WATLING STREET.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD IN 1820.

*(From View by Horner, in Mr. Crace's Collection.)*

Greene and several persons, had weekly meetings at his father's house, for practice of music. The fame of this performance spread far and wide; and in a few winters the resort of gentlemen performers was greater than the house would admit of; a small subscription was set on foot, and they re-

"The 'Castle' concerts continuing to flourish for many years, auditors as well as performers were admitted subscribers, and tickets were delivered out to the members in rotation for the admission of ladies. Their fund enabling them, they hired second-rate singers from the operas, and many



OLD ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL (*see page 272*).

moved to the 'Queen's Head' tavern, in Paternoster Row. Here they were joined by Mr. Woolaston and his friends, and also by a Mr. Franckville, a fine performer on the viol de Gamba. And after a few winters, being grown rich enough to hire additional performers, they removed, in the year 1724, to the 'Castle,' in Paternoster Row, which was adorned with a picture of Mr. Young, painted by Woolaston.

young persons of professions and trades that depended upon a numerous acquaintance, were induced by motives of interest to become members of the 'Castle' concert.

"Mr. Young continued to perform in this society till the declining state of his health obliged him to quit it; after which time Prospero Castrucci and other eminent performers in succession continued to lead the band. About the year 1744, at the

instance of an alderman of London, now deservedly forgotten, the subscription was raised from two guineas to five, for the purpose of performing oratorios. From the 'Castle' this society removed to Haberdashers' Hall, where they continued for fifteen or sixteen years; from thence they removed to the 'King's Arms,' in Cornhill."

A curious old advertisement of 1681 relates to St. Paul's Alley:—"Whereas the yearly meeting of the name of Adam hath of late, through the deficiency of the last stewards, been neglected, these are to give notice to all gentlemen and others that are of that name that at William Adam's, commonly called the 'Northern Alc-house,' in St. Paul's Alley, in St. Paul's Churchyard, there will be a weekly meeting, every Monday night, of our namesakes, between the hours of six and eight of the clock in the evening, in order to choose stewards to revive our antient and annual feast."—*Domestic Intelligence*, 1681.

During the building of St. Paul's, Wren was the zealous Master of the St. Paul's Freemason's Lodge, which assembled at the "Goose and Gridiron," one of the most ancient lodges in London. He presided regularly at its meetings for upwards of eighteen years. He presented the lodge with three beautifully carved mahogany candlesticks, and the trowel and mallet which he used in laying the first stone of the great cathedral in 1675. In 1688 Wren was elected Grand Master of the order, and he nominated his old fellow-workers at St. Paul's, Cibber, the sculptor, and Strong, the master mason, Grand Wardens. In Queen Anne's reign there were eighty-six in London, thirty-six in provincial cities, and seven abroad. Many of the best lodges in London are in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's.

"At the 'Apple Tree' Tavern," writes Mr. Jacob Larwood, in his "History of Inn and Tavern Signs," "in Charles Street, Covent Garden, in 1745, four of the leading London Freemasons' lodges, considering themselves neglected by Sir Christopher Wren, met and chose a Grand Master, *pro tem.*, until they should be able to place a noble brother at the head, which they did the year following, electing the Duke of Montague. Sir Christopher had been chosen in 1698. The three lodges that joined with the 'Apple Tree' lodge used to meet respectively at the 'Goose and Gridiron,' St. Paul's Churchyard; the 'Crown,' Parker's Lane; and at the 'Rummer and Grapes' Tavern, Westminster. The 'Goose and Gridiron' occurs at Woodhall, Lincolnshire, and in a few other localities. It is said to owe its origin to the following circumstances:—The 'Mitre' was a celebrated music-house

in London House Yard, at the north-west end of St. Paul's. When it ceased to be a music-house, the succeeding landlord, to ridicule its former destiny, chose for his sign a goose striking the bars of a gridiron with his foot, in ridicule of the 'Swan and Harp,' a common sign for the early music-houses. Such an origin does the *Tatler* give; but it may also be a vernacular reading of the coat of arms of the Company of Musicians, suspended probably at the door of the 'Mitre' when it was a music-house. These arms are a swan with his wings expanded, within a double tressure, counter, flory, argent. This double tressure might have suggested a gridiron to unsophisticated passers-by.

"The celebrated 'Mitre,' near the west end of St. Paul's, was the first music-house in London. The name of the master was Robert Herbert, *alias* Farges. Like many brother publicans, he was, besides being a lover of music, also a collector of natural curiosities, as appears by his 'Catalogue of many natural rarities, collected with great industrie, cost, and thirty years' travel into foreign countries, collected by Robert Herbert, *alias* Farges, gent., and sworn servant to his Majesty; to be seen at the place called the Music-house, at the Mitre, near the west end of S. Paul's Church, 1664.' This collection, or, at least, a great part of it, was bought by Sir Hans Sloane. It is conjectured that the 'Mitre' was situated in London House Yard, at the north-west end of St. Paul's, on the spot where afterwards stood the house known by the sign of the 'Goose and Gridiron.'"

St. Paul's School, known to cathedral visitors chiefly by that murky, barred-in, purgatorial playground opposite the east end of Wren's great edifice, is of considerable antiquity, for it was refounded in 1512 by that zealous patron of learning, and friend of Erasmus, Dean Colet. This liberal-minded man was the eldest of twenty-two children, all of whom he survived. His father was a City mercer, who was twice Lord Mayor of London. Colet became Dean of St. Paul's in 1505, and soon afterwards, as Latimer tells us, narrowly escaped burning for his opposition to image-worship. Having no near relatives, Colet, in 1509, began to found St. Paul's School, adapted to receive 153 poor boys, the number of fishes taken by Peter in the miraculous draught. The building is said to have cost £4,500, and was endowed with lands in Buckinghamshire estimated by Stow, in 1598, as of the yearly value of £120 or better, and now worth £12,000, with a certainty of rising.

No children were to be admitted into the school but such as could say their catechism, and read and write competently. Each child was required

to pay fourpence on his first admission to the school, which sum was to be given to the "poor scholar" who swept the school and kept the seats clean. The hours of study were to be from seven till eleven in the morning, and from one to five in the afternoon, with prayers in the morning, at noon, and in the evening. It was expressly stipulated that the pupils should never use tallow candles, but only wax, and those "at the cost of their friends." The most remarkable statute of the school is that by which the scholars were bound on Christmas-day to attend at St. Paul's Church and hear the child-bishop sermon, and after be at the high mass, and each of them offer one penny to the child-bishop. When Dean Colet was asked why he had left his foundation in trust to laymen (the Mercers' Company), as tenants of his father, rather than to an ecclesiastical foundation, he answered, "that there was no absolute certainty in human affairs, but, for his part, he found less corruption in such a body of citizens than in any other order or degree of mankind."

Erasmus, after describing the foundation and the school, which he calls "a magnificent structure, to which were attached two dwelling-houses for the masters," proceeds to say, "He divided the school into four chambers. The first—namely, the porch and entrance—in which the chaplain teaches, where no child is to be admitted who cannot read and write; the second apartment is for those who are taught by the under-master; the third is for the boys of the upper form, taught by the high master. These two parts of the school are divided by a curtain, to be drawn at will. Over the head-master's chair is an image of the boy Jesus, a beautiful work, in the gesture of teaching, whom all the scholars, going and departing, salute with a hymn. There is a representation of God the Father, also, saying, 'Hear ye him,' which words were written at my suggestion."

"The last apartment is a little chapel for divine service. In the whole school there are no corners or hiding-places; neither a dining nor a sleeping place. Each boy has his own place, one above another. Every class or form contains sixteen boys, and he that is at the head of a class has a little seat, by way of pre-eminence."

Erasmus, who took a great interest in St. Paul's School, drew up a grammar, and other elementary books of value, for his friend Colet, who had for one of his masters William Lily, "the model of grammarians." Colet's masters were always to be married men.

The school thus described shared in the Great Fire of 1666, and was rebuilt by the Mercers'

Company in 1670. This second structure was superseded by the present edifice, designed and erected by George Smith, Esq., the architect of the Mercers' Company. It has the advantage of two additional masters' houses, and a large cloister for a playground underneath the school.

On occasions of the sovereigns of England, or other royal or distinguished persons, going in state through the City, a balcony is erected in front of this building, whence addresses from the school are presented to the illustrious visitors by the head boys. The origin of this right or custom of the Paulines is not known, but it is of some antiquity. Addresses were so presented to Charles V. and Henry VIII., in 1522; to Queen Elizabeth, 1558; and to Queen Victoria, when the Royal Exchange was opened, in 1844. Her Majesty, however, preferred to receive the address at the next levée; and this precedent was followed when the multitudes of London rushed to welcome the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra, in 1863.

The ancient school-room was on a level with the street, the modern one is built over the cloister. It is a finely-proportioned apartment, and has several new class-rooms adjoining, erected upon a plan proposed by Dr. Kynaston, the late head-master. At the south end of this noble room, above the master's chair, is a bust of the founder by Roubiliac. Over the seat is inscribed, "Intendas animum studiis et rebus honestis," and over the entrance to the room is the quaint and appropriate injunction found at Winchester and other public schools—"Disce, doce, aut discede."

St. Paul's School has an excellent library immediately adjoining the school-room, to which the eighth class have access out of school-hours, the six seniors occupying places in it in school-time.

In 1602 the masters' stipends were enlarged, and the surplus money set apart for college exhibitions. The head master receives £900 a year, the second master £400. The education is entirely gratuitous. The presentations to the school are in the gift of the Master of the Mercers' Company, which company has undoubtedly much limited Dean Colet's generous intentions. The school is rich in prizes and exhibitions. The latest chronicler of the Paulines says:—

"Few public schools can claim to have educated more men who figure prominently in English history than St. Paul's School. Sir Edward North, founder of the noble family of that name; Sir William Paget, who from being the son of a squire, became privy councillor to four successive sovereigns, and acquired the title now held by his descendant, the owner of Beauchamp; and John



Leland, the celebrated archæologist; William Whitaker, one of the earliest and most prominent chaplains of the Reformation; William Camden, antiquarian and herald; the immortal John Milton; Samuel Pepys; Robert Nelson, author of the 'Companion to the Festivals and Fasts of the Church of England'; Dr. Benjamin Calamy; Sir John Trevor, Master of the Rolls and Speaker of the House of Commons; John, the great Duke of Marlborough; Halley, the great astronomer; the gallant but unfortunate Major André; Sir Philip Francis; Sir Charles Wetherell; Sir Frederick Pollock, the late Lord Chief Baron; Lord Chancellor Truro; and the distinguished Greek Professor at Oxford, Benjamin Jowett."

Pepys seems to have been very fond of his old school. In 1659, he goes on Apposition Day to hear his brother John deliver his speech, which he had corrected; and on another occasion, meeting his old second master, Crumbun—a dogmatic old pedagogue, as he calls him—at a bookseller's in the Churchyard, he gives the school a fine copy of Stephens' "Thesaurus." In 1661, going to the Mercers' Hall in the Lord Admiral's coach, we find him expressing pleasure at going in state to the place where as a boy he had himself humbly pleaded for an exhibition to St. Paul's School.

According to Dugdale, an ancient cathedral school existed at St. Paul's. Bishop Balmeis (Henry I.) bestowed on it "the house of Durandus, near the Bell Tower;" and no one could keep a school in London without the licence of the master of Paul's, except the masters of St. Mary-le-Bow and St. Martin's-le-Grand.

The old laws of Dean Colet, containing many curious provisions and restrictions, among other things forbade cock-fighting "and other pageantry" in the school. It was ordered that the second master and chaplain were to reside in Old Change. There was a bust of good Dean Colet over the head-master's throne. Strype, speaking of the original dedication of the school to the child Jesus, says, "but the saint robbed his Master of the title." In early days there used to be great war between the "Paul's pigeons," as they were called, and the boys of St. Anthony's Free School, Threadneedle Street, whom the Paulines nicknamed "Anthony's pigs." The Anthony's boys were great carriers off of prizes for logic and grammar.

A new scheme having lately been passed for its future government, the school is about to be transferred to a site between Hammersmith and Kensington, and will soon become a thing of the past in connection with St. Paul's Churchyard.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### PATERNOSTER ROW.

*Its Successions of Traders—The House of Longman—Goldsmith at Fault—Tarleton, Actor, Host, and Wit—Ordinaries around St. Paul's: their Rules and Customs—The "Castle"—"Dolly's"—The "Chapter" and its Frequenters—Chatterton and Goldsmith—Dr. Buckland and his Prescriptions—Dr. Gower—Dr. Fordyce—The "Wittinagemot" at the "Chapter"—The "Printing Collier"—Mrs. Turner, the Poisoner—The Church of St. Michael "ad Bladum"—The Boy in Panier Alley.*

PATERNOSTER ROW, that crowded defile north of the Cathedral, lying between the old Grey Friars and the Blackfriars, was once entirely ecclesiastical in its character, and, according to Stow, was so called from the stationers and text-writers who dwelt there and sold religious and educational books, alphabets, paternosters, aves, creeds, and graces. It then became famous for its spurriers, and afterwards for eminent mercers, silkmen, and lacemen; so that the coaches of the "quality" often blocked up the whole street. After the fire these trades mostly removed to Bedford Street, King Street, and Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. In 1720 (says Strype) there were stationers and booksellers who came here in Queen Anne's reign from Little Britain, and a good many tire-women, who sold commodos, top-knots, and other dressings for the

female head. By degrees, however, learning ousted vanity, chattering died into studious silence, and the despots of literature ruled supreme. Many a groan has gone up from authors in this gloomy thoroughfare.

One only, and that the most ancient, of the Paternoster Row book-firms, will our space permit us to chronicle. The house of Longman is part and parcel of the Row. The first Longman, born in Bristol in 1699, was the son of a soap and sugar merchant. Apprenticed in London, he purchased, about 1724, the business of Mr. Taylor, the publisher of "Robinson Crusoe," for £2,282 9s. 6d., and his first venture was the works of Boyle. This patriarch died in 1755, and was succeeded by a nephew, Thomas Longman, who ventured much trade in America and "the plantations." He was



succeeded by his son, Mr. T. L. Longman, a plain man of the old citizen style, who took as partner Mr. Owen Rees, a Bristol bookseller, a man of industry and acumen.

Before the close of the eighteenth century the house of Longman and Rees had become one of the largest in the City, both as publishers and book-merchants. When there was talk of an additional paper-duty, the ministers consulted, according to West, the new firm, and on their protest desisted; a reverse course, according to the same authority, would have checked operations on the part of that one firm alone of £100,000. Before the opening of the nineteenth century they had become possessed of some new and valuable copyrights—notably, the “Grammar” of Lindley Murray, of New York. This was in 1799.

The “lake poets” proved a valuable acquisition. Wordsworth came first to them, then Coleridge, and lastly Southey. In 1802 the Longmans commenced the issue of Rees’ “Cyclopædia,” reconstructed from the old Chambers’, and about the same time the *Annual Review*, edited by Aikin, which for the nine years of its existence Southey and Taylor of Norwich mainly supported. The catalogue of the firm for 1803 is divided into no less than twenty-two classes. Among their books we note Paley’s “Natural Theology,” Sharon Turner’s “Anglo-Saxon History,” Adolphus’s “History of King George III.,” Pinkerton’s “Geography,” Fosbrooke’s “British Monachism,” Cowper’s “Homer,” Gifford’s “Juvenal,” Sotheby’s “Oberon,” and novels and romances not a few. At this time Mr. Longman used to have Saturday evening receptions in Paternoster Row.

Sir Walter Scott’s “Guy Mannering,” “The Monastery,” and “The Abbot,” were published by Longmans. “Lalla Rookh,” by Tom Moore, was published by them, and they gave £3,000 for it.

In 1811 Mr. Brown, who had entered the house as an apprentice in 1792, and was the son of an old servant, became partner. Then came in Mr. Orme, a faithful clerk of the house—for the house required several heads, the old book trade alone being an important department. In 1826, when Constable of Edinburgh came down in the commercial crash, and brought poor Sir Walter Scott to the ground with him, the Longman firm succeeded to the *Edinburgh Review*, which is still their property. Mr. Green became a partner in 1824, and in 1856 Mr. Roberts was admitted. In 1829 the firm ventured on the publication of Lardner’s “Cyclopædia,” to which Scott, Tom Moore, Mackintosh, &c., contributed, and which

ended in 1846 with the 133rd volume. Messrs. Longman published Macanlay’s “History of England,” and the cheque for £20,000 which they paid him on account of it is historical.

Thomas Norton Longman resided for many years at Mount Grove, Hampstead, where he entertained many wits and scholars. He died there in 1842, leaving £200,000 personalty. In 1830 Mr. Thomas Longman entered the firm as a partner, and Mr. William Longman in 1836. “Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts” became the style of the publishing house, the founder of which had commenced business on that spot 150 years before.

In 1773, a year before Goldsmith’s death, Dr. Kenrick, a vulgar satirist of the day, wrote an anonymous letter in an evening paper called *The London Packet*, sneering at the poet’s vanity, and calling “The Traveller” a flimsy poem, denying the “Deserted Village” genius, fancy, or fire, and calling “She Stoops to Conquer” the merest pantomime. Goldsmith’s Irish blood fired at an allusion to Miss Horneck and his supposed rejection by her. Supposing Evans, of Paternoster Row, to be the editor of the *Packet*, Goldsmith resolved to chastise him. Evans, a brutal fellow, who turned his son out in the streets and separated from his wife because she took her son’s part, denied all knowledge of the matter. As he turned his back to look for the libel, Goldsmith struck him sharply across the shoulders. Evans, a sturdy, hot Welshman, returned the blow with interest, and in the scuffle a lamp overhead was broken and covered the combatants with fish-oil. Dr. Kenrick then stepped from an adjoining room, interposed between the combatants, and sent poor Goldsmith home, bruised and disfigured, in a coach. Evans subsequently indicted Goldsmith for the assault, but the affair was compromised by Goldsmith paying £50 towards a Welsh charity. The friend who accompanied Goldsmith to this chivalrous but unsuccessful attack is said to have been Captain Horneck, but it seems more probable that it was Captain Higgins, an Irish friend mentioned in “The Haunch of Venison.”

Near the site of the present Dolly’s Chop House stood the “Castle,” an ordinary kept by Shakespeare’s friend and fellow actor, Richard Tarleton, the low comedian of Queen Elizabeth’s reign. It was this humorous, ugly actor who doubt suggested to the great manager many of his jesters, fools, and simpletons, and we have that the tag songs—such as that at the end of *Well that Ends Well*, “When that I was a little tiny boy”—were expressly written for Tarleton, and were danced by that comedian to the pipe

of a pipe and a tabor which he himself played. The part which Tarleton had to play as host and wit is well shown in his "Book of Jests":—

"Tarleton keeping an ordinary in Paternoster Row, and sitting with gentlemen to make them merry, would approve mustard standing before them to have wit. 'How so?' saies one. 'It is like a witty scold meeting another scold, knowing that scold will scold, begins to scold first. So,' says he, 'the mustard being lickt up, and knowing that you will bite it, begins to bite you first.' 'I'll try that,' saies a gull by, and the mustard so tickled him that his eyes watered. 'How now?' saies Tarleton; 'does my jest savour?' 'I,' saies the gull, 'and bite too.' 'If you had had better wit,' saies Tarleton, 'you would have bit first; so, then, conclude with me, that dumbe unfeeling mustard hath more wit than a talking, unfeeling foole, as you are.' Some were pleased, and some were not; but all Tarleton's care was taken, for his resolution was ever, before he talkt any jest, to measure his opponent."

A modern antiquary has with great care culled from the "Gull's Horn Book" and other sources a sketch of the sort of company that might be met with at such an ordinary. It was the custom for men of fashion in the reign of Elizabeth and James to pace in St. Paul's till dinner-time, and after the ordinary again till the hour when the theatres opened. The author of "Shakespeare's England" says:—

"There were ordinaries of all ranks, the *table d'hôte* being the almost universal mode of dining among those who were visitors to London during the season, or term-time, as it was then called. There was the twelpenny ordinary, where you might meet justices of the peace and young knights; and the threepenny ordinary, which was frequented by poor lieutenants and thrifty attorneys. At the

one the rules of high society were maintained, and the large silver salt-cellar indicated the rank of the guests. At the other the diners were silent and unsociable, or the conversation, if any, was so full of 'ameracements and feoffments' that a mere countryman would have thought the people were conjuring.

"If a gallant entered the ordinary at about half-past eleven, or even a little earlier, he would find the room full of fashion-mongers, waiting for the meat to be served. There are men of all classes:

titled men, who live cheap that they may spend more at Court; stingy men, who want to save the charges of house-keeping; courtiers, who come there for society and news; adventurers, who have no home; Templars, who dine there daily; and men about town, who dine at whatever place is nearest to their hunger. Lords, citizens, concealed Papists, spies, prodigal 'prentices, precisians, aldermen, foreigners, officers, and country gentlemen, all are here. Some have come on foot, some on horseback, and some in those new caroches the poets laugh at."

"The well-bred courtier, on entering the room, saluted those of his acquaintances who

were in winter gathered round the fire, in summer round the window, first throwing his cloak to his page and hanging up his hat and sword. The parvenu would single out a friend, and walk up and down uneasily with the scorn and carelessness of a gentleman usher, laughing rudely and nervously, or obtruding himself into groups of gentlemen gathered round a wit or poet. Quarrelsome men paced about fretfully, fingering their sword-hilts and maintaining as sour a face as that Puritan moping in a corner, pent up by a group of young swaggerers, who are disputing over a card at gleek—vain men!—not caring whether it was Paul's, the Tennis Court, or the play-house, published their clothes, and talked



RICHARD TARLETON, THE ACTOR (copied from an old wood engraving).

as loud as they could, in order to appear at ease, and laughed over the Water Poet's last epigram or the last pamphlet of Marprelate. The soldiers bragged of nothing but of their employment in Ireland and the Low Countries—how they helped Drake to burn St. Domingo, or grave Maurice to hold out Breda. Tom Coryatt, or such weak-pated travellers, would babble of the Rialto and Prester John, and exhibit specimens of unicorns' horns or palm-leaves from the river Nilus. The

implied that you had nearly finished dinner. The more unabashable, rapid adventurer, though but a beggarly captain, would often attack the capon while his neighbour, the knight, was still encumbered with his stewed beef; and when the justice of the peace opposite, who has just pledged him in sack, is knuckle-deep in the goose, he falls stoutly on the long-billed game; while at supper, if one of the college of critics, our gallant praised the last play or put his approving stamp upon the new poem.



DOLLY'S COFFEE-HOUSE (*see page 278*).

courtier talked of the fair lady who gave him the glove which he wore in his hat as a favour; the poet of the last satire of Marston or Ben Jonson, or volunteered to read a trifle thrown off of late by 'Faith, a learned gentleman, a very worthy friend,' though if we were to enquire, this varlet poet might turn out, after all, to be the mere decoy duck of the hostess, paid to draw gulls and fools thither. The mere dallard, silent, playing with his glove or discussing at what apothecary's the best tobacco was to be bought.

"The dishes seemed to have been served up at these hot luncheons or early dinners in much the same order as at the present day—meat, poultry, game, and pastry. 'To be at your woodcocks'

"Primero and a 'pair' of cards followed the wine. Here the practised player learnt to lose with endurance, and neither to tear the cards nor crush the dice with his heel. Perhaps the jest may be true, and that men sometimes played till they sold even their beards to cram tennis-balls or stuff cushions. The patron often paid for the wine or disbursed for the whole dinner. Then the waiter came round with his wooden knife, and scraped off the crusts and crumbs, or cleared off the remains of fruit and cheese into his basket. The next cards were thrown into the fire, the guests' rapiers were re-hung, and belts buckled on. The post news was heard, and the next morning the French lackey and Irish footboy were seen

hobby horses, and some rode off to the play, others to the river-stairs to take a pair of oars to the Surrey side."

The "Castle," where Tarleton had so often talked of Shakespeare and his wit, perished in the Great Fire; but was afterwards rebuilt, and here "The Castle Society of Music" gave their performances," no doubt aided by many of the St. Paul's Choir. Part of the old premises were subsequently (says Mr. Timbs) the Oxford Bible Warehouse, destroyed by fire in 1822, and since rebuilt. "Dolly's Tavern," which stood near the "Castle," derived its name from Dolly, an old cook of the establishment, whose portrait Gainsborough painted. Bonnell Thornton mentions the beefsteaks and gill ale at "Dolly's." The coffee-room, with its projecting fire-place, is as old as Queen Anne. The head of that queen is painted on a window at "Dolly's," and the entrance in Queen's Head Passage is christened from this painting.

The old taverns of London are to be found in the strangest nooks and corners, hiding away behind shops, or secreting themselves up alleys. Unlike the Paris *café*, which delights in the free sunshine of the boulevard, and displays its harmless revellers to the passers-by, the London tavern aims at cosiness, quiet, and privacy. It partitions and curtains-off its guests as if they were conspirators and the wine they drank was forbidden by the law. Of such taverns the "Chapter" is a good example.

The "Chapter Coffee House," at the corner of Chapter House Court, was in the last century famous for its punch, its pamphlets, and its newspapers. As lawyers and authors frequented the Fleet Street taverns, so booksellers haunted the "Chapter." Bonnell Thornton, in the *Connoisseur*, Jan., 1754, says—"The conversation here naturally turns upon the newest publications, but their criticisms are somewhat singular. When they say a *good book*, they do not mean to praise the style or sentiment, but the quick and extensive sale of it. That book is best which sells most."

In 1770 Chatterton, in one of those apparently hopeful letters which he wrote home while in reality his proud heart was breaking, says:—"I am quite familiar at the 'Chapter Coffee House,' and know all the geniuses there." He desires a friend to send him whatever he has published, to be left at the "Chapter." So, again, writing from the King's Bench, he says a gentleman whom he met at the "Chapter" had promised to introduce him as a travelling tutor to the young Duke of Northumberland; "but, alas! I spoke no tongue but my own."

Perhaps that very day Chatterton came, half

starved, and listened with eager ears to great authors talking. Oliver Goldsmith dined there, with Lloyd, that reckless friend of still more reckless Churchill, and some Grub Street cronies, and had to pay for the lot, Lloyd having quite forgotten the important fact that he was moneyless. Goldsmith's favourite seat at the "Chapter" became a seat of honour, and was long pointed out to visitors. Leather tokens of the coffee-house are still in existence.

Mrs. Gaskell has sketched the "Chapter" in 1848, with its low heavy-beamed ceilings, wainscoted rooms, and its broad, dark, shallow staircase. She describes it as formerly frequented by university men, country clergymen, and country booksellers, who, friendless in London, liked to hear the literary chat. Few persons slept there, and in a long, low, dingy room up-stairs the periodical meetings of "the trade" were held. "The high, narrow windows looked into the gloomy Row." Nothing of motion or of change could be seen in the grim, dark houses opposite, so near and close, although the whole width of the Row was between. The mighty roar of London ran round like the sound of an unseen ocean, yet every footfall on the pavement below might be heard distinctly in that unfrequented street.

The frequenters of the "Chapter Coffee House" (1797—1805) have been carefully described by Sir Richard Phillips. Alexander Stevens, editor of the "Annual Biography and Obituary," was one of the choice spirits who met nightly in the "Wittenagemot," as it was called, or the northeast corner box in the coffee-room. The neighbours, who dropped in directly the morning papers arrived, and before they were dried by the waiter, were called the "Wet Paper Club," and another set intercepted the wet evening papers. Dr. Buchan, author of that murderous book, "Domestic Medicine," which teaches a man how to kill himself and family cheaply, generally acted as moderator. He was a handsome, white-haired man, a Tory, a good-humoured companion, and a *bon vivant*. If any one began to complain, or appear hypochondriacal, he used to say—

"Now let me prescribe for you, without a fee. Here, John, bring a glass of punch for Mr. —, unless he likes brandy and water better. Now, take that, sir, and I'll warrant you'll soon be well. You're a peg too low; you want stimulus; and if one glass won't do, call for a second."

Dr. Gower, the urbane and able physician of the Middlesex Hospital, was another frequent visitor, as also that great eater and worker, Dr. Fordyce, whose balance no potations could disturb.

Fordyce had fashionable practice, and brought rare news and much sound information on general subjects. He came to the "Chapter" from his wine, stayed about an hour, and sipped a glass of brandy and water. He then took another glass at the "London Coffee House," and a third at the "Oxford," then wound home to his house in Essex Street, Strand. The three doctors seldom agreed on medical subjects, and laughed loudly at each other's theories. They all, however, agreed in regarding the "Chapter" punch as an infallible and safe remedy for all ills.

The standing men in the box were Hammond and Murray. Hammond, a Coventry manufacturer, had scarcely missed an evening at the "Chapter" for forty-five years. His strictures on the events of the day were thought severe but able, and as a friend of liberty he had argued all through the times of Wilkes and the French and American wars. His Socratic arguments were very amusing. Mr. Murray, the great referee of the Wittenagemot, was a Scotch minister, who generally sat at the "Chapter" reading papers from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. He was known to have read straight through every morning and evening paper published in London for thirty years. His memory was so good that he was always appealed to for dates and matters of fact, but his mind was not remarkable for general lucidity. Other friends of Stevens's were Dr. Birdmore, the Master of the Charterhouse, who abounded in anecdote, Walker, the rhetorician and dictionary-maker, a most intelligent man, with a fine enunciation; and Dr. Towers, a political writer, who over his half-pint of Lisbon grew sarcastic and lively. Also a grumbling man named Dobson, who between asthmatic paroxysms vented his spleen on all sides. Dobson was an author and paradox-monger, but so devoid of principle that he was deserted by all his friends, and would have died from want, if Dr. Garthshore had not placed him as a patient in an empty fever hospital. Robinson, "the king of booksellers," and his sensible brother John were also frequenters of the "Chapter," as well as Joseph Johnson, the friend of Priestley, Paine, Cowper, and Fuseli, from St. Paul's Churchyard. Phillips, the speculative bookseller, then commencing his *Monthly Magazine*, came to the "Chapter" to look out for recruits, and with his pockets well lined with guineas to enlist them. He used to describe all the odd characters at this coffee-house, from the glutton in politics, who waited at daylight for the morning papers, to the mooping and disconsolate bachelor, who sat till the fire was raked out by the sleepy waiter at half-past twelve at night. These strange figures

succeeded each other regularly, like the figures in a magic lantern.

Alexander Chalmers, editor of many works, enlivened the Wittenagemot by many sallies of wit and humour. He took great pains not to be mistaken for a namesake of his, who, he used to say, carried "the leaden mace." Other *habitués* were the two Parrys, of the *Courier* and *Jacobite* papers, and Captain Skinner, a man of elegant manners, who represented England in the absurd procession of all nations, devised by that German revolutionary fanatic, Anacharsis Clootz, in Paris in 1793. Baker, an ex-Spitalfields manufacturer, a great talker and eater, joined the coterie regularly, till he shot himself at his lodgings in Kirby Street. It was discovered that his only meal in the day had been the nightly supper at the "Chapter," at the fixed price of a shilling, with a supplementary pint of porter. When the shilling could no longer be found for the supper, he killed himself.

Among other members of these pleasant coteries were Lowndes, the electrician, Dr. Busby, the musician, Cooke, the well-bred writer of conversation, and Macfarlane, the author of "The History of George III," who was eventually killed by a blow from the pole of a coach during an election procession of Sir Francis Burdett at Brentford. Another celebrity was a young man named Wilson, called Langton, from his stories of the *haut ton*. He ran up a score of £40, and then disappeared, to the vexation of Mrs. Brown, the landlady, who would willingly have welcomed him, even though he never paid, as a means of amusing and detaining customers. Waithman, the Common Councilman and Alderman, was always clear-headed and agreeable. There was also Mr. Paterson, a long-headed, speculative North Briton, who had taught Pitt mathematics. But such coteries are like empires; they have their rise and their fall. Dr. Buchan died; some pert young sparks offended the Nestor, Hammond, who gave up the place, after forty-five years' attendance, and before 1820 the "Chapter" grew silent and dull.

The fourth edition of the well-known "Antient and Modern Geography," says Nicholls, was published by an association of respectable booksellers, who about the year 1719 entered into an especial partnership, for the purpose of printing some expensive works, and styled themselves "the Printing Conger." The term "Conger" was supposed to have been at first applied to them invidiously, alluding to the conger eel, which is said to swallow the whole fry; or it may possibly have been taken from the *congrus*. The "Conger" met at the "Chapter."



The "Chapter" closed as a coffee-house in 1854, and was altered into a tavern.

One tragic memory, and one alone, as far as we know, attaches to Paternoster Row. It was here, in the reign of James I., that Mrs. Anne Turner lived, at whose house the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury was planned. It was here that Viscount Rochester met the infamous Countess of Essex; and it was Overbury's violent opposition to this shameful intrigue that led to his death from arsenic and diamond-dust, administered in the Tower by Weston, a servant of Mrs. Turner's, who received £180 for his trouble. Rochester and the Countess were disgraced, but their lives were spared. The Earl of Northampton, an accomplice of the countess, died before Overbury succumbed to his three months of torture.

"Mrs. Turner," says Sir Simonds d'Ewes, had "first brought up that vain and foolish use of yellow starch, coming herself to her trial in a yellow band and cuffs; and therefore, when she was afterwards executed at Tyburn, the hangman had his band and cuffs of the same colour, which made many after that day, of either sex, to forbear the use of that coloured starch, till at last it grew generally to be detested and disused."

In a curious old print of West Chepe, date 1585, in the vestry-room of St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, we see St. Michael's Church on the north side of Paternoster Row. It is a plain building, with a low square tower and pointed-headed windows. It was chiefly remarkable as the burial-place of that indefatigable antiquary, John Leland. This laborious man, educated at St. Paul's School, was one of the earliest Greek scholars in England, and one of the deepest students of Welsh and Saxon. Henry VIII. made him one of his chaplains, bestowed on him several benefices, and gave him a roving commission to visit the ruins of England and Wales and inspect the records of collegiate and cathedral libraries. He spent six years in this search, and collected a vast mass of material, then retired to his house in the parish of St. Michael-le-Quern to note and arrange his treasures. His mind, however, broke down under the load: he became insane, and died in that dreadful darkness of the soul, 1552. His great work, "The Itinerary of Great Britain," was not published till after his death. His large collections relating to London antiquities were, unfortunately for us, lost. The old church of "St. Michael ad Bladum," says Strype, "or 'at the Corn' (corruptly called the 'Quern') was so called because in place thereof was some time a corn-market, stretching up west to the shambles. It seemeth that this church was first builded about

the reign of Edward III. Thomas Newton, first parson there, was buried in the quire, in the year 1361, which was the 35th of Edward III. At the east end of this church stood an old cross called the Old Cross in West-cheap, which was taken down in the 13th Richard II.; since the which time the said parish church was also taken down, but new builded and enlarged in the year 1430; the 8th Henry VI., William Eastfield, mayor, and the commonalty, granting of the common soil of the City three foot and a half in breadth on the north part, and four foot in breadth towards the east, for the enlarging thereof. This church was repaired, and with all things either for use or beauty, richly supplied and furnished, at the sole cost and charge of the parishioners, in 1617. This church was burnt down in the Great Fire, and remains unbuilt, and laid into the street, but the conduit which was formerly at the east end of the church still remains. The parish is united to St. Vedast, Foster Lane. At the east end of this church, in place of the old cross, is now a water-conduit placed. William Eastfield, maior, the 9th Henry VI., at the request of divers common counsels, granted it so to be. Whereupon, in the 19th of the said Henry, 1,000 marks was granted by a common council towards the works of this conduit, and the reparation of others. This is called the Little Conduit in West Cheap, by Paul's Gate. At the west end of this parish church is a small passage for people on foot; thorow the same church; and west from the same church, some distance, is another passage out of Paternoster Row, and is called (of such a sign) Panier Alley, which cometh out into the north, over against St. Martin's Lane.

'When you have sought the city round,  
Yet still this is the highest ground.

August 27, 1688.'

This is writ upon a stone raised, about the middle of this Panier Alley, having the figure of a panier, with a boy sitting upon it, with a bunch of grapes, as it seems to be, held between his naked foot and hand, in token, perhaps, of plenty."

At the end of a somewhat long Latin epitaph to Marcus Erington in this church occurred the following lines:—

"Vita bonos, sed poena malos, eterna capessit,  
Vite bonis, sed poena malis, per secula crescit;  
His mors, his vita, perpetuatur ita."

John Bankes, mercer and squire, who was interred here, had a long epitaph, adorned with the following verses:—

"Imbued in pious arts, wrapt in a shroud  
Of white, luscious charity, who vowed,  
Having enough, the world should undertake  
No need of money might assuage his greed;



Bankes here is laid asleep—this place did breed him—  
A precedent to all that shall succeed him.  
Note both his life and imitable end;  
Not he th' unrighteous mammon made his friend;  
Expressing by his talents' rich increase  
Service that gain'd him praise and lasting peace.  
Much was to him committed, much he gave,  
Ent'ring his treasure there whence all shall have  
Returne with use : what to the poore is given

Claims a just promise of reward in heaven.  
Even such a bankes *Bankes* left behind at last,  
Riches stor'd up, which age nor time can waste."

On part of the site of the church of this parish, after the fire of London in 1666, was erected a conduit for supplying the neighbourhood with water; but the same being found unnecessary, it was, with others, pulled down in 1727.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### BAYNARD'S CASTLE AND DOCTORS' COMMONS.

Baron Fitzwalter and King John—The Duties of the Chief Bannerer of London—An Old-fashioned Punishment for Treason—Shakespearean Allusions to Baynard's Castle—Doctors' Commons and its Five Courts—The Court of Probate Act, 1857—The Court of Arches—The Will Office—Business of the Court—Prerogative Court—Faculty Office—Lord Stowell, the Admiralty Judge—Stories of Him—His Marriage—Sir Herbert Jenner Fust—The Court "Rising"—Dr Lushington—Marriage Licences—Old Weller and the "Touters"—Doctors' Commons at the Present Day

WE have already made passing mention of Baynard's Castle, the grim fortress near Blackfriars Bridge, immediately below St. Paul's, where, for several centuries after the Conquest, Norman barons held their state, and behind its stone ramparts maintained their petty sovereignty.

This castle took its name from Ralph Baynard, one of those greedy and warlike Normans who came over with the Conqueror, who bestowed on him many marks of favour, among others the substantial gift of the barony of Little Dunmow, in Essex. This chieftain built the castle, which derived its name from him, and, dying in the reign of Rufus, the castle descended to his grandson, Henry Baynard, who in 1111, however, forfeited it to the Crown for taking part with Helias, Earl of Mayne, who endeavoured to wrest his Norman possessions from Henry I. The angry king bestowed the barony and castle of Baynard, with all its honours, on Robert Fitzgerald, son of Gilbert, Earl of Clare, his steward and cup-bearer. Robert's son, Walter, adhered to William de Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, against John, Earl of Moreton, brother of Richard Cœur de Lion. He, however, kept tight hold of the river-side castle, which duly descended to Robert, his son, who in 1213 became castellan and standard-bearer of the city. On this same banneret, in the midst of his pride and prosperity, there fell a great sorrow. The licentious tyrant, John, who spared none who crossed his passions, fell in love with Matilda, Fitz-Walter's fair daughter, and finding neither father nor daughter compliant to his will, John accused the castellan of abetting the discontented barons, and attempted his arrest. But the river-

side fortress was convenient for escape, and Fitz-Walter fled to France. Tradition says that in 1214 King John invaded France, but that after a time a truce was made between the two nations for five years. There was a river, or arm of the sea, flowing between the French and English tents, and across this flood an English knight, hungry for a fight, called out to the soldiers of the Fleur de Lis to come over and try a joust or two with him. At once Robert Fitz-Walter, with his visor down, ferried over alone with his barbed horse, and mounted ready for the fray. At the first course he struck John's knight so fiercely with his great spear, that both man and steed came rolling in a clashing heap to the ground. Never was spear better broken; and when the squires had gathered up their discomfited master, and the supposed French knight had recrossed the ferry, King John, who delighted in a well-riden course, cried out, with his usual oath, "By God's sooth, he were a king indeed who had such a knight!" Then the friends of the banished man seized their opportunity, and came running to the usurper, and knelt down and said, "O king, he is your knight; it was Robert Fitz-Walter who ran that joust." Whereupon John, who could be generous when he chose, gained anything by it, sent the next day for the good knight, and restored him to his favour, allowed him to rebuild Baynard's Castle, which had been demolished by royal order, and made him, once over, governor of the Castle of Hertford.

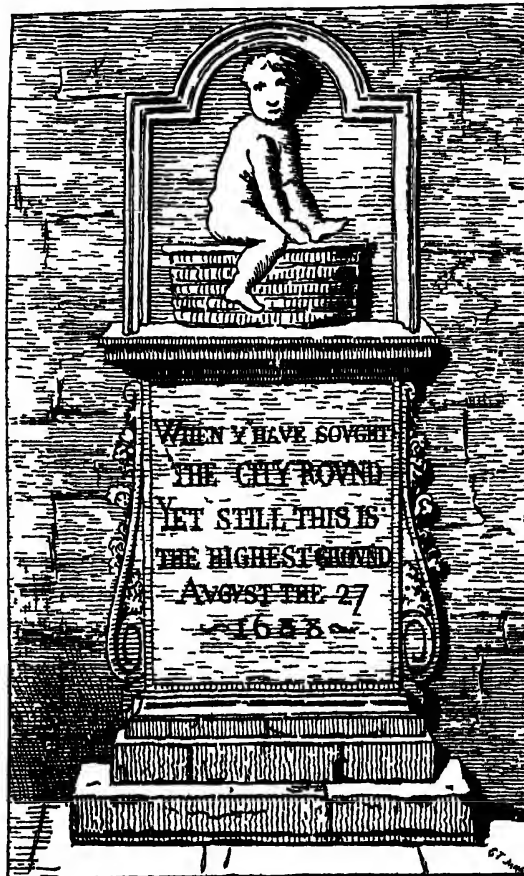
But Fitz-Walter could not forget the greed of his daughter, still green at Dunmow (for she was indomitable in her chastity, had been pursued by a messenger of John's, who attempted to seduce

powder over a poached egg—at least, so the legend runs), and soon placed himself at the head of those brave barons who the next year forced the tyrant to sign Magna Charta at Runnymede. He was afterwards chosen general of the barons' army, to keep John to his word, and styled "Marshal of the Army of God and of the Church." He then, not having received knocks enough in England, joined the Crusaders, and was present at the great siege of Damietta. In 1216 (the first year of Henry III.) Fitz-Walter again appears to the front, watchful of English liberty, for his Castle of Hertford having been delivered to Louis of France, the dangerous ally of the barons, he required of the French to leave the same, "because the keeping thereof did by ancient right and title pertain to him." On which Louis, says Stow, prematurely showing his claws, replied scornfully "that Englishmen were not worthy to have such holds in keeping, because they did betray their own lord;" but Louis not long after left England rather suddenly, accelerated no doubt by certain movements of Fitz-Walter and his brother barons.

Fitz-Walter dying, and being buried at Dunmow, the scene of his joys and sorrows, was succeeded by his son Walter, who was summoned to Chester in the forty-third year of Henry III., to repel the fierce and half-savage Welsh from the English frontier. After Walter's death the barony of Baynard was in the wardship of Henry III. during the minority of Robert Fitz-Walter, who in 1303 claimed his right as castellan and banner-bearer of the City of London before John Blandon, or Blount, Mayor of London. The old formularies on which Fitz-Walter founded his claims are quoted by Stow from an old record which is singularly quaint and picturesque. The chief clauses run thus:—

"The said Robert and his heirs are and ought to be chief bannerets of London in fee, for the chastiliary which he and his ancestors had by Castle Baynard in the said city. In time of war the said Robert and his heirs ought to serve the city in manner as followeth—that is, the said Robert ought to come, he being the twentieth man of arms, on horseback, covered with cloth or armour, unto the great west door of St. Paul's, with his

banner displayed before him, and when he is so come, mounted and apparelled, the mayor, with his aldermen and sheriffs armed with their arms, shall come out of the said church with a banner in his hand, all on foot, which banner shall be gules, the image of St. Paul gold, the face, hands, feet, and sword of silver; and as soon as the earl seeth the mayor come on foot out of the church, bearing such a banner, he shall alight from his horse and salute the mayor, saying unto him, 'Sir mayor, I am come to do my service which I owe to the city.' And the mayor and aldermen shall reply, 'We give to you as our banneret of fee in this city the banner of this city, to bear and govern, to the honour of this city to your power;' and the earl, taking the banner in his hands, shall go on foot out of



THE FIGURE IN PANIER ALLEY (see page 220)

the gate; and the mayor and his company following to the door, shall bring a horse to the said Robert, value twenty pounds, which horse shall be saddled with a saddle of the arms of the said earl, and shall be covered with sindals of the said arms. Also, they shall present him a purse of twenty pounds, delivering it to his chamberlain, for his charges that day."

The record goes on to say that when Robert is mounted on his £20 horse, banner in hand, he shall require the mayor to appoint a City Marshal (we have all seen him with his cocked hat and adorned

commander-in-chief manner), "and the commons shall then assemble under the banner of St. Paul, Robert bearing the banner to Aldgate, and then delivering it up to some fit person. And if the army have to go out of the city, Robert shall choose two sage persons out of every ward to keep the city in the absence of the army." And these guardians were to be chosen in the priory of the Trinity, near Aldgate. And for every town or castle which the Lord of London besieged, if the

of the mayor or sheriff, was to be tried in the court of the said Robert.

"If any, therefore, be taken in his sokemanry, he must have his stocks and imprisonment in his soken, and he shall be brought before the mayor and judgment given him, but it must not be published till he come into the court of the said earl, and in his liberty; and if he have deserved death by treason, he is to be tied to a post in the Thames, at a good wharf, where boats are fastened,



THE CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL AD BLADUM (see page 280).

siege continued a whole year, the said Robert was to receive for every siege, of the commonalty, one hundred shillings and no more. These were Robert Fitz-Walter's rights in times of war; in times of peace his rights were also clearly defined. His sok or ward in the City began at a wall of St. Paul's canonry, which led down by the brewhouse of St. Paul's to the river Thames, and so to the side of a wall, which was in the water coming down from Fleet Bridge. The ward went on by London Wall, behind the house of the Black Friars, to Ludgate, and it included all the parish of St. Andrew. Any of his sokemen indicted at the Guildhall of any offence not touching the body

two ebbings and two flowings of the water (†) And if he be condemned for a common theft, he ought to be led to the elms, and there suffer his judgment as other thieves. And so the said earl hath honour, that he holdeth a great franchise within the city, that the mayor must do him right; and when he holdeth a great council, he ought to call the said Robert, who should be sworn thereof, against all people, saving the king and his heirs. And when he cometh to the hustings at Guildhall, the mayor ought to rise against him, and sit down beside him so long as he remaineth, all judgments being given by his mouth, according to the customs of the Guildhall; and the warden then cross him.

stayeth, he ought to give them to the town bailiff, or to whom he will, by the counsel of the mayor."

This old record seems to us especially quaint and picturesque. The right of banner-bearer to the City of London was evidently a privilege not to be despised by even the proudest Norman baron, however numerous were his men-at-arms, however thick the forest of lances that followed at his back. At the gates of many a refractory Essex or Hertfordshire castle, no doubt, the Fitz-Walters flaunted that great banner, that was emblazoned with the image of St. Paul, with golden face and silver feet; and the horse valued at £20, and the pouch with twenty golden pieces, must by no means have lessened the zeal and pride of the City castellan as he led on his trusty archers, or urged forward the half-stripped, sinewy men, who toiled at the catapult, or bent down the mighty springs of the terrible mangonel. Many a time through Aldgate must the castellan have passed with glittering armour and flaunting plume, eager to earn his hundred shillings by the siege of a rebellious town.

Then Robert was knighted by Edward I., and the family continued in high honour and reputation through many troubles and public calamities. In the reign of Henry VI., when the male branch died out, Anne, the heiress, married into the Radcliffe family, who revived the title of Fitz-Walter.

It is not known how this castle came to the Crown, but certain it is that on its being consumed by fire in 1428 (Henry VI.), it was rebuilt by Humphrey, the good duke of Gloucester. On his death it was made a royal residence by Henry VI., and by him granted to the Duke of York, his luckless rival, who lodged here with his factionous retainers during the lulls in the wars of York and Lancaster. In the year 1460, the Earl of March, lodging in Castle Baynard, was informed that his army and the Earl of Warwick had declared that Henry VI. was no longer worthy to reign, and had chosen him for their king. The earl coquetted, as usurpers often do, with these offers of the crown, declaring his insufficiency for so great a charge, till yielding to the exhortations of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Exeter, he at last consented. On the next day he went to St. Paul's in procession, to hear the 72 *Dawn*, and was then conveyed in state to Westminster, and there, in the Hall, invested with the sceptre by the confessor.

At Baynard's Castle, too, that cruel usurper, Richard III., practised the same arts as his predecessor. Shakespeare, who has darkened Richard almost to caricature, has left him the greatest sketch existing in fiction. At Baynard's Castle

our great poet makes Richard receive his accomplice Buckingham, who had come from the Guildhall with the Lord Mayor and aldermen to press him to accept the crown; Richard is found by the credulous citizens with a book of prayer in his hand, standing between two bishops. This man, who was already planning the murder of Hastings and the two princes in the Tower, affected religious scruples, and with well-feigned reluctance accepted "the golden yoke of sovereignty."

Thus at Baynard's Castle begins that darker part of the Crookback's career, which led on by crime after crime to the desperate struggle at Bosworth, when, after slaying his rival's standard-bearer, Richard was beaten down by swords and axes, and his crown struck off into a hawthorn bush. The defaced corpse of the usurper, stripped and gory, was, as the old chroniclers tell us, thrown over a horse and carried by a faithful herald to be buried at Leicester. It is in vain that modern writers try to prove that Richard was gentle and accomplished, that this murder attributed to him was profitless and impossible; his name will still remain in history blackened and accursed by charges that the great poet has turned into truth, and which, indeed, are difficult to refute. That Richard might have become a great, and wise, and powerful king, is possible; but that he hesitated to commit crimes to clear his way to the throne, which had so long been struggled for by the Houses of York and Lancaster, truth forbids us for a moment to doubt. He seems to have been one of those dark, wily natures that do not trust even their most intimate accomplices, and to have worked in such darkness that only the angels know what blows he struck, or what murders he planned. One thing is certain, that Henry, Clarence, Hastings, and the princes died in terribly quick succession, and at most convenient moments.

Henry VIII. expended large sums in turning Baynard's Castle from a fortress into a palace. He frequently lodged there in burly majesty, and entertained there the King of Castile, who was driven to England by a tempest. The castle then became the property of the Pembroke family, and here, in July, 1553, the council was held in which it was resolved to proclaim Mary Queen of England, which was at once done at the Cheapside Cross by sound of trumpet.

Queen Elizabeth, who delighted to honour her special favourites, once supped at Baynard's Castle with the earl, and afterwards went on the river to show herself to her loyal subjects. It is particularly mentioned that the queen returned to her palace at ten o'clock.

The Earls of Shrewsbury afterwards occupied the castle, and resided there till it was burnt in the Great Fire. On its site stand the Carron works and the wharf of the Castle Baynard Copper Company.

Adjoining Baynard's Castle once stood a tower built by King Edward II, and bestowed by him on William de Ross, for a rose yearly, paid in lieu of all other services. The tower was in later times called "the Legates' Tower." Westward of this stood Montfichet Castle, and eastward of Baynard's Castle the Tower Royal and the Tower of London, so that the Thames was well guarded from Ludgate to the citadel. All round this neighbourhood, in the Middle Ages, great families clustered. There was Beaumont Inn, near Paul's Wharf, which, on the attainder of Lord Bardolf, Edward IV. bestowed on his favourite, Lord Hastings, whose death Richard III. (as we have seen) planned at his very door. It was afterwards Huntingdon House. Near Trigg Stairs the Abbot of Chertsey had a mansion, afterwards the residence of Lord Sandys. West of Paul's Wharf (Henry VI.) was Scroope's Inn, and near that a house belonging to the Abbey of Fescamp, given by Edward III. to Sir Thomas Burley. In Carter Lane was the mansion of the Priors of Okeborne, in Wiltshire, and not far from the present Puddle Dock was the great mansion of the Lords of Berkley, where, in the reign of Henry VI., the king-making Earl of Warwick kept tremendous state, with a thousand swords ready to fly out if he even raised a finger.

And now, leaving barons, usurpers, and plotters, we come to the Dean's Court archway of Doctors' Commons, the portal so long guarded by touters for licences, men in white aprons, who looked half like confectioners, and half like disbanded watermen. Here was the college of Doctors of Law, provided for the ecclesiastical lawyers in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign by Master Henry Harvey, Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, Prebendary of Ely, and Dean of the Arches; according to Sir George Howes, "a reverend, learned, and good man." The house had been inhabited by Lord Mountjoy, and Dr. Harvey obtained a lease of it for one hundred years of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, for the annual rent of five marks. Before this the civilians and canonists had lodged in a small inconvenient house in Paternoster Row, afterwards the "Queen's Head Tavern." Cardinal Wolsey, always magnificent in his schemes, had planned a "fair college of stone" for the ecclesiastical lawyers, the plan of which Sir Robert Cotton possessed. In this college, in 1631, says

Buc, the Master of the Revels, lived in commons with the Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, being a doctor of civil law, the Dean of the Arches, the Judges of the Court of Delegates, the Vicar-General, and the Master or Custos of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

Doctors' Commons, says Strype, "consists of five courts—three appertaining to the see of Canterbury, one to the see of London, and one to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralties." The functions of these several courts he thus defines:—

"Here are the courts kept for the practice of civil or ecclesiastical causes. Several offices are also here kept, as the Registry of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Registry of the Bishop of London.

"The causes whereof the civil and ecclesiastical law take cognisance are those that follow, as they are enumerated in the 'Present State of England':—Blasphemy, apostacy from Christianity, heresy, schism, ordinations, institutions of clerks to benefices, celebration of Divine service, matrimony, divorces, bastardy, tythes, oblations, obventions, mortuaries, dilapidations, reparation of churches, probate of wills, administrations, simony, incests, fornications, adulteries, solicitation of chastity; pensions, procurations, commutation of penance, right of pews, and other such like, reducible to those matters.

"The courts belonging to the civil and ecclesiastical laws are divers.

"First, the Court of *Arches*, which is the highest court belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was a court formerly kept in Bow Church in Cheapside; and the church and tower thereof being arched, the court was from thence called *The Arches*, and so still is called. Hither are all appeals directed in ecclesiastical matters within the province of Canterbury. To this court belongs a judge who is called *The Dean of the Arches*, so styled because he hath a jurisdiction over a deanery in London, consisting of thirteen parishes exempt from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London. This court hath (besides this judge) a registrar or examiner, an actuary, a beadle or clerk, and an apparitor; besides advocates and procurators or proctors. These, after they be admitted by warrant and commission directed from the Archbishop, and by the Dean of the Arches, may then (and not before) exercise as advocates and proctors there, and in any other court of law.

"Secondly, the Court of *Auditors*. This court likewise of the Archbishop's, which he used to hold in his own house, where he received all complaints, and appeals, and had various officers



living with him, that were auditors of the said causes before the Archbishop gave sentence. This court was kept in later times in St. Paul's. The judge belonging to this court was stiled '*Causarum, negotiorumque Cantuarien, auditor officialis.*' It had also other officers, as the other courts.

"Thirdly, the next court for civil causes belonging to the Archbishop is the *Prerogative* Court, wherein wills and testaments are proved, and all administrations taken, which belongs to the Archbishop by his prerogative, that is, by a special pre-eminence that this see hath in certain causes above ordinary bishops within his province, this takes place where the deceased hath goods to the value of £5 out of the diocese, and being of the diocese of London, to the value of £10. If any contention grow, touching any such wills or administrations, the causes are debated and decided in this court.

"Fourthly, the Court of *Faculties and Dispensations*, whereby a privilege or special power is granted to a person by favour and indulgence to do that which by law otherwise he could not: as, to marry, without banns first asked in the church three several Sundays or holy days; the son to succeed his father in his benefice; for one to have two or more benefices incompatible; for non-residence, and in other such like cases.

"Fifthly, the Court of *Admiralty*, which was erected in the reign of Edward III. This court belongs to the Lord High Admiral of England, a high officer that hath the government of the king's navy, and the hearing of all causes relating to merchants and mariners. He takes cognisance of the death or mayhem of any man committed in the great ships riding in great rivers, beneath the bridges of the same next the sea. Also he hath power to arrest ships in great streams for the use of the king, or his wars. And in these things this court is concerned.

"To these I will add the Court of *Delegates*; to which high court appeals do lie from any of the former courts. This is the highest court for civil causes. It was established by an Act in the 25th Henry VIII., cap. 19, wherein it was enacted, 'That it should be lawful, for lack of justice at or in any of the Archbishop's courts, for the parties grieved to appeal to the King's Majesty in his Court of Chancery; and that, upon any such appeal, a commission under the Great Seal should be directed to such persons as should be named by the king's highness (like as in case of appeal from the Admiralty Court), to determine such appeals, and the cases concerning the same. And no further appeals to be had or made from the said commissioners for the same.' These commissioners are

appointed judges only for that turn; and they are commonly of the spirituality, or bishops; of the common law, as judges of Westminster Hall; as well as those of the civil law. And these are mixed one with another, according to the nature of the cause.

"Lastly, sometimes a Commission of *Review* is granted by the king under the Broad Seal, to consider and judge again what was decreed in the Court of Delegates. But this is but seldom, and upon great, and such as shall be judged just, causes by the Lord Keeper or High Chancellor. And this done purely by the king's prerogative, since by the Act for Delegates no further appeals were to be laid or made from those commissioners, as was mentioned before."

The Act 20 & 21 Vict., cap. 77, called "The Court of Probate Act, 1857," received the royal assent on the 25th of August, 1857. This is the great act which established the Court of Probate, and abolished the jurisdiction of the courts ecclesiastical.

The following, says Mr. Forster, are some of the benefits resulting from the reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts:—

That reform has reduced the depositaries for wills in this country from nearly 400 to 40.

It has brought complicated testamentary proceedings into a system governed by one vigilant court.

It has relieved the public anxiety respecting "the doom of English wills," by placing them in the custody of responsible men.

It has thrown open the courts of law to the entire legal profession.

It has given the public the right to prove wills or obtain letters of administration without professional assistance.

It has given to literary men an interesting field for research.

It has provided that which ancient Rome is said to have possessed, but which London did not possess—viz., a place of deposit for the wills of living persons.

It has extended the English favourite mode of trial—viz., trial by jury—by admitting jurors to try the validity of wills and questions of divorce.

It has made divorce not a matter of wealth but of justice: the wealthy and the poor alike now only require a clear case and "no collusion."

It has enabled the humblest wife to obtain a "protection order" for her property against an unprincipled husband.

It has afforded persons wanting to establish legitimacy, the validity of marriages, and the right to be deemed natural born subjects, the means of so doing.

Amongst its minor benefits it has enabled persons needing copies of wills which have been proved since January, 1858, in any part of the country, to obtain them from the principal registry of the Court of Probate in Doctors' Commons.

Sir Cresswell Cresswell was appointed Judge of the Probate Court at its commencement. He was likewise the first Judge of the Divorce Court.

The College property—the freehold portion, subject to a yearly rent-charge of £105, and to an



annual payment of 5s. 4d., both payable to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's—was put up for sale by auction, in one lot, on November 28, 1862. The place was at once demolished, and the materials were sold, the site being utilised in forming the new thoroughfare from Blackfriars to the Mansion House: the roadway passes directly through what once was the College garden.

Chaucer, in his "Canterbury Tales," gives an unfavourable picture of the old sompnour (or apparitor to the Ecclesiastical Court) :—

"A sompnour was ther with us in that place,  
Thad hadde a fire-red cherubimes face;  
For sauvefleme he was, with eyen naiwe.  
As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,  
With scalled browes blake, and pilled berd;  
Of his visage children were sore aferd  
Ther n'as quiksilver, litarge, ne bismston,  
Boras, ceruse, ne oile of Tartre non,  
Ne oment that wolde clense or bite,  
That hum might helpen of his whelkes white,  
Ne of the nobbes sitting on his chekes.  
Wel loved he garlike, onion, and leke,  
And for to drinke strong win as rede as blood.  
Than wold he speke, and crie as he were wood.  
And when that he wel dronken had the win,  
Than wold he speken no word but Latin.  
A fewe termes coude he, two or thre,  
That he had lerned out of some decree;  
No wonder is, he herd it all the day.  
And eke ye knowen wel, how that a jay  
Can clepen watte, as well as can the pope.  
But who so wolde in other thing hum grope,  
Than hadde he spent all his philosophie,  
Ay, *Questio quid juris* wold he crie."

In 1585 there were but sixteen or seventeen doctors; in 1694 that swarm had increased to forty-four. In 1595 there were but five proctors; in 1694 there were forty-three. Yet even in Henry VIII.'s time the proctors were complained of, for being so numerous and clamorous that neither judges nor advocates could be heard. Cranmer, to remedy this evil, attempted to gradually reduce the number to ten, which was petitioned against as insufficient and tending to "delays and prolix suits."

"Doctors' Commons," says Defoe, "was a name very well known in Holland, Denmark, and Sweden, because all ships that were taken during the last wars, belonging to those nations, on suspicion of trading with France, were brought to trial here; which occasioned that sarcastic saying abroad that we have often heard in conversation, that England was a fine country, but a man called Doctors' Commons was a devil, for there was no getting out of his clutches, let one's cause be never so good, without paying a great deal of money."

A writer in Knight's "London" (1843) gives a

pleasant sketch of the Court of Arches in that year. The Common Hall, where the Court of Arches, the Prerogative Court, the Consistory Court, and the Admiralty Court all held their sittings, was a comfortable place, with dark polished wainscoting reaching high up the walls, while above hung the richly emblazoned arms of learned doctors dead and gone; the fire burned cheerily in the central stove. The dresses of the unengaged advocates in scarlet and ermine, and of the proctors in ermine and black, were picturesque. The opposing advocates sat in high galleries, and the absence of prisoner's dock and jury-box—nay, even of a public—impressed the stranger with a sense of agreeable novelty.

Apropos of the Court of Arches once held in Bow Church. "The Commissary Court of Surrey," says Mr. Jeaffreson, in his "Book about the Clergy," "still holds sittings in the Church of St. Saviour's, Southwark; and any of my London readers, who are at the small pains to visit that noble church during a sitting of the Commissary's Court, may ascertain for himself that, notwithstanding our reverence for consecrated places, we can still use them as chambers of justice. The court, of course, is a spiritual court, but the great, perhaps the greater, part of the business transacted at its sittings is of an essentially secular kind."

The nature of the business in the Court of Arches may be best shown by the brief summary given in the report for three years—1827, 1828, and 1829. There were 21 matrimonial cases; 1 of defamation; 4 of brawling; 5 church-smiting; 1 church-rate; 1 legacy; 1 tithes; 4 correction. Of these 17 were appeals from the courts, and 21 original suits.

The cases in the Court of Arches were often very trivial. "There was a case," says Dr. Nicholls, "in which the cause had originally commenced in the Archdeacon's Court at Totnes, and thence there had been an appeal to the Court at Exeter, thence to the Arches, and thence to the Delegates; after all, the issue having been simply, which of two persons had the right of hanging his hat on a particular peg." The other is of a sadder cast, and calculated to arouse a just indignation. Our authority is Mr. T. W. Sweet (Report on Ecclesiastical Courts), who states: "In one instance, many years since, a suit was instituted which I thought produced a great deal of inconvenience and dispute. It was the case of a person of the name of Russell, whose wife was supposed to have had her character impugned at Yarmouth by a Mr. Beethoven. He had no remedy at law for the attack upon his lady's character, and a suit for defamation was brought

tuted in the Commons. It was supposed the suit would be attended with very little expense, but I believe in the end it greatly contributed to ruin the party who instituted it; I think he said his proctor's bill would be £700. It went through several courts, and ultimately, I believe (according to the decision or agreement), each party paid his

lying entirely within the diocese where he died, probate or proof of the will is made, or administration taken out, before the bishop or ordinary of that diocese; but if there were goods and chattels only to the amount of £5 (except in the diocese of London, where the amount is £10)—in legal parlance, *bona notabilia*—within any other



THE PREROGATIVE OFFICE, DOCTORS' COMMONS, 1860 (see page 293).

own costs." It appears from the evidence subsequently given by the proctor, that he very humanely declined pressing him for payment, and never was paid; and yet the case, through the continued anxiety and loss of time incurred for six or seven years (for the suit lasted that time), mainly contributed, it appears, to the party's ruin.

As the law once stood, says a writer in Knight's "London," if a person died possessed of property

diocese, and which is generally the case, then the jurisdiction lies in the Prerogative Court of the Archbishop of the province—that is, either at York or at Doctors' Commons; the latter, we need hardly say, being the Court of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The two Prerogative Courts therefore engross the great proportion of the business of this kind through the country, for although the Ecclesiastical Courts have no power over the bequest of an un-

cession to unmixed real property, if such were left, cases of that nature seldom or never occur. And, as between the two provinces, not only is that of Canterbury much more important and extensive, but since the introduction of the funding system, and the extensive diffusion of such property, nearly all wills of importance belonging even to the Province of York are also proved in Doctors' Commons, on account of the rule of the Bank of England to

to 30,000. In the same year extracts were taken from wills in 6,414 cases.

On the south side is the entry to the Prerogative Court, and at No 10 the Faculty Office. On the east side are the offices of the Vicar-General and the Bishop of London, for the issuing of marriage licences. Down till about 1867 the Admiralty Court and the Probate Court were both at Doctors' Commons, but have since been re-



81 PAUL'S AND NEIGHBOURHOOD. (From Aggas' Plan, 1563)

acknowledge no probate of wills but from thence. To this cause, amongst others, may be attributed the striking fact that the business of this court between the three years ending with 1789 and the three years ending with 1829 had been doubled. Of the vast number of persons affected, or at least interested in this business, evidence might be found not only in the crowded rooms, but also in the statement given in the report of the Select Committee on the Admiralty and other Courts of Doctors' Commons in 1833, where it appears that, in one year (1829) the number of searches amounted

to 30,000. The office for proving wills and taking out letters of administration, however, still remains here. The great Admiralty judge of the early part of this century was Dr. Johnson's friend, Lord Stowell, the brother of Lord Eldon.

According to Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, Lord Stowell's decisions during the war have since formed a code of international law almost universally recognised. In one year alone (1806) he pronounced 2,206 decrees. Lord Stowell (then Dr. Stowell) made Advocate-General in Doctors' Commons in 1788, and Vicar-General or official printer of the

Archbishop of Canterbury. Soon after he became Master of the Faculties, and in 1798 was nominated Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, the highest dignity of the Doctors' Commons Courts. During the great French war, it is said Dr. Scott sometimes received as much as £1,000 a case for fees and perquisites in a prize cause. He left at his death personal property exceeding £200,000. He used to say that he admired above all other investments "the sweet simplicity of the Three per Cents.," and when purchasing estate after estate, observed "he liked plenty of elbow-room."

"It was," says Warton, "by visiting Sir Robert Chambers, when a fellow of University College, Oxford, that Johnson became acquainted with Lord Stowell; and when Chambers went to India, Lord Stowell, as he expressed it to me, seemed to succeed to his place in Johnson's friendship."

"Sir William Scott (Lord Stowell)," says Boswell, "told me that when he complained of a headache in the post-chaise, as they were travelling together to Scotland, Johnson treated him in a rough manner—'At your age, sir, I had no headache.'"

"Mr. Scott's amiable manners and attachment to our Socrates," says Boswell in Edinburgh, "at once united me to him. He told me that before I came in the doctor had unluckily had a bad specimen of Scottish cleanliness. He then drank no fermented liquor. He asked to have his lemonade made sweeter; upon which the waiter, with his greasy fingers, lifted a lump of sugar and put it into it. The doctor, in indignation, threw it out. Scott said he was afraid he would have knocked the waiter down."

Again Boswell says:—"We dined together with Mr. Scott, now Sir William Scott, his Majesty's Advocate-General, at his chambers in the Temple—nobody else there. The company being so small, Johnson was not in such high spirits as he had been the preceding day, and for a considerable time little was said. At last he burst forth—'Subordination is sadly broken down in this age. No man, now, has the same authority which his father had—except a gaoler. No master has it over his servants; it is diminished in our colleges; nay, in our grammar schools.'"

"Sir William Scott informs me that on the death of the late Lord Lichfield, who was Chancellor of the University of Oxford, he said to Johnson, 'What a pity it is, sir, that you did not follow the profession of the law! You might have been Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, and attained to the dignity of the peerage; and now that the title of Lichfield, your native city, is extinct, you might have had it.' Johnson upon this seemed much

agitated, and in an angry tone exclaimed, 'Why will you vex me by suggesting this when it is too late?'"

The strange marriage of Lord Stowell and the Marchioness of Sligo has been excellently described by Mr. Jeaffreson in his "Book of Lawyers."

"On April 10, 1813," says our author, "the decorous Sir William Scott, and Louisa Catherine, widow of John, Marquis of Sligo, and daughter of Admiral Lord Howe, were united in the bonds of holy wedlock, to the infinite amusement of the world of fashion, and to the speedy humiliation of the bridegroom. So incensed was Lord Eldon at his brother's folly that he refused to appear at the wedding; and certainly the chancellor's displeasure was not without reason, for the notorious absurdity of the affair brought ridicule on the whole of the Scott family connection. The happy couple met for the first time in the Old Bailey, when Sir William Scott and Lord Ellenborough presided at the trial of the marchioness's son, the young Marquis of Sligo, who had incurred the anger of the law by luring into his yacht, in Mediterranean waters, two of the king's seamen. Throughout the hearing of that *cause célèbre*, the Marchioness sat in the fetid court of the Old Bailey, in the hope that her presence might rouse amongst the jury or in the bench feelings favourable to her son. This hope was disappointed. The verdict having been given against the young peer, he was ordered to pay a fine of £5,000, and undergo four months' incarceration in Newgate, and—worse than fine and imprisonment—was compelled to listen to a parental address, from Sir William Scott, on the duties and responsibilities of men of high station. Either under the influence of sincere admiration for the judge, or impelled by desire of vengeance on the man who had presumed to lecture her son in a court of justice, the marchioness wrote a few hasty words of thanks to Sir William Scott, for his salutary exhortation to her boy. She even went so far as to say that she wished the erring marquis could always have so wise a counsellor at his side. This communication was made upon a slip of paper, which the writer sent to the judge by an usher of the court. Sir William read the note as he sat on the bench, and having looked towards the fair scribe, he received from her a glance and a smile that were fruitful of much misery to him. Within four months the courteous Sir William Scott was tied fast to a beautiful, shrill, voluble termagant, who exercised marvellous ingenuity in rendering him wretched and contemptible. Reared in a stately school of old-world politeness, the unhappy man was a model of decorum and urbanity. He took

reasonable pride in the perfection of his tone and manner, and the marchioness—whose malice did not lack cleverness—was never more happy than when she was gravely expostulating with him, in the presence of numerous auditors, on his lamentable want of style and gentlemanlike bearing. It is said that, like Coke and Holt under similar circumstances, Sir William preferred the quietude of his chambers to the society of an unruly wife, and that in the cellar of his inn he sought compensation for the indignities and sufferings which he endured at home."

"Sir William Scott," says Mr. Surtees, then "removed from Doctors' Commons to his wife's house in Grafton Street, and, ever economical in his domestic expenses, brought with him his own door-plate, and placed it under the pre-existing plate of Lady Sligo, instead of getting a new door-plate for them both. Immediately after the marriage, Mr. Jekyll, so well known in the earliest part of this century for his puns and humour, happening to observe the position of these plates, condoled with Sir William on having to 'knock under.' There was too much truth in the joke for it to be inwardly relished, and Sir William ordered the plates to be transposed. A few weeks later Jekyll accompanied his friend Scott as far as the door, when the latter observed, 'You see I don't knock under now.' 'Not now,' was the answer received by the antiquated bridegroom; 'now you knock up.'"

There is a good story current of Lord Stowell in Newcastle, that, when advanced in age and rank, he visited the school of his boyhood. An old woman, whose business was to clean out and keep the key of the school-room, conducted him. She knew the name and station of the personage whom she accompanied. She naturally expected some recompense—half-a-crown perhaps—perhaps, since he was so great a man, five shillings. But he lingered over the books, and asked a thousand questions about the fate of his old school-fellows; and as he talked her expectation rose—half-a-guinea—a guinea—nay, possibly (since she had been so long connected with the school in which the great man took so deep an interest) some little annuity! He wished her good-bye kindly, called her a good woman, and slipped a piece of money into her hand—it was a sixpence!

"Lord Stowell," says Mr. Surtees, "was a great eater. As Lord Eldon had for his favourite dish liver and bacon, so his brother had a favourite quite as homely, with which his intimate friends, when he dined with them, would treat him. It was a rich pie, compounded of beef steaks and layers of oysters. Yet the feats which Lord Stowell per-

formed with the knife and fork were eclipsed by those which he would afterwards display with the bottle, and two bottles of port formed with him no uncommon potation. By wine, however, he was never, in advanced life at any rate, seen to be affected. His mode of living suited and improved his constitution, and his strength long increased with his years.

At the western end of Holborn there was a room generally let for exhibitions. At the entrance Lord Stowell presented himself, eager to see the "green monster serpent," which had lately issued cards of invitation to the public. As he was pulling out his purse to pay for his admission, a sharp but honest north-country lad, whose business it was to take the money, recognised him as an old customer, and, knowing his name, thus addressed him: "We can't take your shilling, my lord, 'tis t' old serpent, which you have seen six times before, in other colours; but ye can go in and see her." He entered, saved his money, and enjoyed his seventh visit to the "real original old sea-sarpint."

Of Lord Stowell it has been said by Lord Brougham that "his vast superiority was apparent when, as from an eminence, he was called to survey the whole field of dispute, and to unravel the variegated facts, disentangle the intricate mazes, and array the conflicting reasons, which were calculated to distract or suspend men's judgment." And Brougham adds that "if ever the praise of being luminous could be bestowed upon human compositions, it was upon his."

It would be impossible with the space at our command to give anything like a tithe of the good stories of this celebrated judge. We must pass on to other famous men who have sat on the judicial bench in Doctors' Commons.

Of Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, one of the great ecclesiastical judges of modern times, Mr. Jeaffreson tells a good story:—

"In old Sir Herbert's later days it was no mere pleasantry, or bold figure of speech, to say that the court had risen, for he used to be lifted from his chair and carried bodily from the chamber of justice by two brawny footmen. Of course, as soon as the judge was about to be elevated by his bearers, the bar rose; and, also as a matter of course, the bar continued to stand until the strong porters had conveyed their weighty and venerable burden along the platform behind one of the rows of advocates and out of sight. As the trio worked their laborious way along the platform, there seemed to be some danger that they might blunder and fall through one of the windows into the space behind the court; and at a time when Sir Herbert and



Dr. — were at open variance, that waspish advocate had, on one occasion, the bad taste to keep his seat at the rising of the court, and with characteristic malevolence of expression say to the footmen, 'Mind, my men, and take care of that judge of yours; or, by Jove, you'll pitch him out of the window.' It is needless to say that this brutal speech did not raise the speaker in the opinion of the hearers."

Dr. Lushington, who died in 1872, aged ninety-one, is another ecclesiastical judge deserving notice. He entered Parliament in 1807, and retired in 1841. He began his political career when the Portland Administration (Perceval, Castlereagh, and Canning) ruled, and was always a steadfast reformer through good and evil report. He was one of the counsel for Queen Caroline, and aided Brougham and Denman in the popular triumph. He worked hard against slavery and for Parliamentary reform, and had heard not only many of Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell's earliest speeches, but also those of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli. "Though it seemed," says the *Daily News*, "a little incongruous that questions of faith and ritual in the Church, and those of seizures or accidents at sea, should be adjudicated on by the same person, it was always felt that his decisions were based on ample knowledge of the law and diligent attention to the special circumstances of the individual case. As Dean of Arches he was called to pronounce judgment in some of the most exciting ecclesiastical suits of modern times. When the first prosecutions were directed against the Ritualistic innovators, as they were then called, of St. Barnabas, both sides congratulated themselves that the judgment would be given by so venerable and experienced a judge; and perhaps the dissatisfaction of both sides with the judgment proved its justice. In the prosecution of the Rev. H. B. Wilson and Dr. Rowland Williams, Dr. Lushington again pronounced a judgment which, contrary to popular expectation, was reversed on appeal by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council."

But how can we leave Doctors' Commons without remembering—as we see the touters for licences, who look like half pie-men, half watermen—Sam Weller's inimitable description of the trap into which his father fell?

"Paul's Church-yard, sir," says Sam to Jingle; "a low archway on the carriage-side; bookseller's at one corner, hot-el on the other, and two porters in the middle as touts for licences."

"Touts for licences!" said the gentleman.

"Touts for licences," replied Sam. "Two coves in white aprons, touches their hats when you walk

in—'Licence, sir, licence?' Queer sort them, and their mas'rs, too, sir—Old Bailey proctors—and no mistake."

"What do they do?" inquired the gentleman.

"Do! *you*, sir! That ain't the worst on't, neither. They puts things into old gen'l'm'n's heads as they never dreamed of. My father, sir, was a coachman, a widower he wos, and fat enough for anything—uncommon fat, to be sure. His missus dies, and leaves him four hundred pound. Down he goes to the Commons to see the lawyer, and draw the blunt—very smart—top-boots on—nosegay in his button-hole—broad-brimmed tile—green shawl—quite the gen'l'm'n. Goes through the archway, thinking how he should invest the money; up comes the touter, touches his hat—'Licence, sir, licence?' 'What's that?' says my father. 'Licence, sir,' says he. 'What licence,' says my father. 'Marriage licence,' says the touter. 'Dash my weskit,' says my father, 'I never thought o' that.' 'I thinks you want one, sir,' says the touter. My father pulls up and thinks a bit. 'No,' says he, 'damme, I'm too old, b'sides I'm a many sizes too large,' says he. 'Not a bit on it, sir,' says the touter. 'Think not?' says my father. 'I'm sure not,' says he; 'we married a gen'l'm'n twice your size last Monday.' 'Did you, though?' said my father. 'To be sure we did,' says the touter, 'you're a babby to him—this way, sir—this way!' And sure enough my father walks arter him, like a tame monkey behind a horgan, into a little back office, vere a feller sat among dirty papers, and tin boxes, making believe he was busy. 'Pray take a seat, vile I makes out the affidavit, sir,' says the lawyer. 'Thankee, sir,' says my father, and down he sat, and stared with all his eys, and his mouth wide open, at the names on the boxes. 'What's your name, sir?' says the lawyer. 'Tony Weller,' says my father. 'Parish?' says the lawyer. 'Belle Savage,' says my father; for he stopped there wen he drove up, and he know'd nothing about parishes, *he* didn't. 'And what's the lady's name?' says the lawyer. My father was struck all of a heap. 'Blessed if I know,' says he. 'Not know!' says the lawyer. 'No more nor you do,' says my father; 'can't I put that in arterwards?' 'Impossible!' says the lawyer. 'Wery well,' says my father, after he'd thought a moment, 'put down Mrs. Clarke.' 'What Clarke?' says the lawyer, dipping his pen in the ink. 'Susan Clarke, Markis o' Granby, Dorking,' says my father; 'she'll have me if I ask, I dessay—I never said nothing to her; but she'll have me, I know.' The licence was made out, and she *did* have him, and what's more she's got him now; and



I never had any of the four hundred pound, worse luck. Beg your pardon, sir," said Sam, when he had concluded, "but when I gets on this here grievance, I runs on like a new barrow with the wheel greased."

The college, rebuilt after the Great Fire, is described by Elmes as an old brick building in the Carolean style, the interior consisting of two quadrangles once occupied by the doctors, a hall for the hearing of causes, a spacious library, a refectory, and other useful apartments. The site of the proctors' offices is now occupied by the Cathedral Choir School, built in 1874. In 1867, when Doctors' Commons was deserted by the proctors, a clever London essayist sketched the ruins very graphically, while the Metropolitan Fire Brigade occupied the lawyers' deserted town :—

"A deserted justice-hall, with dirty mouldering walls, broken doors and windows, shattered floor, and crumbling ceiling. The dust and fog of long-forgotten causes lowering everywhere, making the small leaden-framed panes of glass opaque, the dark wainscot grey, coating the dark rafters with a heavy dingy fur, and lading the atmosphere with a close unwholesome smell. Time and neglect have made the once-white ceiling like a huge map, in which black and swollen rivers and tangled mountain ranges are struggling for pre-eminence. Melancholy, decay, and desolation are on all sides. The holy of holies, where the profane vulgar could not tread, but which was sacred to the venerable gowned figures who cozily took it in turns to dispense justice and to plead, is now open to any passer-by. Where the public were permitted to listen is bare and shabby as a well-plucked client. The inner door of long-discoloured baize flaps listlessly on its hinges, and the true law-court little entrance-box it half shuts in is a mere nest for spiders. A large red shaft, with the word 'broken' rudely scrawled on it in chalk, stands where the judgment-seat was formerly; long rows of ugly piping, like so many shiny dirty serpents, occupy the seats of honour round it; staring red vehicles, with odd brass fittings: buckets, helmets, axes, and old uniforms fill up the remainder of the space. A very few years ago this was the snuggest little law-nest in the world; now it is a hospital and store-room for the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. For we are in Doctors' Commons, and lawyers themselves will be startled to learn that the old Arches Court, the old Admiralty Court, the old Prerogative Court, the old Consistory Court, the old harbour for delegates, chancellors, vicars-general, commissaries, prothonotaries, cursitors, seal-keepers, sergeants-at-mace, doctors, deans, apparitors, proctors,

and what not, is being applied to such useful purposes now. Let the reader leave the bustle of St. Paul's Churchyard, and, turning under the archway where a noble army of white-aproned touters formerly stood, cross Knight-riding Street and enter the Commons. The square itself is a memorial of the mutability of human affairs. Its big ~~some~~ houses are closed. The well-known names of the learned doctors who formerly practised in the adjacent courts are still on the doors, but have, in each instance, 'All letters and parcels to be addressed' Belgravia, or to one of the western inns of court, as their accompaniment. The one court in which ecclesiastical, testamentary, and maritime law was tried alternately, and which, as we have seen, is now ending its days shabbily, but usefully, is through the further archway to the left. Here the smack *Henry and Betsy* would bring its action for salvage against the schooner *Mary Jane*; here a favoured gentleman was occasionally 'admitted a proctor exerceat by virtue of a rescript'; here, as we learnt with awe, proceedings for divorce were 'carried on in poenam,' and 'the learned judge, without entering into the facts, declared himself quite satisfied with the evidence, and pronounced for the separation;' and here the Dean of Peculiars settled his differences with the eccentrics who, I presume, were under his charge, and to whom he owed his title."

Where the old Probate Court and the reading-room connected with the Will-Office once stood, a large building has been lately erected, in which will for the future be transacted the principal business of the Post-Office Savings' Banks. Such are the changes that take place in our Protean city!

The Prerogative Will Office, of which we shall have more to say when we reach Somerset House, contains many last wills and testaments of great interest. There is a will written in short-hand, and one on a bed-post; but what are these to that of Shakespeare, three folio sheets, and his signature to each sheet! Why he left only his best bed to his wife long puzzled the antiquaries, but has since been explained. There is (or rather was, for it has now gone to Paris) the will of Napoleon, abusing the "oligarch" Wellington, and leaving 10,000 francs to the French officer Cantello, who was accused of a desire to assassinate the "Iron Duke." There are also the wills of Vandyke the painter, who died close by; of Inigo Jones, Ben Jonson's rival in the Court masques of James and Charles; of Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Johnson, good old Izaak Walton, and indeed of almost everybody who had property in the south.



HERALDS' COLLEGE (From an old Print.)

## CHAPTER XXV

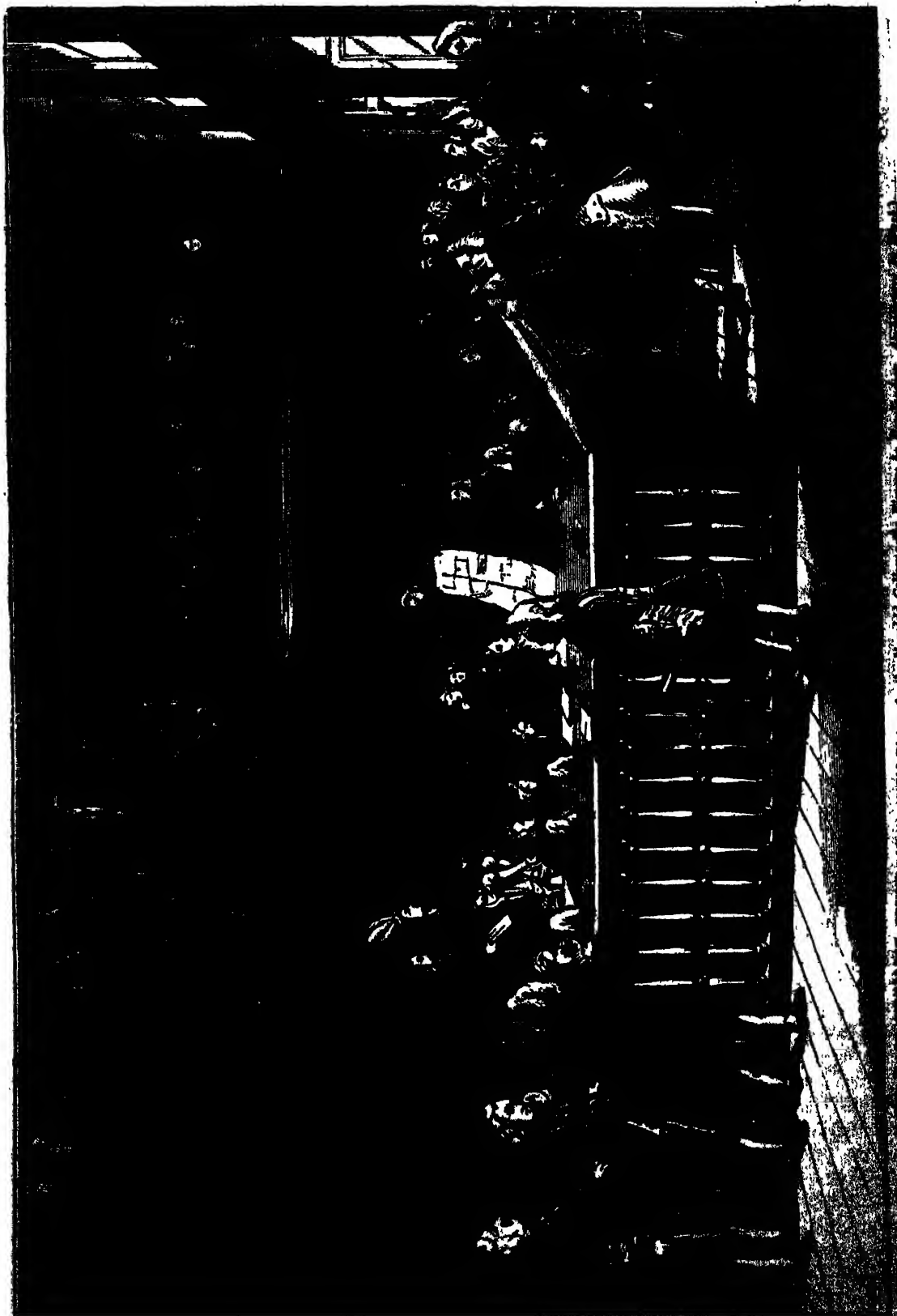
## HERALDS' COLLEGE.

*Early Homes of the Heralds—The Constitution of the Herald's College—Garter King at Arms—Clarenceux and Norroy—The Pursuivants—Duties and Privileges of Heralds—Good, Bad, and Jovial Heralds—A Notable Norroy King at Arms—The Tragic End of Two Famous Heralds—The College of Arms' Library*

Turning from the black dome of St. Paul's, and the mean archway of Dean's Court, into a region of gorgeous blazonments, we come to that quiet and grave house, like an old nobleman's, that stands aside from the new street from the Embankment, like an aristocrat shrinking from a crowd. The original Heralds' College, Cold Harbour House, founded by Richard II., stood in Poultney Lane, but the heralds were turned out by Henry VII., who gave their mansion to Bishop Tunstal, whom he had driven from Durham Palace. The heralds then retired to Ronceval Priory, at Charing Cross, afterwards Northumberland Place. Queen Mary, however, in 1555, gave to Gilbert Dethick, Garter King of Arms, and the other heralds and pursuivants, their present college, formerly, Derby

House, which had belonged to the first Earl of Derby, who married Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother to King Henry VII. The grant specified that there the heralds might dwell together, and "at meet times congregate, speak, confer, and agree among themselves, for the good government of the faculty."

The College of Arms, on the east side of St. Bennet's Hill, was swept away before the Great Fire; but all the records and books, except one or two, were preserved. The estimate for the rebuilding was only £5,000, but the City being short of cash, it was attempted to raise the money by subscription; only £700, however, was raised, the rest was paid from office fees, &c. &c. The building the north-west corner of the old college



UPPER AND OLD PICTURE IN THE HERALD COLLEGE. (Herald's College, London, England.)

and Sir Henry St. George, Clarencieux, giving £530. This handsome and dignified brick building, completed in 1683, is ornamented with Ionic pilasters, that support an angular pediment, and the "hollow arch of the gateway" was formerly considered a curiosity. The central wainscoted hall is where the Courts of Sessions were at one time held; to the left is the library and search-room, round the top of which runs a gallery, on either side are the apartments of the kings, heralds, and pursuivants.

"This corporation," we are told, "consists of thirteen members—viz, three kings at arms, six heralds at arms, and four pursuivants at arms, they are nominated by the Earl Marshal of England, as ministers subordinate to him in the execution of their offices, and hold their places patent during their good behaviour. They are thus distinguished —

<i>Kings' at Arms.</i>	<i>Heralds</i>	<i>Pursuivants.</i>
Garter.	Somerset	Rouge Dragon.
Clarencieux.	Richmond.	Blue Mantle
Norroy.	Lancaster.	Portcullis
	Windsor	Rouge Croix.
	Chester.	
	York.	

"However ancient the offices of heralds may be, we have hardly any memory of their titles or names before Edward III. In his reign military glory and heraldry were in high esteem, and the patents of the King of Arms at this day refer to the reign of King Edward III. The king created the two provincials, by the titles of Clarencieux and Norroy, he instituted Windsor and Chester heralds, and Blue Mantle pursuivant, beside several others by foreign titles. From this time we find the officers of arms employed at home and abroad, both in military and civil affairs: military, with our kings and generals in the army, carrying defiances and making truces, or attending tilts, tournaments, and duels; as civil officers, in negotiations, and attending our ambassadors in foreign Courts; at home, waiting upon the king at Court and Parliament, and directing public ceremonies.

"In the fifth year of King Henry V. armorial bearings were put under regulations, and it was declared that no persons should bear coat arms that could not justify their right thereto by prescription or grant; and from this time they were communicated to persons as *insignia, gentilitia*, and hereditary marks of *noblesse*. About the same time, or soon after, this victorious prince instituted the office of Garter King of Arms; and at a Chapter of the Kings and Herald, held at the siege of Rouen in Normandy, on the 5th of January, 1430, they formed themselves into a regular society,

with a common seal, receiving Garter as their chief.

"The office of Garter King at Arms was instituted for the service of the Most Noble Order of the Garter; and, for the dignity of that order, he was made sovereign within the office of arms, over all the other officers, subject to the Crown of England, by the name of Garter King at Arms of England. By the constitution of his office he must be a native of England, and a gentleman bearing arms. To him belongs the correction of arms, and all ensigns of arms, usurped or borne unjustly, and the power of granting arms to deserving persons, and supporters to the nobility and Knights of the Bath. It is likewise his office to go next before the sword in solemn processions, none interposing except the marshal, to administer the oath to all the officers of arms, to have a habit like the registrar of the order, baron's service in the Court, lodgings in Windsor Castle, to bear his white rod, with a banner of the ensigns of the order thereon, before the sovereign, also, when any lord shall enter the Parliament chamber, to assign him his place, according to his degree, to carry the ensigns of the order to foreign princes, and to do, or procure to be done, what the sovereign shall enjoin relating to the order, with other duties incident to his office of principal King of Arms. The other two kings are called Provincial kings, who have particular provinces assigned them, which together comprise the whole kingdom of England—that of Clarencieux comprehending all from the river Trent southwards; that of Norroy, or North Roy, all from the river Trent northward. These Kings at Arms are distinguished from each other by their respective badges, which they may wear at all times, either in a gold chain or a ribbon, Garters being blue, and the Provincials purple.

"The six heralds take place according to seniority in office. They are created with the same ceremonies as the kings, taking the oath of an herald, and are invested with a tabard of the Royal arms embroidered upon satin, not so rich as the kings', but better than the pursuivants', with a silver collar of SS.; they are esquires by creation.

"The four pursuivants are also created by the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal, when they take their oath of a pursuivant, and are invested with a tabard of the Royal arms upon damask. It is the duty of the heralds and pursuivants to attend on the public ceremonials, one of each class together by a monthly rotation.

"These heralds are the king's servants in civil

nary, and therefore, in the vacancy of the office of Earl Marshal, have been sworn into their offices by the Lord Chamberlain. Their meetings are termed Chapters, which they hold the first Thursday in every month, or oftener if necessary, wherein all matters are determined by a majority of voices, each king having two voices."

One of the earliest instances of the holding an heraldic court was that in the time of Richard II., when the Scropes and Grosvenors had a dispute about the right to bear certain arms. John of Gaunt and Chaucer were witnesses on this occasion; the latter, who had served in France during the wars of Edward III., and had been taken prisoner, deposed to seeing a certain cognizance displayed during the campaign.

The system of heraldic visitations, when the pedigrees of the local gentry were tested, and the arms they bore approved or cancelled, originated in the reign of Henry VIII. The monasteries, with their tombs and tablets and brasses, and their excellent libraries, had been the great repositories of the provincial genealogies, more especially of the abbeyes' founders and benefactors. These records were collected and used by the heralds, who thus as it were preserved and carried on the monastic genealogical traditions. These visitations were of great use to noble families in proving their pedigrees, and preventing disputes about property. The visitations continued till 1686 (James II.), but a few returns appear to have been made as late as 1704. Why they ceased in the reign of William of Orange is not known; perhaps the respect for feudal rank decreased as the new dynasty grew more powerful. The result of the cessation of these heraldic assizes, however, is that American gentlemen, whose Puritan ancestors left England during the persecutions of Charles II., are now unable to trace their descent, and the heraldic gap can never be filled up.

Three instances only of the degradation of knights are recorded in three centuries' records of the Court of Honour. The first was that of Sir Andrew Barclay, in 1322; the second, of Sir Ralph Grey, in 1464; and the third, of Sir Francis Michell, in 1621, the last knight being convicted of heinous offences and misdemeanors. On this last occasion the Knights' Marshals' men cut off the offender's sword, took off his spurs and flung them away, and broke his sword over his head, at the same time proclaiming him "an infamous arrant knave."

The Earl Marshal's office—sometimes called the Court of Honour—took cognizance of words supposed to reflect upon the nobility. Sir Richard Grenville was fined heavily for having said that

the Duke of Suffolk was a base lord; and Sir George Markham in the enormous sum of £10,000, for saying, when he had horsewhipped the huntsman of Lord D'Arcy, that he would do the same to his master if he tried to justify his insolence. In 1622 the legality of the court was tried in the Star Chamber by a contumacious herald, who claimed arrears of fees, and to King James's delight the legality of the court was fully established. In 1646 Mr. Hyde (afterwards Lord Chancellor Clarendon) proposed to do away with the court, on account of vexatious causes multiplying, and very arbitrary authority being exercised. He particularly cited a case of great oppression, in which a rich citizen had been ruined in his estate and imprisoned, for merely calling an heraldic swan a goose. After the Restoration, says Mr. Planché, in Knight's "London," the Duke of Norfolk, hereditary Earl Marshal, hoping to re-establish the court, employed Dr. Plott, the learned but credulous historian of Staffordshire, to collect the materials for a history of the court, which, however, was never completed. The court, which had outlived its age, fell into desuetude, and the last cause heard concerning the right of bearing arms (*Blount versus Blunt*) was tried in the year 1720 (George I.). In the old arbitrary times the Earl Marshal's men have been known to stop the carriage of a *parvenu*, and by force deface his illegally assumed arms.

Heralds' fees in the Middle Ages were very high. At the coronation of Richard II. they received £100, and 100 marks at that of the queen. On royal birthdays and on great festivals they also required largess. The natural result of this was that, in the reign of Henry V., William Burgess, Garter King of Arms, was able to entertain the Emperor Sigismund in sumptuous state at his house at Kentish Town.

The escutcheons placed on the walls of the college—one bearing the legs of Man, and the other the eagle's claw of the House of Stanley—are not ancient, and were merely put up to heraldically mark the site of old Derby House.

In the Rev. Mark Noble's elaborate "History of the College of Arms" we find some curious stories of worthy and unworthy heralds. Among the evil spirits was Sir William Dethick, Garter King of Arms, who provoked Elizabeth by drawing out troublesome emblazonments for the Duke of Norfolk, and James I. by hinting doubts, as it is supposed, against the right of the Stuarts to the crown. He was, at length displaced. He seems to have been an arrogant, proud, stormy man, who used all the ceremonials to buffet the heralds, and to maintain

who blundered or offended him. He was buried at St. Paul's, in 1612, near the grave of Edward III.'s herald, Sir Pain Roet, Guienne King at Arms, and Chaucer's father-in-law. Another black sheep was Cook, Clarencieux King at Arms in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who was accused of granting arms to any one for a large fee, and of stealing forty or fifty heraldic books from the college library. There was also Ralph Brooke, York Herald in the same reign, a malicious and ignorant man, who attempted to confute some of Camden's genealogies in the "Britannia." He broke open and stole some muniments from the office, and finally, for two felonies, was burnt in the hand at Newgate.

To such rascals we must oppose men of talent and scholarship like the great Camden. This grave and learned antiquary was the son of a painter in the Old Bailey, and, as second master of Westminster School, became known to the wisest and most learned men of London, Ben Jonson honouring him as a father, and Burleigh, Bacon, and Lord Brooke regarding him as a friend. His "Britannia" is invaluable, and his "Annals of Elizabeth" are full of the heroic and soaring spirit of that great age. Camden's house, at Chislehurst, was afterwards the seat of Lord Camden, and in it died the Emperor Napoleon III. of France.

Sir William Le Neve (Charles I.), Clarencieux, was another most learned herald. He is said to have read the king's proclamation at Edgchill with great marks of fear. His estate was sequestered by the Parliament, and he afterwards went mad from loyal and private grief and vexation. In Charles II's reign we find the famous antiquary, Elias Ashmole, Windsor Herald for several years. He was the son of a Lichfield saddler, and was brought up as a chorister-boy. That impostor, Lilly, calls him the "greatest virtuoso and curioso" that was ever known or read of in England; for he excelled in music, botany, chemistry, heraldry, astrology, and antiquities. His "History of the Order of the Garter" formed no doubt part of his studies at the College of Arms.

In the same reign as Ashmole, that great and laborious antiquary, Sir William Dugdale, was Garter King of Arms. In early life he became acquainted with Spelman, an antiquary as profound as himself, and with the same mediæval power of work. He fought for King Charles in the Civil Wars. His great work was the "Monasticon Anglicanum," in three volumes folio, which disgusted the Puritans and delighted the Catholics. His "History of Warwickshire" was considered a model of county histories. His "Baronage of England"

contained many errors. In his visitations he was very severe in defacing fictitious arms.

Francis Sandford, first Rouge Dragon Pursuivant, and then Lancaster Herald under Charles II., published an excellent "Genealogical History of England," and curious accounts of the funeral of General Monk and of the coronation of James II. He was so attached to James that he resigned his office at the Revolution, and died, true to the last, old, poor, and neglected, somewhere in Bloomsbury, in 1693.

Sir John Vanbrugh, the witty dramatist, for building Castle Howard, was made Clarencieux King of Arms, to the great indignation of the heralds, whose pedantry he ridiculed. He afterwards sold his place for £2,000, avowing ignorance of his profession and his constant neglect of his official duties.

In the same reign, to Peter Le Neve (Norroy) we are indebted for the careful preservation of the invaluable "Paxton Letters," of the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III., purchased and afterwards published by Sir John Fenn.

Another eminent herald was John Anstis, created Garter in 1718 (George I.), after being imprisoned as a Jacobite. He wrote learned works on the Orders of the Garter and the Bath, and left behind him valuable materials in MS. for the "History of the College of Arms," now preserved in the library.

Francis Grose, that roundabout, jovial friend of Burns, was Richmond Herald for many years, but he resigned his appointment in 1763, to become Adjutant and Paymaster of the Hampshire Militia. Grose was the son of a Swiss jeweller, who had settled in London. His "Views of Antiquities in England and Wales" helped to restore a taste for Gothic art. He died in 1791.

Of Oldys, that eccentric antiquary, who was Norroy King at Arms in the reign of George II.—the Duke of Norfolk having appointed him from the pleasure he felt at the perusal of his "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh"—Grose gives an amusing account:—

"William Oldys, Norroy King at Arms," says Grose, "author of the 'Life of Sir Walter Raleigh' and of several others in the 'Biographia Britannica,' was natural son of a Dr. Oldys, in the Commons, who kept his mother very privately, and probably very meanly, as when he dined at a tavern he used to beg leave to send home part of the remains of any fish or fowl for his cat, which cat was afterwards found out to be Mr. Oldys' mother. His parents dying when he was very young, he soon



squandered away his small patrimony, when he became first an attendant in Lord Oxford's library and afterwards librarian. He was a little mean-looking man, of a vulgar address, and, when I knew him, rarely sober in the afternoon, never after supper. His favourite liquor was porter, with a glass of gin between each pot. Dr. Ducarrel told me he used to stint Oldys to three pots of beer whenever he visited him. Oldys seemed to have little classical learning, and knew nothing of the sciences; but for index-reading, title-pages, and the knowledge of scarce English books and editions, he had no equal. This he had probably picked up in Lord Oxford's service, after whose death he was obliged to write for the booksellers for a subsistence. Amongst many other publications, chiefly in the biographical line, he wrote the 'Life of Sir Walter Raleigh,' which got him much reputation. The Duke of Norfolk, in particular, was so pleased with it that he resolved to provide for him, and accordingly gave him the patent of Norroy King at Arms, then vacant. The patronage of that duke occasioned a suspicion of his being a Papist, though I really think without reason; this for a while retarded his appointment. It was underhand propagated by the heralds, who were vexed at having a stranger put in upon them. He was a man of great good-nature, honour, and integrity, particularly in his character as an historian. Nothing, I firmly believe, would ever have biassed him to insert any fact in his writings he did not believe, or to suppress any he did. Of this delicacy he gave an instance at a time when he was in great distress. After the publication of his 'Life of Sir Walter Raleigh,' some booksellers, thinking his name would sell a piece they were publishing, offered him a considerable sum to father it, which he refused with the greatest indignation. He was much addicted to low company; most of his evenings he spent at the 'Bell' in the Old Bailey, a house within the liberties of the Fleet, frequented by persons whom he jocularly called *rulers*, from their being confined to the rules or limits of that prison. From this house a watchman, whom he kept regularly in pay, used to lead him home before twelve o'clock, in order to save sixpence paid to the porter of the Heralds' office, by all those who came home after that time; sometimes, and not unfrequently, two were necessary. He could not resist the temptation of liquor, even when he was to officiate on solemn occasions; for at the burial of the Princess Caroline he was so intoxicated that he could scarcely walk, but reeled about with a crown 'coronet' on a cushion, to the great scandal of his brethren. His method of composing was somewhat

singular. He had a number of small parchment bags inscribed with the names of the persons whose lives he intended to write; into these bags he put every circumstance and anecdote he could collect, and from thence drew up his history. By his excesses he was kept poor, so that he was frequently in distress; and at his death, which happened about five on Wednesday morning, April 15th, 1761, he left little more than was sufficient to bury him. Dr. Taylor, the oculist, son of the famous doctor of that name and profession, claimed administration at the Commons, on account of his being *nullius filius*—Anglicè, a bastard. He was buried the 19th following, in the north aisle of the Church of St. Benet, Paul's Wharf, towards the upper end of the aisle. He was about seventy-two years old. Amongst his works is a preface to Izaak Walton's 'Angler.'"

The following pretty anacreontic, on a fly drinking out of his cup of ale, which is doubtless well known, is from the pen of Oldys:—

"Busy, curious, thirsty fly,  
Drink with me, and drink as I;  
Freely welcome to my cup,  
Couldst thou sip and sip it up.  
Make the most of life you may;  
Life is short, and wears away.

"Both alike are mine and thine,  
Hastening quick to their decline;  
Thine's a summer, mine no more,  
Though repeated to threescore;  
Threescore summers, when they're gone,  
Will appear as short as one."

The Rev. Mark Noble comments upon Grose's text by saying that this story of the crown must be incorrect, as the coronet at the funeral of a princess is always carried by Clarencieux, and not by Norroy.

In 1794, two eminent heralds, Benjamin Pingo, York Herald, and John Charles Brooke, Somerset Herald, were crushed to death in a crowd at the side door of the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Brooke had died standing, and was found as if asleep, and with colour still in his cheeks.

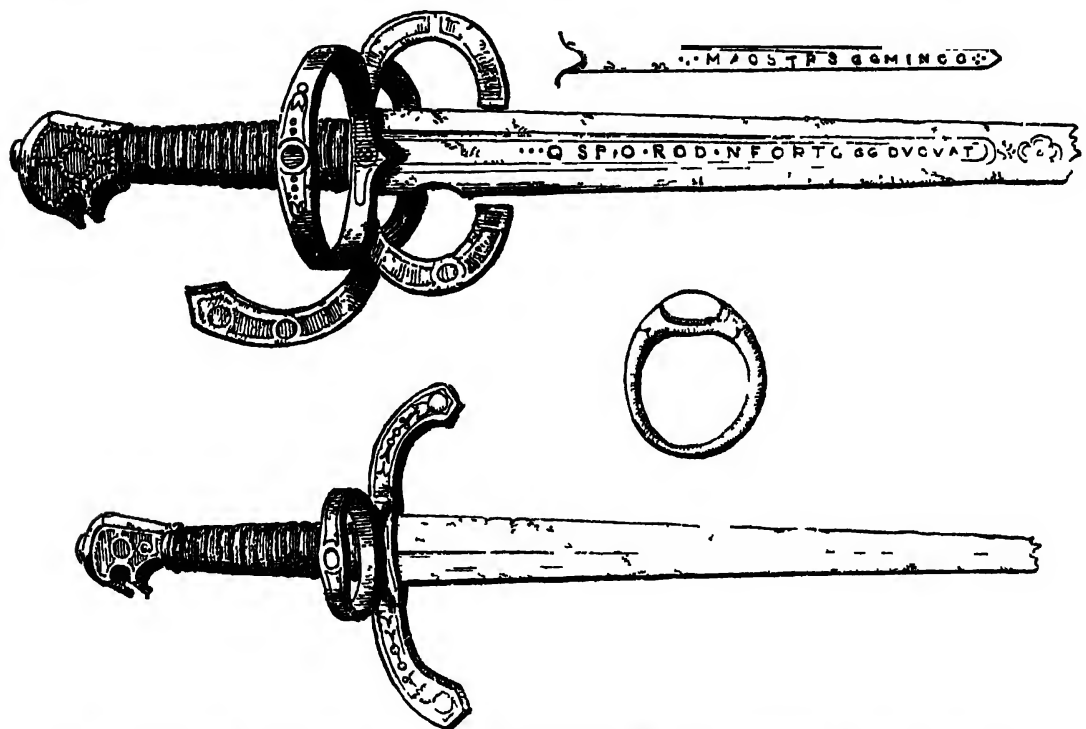
Edmund Lodge, Lancaster Herald, who died in 1839, is chiefly known for his interesting series of "Portraits of Illustrious British Personages," accompanied by excellent biographical memoirs, and for his invaluable "Peerage."

During the Middle Ages heralds were employed to bear letters, defiances, and treaties to foreign princes and persons in authority; to proclaim wars, and bear offers of marriage, &c.; and after battles to catalogue the dead, and note their rank by their heraldic bearings on their banners, shields, and tabards. In later times they were allowed to create false crests, arms, and cognisances, and register them

descents in their archives. They conferred arms on those who proved themselves able to maintain the state of a gentleman, they marshalled great or rich men's funerals, arranged armorial bearings for tombs and stained-glass windows, and laid down the laws of precedence at state ceremonials. Arms, it appears from Mr. Planché, were sold to the "new rich" as early as the reign of King Henry VIII., who wished to make a new race of gentry, in order to lessen the power of the old nobles. The fees varied then from £6 13s. 6d. to £5.

In the old times the heralds' messengers were

able:—A book of emblazonment executed for Prince Arthur, the brother of Henry VIII., who died young, and whose widow Henry married; the Warwick Roll, a series of figures of all the Earls of Warwick from the Conquest to the reign of Richard III., executed by Rouse, a celebrated antiquary of Warwick, at the close of the fifteenth century; and a tournament roll of Henry VIII., in which that stalwart monarch is depicted in regal state, with all the "pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious (mimic) war." In the gallery over the library are to be seen the sword and dagger which belonged to the unfortunate James of Scotland,



SWORD, DAGGER, AND RING OF KING JAMES OF SCOTLAND. (*Preserved in the Heralds' College.*)

called knights caligate. After seven years' service they became knight-riders, our modern Queen's messengers; after seven years more they became pursuivants, and then heralds. In later times, says Mr. Planché, the herald's honourable office was transferred to nominees of the Tory nobility, discarded valets, butlers, or sons of upper servants. Mr. Canning, when Premier, very properly put a stop to this system, and appointed to this post none but young and intelligent men of manners and education.

Among the many curious volumes of genealogy in the library of the College of Arms—volumes which have been the result of centuries of research and patient study—the following are chiefly notice-

able:—A book of emblazonment executed for Prince Arthur, the brother of Henry VIII., who died young, and whose widow Henry married; the Warwick Roll, a series of figures of all the Earls of Warwick from the Conquest to the reign of Richard III., executed by Rouse, a celebrated antiquary of Warwick, at the close of the fifteenth century; and a tournament roll of Henry VIII., in which that stalwart monarch is depicted in regal state, with all the "pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious (mimic) war." In the gallery over the library are to be seen the sword and dagger which belonged to the unfortunate James of Scotland,

that chivalrous king who died fighting to the last on the hill at Flodden. The sword-hilt has been enamelled, and still shows traces of gilding which has once been red-wet with the Southron's blood; and the dagger is a strong and serviceable weapon, as no doubt many an English archer and billman that day felt. The heralds also show the plain turquoise ring which tradition says the French queen sent James, begging him to ride a foray in England. Copies of it have been made by the London jewellers. These trophies are heirlooms of the house of Howard, whose bend argent, to use the words of Mr. Planché, "received the honourable augmentation of the Scottish lion, in testimony of the prowess displayed by the gallant soldier who

commanded the English forces on that memorable occasion." Here are also to be seen a portrait of Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, the great warrior, from his tomb in Old St. Paul's; a curious pedigree of the Saxon kings from Adam, illustrated with many beautiful drawings in pen and ink, about the

Lodge derived his well-known "Illustrations of British History;" notes, &c., made by Glover, Vincent, Philpot, and Dugdale; a volume in the handwriting of the venerable Camden ("Clarendon"); and the collections of Sir Edward Walker, Secretary at War, *temp.* Charles I.



LINACRE'S HOUSE. *From a Print in the "Gold-headed Cane" (see page 303).*

period of Henry VIII., representing the Creation, Adam and Eve in Paradise, the building of Babel, the rebuilding of the Temple, &c. &c.; MSS., consisting chiefly of heralds' visitations, records of grants of arms and royal licences; records of modern pedigrees (i.e., since the discontinuance of the visitations in 1567); a most valuable collection of official funeral certificates; a portion of the 16th-century MSS.; the Shrewsbury of Coes paper, and which

The Wardrobe, a house long belonging to the Government, in the Blackfriars, was built by John Beuchamp (died 1359), whose tomb in St. Paul's was usually taken for that of Duke Humphrey. Beuchamp's house was given to Edward III., and it was situated in the office of the Master of the Wardrobe, the repository of the royal wardrobe, and

lodged in the house as Master of the Wardrobe. What a royal ragfair this place must have been for rummaging antiquaries, equal to twenty Madame Tussaud's and all the ragged regiments of Westminster Abbey put together!

"There were also kept," says Fuller, "in this place the ancient clothes of our English kings, which they wore on great festivals, so that this Wardrobe was in effect a library for antiquaries, therein to read the mode and fashion of garments in all ages. These King James in the beginning of his reign gave to the Earl of Dunbar, by whom they were sold, re-sold, and re-re-re-sold at as many hands almost as Briareus had, some gaining vast estates thereby." (Fuller's "Worthies.")

We mentioned before that Shakespeare in his will left to his favourite daughter, Susannah, the Warwickshire doctor's wife, a house near the Wardrobe; but the exact words of the document may be worth quoting:—

"I gyve, will, bequeath," says the poet, "and devise unto my daughter, Susannah Hall, all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situat, lying, and being in the Blackfriars in London, nere the Wardrobe."

After the Great Fire the Wardrobe was removed, first to the Savoy, and afterwards to Buckingham Street, in the Strand. The last master was Ralph, Duke of Montague, on whose death, in 1709, the office, says Cunningham, was, "I believe, abolished."

Swan Alley, near the Wardrobe, reminds us of the Beauchamps, for the swan was the cognizance of the Beauchamp family, long distinguished residents in this part of London.

In the Council Register of the 18th of August, 1618, there may be seen "A List of Buildings and Foundations since 1615." It is therein said that Edward Alleyn, Esq., dwelling at Dulwich (the well-known player and founder of Dulwich College), had built six tenements of timber upon new foundations, within two years past, in Swan Alley, near the Wardrobe."

In Great Carter Lane stood the old Bell Inn, whence, in 1598, Richard Quynay directs a letter "To my loving good friend and countryman, Mr. Wm. Shakespeare, deliver thees"—the only letter addressed to Shakespeare known to exist. The original was in the possession of Mr. R. B. Wheeler, of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Stow mixes up the old houses near Doctors' Commons with Rosamond's Bower at Woodstock.

"Upon Paul's Wharf Hill," he says, "stands a great gate, next to the Doctors' Commons, near

many fair tenements, which, in their leases made from the Dean and Chapter, went by the name of *Camera Diana*—i.e., Diana's Chamber, so denominated from a spacious building that in the time of Henry II. stood where they were. In this Camera, an arched and vaulted structure, full of intricate ways and windings, thus Henry II. (as some time he did at Woodstock) kept, or was supposed to have kept, that jewel of his heart, Fair *Rosamond*, she whom there he called *Rosamund*, and here by the name of Diana, and from hence had this house that title.

"For a long time there remained some evident testifications of tedious turnings and windings, as also of a passage underground from this house to Castle Baynard; which was, no doubt, the king's way from thence to his Camera Dianæ, or the chamber of his brightest Diana.

"St. Anne's, within the precinct of the Blackfriars, was pulled down with the Friars Church by Sir Thomas Cawarden, Master of the Revels, but in the reign of Queen Mary, he being forced to find a church to the inhabitants, allowed them a lodging chamber above a stair, which since that time, to wit in the year 1597, fell down, and was again, by collection therefore made, new built and enlarged in the same year."

The parish register records the burials of Isaac Oliver, the miniature painter (1617), Dick Robinson, the player (1647), Nat. Field, the poet and player (1632-3), William Faithorn, the engraver (1691); and there are the following interesting entries relating to Vandyck, who lived and died in this parish, leaving a sum of money in his will to its poor:—

"Jasper Delffartch, a Dutchman, from Sir Anthony Vandikes, buried 14th February, 1638."

"Martin Ashent, Sir Anthony Vandike's man, buried 12th March, 1638."

"Justinia, daughter to Sir Anthony Vandyke and his lady, baptised 9th December, 1641."

The child was baptised on the very day her illustrious father died.

A portion of the old burying-ground is still to be seen in Church-entry, Ireland Yard.

"In this parish of St. Benet's, in Thames Street," says Stow, "stood Le Neve Inn, belonging formerly to John de Mountague, Earl of Salisbury, and after to Sir John Beauchamp, Kt., granted to Sir Thomas Erpingham, Kt., of Erpingham in Norfolk, and Warden of the Cinque Ports, Knight of the Garter. By the south end of Adle Street, almost against Puddle Wharf, there is one ancient building of stone and timber, builded by the Lords of Beaufort, and thence called Beaufort's Inn. This house is

now all in ruin, and letten out in several tenements ; yet the arms of the Lord Berkeley remain in the stone-work of an arched gate ; and is between a chevron, crosses ten, three, three, and four."

Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, was lodged in this house, then called Berkeley's Inn, in the parish of St. Andrew, in the reign of Henry VI.

St. Andrew's Wardrobe Church is situated upon rising ground, on the east side of Puddle-Dock Hill, in the ward of Castle Baynard. The advowson of this church was anciently in the noble family of Fitzwalter, to which it probably came by virtue of the office of Constable of the Castle of London, that is, Baynard's Castle. That it is not of a modern foundation is evident by its having had Robert Marsh for its rector, before the year 1322. This church was anciently denominated "St. Andrew juxta Baynard's Castle," from its vicinity to that palace.

"Knight rider Street was so called," says Stow "(as is supposed), from knights riding thence through the street west to Creed Lane, and so out at Ludgate towards Smithfield, when they went there to tourney, joust, or otherwise to show activities before the king and states of the realm."

Linacre's house in Knight rider Street was given by him to the College of Physicians, and was used as their place of meeting till the early part of the seventeenth century.

In his student days Linacre had been patronised by Lorenzo de Medicis, and at Florence, under Demetrius Chalcondylas, who had fled from Constantinople when it was taken by the Turks, he acquired a perfect knowledge of the Greek language. He studied eloquence at Bologna, under Politian, one of the most eloquent Latinists in Europe, and while he was at Rome devoted himself to medicine and the study of natural philosophy, under Hermolaus Barbarus. Linacre was the first Englishman who read Aristotle and Galen in the original Greek. On his return to England, having taken the degree of M.D. at Oxford, he gave lectures in physic, and taught the Greek language in that university. His reputation soon became so high that King Henry VII. called him to court, and entrusted him with the care of the health and education of his son, Prince Arthur. To show the extent of his acquirements, we may mention that he instructed Princess Katharine in the Italian language, and that he published a work on mathematics, which he dedicated to his pupil, Prince Arthur.

His treatise on grammar was warmly praised by Melancthon. This great doctor was especially

physician to Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., and the Princess Mary. He established lectures on physic (says Dr. Macmichael, in his amusing book, "The Gold-headed Cane"), and towards the close of his life he founded the Royal College of Physicians, holding the office of President for seven years. Linacre was a friend of Lily, the grammarian, and was consulted by Erasmus. The College of Physicians first met in 1518 at Linacre's house (now called the Stone House), Knight rider Street, and which still belongs to the society. Between the two centre windows of the first floor are the arms of the college, granted 1546—a hand proper, vested argent, issuing out of clouds, and feeling a pulse ; in base, a pomegranate between five demi fleurs-de-lis bordering the edge of the escutcheon. In front of the building was a library, and there were early donations of books, globes, mathematical instruments, minerals, &c. Dissections were first permitted by Queen Elizabeth, in 1564. As soon as the first lectures were founded, in 1583, a spacious anatomical theatre was built adjoining Linacre's house, and here the great Dr. Harvey gave his first course of lectures ; but about the time of the accession of Charles I. the College removed to a house of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, at the bottom of Amen Corner, where they planted a botanical garden and built an anatomical theatre. During the civil wars the Parliament levied £5 a week on the College. Eventually sold by the Puritans, the house and gardens were purchased by Dr. Harvey and given to the society. The great Harvey built a museum and library at his own expense, which were opened in 1653, and Harvey, then nearly eighty, relinquished his office of Professor of Anatomy and Surgery. The garden at this time extended as far west as the Old Bailey, and as far south as St. Martin's Church. Harvey's gift consisted of a convocation room and a library, to which Selden contributed some Oriental MS., Elias Ashmole many valuable volumes, the Marquis of Dorchester £100 ; and Sir Theodore Mayerne, physician to four kings—viz., Henry IV. of France, James I., Charles I., and Charles II.—left his library. The old library was turned into a lecture and reception room, for such visitors as Charles II., who in 1665 attended here the anatomical dissections of Dr. Ent, whom he knighted on the occasion. This building was destroyed by the Great Fire, from which only 112 folios were saved. The College never rebuilt its old house, and on the site were erected the houses of the residentiaries of St. Paul's. A small piece of ground was purchased in 1700, and the new building opened in 1704.



of Laplace's was that of Dr. Letson, who in the year 1775 gave the house and library in Bank Court, which was at the time occupied by the Philosophical Society of London.

The view of Lincoln's House, in Knight Rider Street, which we give on page 307, is taken from a print in the "Gold-headed Cane," an amusing work to which we have already referred.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### CHEAPSIDE—INTRODUCTORY AND HISTORICAL.

Ancient Reminiscences of Cheapside—Stormy Days therein—The Westchepe Market—Something about the Pallory—The Cheapside Conduits—The Goldsmiths' Monopoly—Cheapside Market—Gossip about Cheapside by Mr. Pepys—A Saxon Ruler—Anti Free Trade Riots in Cheapside—Arrest of the Rioters—A Royal Pardon—Jane Shore

WHAT a wealth and dignity there is about Cheapside; what restless life and energy; with what vigorous pulsation life beats to and fro in that great 'commercial artery'! How pleasantly on a summer morning that last of the Mohicans, the green plane-tree now deserted by the rooks, at the corner of Wood Street, flutters its leaves! How fast the crowded omnibuses dash past with their loads of young Greshams and future rulers of Lombard Street! How grandly Bow steeple bears itself, rising proudly in the sunshine! How the great webs of gold chains sparkle in the jeweller's windows! How modern everything looks! And yet only a short time since some workmen at a foundation in Cheapside, twenty-five feet below the surface, came upon traces of primeval inhabitants in the shape of a deer's skull, with antlers, and the skull of a wolf, struck down, perhaps, more than a thousand years ago, by the bronze axe of some British savage. So the world rolls on: the times change, and we change with them.

The engraving which we give on page 307 is from one of the most ancient representations extant of Cheapside. It shows the street decked out in holiday attire for the procession of the wicked old queen-mother, Marie de Medici, on her way to visit her son-in-law, Charles I., and her wilful daughter, Henrietta Maria.

The City records, explored with such unflagging interest by Mr. Riley in his "Memorials of London," furnish us with some interesting gleanings relating to Cheapside. In the old letter books in the Guildhall—the Black Book, Red Book, and White Book—we see it in storm and calm, observe the vigilant and jealous honesty of the guilds, and become witnesses again to the bloody frays, cruel punishments, and even the petty disputes of the middle-age craftsmen, when Cheapside was one glittering row of goldsmiths' shops, and the very heart of the wealth of London. The records studied carefully by Mr. Riley are brief but pregnant;

they give us facts uncoloured by the historian, and highly suggestive glimpses of strange modes of life in wild and picturesque eras of our civilisation. Let us take the most striking *seriatim*.

In 1273 the candle makers seem to have taken a fancy to Cheapside, where the horrible fumes of that necessary, but most offensive trade soon excited the ire of the rich citizens, who at last expelled seventeen of the craft from their sheds in Chepe. In the third year of Edward II. it was ordered and commanded on the king's behalf, that "no man or woman should be so bold as henceforward to hold common market for merchandise in Chepe, or any other highway within the City, except Cornhill, after the hour of nones" (probably about three p.m.), and the same year it was forbidden, under pain of imprisonment, to scour pots in the roadway of Chepe, to the hindrance of folks who were passing; so that we may conclude that in the London of Edward II. there was a good deal of that out-door work which the traveller still sees in the back streets of Continental towns.

Holocausts of spurious goods were not uncommon in Cheapside. In 1311 (Edward II.) we find that at the request of the hatters and haberdashers, search had been made for traders selling "bad and cheating hats," that is, of false and dishonest workmanship, made of a mixture of wool and flocks. The result was the seizure of forty grey and white hats, and fifteen black, which were publicly burnt in the street of Chepe. What a burning such a search would lead to in our less scrupulous days! Why, the pile would reach half way up St. Paul's. Illegal nets had been burnt opposite Friday Street in the previous reign. After the hats came a burning of fish panniers defective in measure; while in the reign of Edward III. some false chopins (wine measures) were destroyed. This was rough justice, but still the seizures seem to have been far fewer than they would be in our licensed epoch.



There was a general indifference about the royalty of the Middle Ages, however great a feast or occasion the monarch might be. Thus we read that on the safe delivery of Queen Isabel (wife of Edward II.), in 1312, of a son, afterwards Edward III., the Conduit in Chepe, for one day, ran with nothing but wine for all those who chose to drink there; and at the cross, hard by the church of St. Michael in West Chepe, there was a pavilion extended in the middle of the street, in which was set a tun of wine for all passers-by to drink of.

The mediæval guilds, useful as they were in keeping trades honest (Heaven knows they need supervision enough now!) still gave rise to jealousies and feuds. The sturdy craftsmen of those days, inured to arms, flew to the sword as the quickest arbitrator, and preferred clubs and bills to Chancery courts and Common Pleas. The stones of Chepe were often crimsoned with the blood of these angry disputants. Thus, in 1327, under Edward III., the saddlers and the joiners and bit makers came to blows. In May of that year armed parties of these rival trades fought right and left in Cheapside and Cripplegate. The whole city ran to the windows in alarm, and several workmen were killed and many mortally wounded, to the great scandal of the City, and the peril of many quiet people. The conflict at last became so serious that the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs had to interpose, and the dispute came to be finally settled at a great discussion of the three trades at the Guildhall, with what result the record does not state.

In this same reign of Edward III. the excessive length of the tavern signs or "ale-stakes," as they were then called, was complained of by persons riding in Cheapside. All the taverners of the City were therefore summoned to the Guildhall, and warned that no sign or bush (hence the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush") should henceforward extend over the king's highway beyond the length of seven feet, under pain of a fine of forty pence to the chamber of the Guildhall.

In 1340 (Edward III.) two more guilds fell to quarrelling. This time it was the peltersers (furriers) and fishmongers, who seem to have tanned each other's hides with considerable zeal. It came at last to this, that the portly mayor and sheriffs had to venture out among the sword-blades, cudgels, and whistling volleys of stones, but at first with little avail, for the combatants were too hot. They soon arrested some scaly and stuffy misdoers, it is true; but then came a wild rush, and the noisy combatants were rescued; and, as a result of all, one Thomas, son of John Howard, fishmonger,

with weapon drawn (terrible to witness, as the mayor by his august threat, and then by his fall on the neck; and one bravey, a porter, desperately wounded the City sergeants: so that here, as the fishmongers would have observed, "there was a pretty kettle of fish." For striking a mayor blood for blood was the only expiation, and Thomas and John were at once tried at the Guildhall, found guilty on their own confession, and beheaded in Chepe; upon hearing which Edward III. wrote to the mayor, and complimented him on his display of energy on this occasion.

Chaucer speaks of the restless 'prentises, of Chepe under Edward III. :—

"A prentis dwelled whilom in our cite—  
At every bridale would he sing and hogge;  
He loved bet the tavern than the shoppé—  
For when ther eny riding was in Chepe  
Out of the shoppé thuder wold he lepe,  
And til that he had all the sight yse,  
And danced wel, he wold not come agen."

(*The Cook's Tale*.)

In the luxurious reign of Richard II. the guilds were again vigilant, and set fire to a number of caps that had been oiled with rank grease, and that had been filled by the feet and not by the hand, "so being false and made to deceive the commonalty." In this same reign (1393), when the air was growing dark with coming mischief, an ordinance was passed prohibiting secret huckstering of stolen and bad goods by night "in the common hostels," instead of the two appointed markets held every feast-day, by daylight only, in "Westchepe" and Cornhill. The Westchepe market was held by day between St. Lawrence Lane and a house called "the Cage," between the first and second bell, and special provision was made that at these markets no crowd should obstruct the shops adjacent to the open-air market. To close the said markets the "bedel of the ward" was to ring a bell (probably, says Mr. Riley, the bell on the Tun, at Cornhill) twice—first, an hour before sunset, and another final one half an hour later. Another civic edict relating to markets occurs in 1379, under Richard II., when the stands for stalls at the High Cross of Chepe were let by the mayor and chamberlain at 13s. 4d. each. At the same time the stalls round the brokers' cross, at the north door of St. Paul's, erected by the Earl of Gloucester in the reign of Henry III., were let at 6s. 8d. each. The stationers, by the way, were, on the taking down of the houses, probably related to Fishmongers' Hall.

side of Cornhill, the "Letter Book" does not say which was freely used in the Middle Ages for scoundrelsmen, dishonest traders, and forgers; and very deterring the shameful exposure must have been to even the most brazen offender. Thus, in the reign of Richard II., we find John le Stratton, for obtaining thirteen marks by means of a forged letter, was led through Chepe with trumpets and pipes to the pillory on "Cornhale" for one hour, on two successive days.

For the sake of classification we may here mention a few earlier instances of the same ignominious punishment. In 1372, under Edward III., Nicholas Mollere, a smith's servant, for spreading a lying report that foreign merchants were to be allowed the same rights as freemen of the City, was set in the pillory for one hour, with a whetstone hung round his neck. In the same heroic reign Thomas Lanbye, a chapman, for selling rims of base metal for cups, pretending them to be silver-gilt, was put in the pillory for two hours; while in 1382, under Richard II., we find Roger Clerk, of Wandsworth, for pretending to cure a poor woman of fever by a talisman wrapped in cloth of gold, was ridden through the City to the music of trumpets and pipes; and the same year a cook in Bread Street, for selling stale slices of cooked conger, was put in the pillory for an hour, and the said fish burned under his rascally nose.

Sometimes, however, the punishment awarded to these civic offenders consisted in less disgraceful penance, as, for instance, in the reign of Richard II., a man named Highton, who had assaulted a worshipful alderman, was sentenced to lose his hand; but the man being a servant of the king, was begged off by certain lords, on condition of his walking through Chepe and Fleet Street, carrying a lighted wax candle of three pounds' weight to St. Dunstan's Church, where he was to offer it on the altar.

In 1591, when Elizabeth sent her brave but rash young favourite, Essex, with 3,500 men, to help Henry IV. to besiege Rouen, two fanatics named Coppinger and Ardington, the former calling himself a prophet of mercy and the latter a prophet of vengeance, proclaimed their missions in Cheapside, and were at once laid by the heels. But the old public punishment still continued, for in 1600, the year before the execution of Essex, we read that "Mrs. Fowler's case was decided" by sentencing that lady to be whipped in Bridewell; while a Captain Hermes was sent to the pillory, his brother was fined £100 and imprisoned, and Gascone, a soldier, was sentenced to ride to the Cheapside pillory with his face to the horse's tail,

to be there branded in the face, and afterwards imprisoned for life.

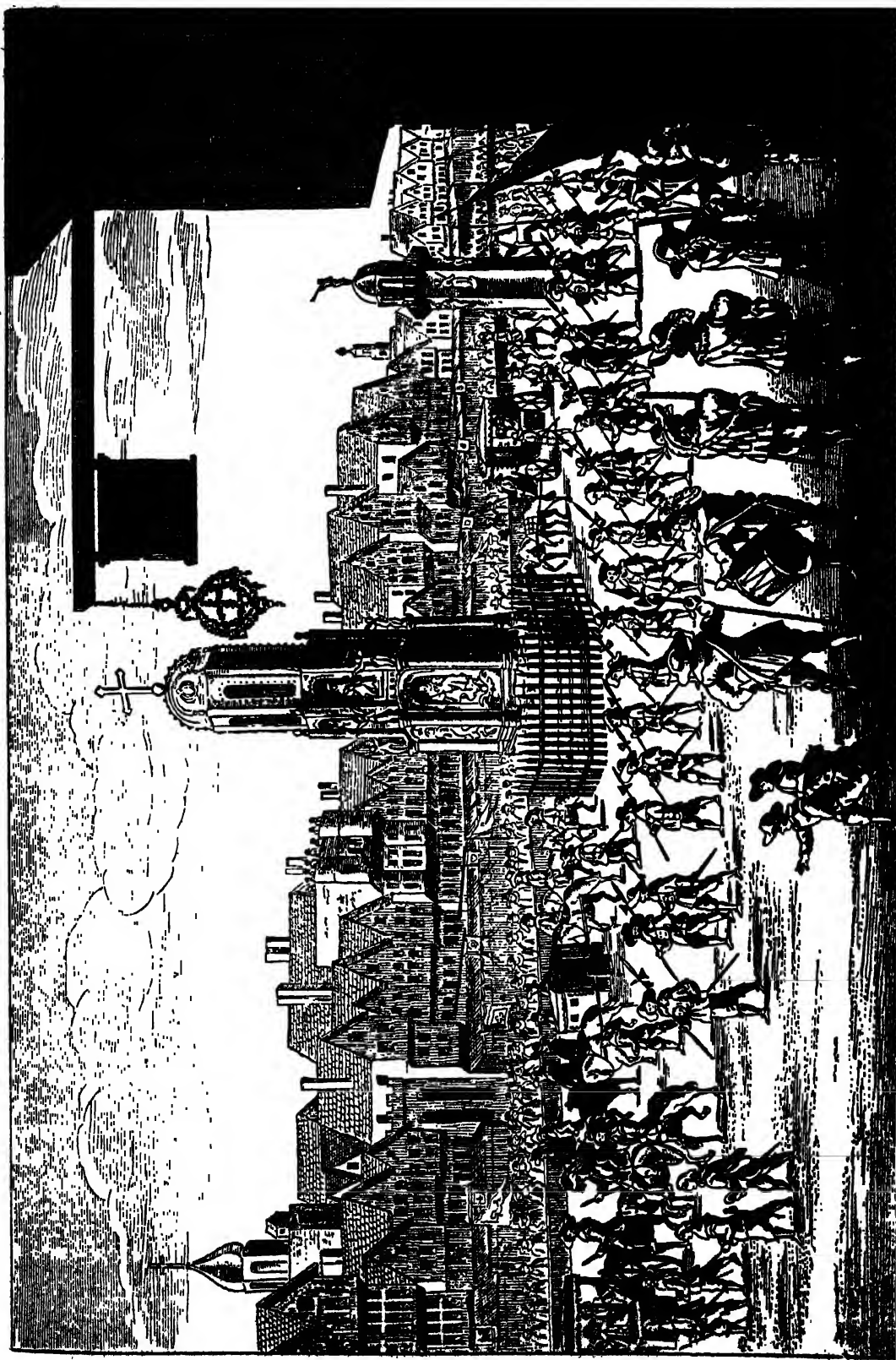
In 1578, when Elizabeth was coquetting with Anjou and the French marriage, we find in one of those careful lists of the Papists of London kept by her subtle councillors, a Mr. Loe, vintner, of the "Mitre," Cheapside, who married a sister of Bishop Bonner. In 1587, the year before the defeat of the Armada, and when Leicester's army was still in Holland, doing little, and the very month that Sir William Stanley and 13,000 Englishmen surrendered Deventer to the Prince of Parma, we find the Council writing to the Lord Mayor about a mutiny, requiring him "to see that the soldiers levied in the City for service in the Low Countries, who had mutinied against Captain Sampson, be punished with some severe and extraordinary correction: to be tied to carts and flogged through Cheapside to Tower Hill, then to be set upon a pillory, and each to have one ear cut off."

In the reign of James I. the same ignominious and severe punishment continued; for in 1611 one Floyd, we know not for what offence, was fined £5,000, sentenced to be whipped to the pillories of Westminster and Cheapside, to be branded in the face, and then imprisoned in Newgate.

To return to our historical sequence. In 1388 (Richard II.) it was ordered that every person selling fish taken east of London Bridge should sell the same at the Cornhill market; while all Thames fish caught west of the bridge were to be sold near the conduit in Chepe, and nowhere else, under pain of forfeiture of the fish.

The eleventh year of Richard II. brought a real improvement to the growing city, for certain "substantial men of the ward of Farrington Within" were then allowed to build a new water-conduit near the church of St. Michael le Quern, in Westchepe, to be supplied by the great pipe opposite St. Thomas of Accon, providing the great conduit should not be injured; and on this occasion the Earl of Gloucester's broken cross at St. Paul's was removed.

Early in the reign of Henry V. complaints were made by the poor that the brewers, who rented the fountains and chief upper pipe of the Cheapside conduit, drew also from the smaller pipe below, and the brewers were warned that for every future offence they would be fined 6s. 8d. In the fourth year of this chivalrous monarch a "hostiler" named Benedict Wolman, under-marshal of the Marshalsea, was condemned to death for a conspiracy to bring a man named Thomas Ward, *alias* Trumpington, from Scotland, and to pass him off as Richard II.



ANCIENT VIEW OF CHEAPSIDE.  
 "From La Serre: 'Entrée de la Reine Mère du Roy,' showing the Procession of Mary de Medici."

Walsman was drawn through Cornhill and Cheapside to the gallows at Tyburn, where he was executed. The monk, who followed Chepside through at a great distance, has, in his ballad of "Lackpenny," described Chepe in the following terms:—

"To the Chepe I gan me draw,  
How much people I saw for to stand;  
How much velvet, silk, and lawn;  
How much the takers me by the hand,  
How much the Paris thread, the finest in the land.  
How much was used to such things indeed,  
And, wanting money, I might not speed."

As the traders of the Goldsmiths' Company began to complain that alien traders were creeping into and alloying the special haunts of the trade, Goldsmiths' Row and Lombard Street, and that 18 foreign goldsmiths were selling counterfeit jewels, angrossing the business and impoverishing its members.

City improvements were carried with a high hand in the reign of Charles I, who, determined to close Cheapside of all but goldsmiths, in order to make the eastern approach to St. Paul's grander, committed to the Fleet some of the alien traders who refused to leave Cheapside. This unfortunate monarch seems to have carried out even his smaller measures in a despotic and unjustifiable manner, as we see from an entry in the State Papers, October 2, 1634. It is a petition of William Bankes, a Cheapside tavern-keeper, and deposes—

"Petition of William Bankes to the king  
Not fully twelve months since, petitioner having obtained a licence under the Great Seal to draw wine and vent it at his house in Cheapside, and being scarce entered into his trade, it pleased his Majesty, taking into consideration the great disorders that grew by the numerous taverns within London, to stop so growing an evil by a total suppression of victuallers in Cheapside, &c., by which petitioner is much decayed in his fortune. Beseeches his Majesty to grant him (he not being of the Company of Vintners in London, but authorised merely by his Majesty) leave to victual and retail meat, it being a thing much desired by noblemen and gentlemen of the best rank and others (for the which, if they please, they may also contract beforehand, as the custom is in other countries), there being no other place fit for them to eat in the City."

The foolish determination to make Cheapside more glittering and showy seems again to have struck the weak despot, and an order of the Council, November 16, went forth that—

in Goldsmith's Row, in Cheapside and Lombard Street, divers shops are held by persons of other trades, whereby that uniform show which was wont to those places and a lustre to the City is now greatly diminished, all the shops in Goldsmith's Row are to be occupied by none but goldsmiths; and all the goldsmiths who keep shops in other parts of the City are to resort thither, as to Lombard Street or Cheapside."

The next year we find a tradesman who had been expelled from Goldsmiths' Row praying bitterly to be allowed to stay a year longer, as he cannot find a residence, the removal of houses in Cheapside, Lombard Street, and St. Paul's Churchyard having rendered shops scarce.

In 1637 the king returns again to the charge, and determines to carry out his tyrannical whim by the following order of the Council—"The Council threaten the Lord Mayor and aldermen with imprisonment, if they do not forthwith enforce the king's command that all shops should be shut up in Cheapside and Lombard Street that were not goldsmiths' shops." The Council "had learned that there were still twenty-four houses and shops that were not inhabited by goldsmiths, but in some of them were one Grove and Widow Hill, stationers; one Sanders, a drugster; Medcalf, a cook; Renatus Edwards, a girdler; John Dover, a milliner; and Brown, a bandseller."

In 1664 we discover from a letter of the Dutch ambassador, Van Goch, to the States-General, that a great fire in Cheapside, "the principal street of the City," had burned six houses. In this reign the Cheapside market seems to have given great vexation to the Cheapside tradesmen. In 1665 there is a State Paper to this effect—

"The inquest of Cheap, Cripplegate, Cordwainer, Bread Street, and Farringdon Within wards, to the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen of London. In spite of orders to the contrary, the abuses of Cheapside Market continue, and the streets are so pestered and encroached on that the passages are blocked up and trade decays. Request redress by fining those who allow stalls before their doors except at market times, or by appointing special persons to see to the matter, and disfranchise those who disobey; the offenders are 'marvellous obstinate and refractory to all good orders,' and not to be dealt with by common law."

Pepys, in his inimitable "Diary," gives us two interesting glimpses of Cheapside; one of the first interesting times immediately preceding the Restoration; the other a few years later, showing the effervescing spirit of the London merchants of the time of Charles II.

"1559.—Coming home, heard that in Cheap-side there had been but a little before a gibbet set up, and the picture of Huson hung upon it in the middle of the street. (John Hewson, who had been a shoemaker, became a colonel in the Parliament army, and sat in judgment on the king. He escaped hanging by flight, and died in 1662 at Amsterdam.)

"1664.—So home, and in Cheapside, both coming and going, it was full of apprentices, who have been here all this day, and have done violence, I think, to the master of the boys that were put in the pillory yesterday. But Lord! to see how the trained bands are raised upon this, the drums beating everywhere as if an enemy were upon them—so much is this city subject to be put into a disarray upon very small occasions. But it was pleasant to hear the boys, and particularly one very little one, that I demanded the business of. He told me that that had never been done in the City since it was a city—two 'prentices put in the pillory, and that it ought not to be so."

Cheapside has been the scene of two great riots, which were threatening enough to render them historically important. The one was in the reign of Richard I., the other in that of Henry VIII. The first of these, a violent protest against Norman oppression, was no doubt fomented, if not originated, by the down-trodden Saxons. It began thus:—On the return of Richard from his captivity in Germany, and before his fiery retaliation on France, a London citizen named William with the Long Beard, *alias* Fitzosbert, a deformed man, but of great courage and zeal for the poor, sought the king, and appealing to his better nature, laid before him a detail of great oppressions and outrages wrought by the Mayor and rich aldermen of the city, to burden the humble citizens and relieve themselves, especially at "the hoistings" when any taxes or tollage were to be levied. Fitzosbert, encouraged at gaining the king's ear, and hoping too much from the generous but rapacious Norman soldier, grew bolder, openly defended the causes of oppressed men, and thus drew round him daily great crowds of the poor.

"Many gentlemen of honour," says Holinshed, "sore hated him for his presumptuous attempts to the hindering of their purposes; but he had such comfort of the king that he little paused for their malice, but kept on his intent, till the king, being advertised of the assemblies which he made, commanded him to cease from such doings, that the people might fall again to their sciences and occupations, which they had for the most part left off at the instigation of this William with the Long Beard, which he nourished all day long, to seem

the more grave and manlike, and also, as it were, in despite of them which counterfeited the Normans (that were for the most part shaven), and because he would resemble the ancient usage of the Saxon nation. The king's commandment in restraint of people's resort unto him was well kept for a time, but it was not long before they began to follow him again as they had done before. Then he set upon him to make unto them certain promises. By these and such persuasions and means as he used, he had gotten two and fifty thousand people ready to have taken his part."

How far this English Rienzi intended to obtain redress by force we cannot clearly discover; but he does not seem to have been a man who would have stopped at anything to obtain justice for the oppressed—and that the Normans were oppressors, till they became real Englishmen, there can be no doubt. The rich citizens and the Norman nobles, who had clamped the City fast with fortresses, soon barred out Longbeard from the king's chamber. The Archbishop of Canterbury especially, who ruled the City, called together the rich citizens, excited their fears, and with true priestly craft persuaded them to give sure pledges that no outbreak should take place, although he denied all belief in the possibility of such an event. The citizens, overcome by his oily and false words, willingly gave their pledges, and were from that time in the archbishop's power. The wily prelate then, finding the great demagogue was still followed by dangerous and threatening crowds, appointed two burgesses and other spies to watch Fitzosbert, and, when it was possible, to apprehend him.

These men at a convenient time set upon Fitzosbert, to bind and carry him off; but Longbeard was a hero at heart and full of ready courage. Snatching up an axe, he defended himself manfully, slew one of the archbishop's emissaries, and flew at once for sanctuary into the Church of St. Mary Bow. Barring the doors and retreating to the tower, he and some trusty friends turned it into a small fortress, till at last his enemies, gathered thicker round him and setting the steeple on fire, forced Longbeard and a woman whom he loved, and who had followed him there, into the outer street.

As the deserted demagogue was dragged forth through the fire and smoke, still loth to forsake the burgess whom he had stricken down, he went forward and stabbed him in the side. The woman was quickly overpowered; for she was afraid to forfeit their pledges, did not expect to be so treated, and he was hurried to the Tower, where the executioner awaited him.



to condemn him. We can imagine what that drum-head trial would be like. Longbeard was at once condemned, and with nine of his adherents, scorched and smoking from the fire, was sentenced to be hung on a gibbet at the Smithfield Elm. For all this, the fermentation did not soon subside; the people too late remembered how Fitzosbert had pleaded for their rights, and braved king, prelate, and baron; and they loudly exclaimed against the archbishop for breaking sanctuary, and putting to death a man who had only defended himself against assassins, and was innocent of other crimes. The love for the dead man, indeed, at last rose to such a height that a rumour ran that miracles were wrought by ~~of~~ touching the chains by which he had been bound in the Tower. He became for a time a saint to the poorer and more suffering subjects of the Normans, and the place where he was beheaded in Smithfield was visited as a spot of special holiness.

But this riot of Longbeard was but the threatening of a storm. A tempest longer and more terrible broke over Cheapside on "Evil May Day," in the reign of Henry VIII. Its origin was the jealousy of the Lombards and other foreign money-lenders and craftsmen entertained by the artisans and 'prentices of London. Its actual cause was the seduction of a citizen's wife by a Lombard named Francis de Bard, of Lombard Street. The loss of the wife might have been borne, but the wife took with her, at the Italian's solicitation, a box of her husband's plate. The husband demanding first his wife and then his plate, was flatly refused both. The injured man tried the case at the Guildhall, but was foiled by the intriguing foreigner, who then had the incomparable rascality to arrest the poor man for his wife's board.

"This abuse," says Holinshed, "was much hated; so that the same and manie other oppressions done by the Lombards increased such a malice in the Englishmen's hearts, that at the last it burst out. For amongst others that sore grudged these matters was a broker in London, called John Lincolne, that busied himself so farre in the matter, that about Palme Sundie, in the eighth yeare of the King's reign, he came to one Doctor Henry Standish with these words: 'Sir, I understand that you shall preach at the Sanctuarie, Spittle, on Mondaie in Easter Weeke, and so it is, that Englishmen, both merchants and others, are undowne, for strangers have more liberty in this land than Englishmen, which is against all reason, and also against the commonweal of the realm. I beseech you, therefore, to declare this in your sermon, and in soe doing you shall deserve great thanks of

my Lord Maior and of all his brethren;' and here-with he offered unto the said Doctor Standish a bill containing this matter more at large. . . Dr. Standish refused to have anything to do with the matter, and John Lincolne went to Dr. Bell, a chanon of the same Spittle, that was appointed likewise to preach upon the Tuesday in Easter Weeke, whome he perswaded to read his said bill in the pulpit."

This bill complained vehemently of the poverty of London artificers, who were starving, while the foreigners swarmed everywhere; also that the English merchants were impoverished by foreigners, who imported all silks, cloth of gold, wine, and iron, so that people scarcely cared even to buy of an Englishman. Moreover, the writer declared that foreigners had grown so numerous that, on a Sunday in the previous Lent, he had seen 600 strangers shooting together at the popinjay. He also insisted on the fact of the foreigners banding in fraternities, and clubbing together so large a fund, that they could overpower even the City of London.

Lincoln, having won over Dr. Bell to read the complaint, went round and told every one he knew that shortly they would have news; and excited the 'prentices and artificers to expect some speedy rising against the foreign merchants and workmen. In due time the sermon was preached, and Dr. Bell drew a strong picture of the riches and indolence of the foreigners, and the struggling and poverty of English craftsmen.

The train was ready, and on such occasions the devil is never far away with the spark. The Sunday after the sermon, Francis de Bard, the aforesaid Lombard, and other foreign merchants, happened to be in the King's Gallery at Greenwich Palace, and were laughing and boasting over Bard's intrigue with the citizen's wife. Sir Thomas Palmer, to whom they spoke, said, "Sirs, you have too much favour in England;" and one William Bolt, a merchant, added, "Well, you Lombards, you rejoice now; but, by the masse, we will one day have a fling at you, come when it will." And that saying the other merchants affirmed. This tale was reported about London.

The attack soon came. "On the 28th of April, 1513," says Holinshed, "some young citizens picked quarrels with the strangers, insulting them in various ways, in the streets; upon which certain of the said citizens were sent to prison. Then suddenly rose a secret rumour, and no one could tell how it began, that on May-day next the City would rise against the foreigners, and slay them; insomuch that several of the strangers fled from the City. This rumour reached the King's Council, and



Cardinal Wolsey sent for the Mayor, to ask him what he knew of it; upon which the Mayor told him that ~~peace~~ should be kept. The Cardinal told him to take pains that it should be. The Mayor came from the Cardinal's at four in the afternoon of May-day eve, and in all haste sent for his brethren to the Guildhall; yet it was almost seven before they met. It was at last decided, with the consent of the Cardinal, that instead of a strong watch being set, which might irritate, all citizens should be warned to keep their servants within doors on the dreaded day. The Recorder and Sir Thomas More, of the King's Privy Council, came to the Guildhall, at a quarter to nine a.m., and desired the aldermen to send to every ward, forbidding citizens' servants to go out from seven p.m. that day to nine a.m. of the next day.

"After this command had been given," says the chronicler, "in the evening, as Sir John Mundie, an alderman, came from his ward, and found two young men in Chepe, playing at the bucklers, and a great many others looking on, for the command was then scarce known, he commanded them to leave off; and when one of them asked why, he would have had him to the counter. Then all the young 'prentices resisted the alderman, taking the young fellow from him, and crying 'Prentices and Clubs.' Then out of every door came clubs and weapons. The alderman fled, and was in great danger. Then more people arose out of every quarter, and forth came serving men, watermen, courtiers, and others; so that by eleven o'clock there were in Chepe six or seven hundred; and out of Paul's Churchyard came 300, which knew not of the other. So out of all places they gathered, and broke up the counters, and took out the prisoners that the Mayor had committed for hurting the strangers; and went to Newgate, and took out Studleie and Petit, committed thither for that cause.

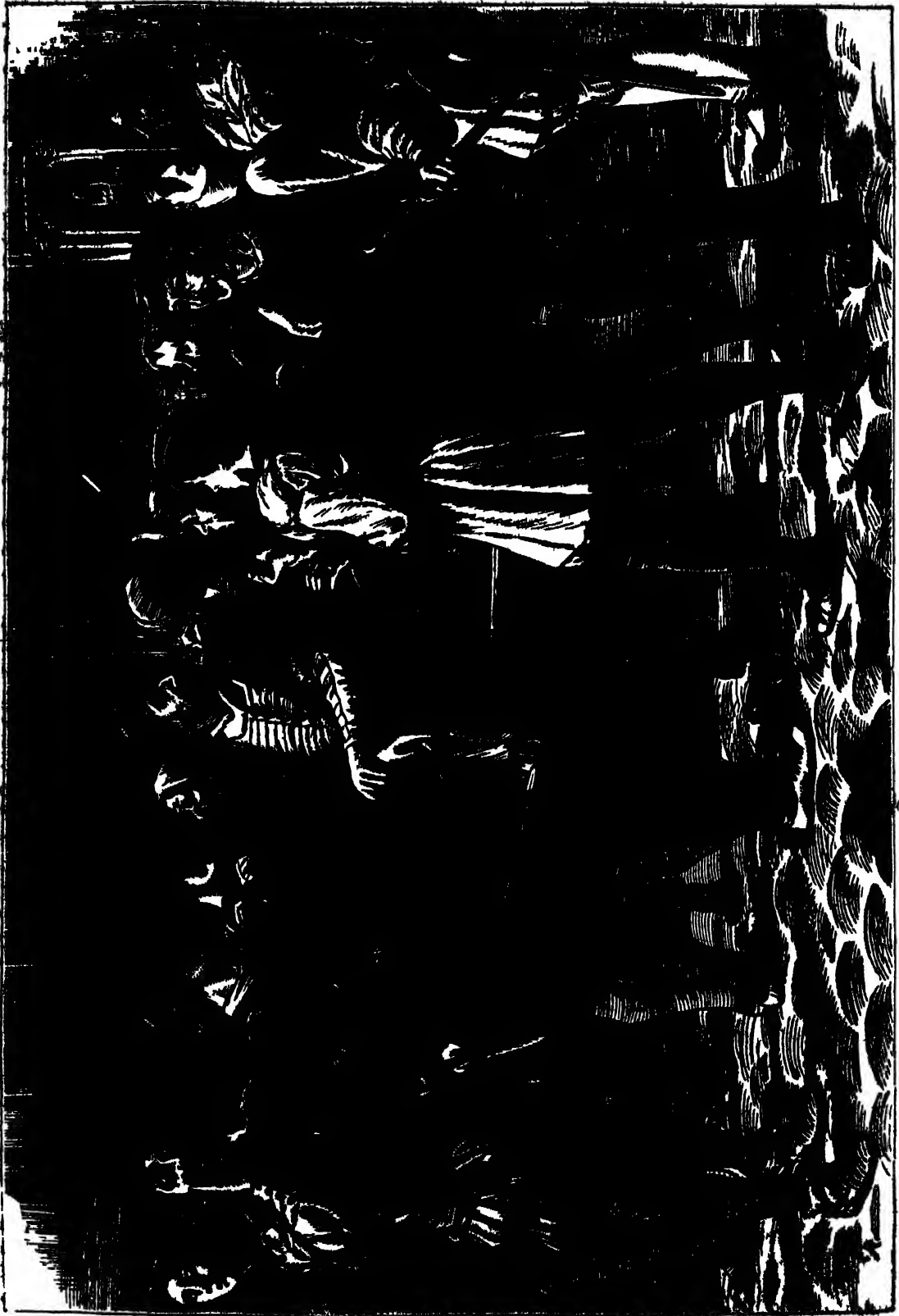
"The Mayor and Sheriff made proclamation, but no heed was paid to them. Herewith being gathered in plumps, they ran through St. Nicholas' shambles, and at St. Martin's Gate there met with them Sir Thomas More, and others, desiring them to go to their lodgings; and as they were thus intreating, and had almost persuaded the people to depart, they within St. Martin's threw out stones, bats, and hot water, so that they hurt divers honest persons that were there with Sir Thomas More; inasmuch as at length one Nicholas Downes, a sergeant of arms, being there with the said Sir Thomas More, and sore hurt amongst others, cried 'Down with them!' and then all the misnamed persons ran to the doors and windows of the

houses round Saint Martin's, and spoiled all that they found.

"After that they ran headlong into Cornhill, and there likewise spoiled divers houses of the French men that dwelled within the gate of Master Newton's house, called Queene Gate. This Master Newton was a Picard borne, and reputed to be a great favourer of Frenchmen in their occupations and trades, contrary to the laws of the Citie. If the people had found him, they had surely have stricken off his head; but when they found him not, the waterman and certain young prentices that were there, fell to rifling, and some ran to Bishopsgate, and broke up the strangers' houses and spoiled them. Thus from ten or eleven of the clock these riotous people continued their outrageous doings, till about three of the clock, at what time they began to withdraw, and went to their places of resort; and by the way they were taken by the Maior and the heads of the Citie, and sent some of them to the Tower, some to Newgate, some to the counters, to the number of 300.

"Manie fled, and speciallie the watermen and prentices and serving men, but the 'prentices were caught by the backs, and had to prison. In the meantime, whilst the hottest of this ruffling lasted, the Cardinall was advertised thereof by Sir Thomas Parre; whereon the Cardinall strengthened his house with men and ordinance. Sir Thomas Parre rode in all haste to Richmond, where the King lay, and informed him of the matter; who incontinentlie sent forth hastilie to London, to understand the state of the Citie, and was truly advertised how the riot had ceased, and manie of the misdoers apprehended. The Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir Roger Cholmeleie (no great friend to the Citie), in a frantikeurie, during the time of this uprore, shot off certaine pieces of ordinance against the Citie, and though they did no great harm, yet he won much evil will for his hastic doing, because men thought he did it of malice, rather than of any discretion.

"About five o'clock, the Earls of Shrewsbury and Surrey, Thomas Dockerin, Lord of Saint John's, and George Neville, Lord of Abergavenny, came to London with such force as they could gather in haste, and so did the Innes of Court. There were the prisoners examined, and the session of Dr. Bell brought to remembrance, and he sent to the Tower. Herewith was a Commission of Oyer and Determiner, directed to the Duke of Norfolk and other lords, to the Lord Mayor of London, and the aldermen, and to all the justices of England, for punishment of this insurrection. (The Citie thought the Duke bare them a grudge for a lewd present of



BEGINNING OF THE RIOT IN CHEAPSIDE (see page 311).



CASELLA OLD & NEW LONDON PLATE 6

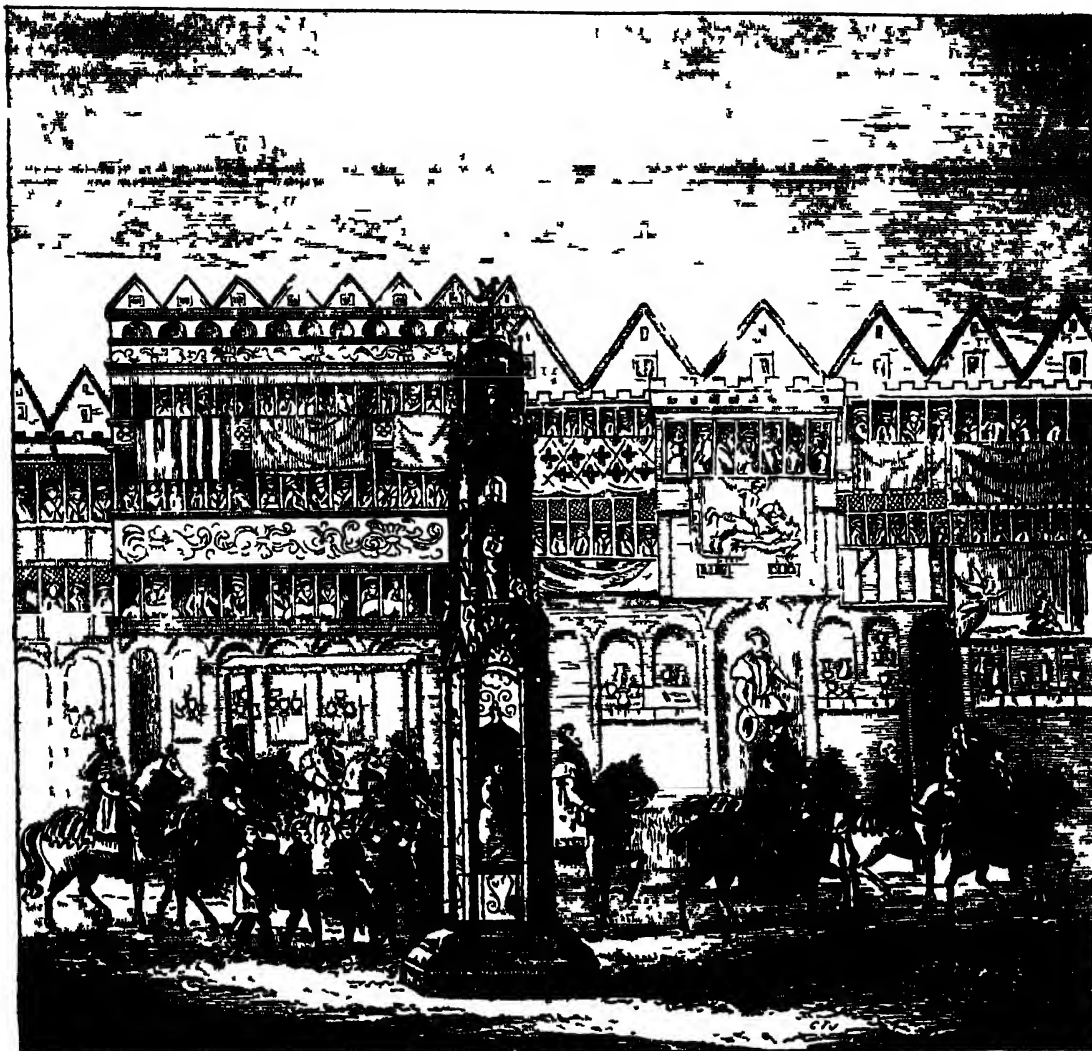
MacKer & Macdonald del. et. lith.

A CITY APPRENTICE, - 16<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY



his that the year before was slain in Chepe, inso-  
much that he then, in his fury, said, 'I pray God I  
may once have the citizens in my power!' And  
likewise the Duke thought that they bare him no  
good will; wherefore he came into the Citie with

prisoners were brought through the street, tied in  
ropes, some men, and some lads of thirteen years  
of age. Among them were divers not of the City,  
some priests, some husbandmen and labourers. The  
whole number amounted unto two hundred, three



CHEAPSIDE CROSS, AS IT APPEARED IN 1547.

(Showing part of the Procession of Edward VI to his Coronation, from a Painting of the Time.)

thirteen hundred men, in harness, to keepe the  
oier and determiner.)

"At the time of the examination the streets were  
filled with harnesssed men, who spake very oppro-  
brious words to the citizens, which the latter,  
although two hundred to one, bore patiently. The  
inquiry was held at the house of Sir John Fineux,  
Lord Chief Justice of England, neare to St Bride's,  
in Fleet Street.

"When the lords were met at the Guildhall, the

score, and eighteen persons. Eventually, thirteen  
were found guilty, and adjudged to be hanged,  
drawn, and quartered. Eleven pairs of stocks  
were set up in various places where the offences  
had been committed, as at Aldgate, Blom-  
appleton, Gracious Street, Leaden Hall, and  
every Counter. One also at Newgate, St. Martin's  
at Aldersgate, and Bishopsgate. Then were the  
prisoners that were judged brought to those places  
of execution, and executed in the most barbarous

manner in the presence of the Lord Edward Howard, son to the Duke of Norfolk, a knight marshal, who showed no mercie, but extreme crueltie to the poore yonglings in their execution; and likewise the duke's servants spake many opprobrious words. On Thursday, May the 7th, was Lincolne, Shirwin, and two brethren called Bets, and diverse other persons, adjudged to die; and Lincolne said, 'My lords, I meant well, for if you knew the mischief that is insued in this realme by strangers, you would remedie it. And many times I have complained, and then I was called a busie fellow; now, our Lord have mercie on me!' They were laid on hurdels and drawne to the Standard in Cheape, and first was John Lincolne executed; and as the others had the ropes about their neckes, there came a commandment from the king to respite the execution. Then the people cried, 'God save the king!' and so was the oier and terminer deferred till another daie, and the prisoners sent againe to ward. The armed men departed out of London, and all things set in quiet.

"On the 11th of May, the king being at Greenwich, the Recorder of London and several aldermen sought his presence to ask pardon for the late riot, and to beg for mercy for the prisoners, which petition the king sternly refused, saying that although it might be that the substantial citizens did not actually take part in the riot, it was evident, from their supineness in putting it down, that they 'winked at the matter.'

"On Thursday, the 22nd of May, the king, attended by the cardinal and many great lords, sat in person in judgment in Westminster Hall, the mayor, aldermen, and all the chief men of the City being present in their best livery. The king commanded that all the prisoners should be brought forth, so that in came the poore yonglings and old false knaves, bound in ropes, all along one after another in their shirts, and everie one a halter about his necke, to the number of now four hundred men and eleven women; and when all were come before the king's presence, the cardinal sore laid to the maior and commonaltie their negligence; and to the prisoners he declared that they had deserved death for their offense. Then all the prisoners together cried, 'Mercie, gracious lord, mercie!' Herewith the lords altogether besought his grace of mercie, at whose sute the king pardoned them all. Then the cardinal gave unto them a good exhortation, to the great gladnesse of the hearers.

"Now when the generall pardon was pronounced all the prisoners shouted at once, and altogether

cast up their halters into the hall rooffe, so that the king might perceive they were none of the discreetest sort. Here is to be noticed that diverse offenders that were not taken, hearing that the king was inclined to mercie, came well appparelled to Westminster, and suddenlie stripped them into their shirts with halters, and came in among the prisoners, willinglie to be partakers of the king's pardon; by which dooing it was well known that one John Gelson, yecoman of the Crowne, was the first that began to spoile, and exhorted others to doe the same; and because he fled and was not taken, he came in with a rope among the other prisoners, and so had his pardon. This companie was after called the 'black-wagon.' Then were all the gallows within the Citie taken downe, and many a good prayer said for the king."

Jane Shore, that beautiful but frail woman, who married a goldsmith in Lombard Street, and was the mistress of Edward IV., was the daughter of a merchant in Cheapside. Drayton describes her minutely from a picture extant in Elizabeth's time, but now lost.

"Her stature," says the poet, "was meane, her haire of a dark yellow; her face round and full: her eye gray, delicate harmony being between each part's proportion and each proportion's colour; her body fat, white, and smooth, her countenance cheerful, and like to her conditipn. The picture I have seen of her was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle cast under one arme over her shoulder, and sitting on a chair on which her naked arm did lie. Shore, a young man of right goodly person, wealth, and behaviour, abandoned her after the king had made her his concubine. Richard III., causing her to do open penance in St Paul's Churchyard, commanded that no man should relieve her, which the tyrant did not so much for his hatred to sinne, but that, by making his brother's life odious, he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly."

An old ballad quaintly describes her supposed death, following an entirely erroneous tradition:—

"My gowns, beset with pearl and gold,  
Were turn'd to simple garments old;  
My chains and gems, and golden rings,  
To filthy rags and loathsome things."

"Thus was I scorned of maid and wife,  
I or leading such a wicked life;  
Both sucking babes and children small,  
Did make their pastime at my fall."

"I could not get one bit of bread,  
Whereby my hunger might be fed,  
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,  
Or stinking ditches in the field."



"Thus weary of my life, at length  
I yielded up my vital strength,  
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,  
Where carrion dogs did much frequent;

"The which now, since my dying day,  
Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers say;\*  
Which is a witness of my sinne,  
For being concubine to a king."

Sir Thomas More, however, distinctly mentions Jane Shore being alive in the reign of Henry VIII., and seems to imply that he had himself seen her. "He (Richard III.) caused," says More, "the Bishop of London to put her to an open penance, going before the cross in procession upon a Sunday, with a taper in her hand; in which she went in countenance and face demure, so womanly, and albeit she were out of all array save her kirtle only, yet went she so fair and lovely, namely while the wondering of the people cast a comely red in her cheeks (of which she before had most miss), that her great shame was her much praise among those who were more amorous of her body than curious of her soul; and many good folk, also, who hated her living, and were glad to see sin corrected,

yet pitied they more her penance than rejoiced therein, when they considered that the Protector procured it more of a corrupt intent than any virtuous intention.

"Proper she was, and fair; nothing in her body that you would have changed, but if you would, have wished her somewhat higher. Thus say they who knew her in her youth; albeit some who now see her (for yet she liveth) deem her never to have been well-visaged; whose judgment seemeth to me to be somewhat like as though men should guess the beauty of one long departed by her scalp taken out of the charnel-house. For now is she old, lean, withered, and dried up—nothing left but shrivelled skin and hard bone. And yet, being even such, whoso well advise her visage, might guess and devine which parts, how filled, would make it a fair face.

"Yet delighted men not so much in her beauty as in her pleasant behaviour. For a proper wit had she, and could both read well and write, merry in company, ready and quick of answer, neither mute nor full of babble, sometimes taunting without displeasure, and not without disport."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### CHEAPSIDE SHOWS AND PAGEANTS.

A Tournament in Cheapside—The Queen in Dangier—The Street in Holiday Attire—The Earliest Civic Show on record—The Water Processions—A Lord Mayor's Show in Queen Elizabeth's Reign—Gossip about Lord Mayors' Shows—Splendid Pageants—Royal Visitors at Lord Mayor's Shows—A Grand Banquet in Guildhall—George III. and the Lord Mayor's Show—The Lord Mayor's State Coach—The Men in Armour—Sir Claudius Hunter and Elliston—Stow and the Midsummer Watch.

WE do not hear much in the old chronicles of tournaments and shivered spears in Cheapside, but of gorgeous pageants much. On coronation days and days when our kings rode from the Tower to Westminster, or from Castle Baynard eastward, Cheapside blossomed at once with flags and banners, rich tapestry hung from every window, and the very gutters ran with wine, so loyal and generous were the citizens of those early days. Costume was bright and splendid in the Middle Ages, and heraldry kept alive the habit of contrasting and mingling colours. Citizens were wealthy, and, moreover, lavish of their wealth.

In these processions and pageants, Cheapside was always the very centre of the show. There velvets and silks trailed; there jewels shone; there spear-heads and axe-heads glittered; there breastplates and steel caps gleamed; there proud horses fretted;

\* But it had this name long before, being so called from its being a common *sewer* (vulgarily called *shore*) or drain. (See Stow.)

there bells clashed; there the mob clamoured; there proud, warlike, and beautiful faces showed, uncapped and unveiled, to the seething, jostling people; and there mayor and aldermen grew hottest, bowed most, and puffed out with fullest dignity.

In order to celebrate the birth of the heir of England, the Black Prince, in 1330, a great tournament was proclaimed in London. Philippa and all the female nobility were invited to be present. Thirteen knights were engaged on each side, and the tournament was held in Cheapside, between Wood Street and Queen Street; the highway was covered with sand, to prevent the horses' feet from slipping, and a grand temporary wooden tower was erected, for the accommodation of the Queen and her ladies. But scarcely had this fair company entered the tower, when the scaffolding suddenly gave way, and all present fell to the ground with the Queen. Though no one was injured, all were terribly frightened, and great confusion ensued.

When the young king saw the peril of his wife, he flew into a tempest of rage, and vowed that the careless carpenters who had constructed the building should instantly be put to death. Whether he would thus far have stretched the prerogative of an English sovereign can never be known (says Miss Strickland), for his angelic partner, scarcely recovered from the terror of her fall, threw herself on her knees before the incensed king, and so effectually pleaded for the pardon of the poor men, that Edward became pacified, and forgave them.

When the young princess, Anne of Bohemia, the first wife of the royal prodigal, Richard II., entered London, a castle with towers was erected at the upper end of Cheapside. On the wooden battlements stood fair maidens, who blew gold leaf on the King, Queen, and retinue, so that the air seemed filled with golden butterflies. This pretty device was much admired. The maidens also threw showers of counterfeit gold coins before the horses' feet of the royal cavalcade, while the two sides of the tower ran fountains of red wine.

On the great occasion when this same Anne, who had by this time supped full of troubles, and by whose entreaties the proud, reckless young king, who had, as it were, excommunicated the City and now forgave it, came again into Chepe, red and white wine poured in fountains from a tower opposite the Great Conduit. The King and Queen were served from golden cups, and at the same place an angel flew down in a cloud, and presented costly golden circlets to Richard and his young wife.

Two days before the opening of Parliament, in 1423, Katherine of Valois, widow of Henry V., entered the city in a chair of state, with her child sitting on her knee. When they arrived at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral, the Duke Protector lifted the infant king from his chair and set him on his feet, and, with the Duke of Exeter, led him between them up the stairs going into the choir; then, having knelt at the altar for a time, the child was borne into the churchyard, there set upon a fair courser, and so conveyed through Cheapside to his own manor of Kennington.

Time went on, and the weak young king married the fair amazon of France, the revengeful and resolute Margaret of Anjou. At the marriage pageant maidens acted, on the Cheapside conduit, a play representing the five wise and five foolish virgins. Years after, the corpse of the same king passed along the same street; but no huzzas, no rejoicing now. It was on the day after the restoration of Edward IV., when people dared not speak above a breath of what might be happening in the Tower, that the corpse of Henry VI. was borne

through Cheapside to St. Paul's, barefaced, on a bier, so that all might see it, though it was surrounded by more brown bills and glaives than torches.

By-and-by, after the fierce retribution of Bosworth, came the Tudors, culminating and ending with Elizabeth.

As Elizabeth of York (Henry VII.'s consort) went from the Tower to Westminster to be crowned, the citizens hung velvets and cloth of gold from the windows in Chepe, and stationed children, dressed like angels, to sing praises to the Queen as she passed by. When the Queen's corpse was conveyed from the Tower, where she died, in Cheapside were stationed thirty-seven virgins, the number corresponding with the Queen's age, all dressed in white, wearing chaplets of white and green, and bearing lighted tapers.

As Anne Boleyn, during her short felicity, proceeded from the Tower to Westminster, on the eve of her coronation, the conduit of Cheapside ran, at one end white wine, and at the other red. At Cheapside Cross stood all the aldermen, from amongst whom advanced Master Walter, the City Recorder, who presented the Queen with a purse, containing a thousand marks of gold, which she very thankfully accepted, with many goodly word. At the Little Conduit of Cheapside was a rich pageant, full of melody and song, where Pallas, Venus, and Juno gave the Queen an apple of gold, divided into three compartments, typifying wisdom, riches, and felicity.

When Queen Elizabeth, young, happy and regal, proceeded through the City the day before her coronation, as she passed through Cheapside, she smiled, and being asked the reason, she replied, "Because I have just heard one say in the crowd, 'I remember old King Harry the Eighth.'" When she came to the grand allegory of Time and Truth, at the Little Conduit, in Cheapside, she asked, who an old man was that sat with his scythe and hour-glass. She was told "Time." "Time?" she repeated; "and Time has brought me here!"

In this pageant she spied that Truth held a Bible, in English, ready for presentation to her; and she bade Sir John Perrot (the knight nearest to her, who held up her canopy, and a kinsman, afterwards beheaded) to step forward and receive it for her; but she was informed such was not the regular manner of presentation, for it was to be let down into her chariot by a silken string. She therefore told Sir John Perrot to stay; and at the proper crisis, some verses being recited by Truth, the book descended, "and the Queen received it in both her hands, kissed it, clasped it to her bosom, and thanked the City for this present, esteemed

The first Lord Mayor's pageant described by the old chroniclers is that when Anne Boleyn "came from Greenwich to Westminster on her coronation day, and the Mayor went to serve her as chief butler, according to ancient custom." Hall expressly says that the water procession on that occasion resembled that of Lord Mayor's Day. The Mayor's barge, covered with red cloth (blue except at royal ceremonies), was garnished with goodly banners and streamers, and the sides hung with emblazoned targets. In the barge were "shalms, shagbushes, and divers other instruments, which continually made goodly harmony." Fifty barges, filled with the various Companies, followed, marshalled and kept in order by three light wherries with officers. Before the Mayor's barge came another barge, full of ordnance and containing a huge dragon (emblematic of the Rouge Dragon in the Tudor arms), which vomited wild fire; and round about it stood terrible monsters and savages, the shouting fire, discharging squibs, and making hideous noises." By the side of the Mayor's barge was

the bachelors' barge, in which were trumpeters and other musicians. The decks of the Mayor's barge, and the sail-yards, and top-castles were hung with flags and rich cloth of gold and silver. At the head and stern were two great banners, with the royal arms in beaten gold. The sides of the

and about the mount sat virgins, "singing and playing sweetly." The Mayor's company, the Haberdashers, came first, then the Mercers, then the Grocers, and so on, the barges being garnished with banners and hung with arras and rich carpets. In 1566-7 the water procession was very costly,



THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION. From Hogarth's "*Industrious Apprentice*." (See page 323.)

barge were hung with flags and banners of the Haberdashers' and Merchant Adventurers' Companies, the Lord Mayor, Sir Stephen Peacock, being a haberdasher. On the outside of the barge shone three dozen illuminated royal escutcheons. On the left hand of this barge came another boat, in which was a pageant. A white falcon, crowned, stood upon a mount, on a golden rock, environed with white and red roses (Anne Boleyn's device),

and seven hundred pounds of gunpowder were burned. This is the first show of which a detailed account exists, and it is to be found recorded in the books of the Ironmongers' Company.

A curious and exact description of a Lord Mayor's procession in Elizabeth's reign, written by William Smith, a London haberdasher, in 1575, is still extant. The day after St. Simon and Jude the Mayor went by water to Westminster, attended



BOW CHURCH AND CHEAPSIDE IN 1750.  
(From a Print in Mr. Crow's Collection.)

by the barges of all the companies, duly marshalled and hung with emblazoned shields. On their return they landed at Paul's Wharf, where they took horse, "and in great pomp passed through the great street of the city called Cheapside." The road was cleared by beadies and men dressed as devils, and wild men, whose clubs discharged squibs. First came two great standards, bearing the arms of the City and of the Lord Mayor's company; then two drums, a flute, and an ensign of the City, followed by seventy or eighty poor men, two by two, in blue gowns with red sleeves, each one bearing a pike and a target, with the arms of the Lord Mayor's company. These were succeeded by two more banners, a set of hautboys playing; after these came wyfflers, or clearers of the way, in velvet coats and gold chains, and with white staves in their hands. After the pageant itself paced sixteen trumpeters, more wyfflers to clear the way, and after them the bachelors—sixty, eighty, or one hundred—of the Lord Mayor's company, in long gowns, with crimson satin hoods. These bachelors were to wait on the Mayor. Then followed twelve more trumpeters and the drums and flutes of the City, an ensign of the Mayor's company, the City waits in blue gowns, red sleeves, and silver chains; then the honourable livery, in long robes, each with his hood, half black, half red, on his left shoulder. After them came sheriffs' officers and Mayor's officers, the common serjeant, and the chamberlain. Before the Mayor went the sword-bearer in his cap of honour, the sword, in a sheath set with pearls, in his right hand; while on his left came the common cryer, with the great gilt club and a mace on his shoulder. The Mayor wore a long scarlet gown, with black velvet hood and rich gold collar about his neck; and with him rode that fallen dignitary, the ex-Mayor. Then followed all the aldermen, in scarlet gowns and black velvet tippets, those that had been mayors wearing gold chains. The two sheriffs came last of all, in scarlet gowns and gold chains. About one thousand persons sat down to dinner at Guildhall—a feast which cost the Mayor and the two sheriffs £400, whereof the Mayor disbursed £200. Immediately after dinner they went to evening prayer at St. Paul's, the poor men aforementioned carrying torches and targets. The dinner still continues to be eaten, but the service at St. Paul's, as interfering with digestion, was abandoned after the Great Fire. In the evening farewell speeches were made to the Lord Mayor by allegorical personages, and painted posts were set up at his door.

One of the most gorgeous Lord Mayor's shows was that of the year 1616, devised by Anthony

Munday, one of the great band of Shakesperean dramatists, who wrote plays in partnership with Drayton. The drawings for the pageant are still in the possession of the Fishmongers' Company. The new mayor was John Leman, a member of that body, knighted during his mayoralty. The first pageant represented a buss, or Dutch fishing-boat, on wheels. The fishermen in it were busy drawing up nets full of live fish and throwing them to the people. On the mast and at the head of the boat were the insignia of the company—St. Peter's keys and two arms supporting a crown. The second pageant was a gigantic crowned dolphin, ridden by Arion. The third pageant was the king of the Moors riding on a golden leopard, and scattering gold and silver freely round him. He was attended by six tributary kings in gilt armour on horseback, each carrying a dart and gold and silver ingots. This pageant was in honour of the Fishmongers' brethren the Goldsmiths. The fourth pageant was the usual pictorial pun on the Lord Mayor's name and crest. The car bore a large lemon-tree full of golden fruit, with a pelican in her nest feeding her young proper. At the top of the tree sat five children, representing the five senses. The boys were dressed as women, each with her emblem—Seeing, by an eagle; Hearing, by a hart; Touch, by a spider; Tasting, by an ape; and Smelling, by a dog. The fifth pageant was Sir William Walworth's bower, which was hung with the shields of all lord mayors who had been Fishmongers. Upon a tomb within the bower was laid the effigy in knightly armour of Sir William, the slayer of Wat Tyler. Five mounted knights attended the car and a mounted man-at-arms bore Wat Tyler's head upon a dagger. In attendance were six trumpeters and twenty-four halberdiers, arrayed in light blue silk, emblazoned with the Fishmongers' arms on the breast and Walworth's on the back. Then followed an angel with golden wings and crown, riding on horseback, who, on the Lord Mayor's approach, with a golden rod awoke Sir William from his long sleep, and the two then became speakers in the interlude.

The great central pageant was a triumphal car drawn by two mermen and two mermaids. In the highest place sat a guardian angel defending the crown of Richard II., who sat just below her. Under the king sat female personifications of the royal virtues, Truth, Virtue, Honour, Temperance, Fortitude, Zeal, Equity, Conscience, beating down Treason and Mutiny, the two last being enacted "by busy men." In a seat corresponding with the king's sat Justice, and below her Authority, Law, Vigilance, Peace, Plenty, and Discipline.



Shirley, the dramatist of the reign of Charles I., has described the Show in his "Contention for Honour and Riches." Clod, a sturdy countryman, exclaims, "I am plain Clod; I care not a bean-stalk for the best *what lack you* on you all. No, not the next day after Simon and Jude, when you go a-feasting to Westminster with your galley-foist and your pot-guns, to the very terror of the paper whales; when you land in shoals, and make the understanders in Cheapside wonder to see ships swim on men's shoulders; when the fencers flourish and make the king's liege people fall down and worship the devil and St. Dunstan; when your whiffers are hanged in chains, and Hercules Club spits fire about the pageants, though the poor children catch cold that shone like painted cloth, and are only kept alive with sugar-plums; with whom, when the word is given, you march to Guildhall, with every man his spoon in his pocket, where you look upon the giants, and feed like Saracens, till you have no stomach to go to St. Paul's in the afternoon. I have seen your processions, and heard your lions and camels make speeches, instead of grace before and after dinner. I have heard songs, too, or something like 'em; but the porters have had all the burden, who were kept sober at the City charge two days before, to keep time and tune with their feet; for, brag what you will of your charge, all your pomp lies upon their back." In "Honor and Memoria," 1652, Shirley has again repeated this humorous and graphic description of the land and water pageants of the good citizens of the day; he has, however, abridged the general detail, and added some degree of indelicacy to his satire. He alludes to the wild men that cleared the way, and their fireworks, in these words: "I am not afraid of your green Robin Hoods, that fright with fiery club your pitiful spectators, that take pains to be stifled, and adore the wolves and camels of your company."

Pepys, always curious, always chatty, has, of course, several notices of Lord Mayors' shows; for instance:—

"Oct. 29th, 1660 (Restoration year).—I up early, it being my Lord Mayor's day (Sir Richard Browne), and neglecting my office, I went to the Wardrobe, where I met my Lady Sandwich and all the children; and after drinking of some strange and incomparably good clarett of Mr. Remball's, he and Mr. Townsend did take us, and set the young lords at one Mr. Nevill's, a draper in Paul's Churchyard; and my lady and my Lady Pickering and I to one Mr. Isaacson's, a linendraper at the 'Key,' in Cheapside, where there was a company

of fine ladies, and we were very civilly treated, and had a very good place to see the pageants, which were many, and I believe good for such kind of things, but in themselves but poor and absurd. The show being done, we got to Paul's with much ado, and went on foot with my Lady Pickering to her lodging, which was a poor one in Blackfriars, where she never invited me to go in at all, which methought was very strange. Lady Davis is now come to our next lodgings, and she locked up the lead's door from me, which puts me in great disquiet.

"Oct. 29, 1663.—Up, it being Lord Mayor's Day (Sir Anthony Bateman). This morning was brought home my new velvet cloak—that is, lined with velvet, a good cloth the outside—the first that ever I had in my life, and I pray God it may not be too soon that I begin to wear it. I thought it better to go without it because of the crowde, and so I did not wear it. At noon I went to Guildhall, and, meeting with Mr. Proby, Sir R. Ford's son, and Lieutenant Colonel Baron, a City commander, we went up and down to see the tables, where under every salt there was a bill of fare, and at the end of the table the persons proper for the table. Many were the tables, but none in the hall but the mayor's and the lords of the privy council that had napkins or knives, which was very strange. We went into the buttry, and there stayed and talked, and then into the hall again, and there wine was offered and they drunk, I only drinking some hypocras, which do not break my vowe, it being, to the best of my present judgment, only a mixed compound drink, and not any wine. If I am mistaken, God forgive me! But I do hope and think I am not. By-and-by met with Creed, and we with the others went within the several courts, and there saw the tables prepared for the ladies, and judges, and bishops—all great signs of a great dining to come. By-and-by, about one o'clock, before the Lord Mayor come, came into the hall, from the room where they were first led into, the Chancellor, Archbishop before him, with the Lords of the Council, and other bishopps, and they to dinner. Anon comes the Lord Mayor, who went up to the lords, and then to the other tables, to bid wellcome; and so all to dinner. I sat near Proby, Baron, and Creed, at the merchant strangers' table, where ten good dishes to a messe, with plenty of wine of all sorts, of which I drank none; but it was very displeasing that we had no napkins nor change of trenchers, and drunk out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes. It happened that after the lords had half dined, came the French ambassador up to the lords' table, where

he was to have sat; he would not sit down nor dine with the Lord Mayor, who was not yet come, nor have a table to himself, which was offered, but, in a discontent, went away again. After I had dined, I and Creed rose and went up and down the house, and up to the ladies' room, and there stayed gazing upon them. But though there were many and fine, both young and old, yet I could not discern one handsome face there, which was very strange. I expected musique, but there was none, but only trumpets and drums, which displeased me. The dinner, it seems, is made by the mayor and two sheriffs for the time being, the Lord Mayor paying one half, and they the other; and the whole, Proby says, is reckoned to come to about seven or eight hundred at most. Being wearied with looking at a company of ugly women, Creed and I went away, and took coach, and through Cheapside, and there saw the pageants, which were very silly. The Queene mends apace, they say, but yet talks idle still."

In 1672 "London Triumphant, or the City in Jollity and Splendour," was the title of Jordan's pageant for Sir Robert Hanson, of the Grocers' Company. The Mayor, just against Bow Church, was saluted by three pageants; on the two side stages were placed two griffins (the supporters of the Grocers' arms), upon which were seated two negroes, Victory and Gladness attending; while in the centre or principal stage behind reigned Apollo, surrounded by Fame, Peace, Justice, Aurora, Flora, and Ceres. The god addressed the Mayor in a very high-flown strain of compliment, saying—

"With Oriental eyes I come to see,  
And gratulate this great solemnity.  
It hath been often said, so often done,  
That all men will worship the rising sun.

(*He rises*)

Such are the blessings of his beams. But now  
The rising sun, my lord, doth worship you."

(*Apollo bows politely to the Lord Mayor.*)

Next was displayed a wilderness, with Moors planting and labouring, attended by three pipers and several kitchen musicians that played upon tongs, gridirons, keys, "and other such like confused musick." Above all, upon a mound, sat America, "a proper masculine woman, with a tawny face," who delivered a lengthy speech, which concluded the exhibition for that day.

In 1676 the pageant in Cheapside, which dignified Sir Thomas Davies' accession as Lord Mayor, was "a Scythian chariot of triumph," in which sat a fierce Tamburlain, of terrible aspect and morose disposition, who was, however, very civil

and complimentary upon the present occasion. He was attended by Discipline, bearing the king's banner, Conduct that of the Mayor, Courage that of the City, while Victory displayed the flag of the Drapers' Company. The lions of the Drapers' arms drew the car, led by "Asian captive princes, in royal robes and crowns of gold, and ridden by two negro princes." The third pageant was "Fortune's Bower," in which the goddess sat with Prosperity, Gladness, Peace, Plenty, Honour, and Riches. A lamb stood in front, on which rode a boy, "holding the banner of the Virgin." The fourth pageant was a kind of "chase," full of shepherds and others preparing cloth, dancing, tumbling, and curvetting, being intended to represent confusion.

In the show of 1672 two giants, Gogmagog and Corineus, fifteen feet high, whose ancestors were probably destroyed in the Great Fire, appeared in two chariots, "merry, happy, and taking tobacco, to the great admiration and delight of all the spectators." Their predecessors are spoken of by Marston, the dramatist, Stow, and Bishop Corbet. In 1708 (says Mr. Fairholt) the present Guildhall giants were carved by Richard Saunders. In 1837 Alderman Lucas exhibited two wickerwork copies of Gog and Magog, fourteen feet high, their faces on a level with the first-floor windows of Cheapside, and these monstrosities delighted the crowd.

In 1701 (William III.) Sir William Gore, mercer, being Lord Mayor, displayed at his pageant the famous "maiden chariot" of the Mercers' Company. It was drawn by nine white horses, ridden by nine allegorical personages—four representing the four quarters of the world, the other five the retinue of Fame—and all sounding remorselessly on silver trumpets. Fourteen pages, &c., attended the horses, while twenty lictors in silver helmets and forty attendants cleared a way for the procession. The royal virgin in the chariot was attended by Truth and Mercy, besides kettle-drummers and trumpeters. The quaintest thing was that at the Guildhall banquet the virgin, surrounded by all her ladies and pages, dined in state at a separate table.

The last Lord Mayor's pageant of the old school was in 1702, under Anne, when Sir Samuel Dashwood, vintner, entertained Her Majesty at the Guildhall. Poor Elkanah Settle (Pope's butt) wrote the *libretto*, in hopes to revive a festival then "almost dropping into oblivion." On his return from Westminster, the Mayor was met at the Blackfriars Stairs by St. Martin, patron of the Vintners, in rich armour and riding a white steed. The generous saint was attended by twenty dancing satyrs, with tambourines; ten halberdiers, with rustic music; and ten Roman lictors. At St.

Paul's Churchyard the saint made a stand, and, drawing his sword, cut off half his crimson scarf, and gave it to some beggars and cripples who importuned him for charity. The pageants were fanciful enough, and poor Settle must have cudgelled his dull brains well for it. The first was an Indian galleon crowded by Bacchanals wreathed with vines. On the deck of the grape-hung vessel sat Bacchus himself, "properly drest." The second pageant was the chariot of Ariadne, drawn by panthers. Then came St. Martin, as a bishop in a temple, and next followed "the Vintage," an eight-arched structure, with termini of satyrs and ornamented with vines. Within was a bar, with a beautiful person keeping it, with drawers (waiters), and gentlemen sitting drinking round a tavern table. On seeing the Lord Mayor, the bar-keeper called to the drawers—

"Where are your eyes and ears?  
See there what honourable *gent* appears!  
Augusta's great Praetorian lord—but hold!  
Give me a goblet of true Orient mould.  
And with," &c.

In 1727, the first year of the reign of King George II., the king, queen, and royal family having received a humble invitation from the City to dine at Guildhall, their Majesties, the Princess Royal, and her Royal Highness the Princess Carolina, came into Cheapside about three o'clock in the afternoon, attended by the great officers of the court and a numerous train of the nobility and gentry in their coaches, the streets being lined from Temple Bar by the militia of London, and the balconies adorned with tapestry. Their Majesties and the princesses saw the Lord Mayor's procession from a balcony near Bow Church. Hogarth has introduced a later royal visitor—Frederick, Prince of Wales—in a Cheapside balcony, hung with tapestry, in his "Industrious and Idle Apprentices" (plate xii.). A train-band man in the crowd is firing off a musket to express his delight.

Sir Samuel Fludyer, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1761, the year of the marriage of good King George III., appears to have done things with thoroughness. In a contemporary chronicle we find a very sprightly narrative of Sir Samuel's Lord Mayor's show, in which the king and queen, with "the rest of the royal family," participated—their Majesties, indeed, not getting home from the Guildhall ball until two in the morning. Our sight-seer was an early riser. He found the morning foggy, as is common to this day in London about the 9th of November; but soon the fog cleared away, and the day was brilliantly fine—an exception, he notes, to what had already, in his time,

become proverbial, that the Lord Mayor's day is almost invariably a bad one. He took boat on the Thames, that he might accompany the procession of state barges on their way to Westminster. He reports "the silent highway" as being quite covered with boats and gilded barges. The barge of the Skinners' Company was distinguished by the outlandish dresses of strange-spotted skins and painted hides worn by the rowers. The barge belonging to the Stationers' Company, after having passed through one of the narrow arches of Westminster Bridge, and tacked about to do honour to the Lord Mayor's landing, touched at Lambeth and took on board, from the archbishop's palace, a hamper of claret—the annual tribute of theology to learning. The tippie must have been good, for our chronicler tells us that it was "constantly reserved for the future regalement of the master, wardens, and court of assistants, and not suffered to be shared by the common crew of liverymen." He did not care to witness the familiar ceremony of swearing in the Lord Mayor in Westminster Hall, but made the best of his way to the Temple Stairs, where it was the custom of the Lord Mayor to land on the conclusion of the aquatic portion of the pageant. There he found some of the City companies already landed, and drawn up in order in Temple Lane, between two rows of the train-bands, "who kept excellent discipline." Other of the companies were wiser in their generation; they did not land prematurely to cool their heels in Temple Lane, while the royal procession was passing along the Strand, but remained on board their barges regaling themselves comfortably. The Lord Mayor encountered good Samaritans in the shape of the master and benchers of the Temple, who invited him to come on shore and lunch with them in the Temple Hall.

Every house from Temple Bar to Guildhall was crowded from top to bottom, and many had scaffoldings besides; carpets and rich hangings were hung out on the fronts all the way along; and our friend notes that the citizens were not mercenary, but "generously accommodated their friends and customers gratis, and entertained them in the most elegant manner, so that though their shops were shut, they might be said to have kept open house."

The royal procession, which set out from St. James's Palace at noon, did not reach Cheapside until near four, when in the short November day it must have been getting dark. Our sight-seer, as the royal family passed his window, counted between twenty and thirty coaches and six belonging to them and to their attendants, besides those

of the foreign ambassadors, officers of state, and the principal nobility. There preceded their Majesties the Duke of Cumberland, Princess Amelia, the Duke of York, in a new state coach; the Princes William Henry and Frederic, the Princess Dowager of Wales, and the Princesses Augusta and Caroline in one coach, preceded by twelve footmen with black caps, followed by guards and a grand retinue. The king and queen were in separate coaches, and had separate retinues. Our friend in the window of the "Queen's Arms" was in luck's way. From a booth at the eastern end of the churchyard the children of Christ's

and the balconies waved their hats, and the ladies their handkerchiefs."

The Lord Mayor's state coach was drawn by six beautiful iron-grey horses, gorgeously caparisoned, and the Companies made a grand appearance. Even a century ago, however, degeneracy had set in. Our sight-seer complains that the Armourers' and Braziers', the Skinners' and Fishmongers' Companies were the only companies that had on the occasion anything like the pageantry exhibited of old. The Armourers sported an archer riding erect in his car, having his bow in his left hand, and his quiver and arrows hanging behind his left shoulder;

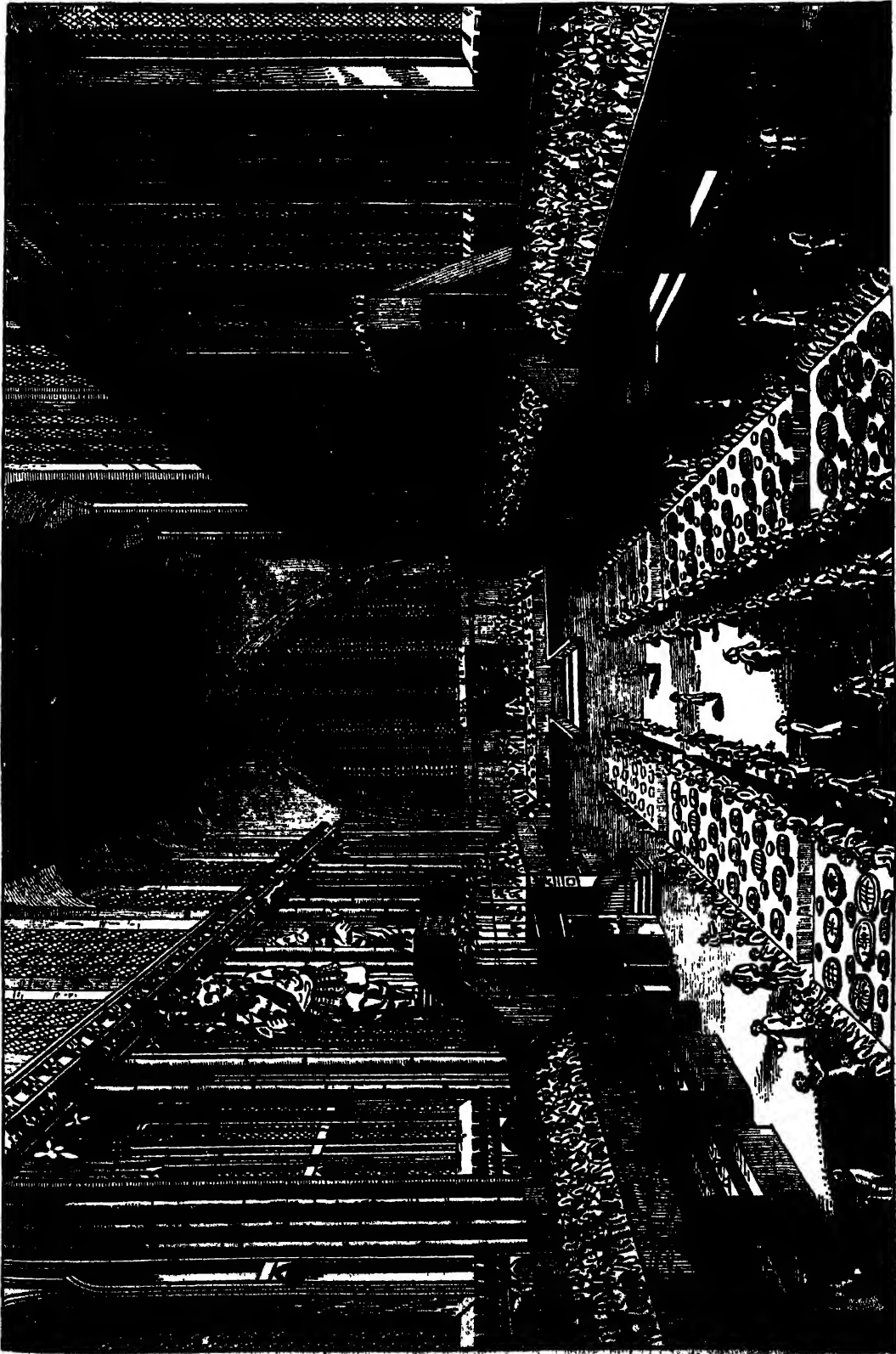


FIGURES OF COG AND MAGOG SET UP IN GUILDHALL AFTER THE FIRE.

Hospital paid their public respects to their Majesties, the senior scholar of the grammar-school reciting a lengthy and loyal address, after which the boys chanted "God Save the King." At last the royal family reached the house of Mr. Barclay, the Quaker, from the balcony of which, hung with crimson silk damask, they were to see, with what daylight remained, the civic procession that presently followed; but in the interval came Mr. Pitt, in his chariot, accompanied by Earl Temple. The great commoner was then in the zenith of his popularity; and our sight-seer narrates how, "at every step, the mob clung about every part of the vehicle, hung upon the wheels, hugged his footmen, and even kissed his horses. There was a universal buzz, and the gentlemen at the windows

also a man in complete armour. The Skinners were distinguished by seven of their company being dressed in fur, having their skins painted in the form of Indian princes. The pageant of the Fishmongers consisted of a statue of St. Peter finely gilt, a dolphin, two mermaids, and a couple of sea-horses; all of whom duly passed before Georgius Rex as he leaned over the balcony with Queen Charlotte by his side.

Our chronicler understood well the strategic movements indispensable to the zealous sight-seer. As soon as the Lord Mayor's procession had passed him, he "posted along the back lanes, to avoid the crowd," and reached the Guildhall in advance of the Lord Mayor. He had procured a ticket for the banquet through the interest of a friend, who



THE ROYAL BANQUET IN GUILDHALL. *From a Contemporary Print. (See Page 326.)*

was one of the committee for managing the entertainment, and also a "mazarine." It is explained that this was a kind of nickname given to the common councilmen, on account of their wearing mazarine blue silk gowns. He learned that the doors of the hall had been first opened at nine in the morning for the admission of ladies into the galleries, who were the friends of the committee men, and who got the best places; and subsequently at twelve for the general reception of all who had a right to come in. What a terrible spell of waiting those fortunate unfortunates comprising the earliest batch must have had! The galleries presented a very brilliant show; and among the company below were all the officers of state, the principal nobility, and the foreign ambassadors. The Lord Mayor arrived at half-past six, and the sheriffs went straight to Mr. Barclay's to conduct the royal family to the hall. The passage from the hall-gate to steps leading to the King's Bench was lined by "mazarines" with candles in their hands, by aldermen in their red gowns, and gentlemen pensioners with their axes in their hands. At the bottom of the steps stood the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, with the entertainment committee, to receive the members of the royal family as they arrived. The princes and princesses, as they successively came in, waited in the body of the hall until their Majesties' entrance. On their arrival being announced, the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, as the chronicler puts it, advanced to the great door of the hall; and at their Majesties' entrance, the Lord Mayor presented the City sword, which being returned, he carried before the King, the Queen following, with the Lady Mayoress behind her. "The music had struck up, but was drowned in the acclamations of the company; in short, all was life and joy; even the giants, Gog and Magog, seemed to be almost animated." The King, at all events, was more than almost animated; he volubly praised the splendour of the scene, and was very gracious to the Lord Mayor on the way to the council chamber, followed by the royal family and the reception committee. This room reached, the Recorder delivered the inevitable addresses, and the wives and daughters of the aldermen were presented. These ladies had the honour of being saluted by his Majesty, and of kissing the Queen's hand, then the sheriffs were knighted, as also was the brother of the Lord Mayor.

After half an hour's stay in the council chamber, the royal party returned into the hall, and were conducted to the upper end of it, called the hustings, where a table was provided for them, at which

they sat by themselves. There had been, it seems, a knotty little question of etiquette. The ladies-in-waiting on the Queen had claimed the right of custom to dine at the same table with her Majesty, but this was disallowed; so they dined at the table of the Lady Mayoress in the Court of King's Bench. The royal table "was set off with a variety of emblematic ornaments, beyond description elegant," and a superb canopy was placed over their Majesties' heads at the upper end. For the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and their ladies, there was a table on the lower hustings. The privy councillors, ministers of state, and great nobles dined at a table on the right of this; the foreign ministers at one on the left. For the mazarines and the general company there were eight tables laid out in the body of the hall, while the judges, serjeants, and other legal celebrities, dined in the old council chamber, and the attendants of the distinguished visitors were regaled in the Court of Common Pleas.

George and his consort must have found a fine appetite between noon and nine o'clock, the hour at which the dinner was served. The aldermen on the committee acted as waiters at the royal table. The Lord Mayor stood behind the King, "in quality of chief butler, while the Lady Mayoress waited on Her Majesty" in the same capacity, but soon after seats were taken they were graciously sent to their places. The dinner consisted of three courses, besides the dessert, and the purveyors were Messrs. Horton and Birch, the same house which in the present day supplies most of the civic banquets. The illustration which we give on the previous page is from an old print of the period representing this celebrated festival, and is interesting not merely on account of the scene which it depicts, but also as a view of Guildhall at that period.

The bill of fare at the royal table on this occasion is extant, and as it is worth a little study on the part of modern epicures, we give it here at full length for their benefit:—

#### FIRST SERVICE.

Venison, turtle soups, fish of every sort, viz., dorys, mullets, turbot, tench, soles, &c., nine dishes.

#### SECOND SERVICE.

A fine roast, ortolans, teal, quails, ruffs, knots, peacocks, snipes, partridges, pheasants, &c., nine dishes.

#### THIRD SERVICE.

Vegetables and made dishes, green peas, green morelles, green truffles, cardoons, artichokes, ducks' tongues, fat livers, &c., eleven dishes.

#### FOURTH SERVICE.

Curious ornaments in pastry and waxes, jellies, blancmanges, in variety of shapes, figures, and colours, nine dishes.



In all, not including the dessert, there were placed on the tables four hundred and fourteen dishes, hot and cold. Wine was varied and copious. In the language of the chronicler, "champagne, burgundy, and other valuable wines were to be had everywhere, and nothing was so scarce as water." When the second course was being laid on, the toasts began. The common crier, standing before the royal table, demanded silence, then proclaimed aloud that their Majesties drank to the health and prosperity of the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and common council of the City of London. Then the common crier, in the name of the civic dignitaries, gave the toast of health, long life, and prosperity to their most gracious Majesties. After dinner there was no tarrying over the wine cup. The royal party retired at once to the council chamber, "where they had their tea." What became of the rest of the company is not mentioned, but clearly the Guildhall could have been no place for them. That was summarily occupied by an army of carpenters. The tables were struck and carried out. The hustings, where the great folks had dined, and the floor of which had been covered with rich carpeting, was covered afresh, and the whole hall rapidly got ready for the ball, with which the festivities were to conclude. On the return of their majesties, and as soon as they were seated under the canopy, the ball was opened by the Duke of York and the Lady Mayoress. It does not appear that the royal couple took the floor, but "other minuets succeeded by the younger branches of the royal family with ladies of distinction."

About midnight His Majesty, beginning probably to get sleepy with all this derangement of his ordinarily methodical way of living, signified his desire to take his departure; but things are not always possible even when kings are in question. Such was the hurry and confusion outside—at least, that is the reason assigned by the chronicler—that there was great delay in fetching up the royal carriages to the Guildhall door. It is more than probable that the coachmen were all drunk, not excepting the state coachman himself. Their Majesties waited half an hour before their coach could be brought up, and perhaps, after all the interchange of civilities, went away in bad temper. The Princess Dowager of Wales did so, for she waited some time in the temporary passage, "nor could she be prevailed on to retire into the hall." There was no procession on the return from the City. The royal people returned home as they best might, and according as their carriages came to hand. But we are told that on the return journey,

past midnight as it was, the crowd in some places was quite as great as it had been in the daytime. and that Mr. Pitt was vociferously cheered all the way to his own door. The King and Queen did not get home to St. James's till two o'clock in the morning; and it is a confirmation of the suggestion that the coachman must have been drunk, that in turning under the gate one of the glasses of their coach was broken by the roof of the sentry-box. As for the festive people left behind in the Guildhall, they kept the ball up till three o'clock, and we are told that "the whole was concluded with the utmost regularity and decorum." Indeed, Sir Samuel Fludyer's Lord Mayor's day appears to have been a triumphant success. His Majesty himself, we are told, was pleased to declare "that to be elegantly entertained he must come into the City." The foreign ministers in general expressed their wonder, and one of them politely said in French, that this entertainment was only fit for one king to give to another.

One of the Barclays has left a pleasant account of this visit of George III. to the City to see the Lord Mayor's Show.—"The Queen's clothes," says the lady, "which were as rich as gold, silver, and silk could make them, was a suit from which fell a train supported by a little page in scarlet and silver. The lustre of her stomacher was inconceivable. The King I think a very personable man. All the princes followed the King's example in complimenting each of us with a kiss. The Queen was upstairs three times, and my little darling, with Patty Barclay and Priscilla Bell, were introduced to her. I was present, and not a little anxious, on account of my girl, who kissed the Queen's hand with so much grace, that I thought the Princess Dowager would have smothered her with kisses. Such a report of her was made to the King, that Miss was sent for, and afforded him great amusement by saying, 'that she loved the king, though she must not love fine things, and her grandpapa would not allow her to make a curtsy.' Her sweet face made such an impression on the Duke of York, that I rejoiced she was only five instead of fifteen. When he first met her, he tried to persuade Miss to let him introduce her to the Queen, but she would by no means consent, till I informed her he was a prince, upon which her little female heart relented, and she gave him her hand—a true copy of the sex. The King never sat down, nor did he taste anything during the whole time. Her Majesty drank tea, which was brought her on a silver waiter by brother John, who delivered it to the lady in waiting, and she presented it kneeling. The leave they took of us was such as we might expect from

our equals—full of apologies for our trouble for their entertainment, which they were so anxious to have explained, that the Queen came up to us as we stood on one side of the door, and had every word interpreted. My brothers had the honour of assisting the Queen into her coach. Some of us sat up to see them return, and the King and Queen took especial notice of us as they passed. The King ordered twenty-four of his guard to be placed opposite our door all night, lest any of the canopy should be pulled down by the mob, in which "the canopy, it is to be presumed) "there were 100 yards of silk damask."

"From the above particulars we learn," says Dr. Doran, "that it was customary for our sovereigns to do honour to industry long before the period of the Great Exhibition year, which is erroneously supposed to be the opening of an era when a sort of fraternisation took place between commerce and the Crown. Under the old reign, too, the honour took a homely, but not an undignified, and if still a ceremonious, yet a hearty shape. It may be questioned, if Royalty were to pay a visit to the family of the present Mr. Barclay, whether the monarch would celebrate the brief sojourn by kissing all the daughters of 'Barclay and Perkins.' He might do many things not half so pleasant."

The most important feature of the modern show, says Mr. Fairholt very truly, is the splendidly carved and gilt coach in which the Lord Mayor rides; and the paintings that decorate it may be considered as the relics of the ancient pageants that gave us the living representatives of the virtues and attributes of the chief magistrate here delineated. Cipriani was the artist who executed this series of paintings, in 1757; and they exhibit upon the panel of the right door, Fame presenting the Mayor to the genius of the City; on the left door, the same genius, attended by Britannia, who points with her spear to a shield, inscribed "Henry Fitz-Alwin, 1109." On each side of the doors are painted Truth, with her mirror; Temperance, holding a bridle; Justice, and Fortitude. The front panel exhibits Faith and Hope, pointing to St. Paul's; the back panel Charity, two female figures, typical of Plenty and Riches, casting money and fruits into her lap—while a wrecked sailor and sinking ship fill up the background. By the kind permission of the Lord Mayor we are enabled to give a representation of the ponderous old vehicle, which is still the centre of attraction every 9th of November.

The carved work of the coach is elaborate and beautiful, consisting of Cupids supporting the City arms, &c. The roof was formerly ornamented in

the centre with carved work, representing four boys supporting baskets of fruit, &c. These were damaged by coming into collision with an archway leading into Blackwall Hall, about fifty years ago; some of the figures were knocked off, and the group was entirely removed in consequence. This splendid coach was paid for by a subscription of £60 from each of the junior aldermen, and such as had not passed the civic chair—its total cost being £1,065 3s. Subsequently each alderman, when sworn into office, contributed that sum to keep it in repair; for which purpose, also, each Lord Mayor gave £100, which was allowed to him in case the cost of the repairs during his mayoralty rendered it requisite. This arrangement was not, however, complied with for many years; after which the whole expense fell upon the Lord Mayor, and in one year it exceeded £300. This outlay being considered an unjust tax upon the mayor for the time being, the amount over £100 was repaid to him, and the coach became the property of the corporation, the expenses ever since being paid by the Committee for General Purposes. Even so early as twenty years after its construction it was found necessary to repair the coach at an expense of £335; and the average expense of the repairs during seven years of the present century is said to have been as much as £115. Hone justly observes, "All that remains of the Lord Mayor's Show to remind the curiously-informed of its ancient character, is the first part of the procession. These are the poor men of the company to which the Lord Mayor belongs, habited in long gowns and close caps of the company's colour, bearing shields on their arms, but without javelins. So many of these lead the show as there are years in the Lord Mayor's age."

Of a later show "Aleph" gives a pleasant account. "I was about nine years old," he says, "when from a window on Ludgate Hill I watched the ponderous mayor's coach, grand and wide, with six footmen standing on the footboard, rejoicing in bouquets as big as their heads and canes four feet high, dragged slowly up the hill by a team of be-ribboned horses, which, as they snorted along, seemed to be fully conscious of the precious freight in the rear. Cinderella's carriage never could boast so goodly a driver; his full face, of a dusky or purple red, swelled out on each side like the breast of a pouting pigeon; his three-cornered hat was almost hidden by wide gold lace; the flowers in his vest were full-blown and jolly, like himself; his horsewhip covered with blue ribbons, rising and falling at intervals merely for form—such horses were not made to be flogged. Coachee's box was rather a throne than a

seat. Then a dozen gorgeous walking footmen on either hand; grave marshalsmen, treading gingerly, as if they had corns; and City officers in scarlet, playing at soldiers, but looking anything but soldierly; two trumpeters before and behind, blowing an occasional blast. . . .

"How that old coach swayed to and fro, with its dignified elderly gentlemen and rubicund Lord Mayor, rejoicing in countless turtle feeds—for, reader, it was Sir William Curtis! . . .

"As the ark of copper, plate glass, and enamel crept slowly up the incline, a luckless sweeper-boy (in those days such dwarfed lads were forced to climb chimneys) sidled up to one of the fore horses, and sought to detach a pink bow from his mane. The creature felt his honours diminishing, and turned to snap at the blacked. The sweep screamed, the horse neighed, the mob shouted, and Sir William turned on his pivot cushion to learn what the noise meant; and thus we were enabled to gaze on a Lord Mayor's face. In sooth he was a goodly gentleman, burly, and with three fingers' depth of fat on his portly person, yet every feature evinced kindness and benevolence of no common order."

The men in armour were from time immemorial important features in the show, and the subjects of many a jest. Hogarth introduces them in one of his series, "Industry and Idleness," and *Punch* has cast many a missile at those disconsolate warriors, who all but perished under their weight of armour, degenerate race that we are!

The suits of burnished mail, though generally understood to be kindly lent for the occasion by the custodian of the Tower armoury, seem now and then to have been borrowed from the play-house, possibly for the reason that the imitation accoutrements were more showy and superb than the real.

This was at any rate the case (says Mr. Dutton Cook) in 1812, when Sir Claudius Hunter was Lord Mayor, and Mr. Elliston was manager of the Surrey Theatre. A melodramatic play was in preparation, and for this special object the manager had provided, at some considerable outlay, two magnificent suits of brass and steel armour of the fourteenth century, expressly manufactured for him by Mr. Marriott of Fleet Street. No expense had been spared in rendering this harness as complete and splendid as could be. Forthwith Sir Claudius applied to Elliston for the loan of the new armour to enhance the glories of the civic pageant. The request was acceded to with the proviso that the suit of steel could only be lent in the event of the ensuing 9th of November proving free from

damp and fog. No such condition, however, was annexed to the loan of the brass armour; and it was understood that Mr. John Kemble had kindly undertaken to furnish the helmets of the knights with costly plumes, and personally to superintend the arrangement of these decorations. Altogether, it would seem that the mayor stood much indebted to the managers, who, willing to oblige, yet felt that their courtesy was deserving of some sort of public recognition. At least this was Elliston's view of the matter, who read with chagrin sundry newspaper paragraphs, announcing that at the approaching inauguration of Sir Claudius some of the royal armour from the Tower would be exhibited, but ignoring altogether the loan of the matchless suits of steel and brass from the Surrey Theatre. The manager was mortified; he could be generous, but he knew the worth of an advertisement. He expostulated with the future mayor. Sir Claudius replied that he did not desire to conceal the transaction, but rather than it should go forth to the world that so high a functionary as an alderman of London had made a request to a theatrical manager, he thought it advisable to inform the public that Mr. Elliston had offered the use of his property for the procession of the 9th. This was hardly a fair way of stating the case, but at length the following paragraph, drawn up by Elliston, was agreed upon for publication in the newspapers:—"We understand that Mr. Elliston has lent to the Lord Mayor elect the two magnificent suits of armour, one of steel and the other of brass, manufactured by Marriott of Fleet Street, and which cost not less than £600. These very curious specimens of the revival of an art supposed to have been lost will be displayed in the Lord Mayor's procession, and afterwards in Guildhall, with some of the royal armour in the Tower." It would seem also, according to another authority, that the wearers of the armour were members of the Surrey company.

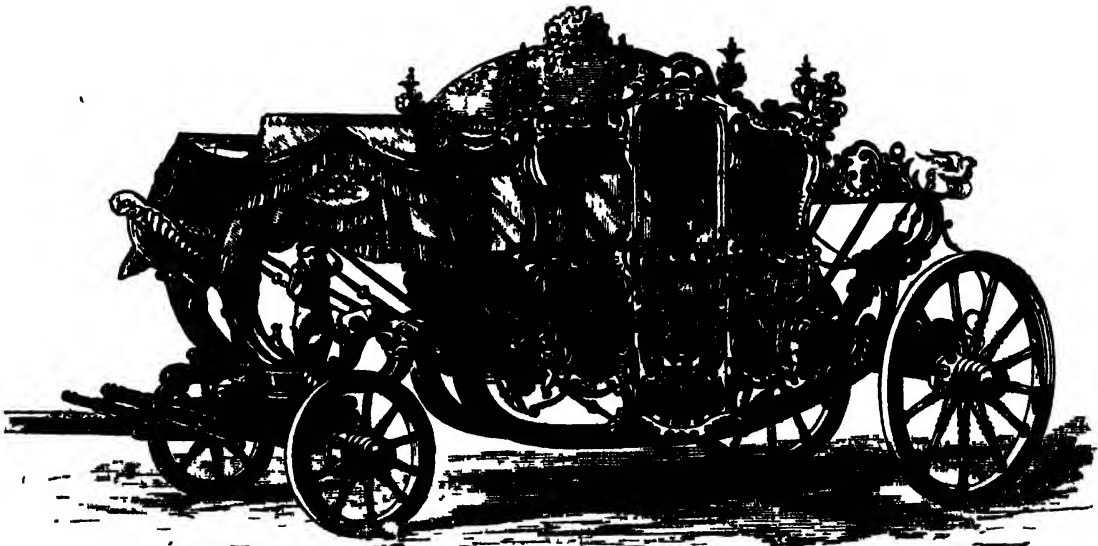
On the 9th Elliston was absent from London, but he received from one left in charge of his interests a particular account of the proceedings of the day:—

"The unhandsome conduct of the Lord Mayor has occasioned me much trouble, and will give you equal displeasure. In the first place, your paragraph never would have appeared at all had I not interfered in the matter; secondly, cropped-tailed hacks had been procured without housings, so that I was compelled to obtain two trumpeters' horses from the Horse Guards, long-tailed animals, and richly caparisoned; thirdly, the helmets which had been delivered at Mr. Kemble's house were not

returned until twelve o'clock on the day of action, with three miserable feathers in each, which appeared to have been plucked from the draggie tail of a hunted cock; this I also remedied by sending off at the last moment to the first plumassier for the hire of proper feathers, and the helmets were ultimately decorated with fourteen superb plumes; fourthly, the Lord Mayor's officer, who rode in Henry V. armour, jealous of our stately aspect, attempted to seize one of our horses, on which your rider made as gallant a retort as ever knight in armour could have done, and the assailer was completely foiled."

This was bad enough, but in addition to this

practicable to him. His comrade in brass made light of these objections, gladly took the proffered cup into his gauntleted hands, and "drank the red wine through the helmet barred," as though he had been one of the famous knights of Branksome Tower. It was soon apparent that the man in brass was intoxicated. He became obstreperous; he began to reel and stumble, accounted as he was, to the hazard of his own bones and to the great dismay of bystanders. It was felt that his fall might entail disaster upon many. Attempts were made to remove him, when he assumed a pugilistic attitude, and resolutely declined to quit the hall. Nor was it possible to enlist against him the ser-



THE LORD MAYOR'S COACH.

the narrator makes further revelation of the behind-the-scenes secrets of a civic pageant sixty years ago. On the arrival of the procession it was found that no accommodation had been arranged for "Mr. Elliston's men," nor were any refreshments proffered them. "For seven hours they were kept within Guildhall, where they seem to have been considered as much removed from the necessities of the flesh as Gog and Magog above their heads." At length the compassion, or perhaps the sense of humour, of certain of the diners was moved by the forlorn situation of the knights in armour, and bumpers of wine were tendered them. The man in steel discreetly declined this hospitable offer, alleging that after so long a fast he feared the wine would affect him injuriously. It was whispered that his harness imprisoned him so completely that eating and drinking were alike im-

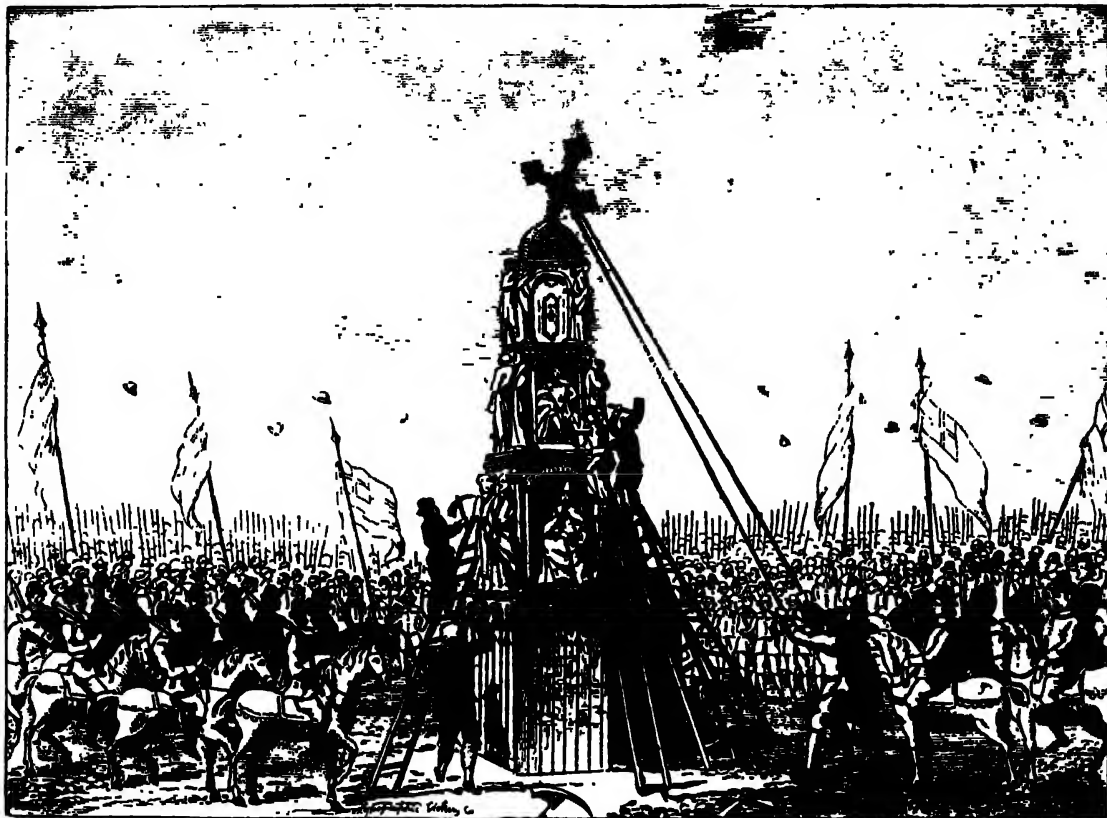
vices of his brother warrior. The man in steel sided with the man in brass, and the two heroes thus formed a powerful coalition, which was only overcome at last by the onset of numbers. The scene altogether was of a most scandalous, if comical, description. It was some time past midnight when Mr Marriot, the armourer, arrived at Guildhall, and at length succeeded in releasing the two half-dead warriors from their coats of mail.

After all, these famous suits of armour never returned to the wardrobe of the Surrey Theatre, or gleamed upon its stage. From Guildhall they were taken to Mr. Marriott's workshop. This, with all its contents, was accidentally consumed by fire. But the armourer's trade had taught him chivalry. At his own expense, although he had lost some three thousand pounds by the fire, he provided Elliston with new suits of armour in lieu of those

that had been destroyed. To his outlay the Lord Mayor and the City authorities contributed—nothing ! although but for the procession of the 9th of November the armour had never been in peril.

The most splendid sight that ever glorified mediæval Cheapside was the Midsummer Marching Watch, a grand City display, the description of which makes even the brown pages of old Stow glow with light and colour, seeming to rouse in the old London chronicler recollections of his youth.

Chamber of London. Besides the which lights, every constable in London, in number more than 240, had his cresset ; the charge of every cresset was in light two shillings four pence ; and every cresset had two men, one to bear or hold it, another to bear a bag with light, and to serve it ; so that the poor men pertaining to the cressets taking wages, besides that every one had a strawen hat, with a badge painted, and his breakfast, amounted in number to almost 2,000. The Marching Watch



THE DEMOLITION OF CHEAPSIDE CROSS. *From an old Print. (See page 334.)*

“ Besides the standing watches,” says Stow, “ all in bright harness, in every ward and street in the City and suburbs, there was also a Marching Watch, that passed through the principal streets thereof ; to wit, from the Little Conduit, by Paul’s Gate, through West Cheap by the *Stocks*, through Cornhill, by Leaden Hall, to Aldgate ; then back down Fenchurch Street, by Grasse Church, about Grasse Church Conduit, and up Grasse Church Street into Cornhill, and through into West Cheap again, and so broke up. The whole way ordered for this Marching Watch extended to 3,200 taylors’ yards of assize. For the furniture whereof, with lights, there were appointed 700 cressets, 500 of them being found by the Companies, the other 200 by the

contained in number about 2,000 men, part of them being old soldiers, of skill to be captains, lieutenants, serjeants, corporals, &c. ; whiffiers, drummers and fifes, standard and ensign bearers, demi-lances on great horses, gunners with hand-guns, or half hakes, archers in coats of white fustian, signed on the breast and back with the arms of the City, their bows bent in their hands, with sheafs of arrows by their side ; pikemen, in bright corslets, burganets, &c. ; halbards, the like ; the billmen in Almain rivets and aprons of mail, in great number.

“ This Midsummer Watch was thus accustomed yearly, time out of mind, until the year 1539, the 31st of Henry VIII. ; in which year, on the 8th of



May, a great muster was made by the citizens at the *Mile's End*, all in bright harness, with coats of white silk or cloth, and chains of gold, in three great battels, to the number of 15,000; which passed through London to Westminster, and so through the Sanctuary and round about the Park of St. James, and returned home through Oldborn.

King Henry, then considering the great charges of the citizens for the furniture of this unusual muster, forbade the Marching Watch provided for at midsummer for that year; which being once laid down, was not raised again till the year 1381, the second of Edward the Sixth. Sir John Croke, then Mayor, who raised the *Muster*, was on the eve of Saint John Baptist, the eve of Saint Peter the Apostle, to be reviewed in a comely order as it had been accustomed.

In the months of June and July, on the vigil of the feast, and on the same festival days in the evening, after the sun-setting, there were usual bonfires in the streets, every man being invited to sit towards them. The

wealthier sort, also, before their doors, near to the said bonfires, would set out tables on the vigils, furnished with sweet bread and good drink; and on the festival days, with meat and drink, plentifully; whereunto they would invite their neighbours and passengers also, to sit and be merry with them in great familiarity, praising God for his benefits bestowed on them. These were called *Bonfires*, as well of good amity amongst neighbours, that being before at controversie, were there by the labours of others reconciled, and made of bitter enemies loving friends; as also for the virtue that a great fire hath to purge the infection of the air. On the vigil of Saint John Baptist, and on Saint Peter and Paul, the apostles, every man's door being shadowed with green birch, long fennel, St. John's wort, orpin, white lillies, and such-like, garnished upon with beautiful flowers, had also lamps of glass, with oyl burning in them all the night. Some hung out branches of iron, curiously wrought, containing hundreds of lamps, lighted at once, which made a goodly show, namely, in New Fish Street, Thames Street, &c."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### CHEAPSIDE CENTRAL.

Old Chronicle of Cheapside—The Cheapside Cross—Punishment of the Nine Crosses—London Conduits—Medieval Water-carriers—The Church of St. Mary-le-Bow—Wren's Bow Church—Remains of the Old Church—The Golden Age of Cheapside—The "Nag's Head" and the Self-consecrated Bishops—King's House—Middle Temple—A Public House—The Printseller—His Edition of Shakespeare—The Virgin and the Infant Jesus.

The Cheapside Cross, opposite Honey Lane, was built in the reign of Henry VI. In the year 1293, under Edward I., three men had their right hands stricken off here for rescuing a prisoner arrested by an officer of the City. In Edward III.'s reign two fishmongers, for aiding a riot, were beheaded at the Standard. Here also, in the reign of Richard II., Wat Tyler, that unfortunate reformer, beheaded Richard Lyons, a rich merchant. When Henry IV. usurped the throne, very beneficially for the nation, it was at the Standard in Chepe that he caused Richard II.'s blank charters to be burned. In the reign of Henry VI. Jack Cade, a man who seems to have aimed at removing real evils, beheaded the Lord Say, as readers of Shakespeare's historical plays will remember; and in 1461 John Day had his offending hand cut off at the Standard for having struck a man before the judges at Westminster.

Cheapside Cross, one of the nine crosses erected by Edward I., that soldier king, to mark the resting-places of the body of his beloved queen, Eleanor of Castile, on its way from Lincoln to Westminster Abbey, stood in the middle of the road facing Wood Street. It was built in 1290 by Master Michael, a mason, of Canterbury. From an old painting at Cowdray, in Sussex, representing the procession of Edward VI. from the Tower to Westminster, an engraving of which we have given on page 313, we gather that the cross was both stately and graceful. It consisted of three octangular compartments, each supported by eight slender columns. The basement story was probably twenty feet high; the second, ten; the third, six. In the first niche stood the effigy of probably a contemporaneous pope; round the base of the second were four apostles, each with a nimbus round his head; and above them sat the Virgin, with the infant Jesus in her



arms. The highest niche was occupied by four standing figures, while crowning all rose a cross surmounted by the emblematic dove. The whole was rich with highly-finished ornament.

Fox, the martyrologist, says the cross was erected on what was then an open spot of Cheapside. Some writers assert that a statue of Queen Eleanor first stood on the spot, but this is very much doubted. The cross was rebuilt in 1441, and combined with a drinking-fountain. The work was a long time about, as the full design was not carried to completion till the first year of Henry VII. This second erection was, in fact, a sort of a timber-shed surrounding the old cross, and covered with gilded lead. It was, we are told, re-gilt on the visit of the Emperor Charles V. On the accession of Edward VI., that child of promise, the cross was altered and beautified.

The generations came and went. The 'prentice who had played round the cross as a newly-girdled lad sat again on its steps as a rich citizen, in robes and chain. The shaven priest who stopped to mutter a prayer to the half-defaced Virgin in the votive niche gave place to his successor in the Geneva gown, and still the cross stood, a memory of death, that spares neither king nor subject. But in Elizabeth's time, in their horror of image-worship, the Puritans, foaming at the mouth at every outward and visible sign of the old religion, took great exception at "the idolatrous cross of Chepe." Violent protest was soon made. In the night of June 21st, 1581, an attack was made on the lower tier of images—*i.e.*, the Resurrection, Virgin, Christ, and Edward the Confessor, all which were miserably mutilated. The Virgin was "robbed of her son, and the arms broken by which she stayed him on her knees, her whole body also haled by ropes and left ready to fall." The Queen offered a reward, but the offenders were not discovered. In 1595 the effigy of the Virgin was repaired, and afterwards "a new sonne, misshapen (as borne out of time), all naked, was laid in her arms; the other images continuing broken as before." Soon an attempt was made to pull down the woodwork, and substitute a pyramid for the crucifix; the Virgin was superseded by the goddess Diana—"a woman (for the most part naked), and water, conveyed from the Thames, filtering from her naked breasts, but oftentimes dried up." Elizabeth, always a trimmer in these matters, was indignant at these fanatical doings; and thinking a plain cross, a symbol of the faith of our country, ought not to give scandal, she ordered one to be placed on the summit, and gilt. The Virgin also was restored; but twelve nights afterwards she was

again attacked, "her crown being plucked off, and almost her head, taking away her naked child, and stabbing her in the breast." Thus dishonoured the cross was left till the next year, 1600, when it was rebuilt, and the universities were consulted as to whether the crucifix should be restored. They all sanctioned it, except Dr. Abbot, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury; but there was to be no dove. In a sermon of the period the following passage occurs:—"Oh! this cross is one of the jewels of the harlot of Rome, and is left and kept here as a love-token, and gives them hope that they shall enjoy it and us again." Yet the cross remained undisturbed for several years. At this period it was surrounded by a strong iron railing, and decorated in the most inoffensive manner. It consisted of only four stones. Superstitious images were superseded by grave effigies of apostles, kings, and prelates. The crucifix only of the original was retained. The cross itself was in bad taste, being half-Grecian, half-Gothic; the whole, architecturally, being much inferior to the former fabric.

The uneasy zeal of the Puritanical sects soon revived. On the night of January 24th, 1641, the cross was again defaced, and a sort of literary contention began. We have "The Resolution of those Contemners that will no Crosses;" "Articles of High Treason exhibited against Cheapside Cross;" "The Chimney-sweepers' Sad Complaint," and "Humble Petition to the City of London for erecting a Neue Cross;" "A Dialogue between the Cross in Chepe and Charing Cross." Of these here is a specimen—

*Anabaptist.* O! idol now,  
Down must thou  
Brother Ball,  
Be safe it shall.

*Brownist.* Helpe! Wren,  
Or we are undone men.  
I shall not fall,  
To ruin all.

*Cheap Cross.* I'm so crossed, I fear my utter destruction is at hand.

*Charing Cross.* Sister of Cheap, crosses are incident to us all, and our children. But what's the greatest cross that hath befallen you?

*Cheap Cross.* Nay, sister; if my cross were full, I should live at more heart's ease than I do.

*Charing Cross.* I believe it is the cross upon your head that hath brought you into this trouble, is it not?

These disputes were the precursors of its final destruction. In May, 1643, the Parliament deputed to the work Robert Harlow, who went with a troop of horse and two companies of foot, and executed his orders most completely. The official account says rejoicingly—

"On the 2nd of May, 1643, the cross in Cheapside

was pulled down. At the fall of the top cross drums beat, trumpets blew, and multitudes of caps were thrown into the air, and a great shout of people with joy. The 2nd of May, the almanack says, was the invention of the cross, and the same day at night were the leaden popes burnt (they were not popes, but eminent English prelates) in the place where it stood, with ringing of bells and great acclamation, and no hurt at all done in these actions."

The 10th of the same month the "Book of Sports," a collection of ordinances allowing games on the Sunday, put forth by James I., was burnt by the hangman, where the Cross used to stand, and at the Exchange.

"Aleph" gives us the title of a curious tract, published the very day the Cross was destroyed:—"The Downfall of Dagon; or, the Taking Down of Cheapside Crosse; wherein is contained these principles: 1. The Crosse Sicke at Heart. 2. His Death and Funerall. 3. His Will, Legacies, Inventory, and Epitaph. 4. Why it was removed. 5. The Money it will bring. 6. Noteworthy, that it was cast down on that day when it was first invented and set up."

It may be worth giving an extract or two:—

"I am called the 'Citie Idoll;' the Brownists spit at me, and throw stones at me; others hide their eyes with their fingers; the Anabaptists wish me knockt in pieces, as I am like to be this day; the sisters of the fraternity will not come near me, but go about by Watling Street, and come in again by Soaper Lane, to buy their provisions of the market folks. . . . I feele the pangs of death, and shall never see the end of the merry month of May; my breath stops; my life is gone; I feel myself a-dying downwards."

Here are some of the bequests:—"I give my iron-work to those people which make good swords, at Hounslow; for I am all Spanish iron and Steele to the back.

"I give my body and stones to those masons that cannot telle how to frame the like againe, to keepe by them for a patterne; for in time there will be more crosses in London than ever there was yet.

"I give my ground whereon I stood to be a free market-place.

"JASPER CROSSE, HIS EPIITAPH.

"I look for no praise when I am dead,  
For, going the right way, I never did tread;  
I was harde as an alderman's doore,  
That's shut and stony-hearted to the poore.  
I never gave alms, nor did anything  
Was good, nor e'er said, God save the King.

I stood like a stock that was made of wood,  
And yet the people would not say I was good;  
And if I tell them plaine, they're like to mee—  
Like stone to all goodnesse. But now, reader, see  
Me in the dust, for crosses must not stand,  
There is too much cross tricks within the land;  
And, having so done never any good,  
I leave my prayse for to be understood;  
For many women, after this my losse,  
Will remember me, and still will be crosse—  
Crosse tricks, crosse ways, and crosse vanities,  
Believe the Crosse speaks truth, for here he lyes.

"I was built of lead, iron, and stone. Some say that divers of the crowns and sceptres are of silver, besides the rich gold that I was gilded with, which might have been filed and saved, yielding a good value. Some have offered four hundred, some five hundred; but they that bid most offer one thousand for it. I am to be taken down this very Tuesday; and I pray, good reader, take notice by the almanack, for the sign falls just at this time, to be in the feete, to shewe that the crosse must be laide equall with the ground, for our feete to tread on and what day it was demolished; that is, on the day when crosses were first invented and set up; and so I leave the rest to your consideration."

Howell, the letter-writer, lamenting the demolition of so ancient and visible a monument, says that trumpets were blown all the while the crowbars and pickaxes were working. Archbishop Laud in his "Diary" notes that on May 1st the fanatical mob broke the stained-glass windows of his Lambeth chapel, and tore up the steps of his communion table.

"On Tuesday," this fanatic of another sort writes, "the cross in Cheapside was taken down to cleanse that great street of superstition." The amiable Evelyn notes in his "Diary" that he himself saw "the furious and zealous people demolish that stately crosse in Cheapside." In July, 1645, two years afterwards, and in the middle of the Civil War, Whitelock (afterwards Oliver Cromwell's trimming minister) mentions a burning on the site of the Cheapside cross of crucifixes, Popish pictures, and books. Soon after the demolition of the cross, says Howell, a high square stone rest was "popped up in Cheapside, hard by the Standard," according to the legacy of Russell, a good-hearted porter. This "rest and be thankful" bore the following simple distich:—

"God bless thee, porter, who great pains doth take;  
Rest here, and welcome, when thy back doth ache."

There are four views of the old Cheapside cross extant—one at Cowdray, one in the Pepysian library, Cambridge. A third, engraved by Wilkinson,

represents the procession of Mary de Medicis, on her way through Cheapside; and another, which we give on page 331, shows the demolition of the cross.

The old London conduits were pleasant gathering places for prentices, serving-men, and servant girls—open-air parliaments of chatter, scandal, love-making, and trade talk. Here all day repaired the professional water-carriers, rough, sturdy fellows, like Ben Jonson's Cob, who were hired to supply the houses of the rich goldsmiths of Chepe, and who, before Sir Hugh Middleton brought the New River to London, were indispensable to the citizen's very existence.

The Great Conduit of Cheapside stood in the middle of the east end of the street near its junction with the Poultry, while the Little Conduit was at the west end, facing Foster Lane and Old Change. Stow, that indefatigable stitcher together of old history, describes the larger conduit curtly as bringing sweet water "by pipes of lead underground from Tyburn (Fulington) for the service of the City." It was castellated with stone and cisterned in lead about 1224, under Edward I. and again new built and enlarged by Thomas Ham, a sheriff in 1479. Ned Ward, writing in 1700, in his lively, ribald way, describes Cheapside conduit (he does not say which) palisaded with chimney-sweepers' brooms and surrounded by sweeps probably waiting to be hired, so that "a countryman, seeing so many black attendants waiting at a stone hovel, took it to be one of Old Nick's tenements."

In the reign of Edward III. the supply of water for the City seems to have been derived chiefly from the river, the local conduits being probably insufficient. The carters, called "water-leders" in 24th Edward III., were ordered by the City to charge three-halfpence for taking a cart from Dowgate or Castle Baynard to Chepe, and five farthings if they stopped short of Chepe, while a sand-cart from Aldgate to Chepe Conduit was allowed to charge threepence.

The Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, the sound of whose mellow bells is supposed to be so dear to cockney ears, is the glory and crown of modern Cheapside. The music it casts forth into the troubled London air has a special magic of its own, and has a power to awaken memories of the past. This *chef-d'œuvre* of Sir Christopher Wren, whose steeple—as graceful as it is stately—rises like a lighthouse above the roar and jostle of the human deluge below, stands on an ecclesiastical site of great antiquity. The old tradition is that here, as at St. Paul's and Westminster, was a

Roman temple, but of that there is no proof whatever. The first Bow Church seems, however, to have been one of the earliest churches built by the conquerors of Harold; and here, no doubt, the sullen Saxons came to sneer at the *masse* chanted with a French accent. The first church was racked by storm, and for a time turned into a fortress, was the scene of a murder, and last of all became one of our earliest ecclesiastical courts. Stow, usually very clear and unconfused, rather contradicts himself for once about the origin of the name of the church—"St. Mary de Arcubus or Bow." In one place he says it was so called because it was the first London church built on arches; and elsewhere, when out of sight of this assertion, he says that it took its name from certain stone arches supporting a lantern on the top of the tower. The first is more probably the true derivation, for St. Paul's could also boast its Saxon crypt. Bow Church is first mentioned in the reign of William the Conqueror, and it was probably built at that period.

There seems to have been nothing specially to disturb the fair building and its ministering priests till the reign of William Rufus, when in a tremendous storm that sent the monks to their knees, and shook the very saints from their niches over portal and arch, the roof of Bow Church was, by one great wrench of the wind, lifted off and wafted down like a mere dead leaf into the street. It does not say much for the state of the highway that four of the huge rafters, twenty-six feet long, were driven (so the chroniclers say) twenty-two feet into the ground.

In 1270 part of the steeple fell, and caused the death of several persons; so that the work of mediæval builders does not seem to have been always irreproachable.

In 1284, under Edward I., blood was shed, and the right of sanctuary violated, in Bow Church. One Duckett, a goldsmith, having in that warlike age wounded in some fray a person named Ralph Crepin, took refuge in this church, and slept in the steeple. While there, certain friends of Crepin entered during the night, and violating the sanctuary, first slew Duckett, and then so placed the body as to induce the belief that he had committed suicide. A verdict to this effect was accordingly returned at the inquisition, and the body was interred with the customary indignities. The real circumstances, however, being afterwards discovered, through the evidence of a boy, who, it appears, was with Duckett in his voluntary confinement, and had hid himself during the struggle, the murderers, among whom was a woman, were apprehended and

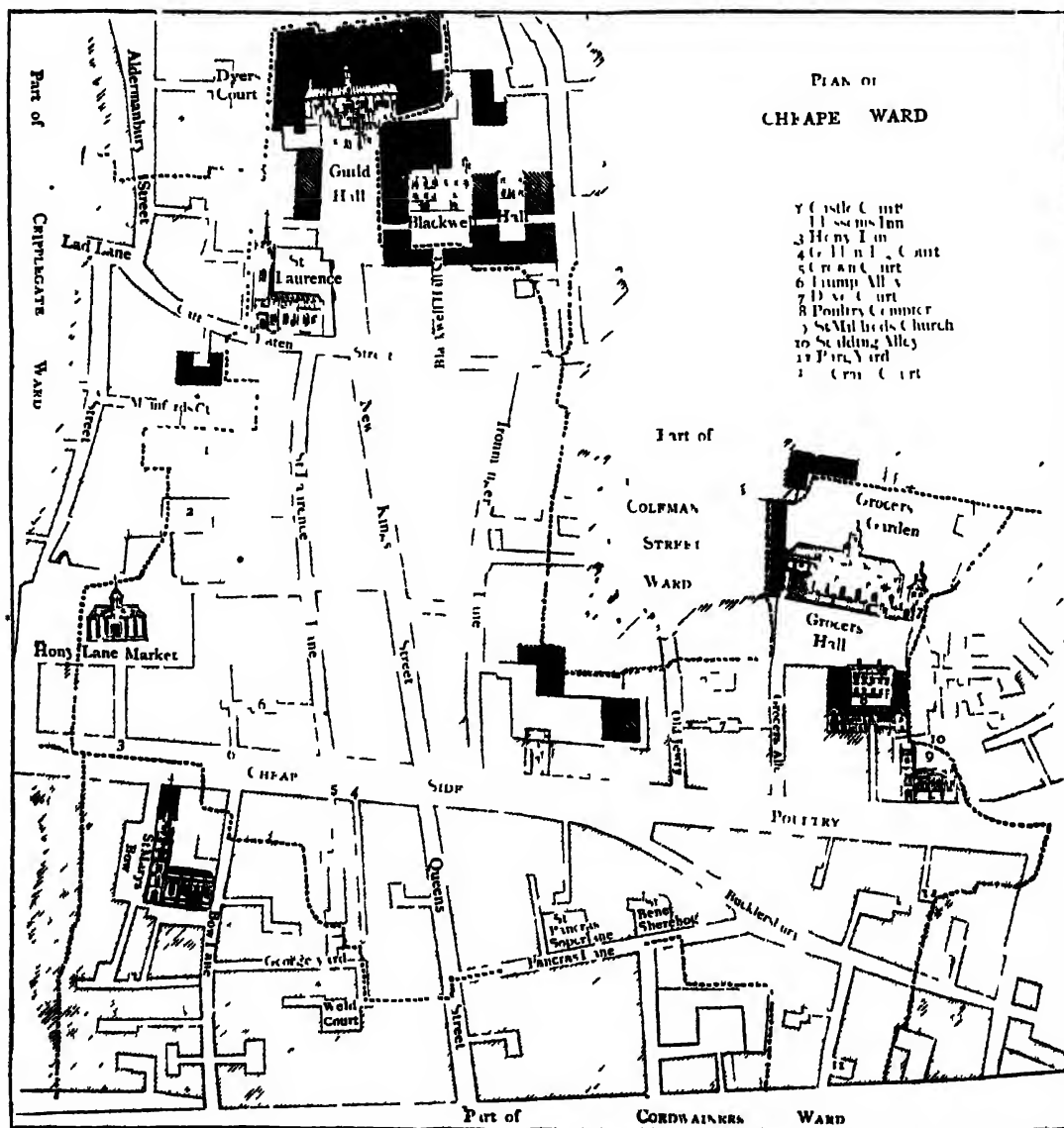
executed. After this occurrence the church was interdicted for a time, and the doors and windows stopped with brambles.

The first we hear of the nightly ringing of Bow bell at nine o'clock—a reminiscence, probably, of

the revival of an old and favourite usage. The rhymes are—

“ Clarke of the Bow bell, with the yellow lockes,  
For thy late ringing, thy head shall have knockes.”

To this the clerk replies—



OLD MAP OF THE WARD OF CHEAP—ABOUT 1750.

the tyrannical Norman curfew, or signal for extinguishing the lights at eight p.m.—is in 1315 (Edward II.). It was the go-to-bed bell of those early days; and two old couplets still exist, supposed to be the complaint of the sleepy 'prentices of Chepe and the obsequious reply of the Bow Church clerk. In the reign of Henry VI. the steeple was completed, and the ringing of the bell was, perhaps,

“ Children of Chepe, hold you all still,  
For you shall have Bow bell rung at your will.”

In 1315 (Edward II.) William Copeland, churchwarden of Bow, gave a new bell to the church, or had the old one re-cast.

In 1512 (Henry VIII.) the upper part of the steeple was repaired, and the lanthorn and the stone arches forming the open coronet of the tower

were finished with Caen stone. It was then proposed to glaze the five corner lanthorns and the top lanthorn, and light them up with torches or cressets at night, to serve as beacons for travellers on the northern roads to London; but the idea was never carried out.

By the Great Fire of 1666, the old church was destroyed; and in 1671 the present edifice was commenced by Sir C. Wren. After it was erected the parish was united to two others, Allhallows, Honey Lane, and St. Pancras, Soper Lane. As the right of presentation to the latter of them is also vested in the Archbishop of Canterbury, and that of the former in the Grocers' Company, the Archbishop nominates twice consecutively, and the Grocers' Company once. We learn from the "Parentalia," that the former church had been mean and low. On digging out the ground, a foundation was discovered sufficiently firm for the intended fabric, which, on further examination, the account states, appeared to be the walls and pavement of a temple, or church, of Roman workmanship, entirely buried under the level of the present street.

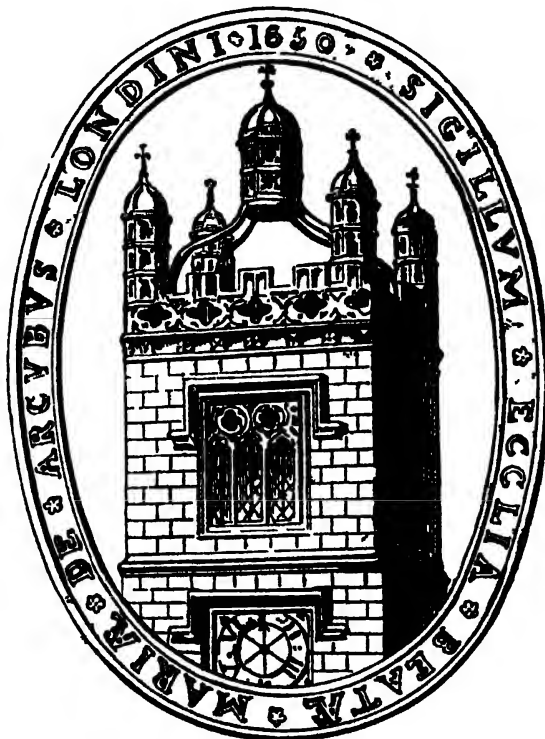
In reality, however (unless other remains were found below those since seen, which is not probable), this was nothing more than the crypt of the ancient Norman church, and it may still be examined in the vaults of the present building; for, as the account informs us, upon these walls was commenced the new church. The former building stood about forty feet southwards from Cheapside; and in order to bring the new steeple forward to the line of the street, the site of a house not yet rebuilt was purchased, and on it the excavations were commenced for the foundation of the tower. Here a Roman causeway was found, supposed to be the once northern boundary of the colony. The church was completed (chiefly at the expense of subscribers)

in 1680. A certain Dame Dyonis Williamson, of Hale's Hall, in the county of Norfolk, gave £2,000 towards the rebuilding. Of the monuments in the church, that to the memory of Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol, and twenty-five years rector of Bow Church, is the most noticeable. In 1820 the spire was repaired by George Gwilt, architect, and the upper part of it taken down and rebuilt. There used to be a large building, called the Crown-sild, or shed, on the north side of the old church (now

the site of houses in Cheapside), which was erected by Edward III., as a place from which the Royal Family might view tournaments and other entertainments thereafter occurring in Cheapside. Originally the King had nothing but a temporary wooden shed for the purpose; but this falling down, as already described (page 316), led to the erection of the Crown-sild.

"Without the north side of this church of St. Mary Bow," says Stow, "towards West Chepe, standeth one fair building of stone, called in record Seldam, a shed which greatly darkeneth the said church; for by means thereof all the windows and doors

on that side are stopped up. King Edward caused this sild or shed to be made, and to be strongly built of stone, for himself, the queen, and other estates to stand in, there to behold the joustings and other shows at their pleasure. And this house for a long time after served for that use—viz., in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II.; but in the year 1410 Henry IV. confirmed the said shed or building to Stephen Spilman, William Marchfield, and John Whateley, mercers, by the name of one New Seldam, shed, or building, with shops, cellars, and edifices whatsoever appertaining, called Crownside or Tamersilde, situate in the Mercery in West Chepe, and in the parish of St. Mary de Arcubus, in London, &c. Notwith-



THE SEAL OF BOW CHURCH.

(See page 338)

standing which grant the kings of England and other great estates, as well of foreign countries repairing to this realm, as inhabitants of the same, have usually repaired to this place, therein to behold the shows of this city passing through West Chepe—viz., the great watches accustomed in the night, on the even of St. John the Baptist and St. Peter at Midsummer, the example whereof were over long to recite, wherefore let it suffice briefly to touch one. In the year 1510, on St. John's even at night, King Henry VIII. came to this place, then called the King's Head in Chepe, in the livery of a yeoman of the guard, with a halbert on his shoulder, and there beholding the watch, departed privily when the watch was done, and was not known to any but whom it pleased him; but on St. Peter's night next following he and the queen came royally riding to the said place, and there with their nobles beheld the watch of the city, and returned in the morning."

The *Builder*, of 1845, gives a full account of the discovery of architectural remains beneath some houses in Bow Churchyard:—

"They are," says the *Builder*, "of a much later date than the celebrated Norman crypt at present existing under the church. Beneath the house No. 5 is a square vaulted chamber, twelve feet by seven feet three inches high, with a slightly pointed arch of ribbed masonry, similar to some of those of the Old London Bridge. There had been in the centre of the floor an excavation, which might have been formerly used as a bath, but which was now arched over and converted into a cesspool. Proceeding towards Cheapside, there appears to be a continuation of the vaulting beneath the houses Nos. 4 and 3. The arch of the vault here is plain and more pointed. The masonry appears, from an aperture near to the warehouse above, to be of considerable thickness. This crypt or vault is seven feet in height, from the floor to the crown of the arch, and is nine feet in width, and eighteen feet long. Beneath the house No. 4 is an outer vault. The entrance to both these vaults is by a depressed Tudor arch, with plain spandrels, six feet high, the thickness of the walls about four feet. In the thickness of the eastern wall of one of the vaults are cut triangular-headed niches, similar to those in which, in ancient ecclesiastical edifices, the basins containing the holy water, and sometimes lamps, were placed. These vaultings appear originally to have extended to Cheapside; for beneath a house there, in a direct line with these buildings and close to the street, is a massive stone wall. The arches of this crypt are of the low pointed form, which came into use in the sixteenth century.

There are no records of any monastery having existed on this spot, and it is difficult to conjecture what the building originally was. Mr. Chaffers thought it might be the remains of the *Crown-sild*, or shed, where our sovereigns resorted to view the joustings, shows, and great marching matches on the eves of great festivals."

The ancient silver parish seal of St. Mary-le-Bow, of which we give an engraving on page 337, representing the tower of the church as it existed before the Great Fire of 1666, is still in existence. It represents the old coronetted tower with great exactitude.

The first recorded rector of Bow Church was William D. Cilecester (1287, Edward I.); and the earliest known monument in the church was in memory of Sir John Coventry, Lord Mayor in 1425 (Henry VI.) The living is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Grocers' Company, the former having two turns, and the latter one.

Lovers of figures may like to know that the height of Bow steeple is 221 feet 8½ inches. The church altogether cost £7,388 8s 7d

It was in Bow parish, Maitland thinks, that John Hare, the rich mercer, lived, at the sign of the "Crown," in the reign of Henry VIII. He was a Suffolk man, made a large fortune, and left a considerable sum in charity—to poor prisoners, to the hospitals, the Lazar-houses, and the alms-men of Whittington College and thirty-five heavy gold mourning rings to special friends

Edward IV., the same day he was proclaimed, dined at the palace at Paul's (that is, Baynard's Castle, near St. Paul's), in the City, and continued there till his army was ready to march in pursuit of King Henry; during which stay in the City he caused Walter Walker, an eminent grocer in Cheapside, to be apprehended and tried for a few harmless words innocently spoken by him—viz., that he would make his son heir to the Crown, inoffensively meaning his own house, which had the crown for its sign; for which imaginary crime he was beheaded in Smithfield, on the eighth day of this king's reign. This "Crown" was probably Hare's house.

The house No. 108, Cheapside, opposite Bow Church, was rebuilt after the Great Fire upon the sites of three ancient houses, called respectively the "Black Bull," leased to Daniel Waldo; the "Cardinal's Hat," leased to Ann Stephens; and the "Black Boy," leased to William Carpenter, by the Mercers' Company. In the library of the City of London there are MSS. from the *Surveys of Wills*, &c., after the Fire of London, giving a



description of the property, as well as the names of the respective owners. It was subsequently leased to David Barclay, linendraper; and has been visited by six reigning sovereigns, from Charles II. to George III., on civic festivities, and for witnessing the Lord Mayor's show. In this house Sir Edward Waldo was knighted by Charles II., and the Lord Mayor, in 1714, was created a baronet by George I. When the house was taken down in 1861, the fine old oak-panelled dining-room, with its elaborate carvings, was purchased entire, and removed to Wales. The purchaser has written an interesting description (privately printed) of the panelling, the royal visits, the Barclay family, and other interesting matters.

In 1861 there was sold, says Mr. Timbs, amongst the old materials of No. 108, the "fine old oak-panelling of a large dining-room, with chimney-piece and cornice to correspond, elaborately carved in fruit and foliage, in capital preservation, 750 feet superficial." These panels were purchased by Mr. Morris Charles Jones, of Gunrog, near Welshpool, in North Wales, for £72 10s. 3d., including commission and expenses of removal, being about 1s. 8d. per foot superficial. It has been conveyed from Cheapside to Gunrog. This room was the principal apartment of the house of Sir Edward Waldo, and stated, in a pamphlet by Mr. Jones, "to have been visited by six reigning sovereigns, from Charles II. to George III., on the occasion of civic festivities and for the purpose of witnessing the Lord Mayor's show." (See Mr. Jones's pamphlet, privately printed, 1864.) A contemporary (the *Builder*) doubts whether this carving can be the work of Gibbons; "if so, it is a rare treasure, cheaply gained. But, except in St. Paul's, a Crown and ecclesiastical structure, be it remembered, not a corporate one, there is not a single example of Gibbons' art to be seen in the City of London proper."

Goldsmiths' Row, in Cheapside, between Old Change and Bucklersbury, was originally built by Thomas Wood, goldsmith and sheriff, in 1491 (Henry VII.). Stow, speaking of it, says: "It is a most beautiful frame of houses and shops, consisting of tenne faire dwellings, uniformly builded foure stories high, beautified towards the street with the Goldsmiths' arms, and likeness of Woodmen, in memorie of his name, riding on monstrous beasts, all richly painted and gilt." Maitland assures us "it was beautiful to behold the glorious appearance of goldsmith's shops, in the south row of Cheap-side, which reached from the Old Change to Bucklersbury, exclusive of four shops."

The sign in stone of a nag's head upon the front

of the old house, No. 39, indicates, it is supposed, the tavern at the corner of Friday Street, where, according to Roman Catholic scandal, the Protestant bishops, on Elizabeth's accession, consecrated each other in a very irregular manner.

Pennant thus relates the scandalous story:—"It was pretended by the adversaries of our religion, that a certain number of ecclesiastics, in their hurry to take possession of the vacant sees, assembled here, where they were to undergo the ceremony from Anthony Kitchen, *alias* Dunstan, Bishop of Llandaff, a sort of occasional conformist, who had taken the oaths of supremacy to Queen Elizabeth. Bonner, Bishop of London, then confined in prison, hearing of it, sent his chaplain to Kitchen, threatening him with excommunication in case he proceeded. The prelate, therefore, refused to perform the ceremony; on which, say the Roman Catholics, Parker and the other candidates, rather than defer possession of their dioceses, determined to consecrate one another, which, says the story, they did without any sort of scruple, and Scory began with Parker, who instantly rose Archbishop of Canterbury. The simple refutation of this lying story may be read in Strype's 'Life of Archbishop Parker.' The "Nag's Head Tavern" is shown in La Serre's print, "Entrée de la Reyne Mère du Roy," 1638, of which we gave a copy on page 307 of this work.

"The confirmation," says Strype, "was performed three days after the Queen's letters commissional above-said; that is, on the 9th day of December, in the Church of St. Mary de Arcubus (*i.e.* Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside), regularly, and according to the usual custom; and then after this manner:—First, John Incent, public notary, appeared personally, and presented to the Right Reverend the Commissaries, appointed by the Queen, her said letters to them directed in that behalf; humbly praying them to take upon them the execution of the said letters, and to proceed according to the contents thereof, in the said business of confirmation. And the said notary public publicly read the Queen's commissional letters. Then, out of the reverence and honour those bishops present (who were Barlow, Scory, Coverdale, and the suffragan of Bedford), bore to her Majesty, they took upon them the commission, and accordingly resolved to proceed according to the form, power, and effect of the said letters. Next, the notary exhibited his proxy for the Dean and Chapter of the Metropolitan Church, and made himself a party for them; and, in the procuratorial name of the said Dean and Chapter, presented the venerable Mr. Nicolas Bullingham, LL.D., and placed him before

the said commissioners; who then exhibited his proxy for the said elect of Canterbury, and made himself a party for him. Then the said notary exhibited the original citatory mandate, together with the certificate on the back side, concerning the execution of the same; and then required all and singular persons cited, to be publicly called. And consequently a threefold proclamation was made, of all and singular opposers, at the door of the parochial church aforesaid; and so as is customary in these cases.

"Then, at the desire of the said notary to go on in this business of confirmation, they, the commissioners, decreed so to do, as was more fully contained in a schedule read by Bishop Barlow, with the consent of his colleagues. It is too long to relate distinctly every formal proceeding in this business; only it may be necessary to add some few of the most material passages.

"Then followed the deposition of witnesses concerning the life and actions, learning and abilities of the said elect; his freedom, his legitimacy, his priesthood, and such like. One of the witnesses was John Baker, of thirty-nine years old, gent., who is said to sojourn for the present with the venerable Dr. Parker, and to be born in the parish of St. Clement's, in Norwich. He, among other things, witnessed, 'That the same reverend father was and is a prudent man, commended for his knowledge of sacred Scripture, and for his life and manners. That he was a freeman, and born in lawful matrimony; that he was in lawful age, and in priest's orders, and a faithful subject to the Queen;' and the said Baker, in giving the reason of his knowledge in this behalf, said, 'That he was the natural brother of the Lord Elect, and that they were born *ex unis parentibus*' (or rather, surely, *ex una parente*, i.e., of one mother). William Tolwyn, M.A., aged seventy years, and rector of St. Anthony, London, was another witness, who had known the said elect thirty years, and knew his mother, and that he was still very well acquainted with him, and of his certain knowledge could testify all above said.

"The notary exhibited the process of the election by the Dean and Chapter; which the commissioners did take a diligent view of, and at last, in the conclusion of this affair, the commissioners decreed the said most reverend lord elected and presently confirmed, should receive his consecration; and committed to him the care, rule, and administration, both of the temporals and spirituals of the said archbishopric; and decreed him to be inducted into the real, actual, and corporal possession of the same archbishopric.

"After many years the old story is ventured again into the world, in a book printed at Douay, anno 1654, wherein they thus tell their tale. 'I know they (i.e., the Protestants) have tried many ways, and feigned an old record (meaning the authentic register of Archbishop Parker) to prove their ordination from Catholic bishops. But it was false, as I have received from two certain witnesses. The former of them was Dr. Darbyshire, then Dean of St. Paul's (canon there, perhaps, but never dean), and nephew to Dr. Boner, Bishop of London; who almost sixty years since lived at Meux Port, then a holy, religious man (a Jesuit), very aged, but perfect in sense and memory, who, speaking what he knew, affirmed to myself and another with me, *that like good fellows they made themselves bishops at an inn, because they could get no true bishops to consecrate them.* My other witness was a gentleman of honour, worth, and credit, dead not many years since, whose father, a chief judge of this kingdom, visiting Archbishop Heath, saw a letter, sent from Bishop Boner out of the Marshalsea, by one of his chaplains, to the archbishop, read, while they sat at dinner together; wherein he merrily related the manner how these new bishops (because he had dissuaded Ogelthorp, Bishop of Carlisle, from doing it in his diocese) ordained one another at an inn, where they met together. And while others laughed at this new manner of consecrating bishops, the archbishop himself, gravely, and not without tears, expressed his grief to see such a ragged company of men come poor out of foreign parts, and appointed to succeed the old clergy.'

"Which forgery, when once invented, was so acceptable to the Romanists, that it was most confidently repeated again in an English book, printed at Antwerp, 1658, *permissione superiorum*, being a second edition, licensed by Gulielmo Bolognimo, where the author sets down his story in these words:—'The heretics who were named to succeed in the other bishops' sees, could not prevail with Llandaff (whom he calls a little before *an old simple man*) to consecrate them at the "Nag's Head," in Cheapside, where they appointed to meet him. And therefore they made use of Scory, who was never ordained bishop, though he bore the name in King Edward's reign. Kneeling before him, he laid the Bible upon their heads or shoulders, and bid them rise up and preach the word of God sincerely. 'This is,' added he, 'so evident a truth, that for the space of fifty years no Protestant durst contradict it.'"

"The form adopted at the confirmation of Archbishop Parker," writes Dr. Pusey in a letter dated

1865, quoted by Mr. Timbs, "was carefully framed on the old form used in the confirmations by Archbishop Chichele (which was the point for which I examined the registers in the Lambeth library). The words used in the consecration of the bishops confirmed by Chichele do not occur in the registers. The words used by the consecrators of Parker, 'Accipe Spiritum sanctum,' were read in the later pontificals, as in that of Exeter, Lacy's (Maskell's 'Monumenta Ritualia,' iii. 258). Roman Catholic writers admit *that* only is essential to consecration which the English service-book retained—prayer during the service, which should have reference to the office of bishop, and the imposition of hands. And, in fact, Cardinal Pole engaged to retain in their orders those who had been so ordained under Edward VI., and his act was confirmed by Paul IV." (Sanders, *De Schism. Angl.*, i. iii. 350.)

The house No. 73, Cheapside, shown in our illustration on page 343, was erected, from the design of Sir Christopher Wren, for Sir William Turner, Knight, who served the office of Lord Mayor in the year 1668-9, and here he kept his mayoralty.

At the "Queen's Arms Tavern," No. 71, Cheapside, the poet Keats once lived. The second floor of the house which stretches over the passage leading to this tavern was his lodging. Here, says Cunningham, he wrote his magnificent sonnet on Chapman's "Homer," and all the poems in his first little volume. Keats, the son of a livery-stable keeper in Moorfields, was born in 1795, and died of consumption at Rome in 1821. He published his "Endymion" (the inspiration suggested from Lempriere alone) in 1818. We annex the glorious sonnet written within sound of Bow bells:—

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S "HOMER."

"Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
Round many western islands have I been,  
Which bards, in fealty to Apollo, hold.  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold;  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Behnes' poor bald statue of Sir Robert Peel, at the Paternoster Row end of Cheapside, was uncovered July 21st, 1855. The *Builder* at the time justly lamented that so much good metal was

wasted. The statue is without thought—the head is set on the neck awkwardly, the pedestal is senseless, and the two double lamps at the side are mean and paltry.

Saddlers' Hall is close to Foster Lane, Cheapside. "Near unto this lane," says Strype, "but in Cheapside, is Saddlers' Hall—a pretty good building, seated at the upper end of a handsome alley, near to which is Half Moon Alley, which is but small, at the upper end of which is a tavern, which gives a passage into Foster Lane, and another into Gutter Lane."

"This appears," says Maitland, "to be a fraternity of great antiquity, by a convention agreed upon between them and the Dean and Chapter of St. Martin's-le-Grand, about the reign of Richard I., at which time I imagine it to have been an Adulterine Guild, seeing it was only incorporated by letters patent of Edward I., by the appellation of 'The Wardens, or Keepers and Commonalty of the Mystery or Art of Sadlers, London.' This company is governed by a prime and three other wardens, and eighteen assistants, with a livery of seventy members, whose fine on admission is ten pounds."

At the entrance is an ornamental door-case, and an iron gate, and it is a very complete building for the use of such a company. It is adorned with fretwork and wainscot, and the Company's arms are carved in stone over the gate next the street. The great hall is a handsome and spacious apartment, and contains, amongst other objects of interest, a full-length portrait of Frederick, Prince of Wales, who became Master of the Company.

In 1736 Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of George III., being desirous of seeing the Lord Mayor's show privately, visited the City in disguise. At that time it was the custom for several of the City companies, particularly for those who had no barges, to have stands erected in the streets through which the Lord Mayor passed on his return from Westminster, in which the freemen of companies were accustomed to assemble. It happened that his Royal Highness was discovered by some of the Saddlers' Company, in consequence of which he was invited to their stand, which invitation he accepted, and the parties were so well pleased with each other that his Royal Highness was soon after chosen Master of the Company, a compliment which he also accepted. The City on that occasion formed a resolution to compliment his Royal Highness with the freedom of London, pursuant to which the Court of Lord Mayor and Aldermen attended the prince, on the 17th of

December, with the said freedom, of which the following is a copy:—

"The most high, most potent, and most illustrious Prince Frederick Lewis, Prince of Great Britain, Electoral Prince of Brunswick-Lunenbug, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of

of the Saddlers, in the time of the Right Honourable Sir John Thompson, Knight, Lord Mayor, and John Bosworth, Esq., Chamberlain of the said City." In his "Industry and Idleness," Hogarth shows us the prince and princess on the balcony of Saddler's Hall.



ROW CHURCH, CHEAPSIDE. (From a view taken about 1750.)

Rothsay, Duke of Edinburgh, Marquis of the Isle of Ely, Earl of Eltham, Earl of Chester, Viscount Launceston, Baron of Renfrew, Baron of Snowdon, Lord of the Isles, Steward of Scotland, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, and one of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, of his mere grace and princely favour, did the most august City of London the honour to accept the freedom thereof, and was admitted of the Company

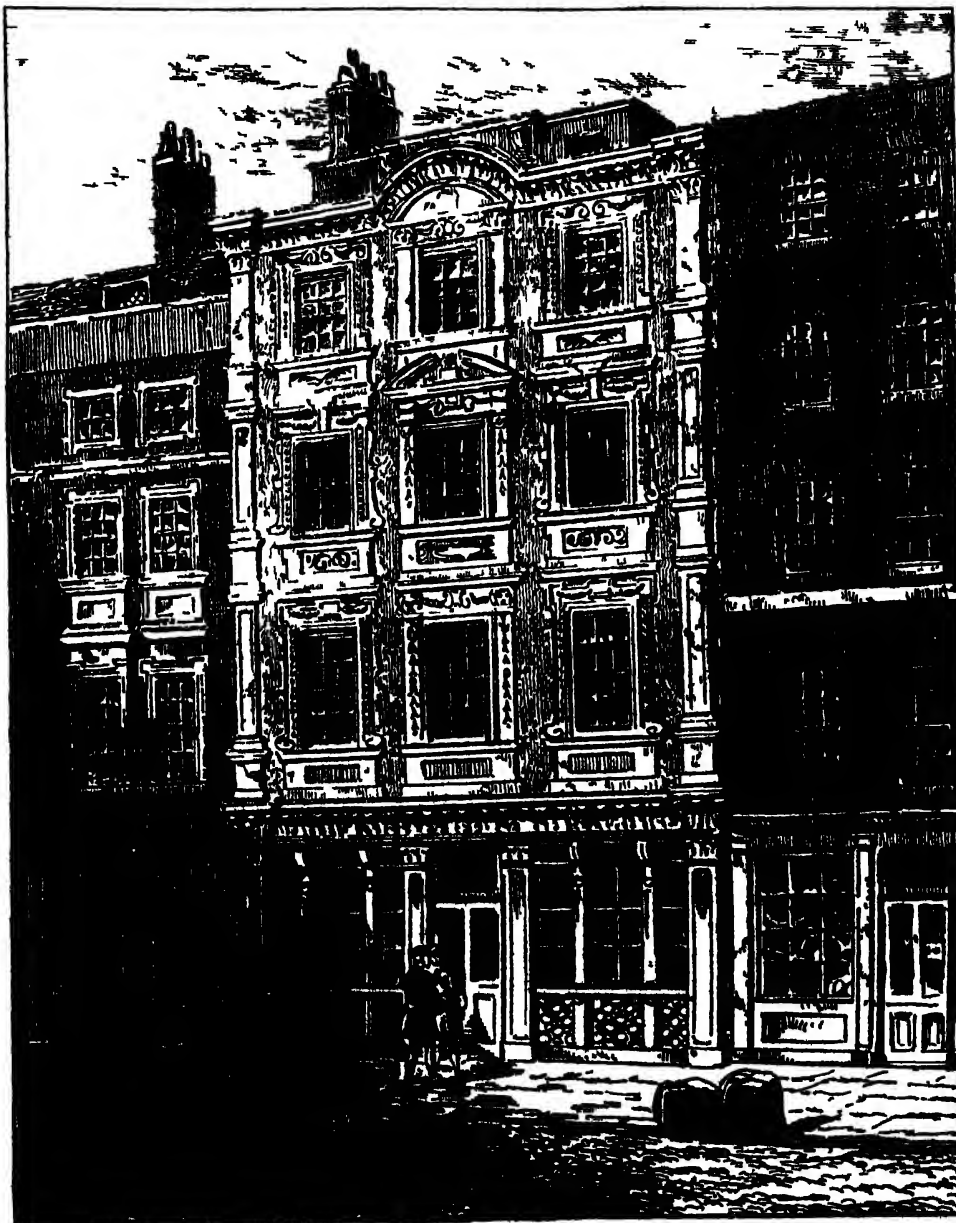
That dull poet, worthy Sir Richard Blackmore, whom Locke and Addison praised and Dryden ridiculed, lived either at Saddlers' Hall or just opposite. It was on this wearisome author of his day that Garth wrote these verses:—

"Unwieldy pedant, let thy awkward muse,  
With censures praise, with flatteries abuse.  
To lash, and not be felt, is thee's an art;  
Thou ne'er mad'st any but thy schoolboys smart."

Then be advis'd, and scribble not agen,  
Thou'rt fashioned for a flail, and not a pen.  
If B——l's immortal wit thou wouldst descry,  
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy poetry.  
Thy feeble satire ne'er can do him wrong;  
Thy poems and thy patients live not long "

verses in his carriage, as he drove to visit his patients, a feat to which Dryden alludes when he talks of Blackmore writing to the "rumbling of his carriage wheels."

At No. 90, Cheapside lived Alderman Boydell,



NO. 73, CHEAPSIDE. *From an Old View. (See page 341)*

And some other satirical verses on Sir Richard began thus:—

"'Twas kindly done of the good-natured city,  
To place before thy door a brace of tits."

Blackmore, who had been brought up as an attorney's clerk and schoolmaster, wrote most of his

engraver and printseller, a man who in his time did more for English art than all the English monarchs from the Conquest downwards. He was apprenticed, when more than twenty years old, to Mr. Tomson, engraver, and soon felt a desire to popularise and extend the art. His first funds

he derived from the sale of a book of 152 humble prints, engraved by himself. With the profits he was enabled to pay the best engravers liberally, to make copies of the works of our best masters.

"The alderman assured me," says "Rainy Day Smith," "that when he commenced publishing, he etched small plates of landscapes, which he produced in plates of six, and sold for sixpence; and that as there were very few print-shops at that time in London, he prevailed upon the sellers of children's toys to allow his little books to be put in their windows. These shops he regularly visited every Saturday, to see if any had been sold, and to leave more. His most successful shop was the sign of the 'Cricket Bat,' in Duke's Court, St. Martin's Lane, where he found he had sold as many as came to five shillings and sixpence. With this success he was so pleased, that, wishing to invite the shopkeeper to continue in his interest, he laid out the money in a silver pencil-case; which article, after he had related the above anecdote, he took out of his pocket and assured me he never would part with. He then favoured me with the following history of Woollett's plate of the 'Niobe,' and, as it is interesting, I shall endeavour to relate it in Mr. Boydell's own words:—

"'When I got a little forward in the world,' said the venerable alderman, 'I took a whole shop, for at my commencement I kept only half a one. In the course of one year I imported numerous impressions of Vernet's celebrated "Storm," so admirably engraved by Lerpinière, for which I was obliged to pay in hard cash, as the French took none of our prints in return. Upon Mr. Woollett's expressing himself highly delighted with the "Storm," I was induced, knowing his ability as an engraver, to ask him if he thought he could produce a print of the same size which I could send over, so that in future I could avoid payment in money, and prove to the French nation that an Englishman could produce a print of equal merit; upon which he immediately declared that he should like much to try.

"'At this time the principal conversation among artists was upon Mr. Wilson's grand picture of "Niobe," which had just arrived from Rome. I therefore immediately applied to his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, its owner, and procured permission for Woollett to engrave it. But before he ventured upon the task, I requested to know what idea he had as to the expense, and after some consideration, he said he thought he could engrave it for one hundred guineas. This sum, small as it may now appear, was to me,' observed the alderman, 'an unheard-of price, being con-

siderably more than I had given for any copper-plate. However, serious as the sum was, I bade him get to work, and he proceeded with all cheerfulness, for as he went on I advanced him money; and though he lost no time, I found that he had received nearly the whole amount before he had half finished his task. I frequently called upon him, and found him struggling with serious difficulties, with his wife and family, in an upper lodging in Green's Court, Castle Street, Leicester Square, for there he lived before he went into Green Street. However, I encouraged him by allowing him to draw on me to the extent of twenty-five pounds more; and at length that sum was paid, and I was unavoidably under the necessity of saying, "Mr. Woollett, I find we have made too close a bargain with each other. You have exerted yourself, and I fear I have gone beyond my strength, or, indeed, what I ought to have risked, as we neither of us can be aware of the success of the speculation. However, I am determined, whatever the event may be, to enable you to finish it to your wish—at least, to allow you to work upon it as long as another twenty-five pounds can extend, but there we must positively stop." The plate was finished; and, after taking very few proofs, I published the print at five shillings, and it succeeded so much beyond my expectations, that I immediately employed Mr. Woollett upon another engraving, from another picture by Wilson; and I am now thoroughly convinced that had I continued publishing subjects of this description, my fortune would have been increased tenfold.'

"In the year 1786," says Knowles, in his "Life of Fuseli," "Mr. Alderman Boydell, at the suggestion of Mr. George Nicol, began to form his splendid collection of modern historical pictures, the subjects being from Shakespeare's plays, and which was called 'The Shakespeare Gallery.' This liberal and well-timed speculation gave great energy to this branch of the art, as well as employment to many of our best artists and engravers, and among the former to Fuseli, who executed eight large and one small picture for the gallery. The following were the subjects: 'Prospero,' 'Miranda,' 'Caliban,' and 'Ariel,' from the *Tempest*; 'Titania in raptures with Bottom, who wears the ass's head, attendant fairies, &c. ;' 'Titania awaking, discovers Oberon at her side, Puck is removing the ass's head from Bottom' (*Midsummer Night's Dream*); 'Henry V. with the Conspirators' (*King Henry V.*); 'Lear dismissing Cordelia from his Court' (*King Lear*); 'Ghost of Hamlet's Father' (*Hamlet*); 'Falstaff and Doll' (*King Henry IV., Second Part*); 'Mac-



beth meeting the Witches on the Heath' (*Macbeth*); 'Robin Goodfellow' (*Midsummer Night's Dream*). This gallery gave the public an opportunity of judging of Fuseli's versatile powers.

"The stately majesty of the 'Ghost of Hamlet's Father' contrasted with the expressive energy of his son, and the sublimity brought about by the light, shadow, and general tone, strike the mind with awe. In the picture of 'Lear' is admirably portrayed the stubborn rashness of the father, the filial piety of the discarded daughter, and the wicked determination of Regan and Goneril. The fairy scenes in *Midsummer Night's Dream* amuse the fancy, and show the vast inventive powers of the painter; and 'Falstaff with Doll' is exquisitely ludicrous.

"The example set by Boydell was a stimulus to other speculators of a similar nature, and within a few years appeared the Macklin and Woodmason galleries; and it may be said with great truth that Fuseli's pictures were among the most striking, if not the best, in either collection."

"A.D. 1787," says Northcote, in his "Life of Reynolds," "when Alderman Boydell projected the scheme of his magnificent edition of the plays of Shakespeare, accompanied with large prints from pictures to be executed by English painters, it was deemed to be absolutely necessary that something of Sir Joshua's painting should be procured to grace the collection; but, unexpectedly, Sir Joshua appeared to be rather shy in the business, as if he thought it degrading himself to paint for a print-seller, and he would not at first consent to be employed in the work. George Stevens, the editor of Shakespeare, now undertook to persuade him to comply, and, taking a bank-bill of five hundred pounds in his hand, he had an interview with Sir Joshua, when, using all his eloquence in argument, he, in the meantime, slipped the bank-bill into his hand; he then soon found that his mode of reasoning was not to be resisted, and a picture was promised. Sir Joshua immediately commenced his studies, and no less than three paintings were exhibited at the Shakspeare Gallery, or at least taken from that poet, the only ones, as has been very correctly said, which Sir Joshua ever executed for his illustration, with the exception of a head of 'King Lear' (done indeed in 1783), and now in possession of the Marchioness of Thomond, and a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Tollemache, in the character of 'Miranda,' in *The Tempest*, in which 'Prospero' and 'Caliban' are introduced.

"One of these paintings for the Gallery was 'Puck,' or 'Robin Goodfellow,' as it has been called, which, in point of expression and animation,

is unparalleled, and one of the happiest efforts of Sir Joshua's pencil, though it has been said by some cold critics not to be perfectly characteristic of the merry wanderer of Shakespeare. 'Macbeth,' with the witches and the caldron, was another, and for this last Mr. Boydell paid him 1,000 guineas; but who is now the possessor of it I know not.

"'Puck' was painted in 1789. Walpole depreciates it as 'an ugly little imp (but with some character) sitting on a mushroom half as big as a mile-stone.' Mr. Nicholls, of the British Institution, related to Mr. Cotton that the alderman and his grandfather were with Sir Joshua when painting the death of Cardinal Beaufort. Boydell was much taken with the portrait of a naked child, and wished it could be brought into the Shakspeare. Sir Joshua said it was painted from a little child he found sitting on his steps in Leicester Square. Nicholls' grandfather then said, 'Well, Mr. Alderman, it can very easily come into the Shakspeare if Sir Joshua will kindly place him upon a mushroom, give him fawn's ears, and make a Puck of him.' Sir Joshua liked the notion, and painted the picture accordingly.

"The morning of the day on which Sir Joshua's 'Puck' was to be sold, Lord Farnborough and Davies, the painter, breakfasted with Mr. Rogers, and went to the sale together. When the picture was put up there was a general clapping of hands, and yet it was knocked down to Mr. Rogers for 105 guineas. As he walked home from the sale, a man carried 'Puck' before him, and so well was the picture known that more than one person, as they were going along the street, called out, 'There it is!' At Mr. Rogers' sale, in 1856, it was purchased by Earl Fitzwilliam for 980 guineas. The grown-up person of the sitter for 'Puck' was in Messrs. Christie and Manson's room during the sale, and stood next to Lord Fitzwilliam, who is also a survivor of the sitters to Sir Joshua. The merry boy, whom Sir Joshua found upon his door-step, subsequently became a porter at Elliot's brewery, in Pimlico."

In 1804, Alderman Boydell applied through his friend, Sir John W. Anderson, to the House of Commons, for leave to dispose of his paintings and drawings by lottery. In his petition he described himself, with modesty and pathos, as an old man of eighty-five, anxious to free himself from debts which now oppressed him, although he, with his brethren, had expended upwards of £350,000 in promoting the fine arts. Sixty years before he had begun to benefit engraving by establishing a school of English engravers. At that time the whole print commerce of England consisted in importing a few foreign prints (chiefly French) "to supply the cabinets of

the curious." In time he effected a total change in this branch of commerce, "very few prints being now imported, while the foreign market is principally supplied with prints from England." By degrees, the large sums received from the Continent for English plates encouraged him to attempt also an English school of pictorial painting, the want of such a school having been long a source of opprobrium among foreign writers on England. The Shakespeare Gallery was sufficient to convince the world that English genius only needed encouragement to obtain a facility, versatility, and independence of thought unknown to the Italian, Flemish, or French schools. That Gallery he had long hoped to have left to a generous public, but the recent Vandalic revolution in France had cut up his revenue by the roots, Flanders, Holland, and Germany being his chief marts. At the same time he acknowledged he had not been provident, his natural enthusiasm for promoting the fine arts having led him after each success to fly at once to some new artist with the whole gains of his former undertaking. He had too late seen his error, having increased his stock of copper-plates to such a heap that all the print-sellers in Europe (especially in these unfavourable times) could not purchase them. He therefore prayed for permission to create a lottery, the House having the assurance of the even tenor of a long life "that it would be fairly and honourably conducted."

The worthy man obtained leave for his lottery,

and died December 11, a few days after the last tickets were sold. He was buried with civic state in the Church of St. Olave, Jewry, the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and several artists attending. Boydell was very generous and charitable. He gave pictures to adorn the City Council Chamber, the Court Room of the Stationers' Company, and the dining-room of the Sessions House. He was also a generous benefactor to the Humane Society and the Literary Fund, and was for many years the President of both Societies. The Shakespeare Gallery finally fell by lottery to Mr. Tassie, the well-known medallist, who thrived to a good old age upon the profits of poor Boydell's too generous expenditure. This enterprising man was elected Alderman of Cheap Ward in 1782, Sheriff in 1785, and Lord Mayor in 1790. His death was occasioned by a cold, caught at the Old Bailey Sessions. His nephew, Josiah Boydell, engraved for him for forty years.

It was the regular custom of Mr. Alderman Boydell (says "Rainy Day" Smith), who was a very early riser, to repair at five o'clock immediately to the pump in Ironmonger Lane. There, after placing his wig upon the ball at the top, he used to sluice his head with its water. This well known and highly respected character was one of the last men who wore a three-cornered hat, commonly called the "Egham, Staines, and Windsor."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### CHEAPSIDE TRIBUTARIES—SOUTH.

*The King's Exchange—Friday Street and the Poet Chaucer—The Wednesday Club in Friday Street—William Paterson, Founder of the Bank of England—How Easy it is to Redeem the National Debt—St. Matthew's and St. Margaret Moses—Bread Street and the Bakers' Shops—St. Austin's, Watling Street—The Fraternity of St. Austin's—St. Mildred's, Bread Street—The Mitre Tavern—A Priestly Duel—Milton's Birth-place—The "Mermaid"—Sir Walter Raleigh and the Mermaid Club—Thomas Coryatt, the Traveller—Bow Lane—Queen Street—Soper's Lane—A Mercer Knight—St. Bennet Sherehog—Epitaphs in the Church of St. Thomas Apostle—A Charitable Merchant.*

OLD 'CHANGE was formerly the old Exchange, so called from the King's Exchange, says Stow, there kept, which was for the receipt of bullion to be coined.

The King's Exchange was in Old Exchange, now Old 'Change, Cheapside. "It was here," says Tite, "that one of those ancient officers, known as the King's Exchanger, was placed, whose duty it was to attend to the supply of the mints with bullion, to distribute the new coinage, and to regulate the exchange of foreign coin. Of these officers there were anciently three—two in London, at the Tower and Old Exchange, and one in the city of Canter-

bury. Subsequently another was appointed, with an establishment in Lombard Street, the ancient rendezvous of the merchants; and it appears not improbable that Queen Elizabeth's intention was to have removed this functionary to what was pre-eminently designated by her 'The Royal Exchange,' and hence the reason for the change of the name of this edifice by Elizabeth."

"In the reign of Henry VII.," says Francis, in his "History of the Bank of England," "the Royal prerogative forbade English coins to be exported, and the Royal Exchange was alone entitled to give native money for foreign coin or bullion. During

the reign of Henry VIII. the coin grew so debased as to be difficult to exchange, and the Goldsmiths quietly superseded the royal officer. In 1627 Charles I., ever on the watch for power, re-established the office, and in a pamphlet written by his orders, asserted that 'the prerogative had always been a flower of the Crown, and that the Goldsmiths had left off their proper trade and turned exchangers of plate and foreign coins for our English coins, although they had no right.' Charles entrusted the office of 'changer, exchanger, and ante-changer' to Henry Rich, first Earl of Holland, who soon deserted his cause for that of the Parliament. The office has not since been re-established."

No. 36, Old 'Change was formerly the "Three Morrice Dancers" public-house, with the three figures sculptured on a stone as the sign and an ornament (*temp.* James I.). The house was taken down about 1801. There is an etching of this very characteristic sign on stone.

The celebrated poet and enthusiast, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, lived, in the reign of James I., in a "house among gardens, near the old Exchange." At the beginning of the last century, the place was chiefly inhabited by American merchants; at this time it is principally inhabited by calico printers and Manchester warehousemen.

"Friday Street was so called," says Stow, "of fishmongers dwelling there, and serving Friday's Market." In the roll of the Scrope and Grosvenor heraldic controversy (Edward III.) the poet Chaucer is recorded as giving the following evidence connected with this street:—

"Geffray Chaucere, Esqueer, of the age of forty years, and moreover armed twenty-seven years for the side of Sir Richard Lescrop, sworn and examined, being asked if the arms, azyure, a bend or, belonged or ought to pertain to the said Sir Richard by right and heritage, said, Yes; for he saw him so armed in Franncce, before the town of Petters, and Sir Henry Lescrop armed in the same arms with a white label and with banner; and the said Sir Richard armed in the entire arms azyure a bend or, and so during the whole expedition until the said Geaffray was taken. Being asked how he knew that the said arms belonged to the said Sir Richard, said that he had heard old knights and esquires say that they had had continual possession of the said arms; and that he had seen them displayed on banners, glass paintings, and vestments, and commonly called the arms of Scrope. Being asked whether he had ever heard of any interruption or challenge made by Sir Robert Grosvenor or his ancestors, said No; but that he was once in Friday Street, London, and walking up the street he ob-

served a new sign hanging out with these arms thereon, and enquired what inn that was that had hung out these arms of Scrope? And one answered him, saying, 'They are not hung out, Sir, for the arms of Scrope, nor painted there for those arms, but they are painted and put there by a Knight of the county of Chester, called Sir Robert Grosvenor.' And that was the first time he ever heard speak of Sir Robert Grosvenor or his ancestors, or of any one bearing the name of Grosvenor." This is really almost the only authentic scrap we possess of the facts of Chaucer's life.

The "White Horse," a tavern in Friday Street, makes a conspicuous figure in the "Merry Conceited Jests of George Peele," the poet and playwright of Elizabeth's reign.

At the Wednesday Club in Friday Street, William Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England, and originator of the unfortunate Darien scheme, held his real or imaginary Wednesday club meetings, at which were discussed proposals for the union of England and Scotland, and the redemption of the National Debt. This remarkable financier was born at Lochnabar, in Dumfriesshire, in 1648, and died in 1719. The following extracts from Paterson's probably imaginary conversations are of interest:—

"And thus," says Paterson, "supposing the people of Scotland to be in number one million, and that as matters now stand their industry yields them only about five pounds per annum per head, as reckoned one with another, or five millions yearly in the whole, at this rate these five millions will by the union not only be advanced to six, but put in a way of further improvement; and allowing £100,000 per annum were on this foot to be paid in additional taxes, yet there would still remain a yearly sum of about £900,000 towards subsisting the people more comfortably, and making provision against times of scarcity, and other accidents, to which, I understand, that country is very much exposed (1706)."

"And I remember complaints of this kind were very loud in the days of King Charles II.," said Mr. Brooks, "particularly that, though in his time the public taxes and impositions upon the people were doubled or trebled to what they formerly were, he nevertheless run at least a million in debt."

"If men were uneasy with public taxes and debts in the time of King Charles II.," said Mr. May, "because then doubled or trebled to what they had formerly been, how much more may they be so now, when taxed at least three times more, and the public debts increased from about one million, as you say they then were, to fifty millions or up-

wards? . . . and yet France is in a way of being entirely out of debt in a year or two."

"At this rate," said Mr. May, "Great Britain may possibly be quite out of debt in four or five years, or less. But though it seems we have been at least as hasty in running into debt as those in France,

pay seems to have sprung up with Sir Nathaniel Gould, in 1725, when it was opposed.

St. Matthew's was situate on the west side of Friday Street. The patronage of it was in the Abbot and Convent of Westminster. This church, being destroyed by the Fire of London, in 1666,



THE DOOR OF SADDLERS' HALL (see page 341).

yet would I by no means advise us to run so hastily out; slower measures will be juster, and consequently better and surer."

Mr. Pitt's celebrated measure was based upon an opinion that money could be borrowed with advantage to pay the national debt. Paterson proposed to redeem it out of a surplus revenue, administered so skilfully as to lower the interest in the money market. The notion of *borrowing* to

was handsomely rebuilt, and the parish of St. Peter, Cheap, added to it by Act of Parliament. The following epitaph (1583) was in this church:—

"Anthony Cage entombed here doth rest,  
Whose wisdom still prevail'd the Commonweale;  
A man with God's good gifts so greatly blest,  
That few or none his doings may impale,  
A man unto the widow and the poore,  
A comfort, and a succour evermore.  
Three wives he had of credit and of fame;

The first of them, Elizabeth that hight,  
Who buried here, brought to this *Cage*, by name,  
Seventene young plants, to give his table light."

"At St. Margaret Moyses," says Stow, "was buried Mr. Buss (or Briss), a Skinner, one of the masters of the hospital. There attended all the masters of the hospital, with green staves in their hands, and all the Company in their liveries, with twenty clerks singing before. The sermon was preached by Mr. Jewel, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury; and therein he plainly affirmed there was no purgatory. Thence the Company retired to his house to dinner. This burial was *an.* 1559, Jan. 30."

records, that in the year 1302, which was the 30th of Edward I., the bakers of London were bound to sell no bread in their shops or houses, but in the market here; and that they should have four hall notes in the year, at four several terms, to determine of enormities belonging to the said company. Bread Street is now wholly inhabited by rich merchants, and divers fair inns be there, for good receipt of carriers and other travellers to the City. It appears in the will of Edward Stafford, Earl of Wylshire, dated the 22nd of March, 1498, and 14 Henry VII., that he lived in a house in Bread Street, in London, which belonged to the family of



MILTON'S HOUSE.

(See page 350.)



MILTON'S BURIAL-PLACE.

The following epitaph (1569) is worth preserving:—

"Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur."—Apoc. 14.

"To William Dane, that sometime was  
An ironmonger; where each degree  
He worthily (with praise) did passe.  
By Wisdom, Truth, and Heed, was he  
Advanc'd an Alderman to be;  
Then Sheriffe; that he, with justice prest,  
And cost, performed with the best.  
In almes frank, of conscience cleare;  
In grace with prince, to people glad;  
His vertuous wife, his faithful peere,  
MARGARET, this monument hath made;  
Meaning (through God) that as shee had  
With him (in house) long lived well;  
Even so in Tombes Bliss to dwell."

"Bread Street," says Stow, "is so called of bread there in old times then sold; for it appeareth by

Stafford, Duke of Bucks afterwards; he bequeathed all the stuff in that house to the Lord of Buckingham, for he died without issue."

The parish church of "St. Augustine, in Watheling Street" was destroyed by the Great Fire, but rebuilt in 1682. Stow informs us that here was a fraternity founded A.D. 1387, called the *Fraternity of St. Austin's*, in Watling Street, and other good people dwelling in the City. "They were, on the eve of St. Austin's, to meet at the said church, in the morning at high mass, and every brother to offer a penny. And after that to be ready, *al mangier ou al revole*; i.e., to eat or to read, according to the ordinance of the master and wardens of the fraternity. They set up in the honour of St. Austin and St. Austin, one branch of six tapes in the said church, before the image of St. Austin, and

also two torches, with the which if any of the said fraternity were commended to God, he might be carried to the earth. They were to meet at the vault at Paul's (perhaps St. Faith's), and to go thence to the Church of St. Austin's, and the priests and the clerks said *Placebo* and *Dirige*, and in matins, a mass of requiem at the high altar."

"There is a flat stone," says Stow, "in the south aisle of the church. It is laid over an Armenian merchant, of which foreign merchants there be divers that lodge and harbour in the Old'Change in this parish."

St. Mildred's, in Bread Street, was repaired in 1628. "At the upper end of the chancel," says Strype, "is a fine window, full of cost and beauty, which being divided into five parts, carries in the first of them a very artful and curious representation of the Spaniard's Great Armado, and the battle in 1588; in the second, the monument of Queen Elizabeth; in the third, the Gunpowder Plot; in the fourth, the lamentable time of infection, 1625; and in the fifth and last, the view and lively portraiture of that worthy gentleman, Captain Nicolas Crispe, at whose sole cost (among other) this beautiful piece of work was erected, as also the figures of his vertuous wife and children, with the arms belonging to them." This church, burnt down in the Great Fire, was rebuilt subsequently.

St. Mildred was a Saxon lady, and daughter of Merwaldus, a West-Mercian prince, and brother to Penda, King of the Mercians, who, despising the pomps and vanities of this world, retired to a convent at Hale, in France, whence, returning to England, accompanied by seventy virgins, she was consecrated abbess of a new monastery in the Isle of Thanet, by Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, where she died abbess, A.D. 676.

On the east side of Bread Street stood the church of Allhallows. "On the south side of the chancel, in a little part of this church, called *The Salter's Chapel*," says Strype, "is a very fair window, with the portraiture or figure of him that gave it, very curiously wrought upon it. This church, ruined in the Great Fire, is built up again without any pillars, but very decent, and is a lightsome church."

"In the 22nd of Henry VIII., the 17th of August, two priests of this church fell at variance, that the one drew blood of the other, wherefore the same church was suspended, and no service sung or said therein for the space of one month after; the priests were committed to prison, and the 15th of October, being enjoined penance, they went at the head of a general procession, bare-footed and bare-legged, before the children, with beads and

books in their hands, from Paul's, through Cheap, Cornhill," &c.

Among the epitaphs the following, given by Stow, is quaint:—

"To the sacred memory of that worthy and faithfull minister of Christ, Master Richard Stocke; who after 32 yeeres spent in the ministry, wherein by his learned labours, joined with wisdom, and a most holy life, God's glory was much advanced, his Church edified, piety increased, and the true honour of a pastor's life maintained, deceased April 20, 1626. Some of his loving parishioners have consecrated this monument of their never-dying love, Jan. 28, 1628.

"Thy lifelesse Trunke  
(O Reverend Stocke),  
Like Aaron's rod  
Sprouts out againe;  
And after two  
Full winters past,  
Yields Blossomes  
And ripe fruit amaine.

For why, this work of piety,  
Performed by some of thy Flocke,  
To thy dead corps and sacred urne,  
Is but the fruit of this old Stocke."

The father of Milton, the poet, was a scrivener in Bread Street, living at the sign of "The Spread Eagle," the armorial ensign of his family. The first turning on the left hand as you enter from Cheapside, was called "Black Spread Eagle Court," and not unlikely from the family ensign of the poet's father. Milton was born in this street (December 9, 1608), and baptised in the adjoining church of Allhallows, Bread Street, where the register of his baptism was preserved. Of the house in which he resided in later life, and the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where he was buried, we give a view on page 349. Aubrey tells us that the house and chamber in which the poet was born were often visited by foreigners, even in the poet's lifetime. The house was destroyed in the Great Fire, and "Paradise Lost" was published after it. On the site of Allhallows Church large warehouses and offices have been erected. On one of these a tablet is placed, bearing this inscription: "Milton, born in Bread Street, 1608; baptised in Church of Allhallows, which stood here *ante* 1878."

There was a City prison formerly in Bread Street. "On the west side of Bread Street," says Stow, "amongst divers fair and large houses for merchants, and fair inns for passengers, had they one prison-house pertaining to the sheriffs of London, called the Compter, in Bread Street; but in 1555 the prisoners were removed from thence to one other new Compter in Wood Street, provided by the City's purchase, and built for that purpose."

The "Mermaid" Tavern, in Cheapside, about the site of which there has been endless controversy, stood in Bread Street, with side entrances, as



Mr. Burn has shown, with admirable clearness, in Friday Street and Bread Street; hence the disputes of antiquaries.

Mr. Burn, in his book on "Tokens," says, "The site of the 'Mermaid' is clearly defined, from the circumstance of W. R., a haberdasher of small wares, 'twixt Wood Street and Milk Street, adopting the sign, 'Over against the Mermaid Tavern in Cheapside.'" The tavern was destroyed in the Great Fire.

Here Sir Walter Raleigh is, by one of the traditions, said to have instituted "The Mermaid Club." Gifford, in his edition of "Ben Jonson," has thus described the club:—"About this time (1603) Jonson probably began to acquire that turn for conviviality for which he was afterwards noted. Sir Walter Raleigh, previously to his unfortunate engagement with the wretched Cobham and others, had instituted a meeting of *beaux esprits* at the 'Mermaid,' a celebrated tavern in Friday Street. Of this club, which combined more talent and genius than ever met together before or since, our author was a member, and here for many years he regularly repaired, with Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and many others, whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and respect." But this is doubted. A writer in the *Athenæum*, Sept. 16, 1865, states:—"The origin of the common tale of Raleigh founding the 'Mermaid Club,' of which Shakespeare is said to have been a member, has not been traced. Is it older than Gifford?" Again:—"Gifford's apparent invention of the 'Mermaid Club.' Prove to us that Raleigh founded the 'Mermaid Club,' that the wits attended it under his presidency, and you will have made a real contribution to our knowledge of Shakespeare's time, even if you fail to show that our poet was a member of that club." The tradition, it is thought, must be added to the long list of Shakespearian doubts.

But we nevertheless have a noble record left of the wit combats here in the celebrated epistle of Beaumont to Jonson:—

"Methinks the little wit I had is lost  
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest  
Held up at tennis, which men do the best  
With the best gamesters. What things have we seen  
Done at the 'Mermaid?' Heard words that have been  
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,  
As if that every one from whence they came  
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,  
And had resolved to live a fool the rest  
Of his dull life. Then, when there hath been thrown  
Wit able enough to justify the town  
For three days past—wit that might warrant be  
For the whole city to talk foolishly  
Till that were cancelled; and when that was gone,

We left an air behind us, which alone  
Was able to make the two next companies  
Right witty; though but downright fools, more wise."

"Many," says Fuller, "were the wit combats betwixt him (Shakespeare) and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances; Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

These combats, one is willing to think, although without any evidence at all, took place at the "Mermaid" on such evenings as Beaumont so glowingly describes. But all we really know is that Beaumont and Ben Jonson met at the "Mermaid," and Shakespeare might have been of the company. Fuller, Mr. Charles Knight reminds us, was only eight years old when Shakespeare died.

John Rastell, the brother-in-law of Sir Thomas More, was a printer, living at the sign of the "Mermaid," in Cheapside. "The Pastyme of the People" (folio, 1529) is described as "breuly copyled and empryntyd in Chepesyde, at the sygne of the 'Mearemayd,' next to Pollys (Paul's) Gate." Stow also mentions this tavern:—"They" (Coppinger and Arthington, false prophets), says the historian, "had purposed to have gone, with the like cry and proclamation, through other the chiefe parts of the Citie; but the presse was so great, as that they were forced to goe into a taverne in Cheape, at the sign of the 'Mermayd,' the rather because a gentleman of his acquaintance plucked at Coppinger, whilst he was in the cart, and blamed him for his demeanour and speeches."

There was also a "Mermaid" in Cornhill.

In Bow Lane resided Thomas Coryat, an eccentric traveller of the reign of James I., and a butt of Ben Jonson and his brother wits. In 1608 Coryat took a journey on foot through France, Italy, Germany, &c., which lasted five months, during which he had travelled 1,975 miles, more than half upon one pair of shoes, which were only once mended, and on his return were hung up in the Church of Odcombe, in Somersetshire. He published his travels under this title, "*Crudities*," hastily gobbled up in *Five Months' Travels in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, Helvetia, some parts of High Germany, and the Netherlands*, 1611, 4to; reprinted in 1776, 3 vols., 8vo. This work was ushered into the world by an "Odcombe banquet," consisting of near sixty copies of verses made by the best poets of that time, which, if they did not make Coryat pass with the world

for a man of great parts and learning, contributed not a little to the sale of his book. Among these poets were Ben Jonson, Sir John Harrington, Inigo Jones (the architect), Chapman, Donne, Drayton, and others.

Parsons, an excellent comedian, also resided in Bow Lane.

"A greater artist," says Dr. Doran, in "Her Majesty's Servants," "than Baddeley left the stage soon after him, in 1795, after three-and-thirty years of service, namely, Parsons, the original 'Crabtree' and 'Sir Fretful Plagiary,' 'Sir Christopher Curry,' 'Snarl' to Edwin's 'Sheepface,' and 'Lope Torry,' in *The Mountaineers*. . . . His *forte* lay in old men, his pictures of whom, in all their characteristics, passions, infirmities, cunning, or imbecility, was perfect. When 'Sir Sampson Legand' says to 'Foresight,' 'Look up, old stargazer! Now is he poring on the ground for a crooked pin, or an old horse-nail with the head towards him!'" we are told there could not be a finer illustration of the character which Congreve meant to represent than Parsons showed at the time in his face and attitude.

In Queen Street, on the south side of Cheapside, stood Ringed Hall, the house of the Earls of Cornwall, given by them, in Edward III.'s time, to the Abbot of Beaulieu, near Oxford. Henry VIII. gave it to Morgan Philip, *alias* Wolfe. Near it was "Ipres Inn," built by William of Ipres, in King Stephen's time, which continued in the same family in 1377.

Stow says of Soper Lane, now Queen Street:—"Soper Lane, which lane took that name, not of soap-making, as some have supposed, but of *Alleyne le Soper*, in the ninth of Edward II."

"In this Soper's Lane," Strype informs us, "the pepperers anciently dwelt—wealthy tradesmen, who dealt in spices and drugs. Two of this trade were divers times mayors in the reign of Henry III., viz., Andrew Bocherel, and John de Gisorcio or Gisor. In the reign of King Edward II., anno 1315, they came to be governed by rules and orders, which are extant in one of the books of the chamber under this title, '*Ordinatio Piperarum de Soper's Lane*.'" Sir Baptist Hicks, Viscount Campden, of the time of James I., whose name is preserved in Hicks's Hall, and Campden Hill, Kensington, was a rich mercer, at the sign of the "White Bear," at Soper Lane end, in Cheapside. Strype says that "Sir Baptist was one of the first citizens that, after knighthood, kept their shops, and, being charged with it by some of the aldermen, he gave this answer, first—'That his servants kept the shop, though he had a regard to the special

credit thereof; and that he did not live altogether upon the interest, as most of the aldermen did, laying aside their trade after knighthood.'"

The parish church of St. Syth, or Bennet Sherehog, or Shrog, "seemeth," says Stow, "to take that name from one Benedict Shorne, some time a citizen, and stock-fish monger, of London, a new builder, repairer, or benefactor thereof, in the reign of Edward II.; so that Shorne is but corruptly called Shrog, and more correctly Shorehog, or (as now) Sherehog." The following curious epitaph is preserved by Stow:—

"Here lieth buried the body of Ann, the wife of John Fariar, gentleman, and merchant adventurer of this city, daughter of William Shepheard, of Great Rowright, in the county of Oxenford, Esqre. She departed this life the twelfth day of July, An. Dom. 1613, being then about the age of twenty-one yeeres.

"Here was a bud,  
Beginning for her May;  
Before her flower,  
Death took her hence away.  
But for what cause?  
That friends might joy the more;  
Where there hope is,  
She flourisheth now before.  
She is not lost,  
But in those joyes remaine,  
Where friends may see,  
And joy in her againe."

"In the Church of St. Pancras, Soper Lane, there do lie the remains," says Stow, "of Robert Packinton, merchant, slain with a gun, as he was going to morrow mass from his house in Cheape to St. Thomas of Acons, in the year 1536. The murderer was never discovered, but by his own confession, made when he came to the gallows at Banbury to be hanged for felony."

The following epitaph is also worth giving:—

"Here lies a Mary, mirror of her sex,  
For all that best their souls or bodies decks.  
Faith, form, or fame, the miracle of youth;  
For real and knowledge of the sacred truth.  
For frequent reading of the Holy Writ,  
For fervent prayer, and for practice fit.  
For meditation full of use and art;  
For humbleness in habit and in heart.  
For pious, prudent, peaceful, praiseful life;  
For all the duties of a Christian wife;  
For patient bearing seven dead-bearing throws;  
For one alive, which yet dead with her goes;  
From Travers, her dear spouse, her father, Hayes,  
Lord maior, more honoured in her virtuous praise."

"The Church of St. Thomas Apostle stood where now the cemetery is," says Maitland, "in Queen Street. It was of great antiquity, as is manifest by the state thereof in the year 1181. The parish is united to the Church of St. Mary Aldermay. There were five epitaphs in Greek and Latin

to 'Katherine Killigrew.' The best is by Andrew Melvin."

"Of monuments of antiquity there were none left undefaced, except some arms in the windows, which were supposed to be the arms of John Barnes, mercer, Maior of London in the year 1371, a great builder thereof. A benefactor thereof was Sir William Littlebury, alias *Horn* (for King Edward IV. so named him), because he was most excellent in a horn. He was a salter and merchant of the staple, mayor of London in 1487, and was buried in the church, having appointed, by his testament, the bells to be changed for four new ones of good tune and sound; but that was not performed. He

gave five hundred marks towards repairing of highways between London and Cambridge. His dwelling-house, with a garden and appurtenances in the said parish, he devised to be sold, and bestowed in charitable actions. His house, called the 'George,' in Bred Street, he gave to the salters; they to find a priest in the said church, to have six pounds thirteen and fourpence the year. To every preacher at St. Paul's Cross, and at the Spittle, he left four pence for ever; to the prisoners of Newgate, Ludgate, from rotation to King's Bench, in victuals, ten shillings at Christmas, and ten shillings at Easter for ever," which legacies, however, it appears, were not carried out.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### CHEAPSIDE TRIBUTARIES, NORTH.

Goldsmiths' Hall—Its Early Days—Tailors and Goldsmiths at Loggerheads—The Goldsmiths' Company's Charters and Records—Their Great Annual Feast—They receive Queen Margaret of Anjou in State—A Curious Trial of Skill—Civic and State Duties—The Goldsmiths break up the Image of their Patron Saint—The Goldsmiths' Company's Assays—The Ancient Goldsmiths' Feasts—The Goldsmiths at Work—Goldsmiths' Hall at the Present Day—The Portraits—St. Leonard's Church—St. Vedast—Discovery of a Stone Coffin—Coachmakers' Hall.

IN Foster Lane, the first turning out of Cheapside northwards, our first visit must be paid to the Hall of the Goldsmiths, one of the richest, most ancient, and most practical of all the great City companies.

The original site of Goldsmiths' Hall belonged, in the reign of Edward II., to Sir Nicholas de Segrave, a Leicestershire knight, brother of Gilbert de Segrave, Bishop of London. The date of the Goldsmiths' first building is uncertain, but it is first mentioned in their records in 1366 (Edward III.). The second hall is supposed to have been built by Sir Drew Barentyn, in 1407 (Henry IV.). The Livery Hall had a bay window on the side next to Huggin Lane; the roof was surmounted with a lantern and vane; the reredos in the screen was surmounted by a silver-gilt statue of St. Dunstan; and the Flemish tapestry represented the story of the patron saint of goldsmiths. Stow, writing in 1598, expresses doubt at the story that Bartholomew Read, goldsmith and mayor in 1502, gave a feast there to more than 100 persons, as the hall was too small for that purpose.

From 1641 till the Restoration, Goldsmiths' Hall served as the Exchequer of the Commonwealth. All the money obtained from the sequestration of Royalists' estates was here stored, and then disbursed for State purposes. The following is a description of the earlier hall:—

"The buildings," says Herbert, "were of a fine red brick, and surrounded a small square court,

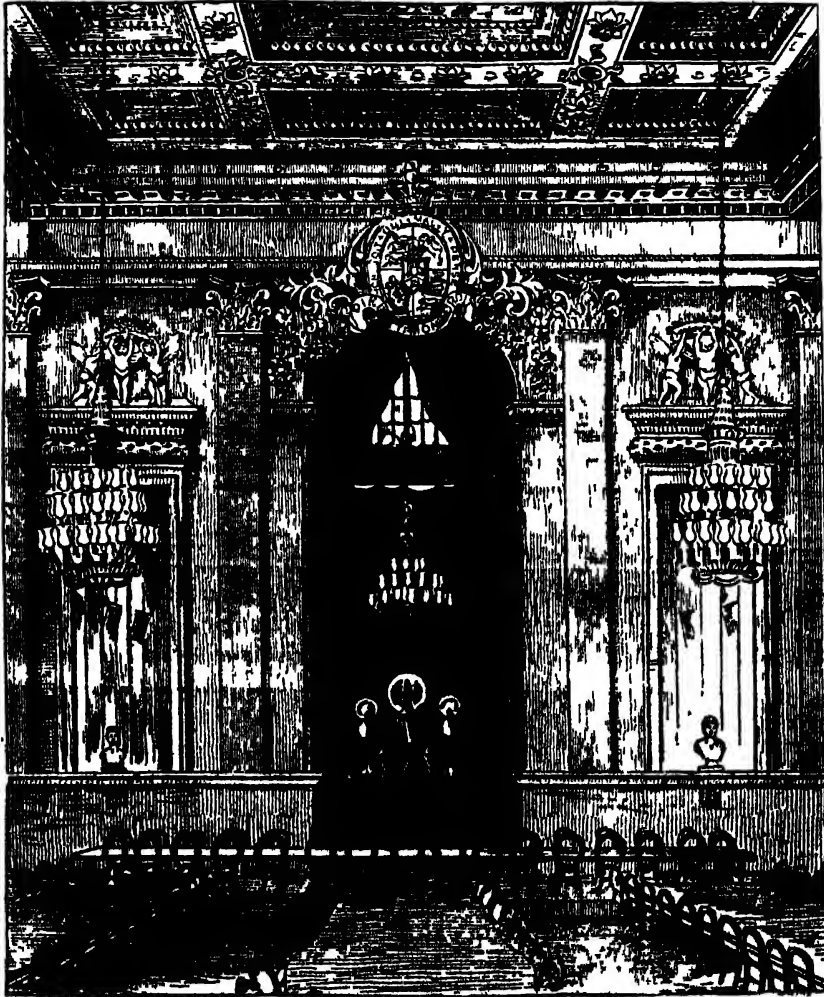
paved; the front being ornamented with stone corners, wrought in rustic, and a large arched entrance, which exhibited a high pediment, supported on Doric columns, and open at the top, to give room for a shield of the Company's arms. The livery, or common hall, which was on the east side of the court, was a spacious and lofty apartment, paved with black and white marble, and very elegantly fitted up. The wainscoting was very handsome, and the ceiling and its appendages richly stuccoed—an enormous flower adorning the centre, and the City and Goldsmiths' arms, with various decorations, appearing in its other compartments. A richly-carved screen, with composite pillars, pilasters, &c.; a balustrade, with vases, terminating in branches for lights (between which displayed the banners and flags used on public occasions); and a beaufet of considerable size, with white and gold ornaments, formed part of the embellishments of this splendid room."

"The balustrade of the staircase was elegantly carved, and the walls exhibited numerous reliefs of scrolls, flowers, and instruments of music. The court-room was another richly-wainscoted apartment, and the ceiling very grand, though, perhaps somewhat overloaded with embellishments. The chimney-piece was of statuary marble, and very sumptuous."

The guild of Goldsmiths is of extreme antiquity, having been fined in 1180 (Henry II.) as a corporation, that is, established or carried on without the king's

special licence; for in any matter where fines could be extorted, the Norman kings took a paternal interest in the doings of their patient subjects. In 1267 (Henry III.) the goldsmiths seem to have been infected with the pugnacious spirit of the age; for we come upon bands of goldsmiths and tailors fighting in London streets, from some guild jealousy;

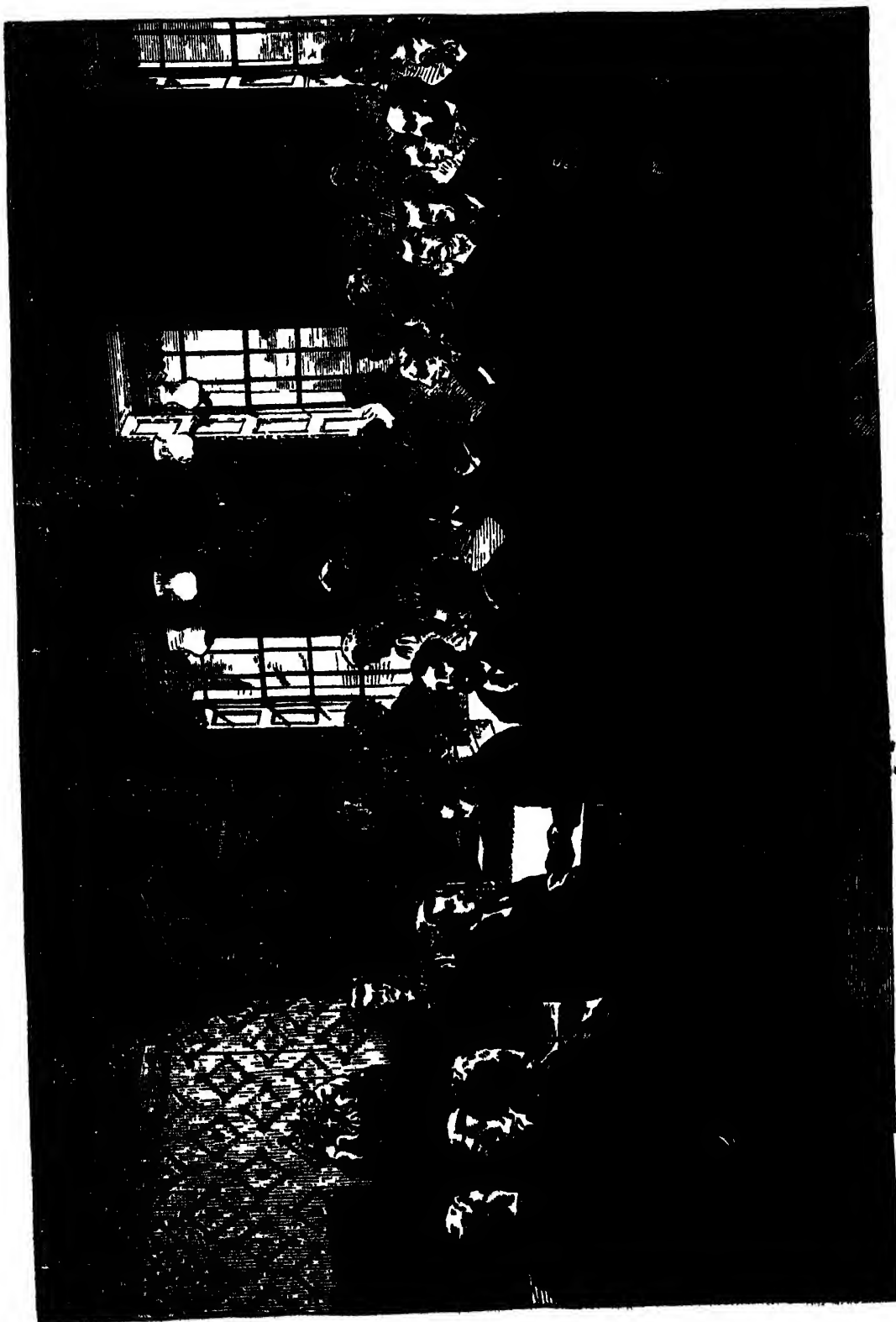
The goldsmiths were incorporated into a permanent company in the prodigal reign of Richard II., and they no doubt drove a good business with that thriftless young Absalom, who, it is said wore golden bells on his sleeves and baldric. For ten marks—not a very tremendous consideration, though it was, no doubt, all he could get—Richard's



INTERIOR OF GOLDSMITHS' HALL (see page 362)

and 500 snippers of cloth meeting, by appointment, 500 hammerers of metal, and having a comfortable and steady fight. In the latter case many were killed on both sides, and the sheriff at last had to interpose with the City's *posse comitatus* and with bows, swords, and spears. The ringleaders were finally apprehended, and thirteen of them condemned and executed. In 1278 (Edward I.) many spurious goldsmiths were arrested for frauds in trade, three Englishmen were hung, and more than a dozen unfortunate Jews.

grandfather, that warlike and chivalrous monarch, Edward III., had already incorporated the Company, and given "the Mystery" of Goldsmiths the privilege of purchasing in mortmain an estate of £20 per annum, for the support of old and sick members; for these early guilds were benefit clubs as well as social companies, and jealous privileged monopolists; and Edward's grant gave the corporation the right to inspect, try, and regulate all gold and silver wares in any part of England, with the power to punish all offenders detected in



TRIAL OF THE PIX. (See page 357.)

working adulterated gold and silver. Edward, in all, granted four charters to the Worshipful Company.

Henry IV., Henry V., and Edward IV. both granted and confirmed the liberties of the Company. The Goldsmiths' records commence in 5 Edward III., and furnish much curious information. In this reign all who were of Goldsmiths' Hall were required to have shops in Chepe, and to sell no silver or gold vessels except in Chepe or in the King's Exchange. The first charter complains loudly of counterfeit metal, of false bracelets, locketts, rings, and jewels, made and exported; and also of vessels of tin made and subtly silvered over.

The Company began humbly enough, and in their first year of incorporation (1335) fourteen apprentices only were bound, the fees for admission being 2s., and the pensions given to twelve persons coming to only £1 16s. In the year 1343 the number of apprentices rose to seventy-four; and in 1344 there were payments for licensing foreign workmen and non-freemen.

During the Middle Ages these City companies were very attentive to religious observances, and the Wardens' accounts show constant entries referring to such ceremonies. Their great annual feast was on St. Dunstan's Day (St. Dunstan being the patron saint of goldsmiths), and the books of expenses show the cost of masses sung for the Company by the chaplain, payments for ringing the bells at St. Paul's, for drinking obits at the Company's standard at St. Paul's, for lights kept burning at St. James's Hospital, and for chantries maintained at the churches of St. John Zachary (the Goldsmiths' parish church), St. Peter-le-Chepe, St. Matthew, Friday Street, St. Vedast, Foster Lane, and others.

About the reign of Henry VI. the records grow more interesting, and reflect more strongly the social life of the times they note. In 1443 we find the Company received a special letter from Henry VI., desiring them, as a craft which had at all times "notably acquitted themselves," more especially at the king's return from his coronation in Paris, to meet his queen, Margaret of Anjou, on her arrival, in company with the Mayor, aldermen, and the chief London crafts. On this occasion the goldsmiths wore "hawderykes of gold, short jagged scarlet hoods," and each past-Warden or renter had his follower clothed in white, with a black hood and black felt hat. In this reign John Chest, a goldsmith of Chepe, for slanderous words against the Company, was condemned to come to Goldsmiths' Hall, and on his knees ask all the Company "forgiveness for what he had mysseyde," and was also forbidden to wear the livery of the Company

for a whole month. Later still, in this reign, a goldsmith named German Lys, for selling a tablet of adulterated gold, was compelled to give to the fraternity a gilt cup, weighing twenty-four ounces, and to implore pardon on his knees. In 1458 (Henry VI.), a goldsmith was fined for giving a false return of broken gold to a servant of the Earl of Wiltshire, who had brought it to be sold.

In the fourth year of King Edward IV. a very curious trial of skill between the jealous English goldsmiths and their foreign rivals took place at the "Pope's Head" tavern (now Pope's Head Alley), Cornhill. The contending craftsmen had to engrave four puncheons of steel (the breadth of a penny sterling) with cat's heads and naked figures in high relief and low relief; Oliver Davy, the Englishman, won, and White Johnson, the Allicant goldsmith, lost his wager of a crown and a dinner to the Company. In this reign there were 137 native goldsmiths in London, and 41 foreigners—total, 178. The foreigners lived chiefly in Westminster, Southwark, St. Clement's Lane, Abchurch Lane, Brick Lane, and Bearbinder Lane.

In 1511 (Henry VIII.) the Company agreed to send twelve men to attend the City Night-watch, on the vigils of St. John Baptist, and St. Peter and Paul. The men were to be cleanly harnessed, to carry bows and arrows, and to be arrayed in jackets of white, with the City arms. In 1540 the Company sent six of their body to fetch in the new Queen, Anne of Cleves, "the Flemish mare," as her disappointed bridegroom called her. The six goldsmiths must have looked very gallant in their black velvet coats, gold chains, and velvet caps with brooches of gold; and their servants in plain russet coats. Sir Martin Bowes was the great goldsmith in this reign; he is the man whom Stow accused, when Lord Mayor, of rooting up all the gravestones and monuments in the Grey Friars, and selling them for £50. He left almshouses at Woolwich, and two houses in Lombard Street, to the Company.

In 1546 (same reign) the Company sent twenty-four men, by royal order, to the king's army. They were to be "honest, comely, and well-harnessed persons—four of them bowmen, and twelve billmen. They were arrayed in blue and red (after my Lord Norfolk's fashion), hats and hose red and blue, and with doublets of white fustian." This same year, the greedy despot Henry having discovered some slight inaccuracy in the assay, contrived to exact from the poor abject goldsmiths a mighty fine of 3,000 marks. The year this English Ahab died, the Goldsmiths resolved, in compliment to the Reformation, to break up the image of their patron saint,



and also a great standing cup with an image of the same saint upon the top. Among the Company's plate there still exists a goodly cup given by Sir Martin Bowes, and which is said to be the same from which Queen Elizabeth drank at her coronation.

The government of the Company has been seen to have been vested in an alderman in the reign of Henry II., and in four wardens as early as 28 Edward I. The wardens were divided, at a later period, into a prime warden (always an alderman of London), a second warden, and two renter wardens. The clerk, under the name of "clerk-comptroller," is not mentioned till 1494; but a similar officer must have been established much earlier. Four auditors and two porters are named in the reign of Henry VI. The assayer, or as he is now called, assay warden (to whom were afterwards joined two assistants), is peculiar to the Goldsmiths.

The Company's assay of the coin, or trial of the pix, a curious proceeding of great solemnity, now takes place every year. "It is," says Herbert, in his "City Companies," "an investigation or inquiry into the purity and weight of the money coined, before the Lords of the Council, and is aided by the professional knowledge of a jury of the Goldsmiths' Company; and in a writ directed to the barons for that purpose (9 and 10 Edward I.) is spoken of as a well-known custom.

"The Wardens of the Goldsmiths' Company are summoned by precept from the Lord Chancellor to form a jury, of which their assay master is always one. This jury are sworn, receive a charge from the Lord Chancellor; then retire into the Court-room of the Duchy of Lancaster, where the pix (a small box, from the ancient name of which this ceremony is denominated), and which contains the coins to be examined, is delivered to them by the officers of the Mint. The indenture or authority under which the Mint Master has acted being read, the pix is opened, and the coins to be assayed being taken out, are inclosed in paper parcels, each under the seals of the Wardens, Master, and Comptrollers. From every 15 lbs. of silver, which are technically called 'journeys,' two pieces at the least are taken at hazard for this trial; and each parcel being opened, and the contents being found correct with the indorsement, the coins are mixed together in wooden bowls, and afterwards weighed. From the whole of these moneys so mingled, the jury take a certain number of each species of coin, to the amount of 1 lb. weight, for the assay by fire; and the indented trial pieces of gold and silver, of the dates specified in the indenture, being pro-

duced by the proper officer, a sufficient quantity is cut from either of them for the purpose of comparing with it the pound weight of gold or silver by the usual methods of assay. The perfection or imperfection of these are certified by the jury, who deliver their verdict in writing to the Lord Chancellor, to be deposited amongst the papers of the Privy Council. If found accurate, the Mint Master receives his certificate, or, as it is called, *quictus*" (a legal word used by Shakespeare in Hamlet's great soliloquy). "The assaying of the precious metals, anciently called the 'touch,' with the marking or stamping, and the proving of the coin, at what is called the 'trial of the pix,' were privileges conferred on the Goldsmiths' Company by the statute 28 Edward I. They had for the former purpose an assay office more than 500 years ago, which is mentioned in their books. Their still retaining the same privilege makes the part of Goldsmiths' Hall, where this business is carried on, a busy scene during the hours of assaying. In the old statute all manner of vessels of gold and silver are expected to be of good and true alloy, namely, 'gold of a certain touch,' and silver of the sterling alloy; and no vessel is to depart out of the hands of the workman until it is assayed by the workers of the Goldsmiths' craft.

"The *Hall mark* shows where manufactured, as the *Leopard's head* for London. *Duty mark* is the head of the Sovereign, showing the duty is paid. *Date mark* is a letter of the alphabet, which varies every year; thus, the Goldsmiths' Company have used, from 1716 to 1755, Roman capital letters; 1756 to 1775, small Roman letters; 1776 to 1795, old English letters; 1796 to 1815, Roman capital letters, from A to U, omitting J; 1816 to 1835 small Roman letters a to u, omitting j; from 1836, old English letters. There are two qualities of gold and silver. The inferior is mostly in use. The quality marks for silver are Britannia, or the head of the reigning monarch; for gold, the lion passant, 22 or 18, which denotes that fine gold is 24-carat; 18 only 75 per cent. gold; sometimes rings are marked 22. The *manufacturer's mark* is the initials of the maker.

"The Company are allowed 1 per cent., and the fees for stamping are paid into the Inland Revenue Office. At Goldsmiths' Hall, in the years 1850 to 1863 inclusive, there were assayed and marked: 22-carat watch-cases, 316,347 18-carat, 495 11-carat, 1550 12-carat, 448 9-carat, making a total of 318,923 cases, weighing 467,250 ounces 6 drams 18 grains. The Goldsmiths' Company append a note to this return, stating that they have the knowledge of the value of the cases assayed.

except of the intrinsic value, as indicated by the weight and quality of the gold given in the return. The silver watch-cases assayed at the same establishment in the fourteen years, 1,139,704, the total weight being 2,302,192 ounces 19 dwts. In the year, 1857 the largest number of cases were assayed out of the fourteen. The precise number in that year was 106,860, this being more than 10,000 above any year in the period named. In a subsequent year the number was only 77,608. A similar note with regard to value is appended to the return of silver cases as to the gold." There has been a complaint lately made that inferior jewellery is often tampered with after receiving the Hall mark.

An old book, probably Elizabethan, the "Touchstone for Goldsmith's Wares," observes, "That goldsmiths in the City and liberties, as to their particular trade, are under the Goldsmiths' Company's control, whether members or not, and ought to be of *their own company*, though, from mistake or design, many of them are free of others. For the wardens, being by their charters and the statutes appointed to survey, assay, and mark the silver-work, are to be chosen from members, such choice must sometimes fall upon them that are either of other trades, or not skilled in their curious art of making assays of gold and silver, and consequently unable to make a true report of the goodness thereof; or else the necessary attendance thereon is too great a burden for the wardens. Therefore they (the wardens) have appointed an *assay master*, called by them their deputy warden, allowing him a considerable yearly salary, and who takes an oath for the due performance of his office. They have large steel puncheons and marks of different sizes, with the leopard's-head, crowned; the *lion*, and a certain *letter*, which letter they change alphabetically every year, in order to know the year any particular work was assayed or marked, as well as the markers. These marks," he adds, "are every year new made, for the use of fresh wardens; and although the assaying is referred to the assay master, yet the *touch-wardens* look to the striking of the marks." To acquaint the public the better with this business of the assay, the writer of the "Touchstone" has prefixed a frontispiece to his work, intended to represent the interior of an assay office (we should suppose that of the old Goldsmiths' Hall), and makes reference by numbers to the various objects shown—as, 1. The refining furnace; 2. The test, with silver refining in it; 3. The *fining bellows*; 4. The man blowing or working them; 5. The *test-mould*; 6. A wind-hole to melt silver in, with bellows; 7. A pair of organ bellows; 8. A man

melting, or boiling, or nealing silver at them; 9. A block, with a large anvil placed thereon; 10. Three men forging plate; 11. The *fining* and other goldsmith's tools; 12. The assay furnace; 13. The assay master making assays; 14. This man putting the assays into the fire; 15. The warden marking the plate on the anvil; 16. His officer holding his plate for the marks; and 17. Three goldsmiths' small workers at work. In the office are stated to be a sworn weigher to weigh and make entry of all silver-work brought in, and who re-weighs it to the owners when worked, reserving the ancient allowance for so doing, which is 4 grains out of every 1 lb. marked, for a re-assay yearly of all the silver works they have passed the preceding year. There are also, he says, a table, or tables, in columns, one whereof is of hardened lead, and the other of vellum or parchment (the lead columns having the worker's initials struck in them, and the other the owner's names); and the seeing that these marks are right, and plainly impressed on the gold and silver work, is one of the warden's peculiar duties. The manner of marking the assay is thus:—The assay master puts a small quantity of the silver upon trial in the fire, and then, taking it out again, he, with his exact scales *that will turn with the weight of the hundredth* part of a grain, computes and reports the goodness or badness of the gold and silver.

The allowance of four grains to the pound, Malcolm states to have been continued till after 1725; for gold watch-cases, from one to four, one shilling; and all above, threepence each; and in proportion for other articles of the same metal. "The assay office," he adds, "seems, however, to have been a losing concern with the Company, their receipts for six years, to 1725, being £1,615 13s. 11½d., and the payments, £2,074 3s. 8d."

The ancient goldsmiths seem to have wisely blended pleasure with profit, and to have feasted right royally: one of their dinner bills runs thus:—

EXPENSES OF ST. DUNSTON'S FEAST.  
1473 (12 Edward IV.).

	£	s.	d.
To eight minstrels in manner accustomed	2	13	8
Ten bonnets for ditto .....	0	6	8
Their dinner .....	0	3	4
Two hogsheds of wine .....	2	10	0
One barrel of Muscadell .....	0	6	6
Red wine, 17 qrts. and 3 galls. ....	0	11	10
Four barrels of good ale .....	0	17	4
Two ditto of 2d half-penny .....	0	6	0
In spice bread .....	0	16	8
In other bread .....	0	10	10
In comfits and spice (36 articles) .....	5	17	6
Poultry, including 12 capons at 8d. ....	2	16	12
Figeons at 1½d., and 12 more geese, at 7d. each,			

With "butchery," "fishmongery," and "miscellaneous articles," the total amount of the feast was £26 17s. 7d.

A supper bill which occurs in the 11th of Henry VIII. amounts to only £5 18s. 6d., and it enumerates the following among the provisions:—Bread, two bushels of meal, a kilderkin and a firkin of good ale, 12 capons, four dozen of chickens, four dishes of Surrey (sotterey) butter, 11 lbs. of suet, six marrow bones, a quarter of a sheep, 50 eggs, six dishes of sweet butter, 60 oranges, gooseberries, strawberries, 56 lbs. of cherries, 17 lbs. 10 oz. of sugar, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, and mace, saffron, rice flour, "raisins, currants," dates, white salt, bay salt, red vinegar, white vinegar, verjuice, the hire of pewter vessels, and various other articles.

In City pageants the Goldsmiths always held a conspicuous place. The following is an account of their pageant in jovial Lord Mayor Vyner's time (Charles II):—

"First pageant. A large triumphal chariot of gold, richly set with divers inestimable and various coloured jewels, of dazzling splendour, adorned with sundry curious figures, fictitious stories, and delightful landscapes; one ascent of seats up to a throne, whereon a person of majestic aspect sitteth, the representer of Justice, hieroglyphically attired, in a long red robe, and on it a golden mantle fringed with silver; on her head a long dishevelled hair of flaxen colour, curiously curled, on which is a coronet of silver; in her left hand she advanceth a touchstone (the tryer of *Truth* and discoverer of *Falsehood*); in her right hand she holdeth up a golden balance, with silver scales, equi-ponderant, to weigh justly and impartially; her arms dependent on the heads of two *leopards*, which emblematically intimate *courage* and *constancy*. This chariot is drawn by two golden unicorns, in excellent carving work, with equal magnitude, to the left; on whose backs are mounted two raven-black negroes, attired according to the dress of India; on their heads, wreaths of divers coloured feathers; in their right hands they hold golden cups; in their left hands, two displayed banners, the one of the king's, the other of the Company's arms, all which represent the crest and the supporters of the ancient, famous, and worshipful Company of Goldsmiths.

"Trade pageant. On a very large pageant is a very rich seat of state, containing the representer of the Patron to the Goldsmiths' Company, Saint Dunstan, attired in a dress properly expressing his prelatical dignity, in a robe of fine white lawn, over which he weareth a cope or vest of costly bright cloth of gold, down to the ground; on his reverend grey head, a golden mitre, set with topaz, ruby,

emerald, amethyst, and sapphire. In his left hand he holdeth a golden crozier, and in his right hand he useth a pair of goldsmith's tongs. Beneath these steps of ascension to his chair, in opposition to St. Dunstan, is properly painted a goldsmith's forge and furnace, with fire and gold in it, a workman blowing with the bellows. On his right and left hand, there is a large press of gold and silver plate, representing a shop of trade; and further in front, are several artificers at work on anvils with hammers, beating out plate fit for the forgery and formation of several vessels in gold and silver. There are likewise in the shop several wedges or ingots of gold and silver, and a step below St. Dunstan sitteth an assay-master, with his glass frame and balance, for trial of gold and silver, according to the standard. In another place there is also disgrossing, drawing, and flatting of gold and silver wire. There are also finers melting, smelting, fining, and parting gold and silver, both by fire and water; and in a march before this orfery, are divers miners in canvas breeches, red waistcoats, and red caps, bearing spades, pickaxes, twibills, and crows, for to sink shafts, and make adits. The Devil, also, appearing to St. Dunstan, is caught by the nose at a proper *qu*, which is given in his speech. When the speech is spoken, the great anvil is set forth, with a silversmith holding on it a plate of massive silver, and three other workmen at work, keeping excellent time in their orderly strokes upon the anvil."

The Goldsmiths in the Middle Ages seem to have been fond of dress. In a great procession of the London crafts to meet Richard II.'s fair young queen, Anne of Bohemia, all the mysteries of the City wore red and black liveries. The Goldsmiths had on the red of their dresses bars of silver-work and silver trefoils, and each of the seven score Goldsmiths, on the black part, wore fine knots of gold and silk, and on their worshipful heads red hats, powdered with silver trefoils. In Edward IV.'s reign, the Company's taste changed. The Liverymen wore violet and scarlet gowns like the Goldsmiths' sworn friends, the Fishmongers; while, under Henry VII., they wore violet gowns and black hoods. In Henry VIII.'s reign the hoods of the mutable Company went back again to violet and scarlet.

In 1456 (Henry VI.) the London citizens seem to have been rather severe with their apprentices; for we find William Hede, a goldsmith, accusing his apprentice of beating his mistress. The apprentice was brought to the kitchen of the Goldsmith's Hall, and there stripped naked, and beaten by his master till blood came. The punishment was inflicted in the presence of several

people. The apprentice then asked his master's forgiveness on his knees.

The Goldsmiths' searches for bad and defective work were arbitrary enough, and made with great formality. "The wardens," say the ordinances, "every quarter, once, or oftener, if need be, shall

also dressed, following. Their mode of proceeding is given in the following account, entitled "The Manner and Order for Searches at Bartholomew Fayre and Our Ladye Fayre" (Henry VIII.):—

"M<sup>d</sup>. The Bedell for the tyme beyng shall walke uppon Seynt Barthyllmewes Eve all alonge



"EXTERIOR OF GOLDSMITHS' HALL (see page 361).

search in London, Southwark, and Westminster, that all the goldsmiths there dwelling work true gold and silver, according to the Act of Parliament, and shall also make due search for their weights."

The manner of making this search, as elsewhere detailed, seems to have resembled that of our modern inquest, or annoyance juries; the Company's beadle, in full costume and with his insignia of office, marching first; the wardens, in livery, with their hoods, the Company's clerk, two renter wardens, two brokers, porters, and other attendants,

Chepe, for to see what plaate ys in eu'y manny's deske and gyrdyll. And so the sayd wardeyns for to goo into Lumberd Strete, or into other places there, where yt shall please theym. And also the clerk of the Fellyshyppe shall wayt uppon the seyde wardeyns for to wryte eu'y p'cell of sylu' stuffe then distrayned by the sayd wardeyns.

"Also the sayd wardeyns been accustomed to goo into Barth'u Fayre, uppon the evyn or daye, at theyr pleasure, in theyre lyuerey gownes and hoodys, as they will appoint, and two of the livery,







ancient men, with them; the renters, the clerk, and the bedell, in their liveries, with them; and the brokers to wait upon my masters, the wardens, to see every hardware man show, for deceitful things, beads, gawds of beads, and other stuff; and then they to drink when they have done, where they please.

"Also the said wardens be accustomed at our Lady day, the Nativity, to walk and see the fair at Southwark, in like manner with their company, as is aforesaid, and to search there likewise."

Another order enjoins the two second wardens "to ride into Stourbrydge fair, with what officers they liked, and do the same."

Amongst other charges against the trade at this date, it is said "that dayly divers straungers and other gentils" complained and found themselves aggrieved, that they came to the shops of goldsmiths within the City of London, and without the City, and to their booths and fairs, markets, and other places, and there bought of them *old plate* new refreshed in gilding and burnishing; it appearing to all "such straungers and other gentils" that such old plate, so by them bought, was new, sufficient, and able; whereby all such were deceived, to the grete "dyslaunders and jeopardy of all the seyde crafte of goldsmithis."

In consequence of these complaints, it was ordained (15 Henry VII.) by all the said fellowship, that no goldsmith, within or without the City, should thenceforth put to sale such description of plate, in any of the places mentioned, without it had the mark of the "Lybardihode crowned." All plate put to sale contrary to these orders the wardens were empowered to break. They also had the power, at their discretion, to take possession for this and any other frauds in manufacturing. If any goldsmith attempted to prevent the wardens from breaking bad work, they could seize such work, and declare it forfeited, according to the Act of Parliament.

directed) to the king, and the other to the wardens breaking and making the seizure.

The present Goldsmiths' Hall was the design of Philip Hardwick, R.A. (1834-5), and stands still the most magnificent of the City halls. The old hall had been taken down in 1829, and the new hall was built without trenching on the funds set apart for charity. The style is Italian, of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The building is 100 feet in front and 100 feet deep. The west or chief façade has six attached Corinthian columns, the



ALTAR OF DIANA (see page 362).

whole height of the front supporting a rich Corinthian entablature and bold cornice; and the other three fronts are adorned with pilasters, which also terminate the angles. Some of the blocks in the column shafts weigh from ten to twelve tons each. The windows of the principal story, the moulding of which is handsome, have bold and enriched pediments, and the centre window is honoured by a massive rusticated balcony. In the centre, above the first floor, are the arms, festal ornaments, garlands, and... The entrance is a rich specimen of the work. Altogether, it is rather jammed up next the Post-office, but the building is worthy of the powerful and wealthy whomake it their home.

The modern Renaissance style, it must be said, though less picturesque than the Gothic, is more stately, and more adapted for business purposes.

The hall and staircase are much admired and are not without grandeur. They were entirely lined with costly marbles of various colours, and the result is very fine. The staircase branches right and left into a domed gallery. Leaving that room, the door is low but watchful in his bee-line to the hall, we ascend the steps. On the balustrade which ornament the balustrade of the hall, at some points, there are small figures.



St. Vedast, otherwise St. Foster, was a French saint, Bishop of Arras and Cambrai in the reign of Clovis, who, according to the Rev. Alban Butler, performed many miracles on the blind and lame. Alaric had a great veneration for this saint.

In 1831, some workmen digging a drain discovered, ten or twelve feet below the level of Cheapside, and opposite No. 17, a curious stone coffin, now preserved in a vault, under a small brick grave, on the north side of St. Vedast's; whether Roman or Anglo-Saxon, it consists of a block of freestone, seven feet long and fifteen inches thick, hollowed out to receive a body, with a deeper cavity for the head and shoulders. When found, it contained a skeleton, and was covered with a flat stone. Several other stone coffins were found at the same time.

The interior of St. Foster is a melancholy instance of Louis Quatorze ornamentation. The church is divided by a range of Tuscan columns, and the ceiling is enriched with dusty wreaths of stucco flowers and fruit. The altar-piece consists of four Corinthian columns, carved in oak, and garnished with cherubim, palm-branches, &c. In the centre, above the entablature, is a group of well-executed winged figures, and beneath is a sculptured pelican. In 1838 Mr. Godwin spoke highly of the transparent blinds of this church, painted with various Scriptural subjects, as a substitute for stained glass.

"St. Vedast Church, in Foster Lane," says Maitland, "is on the east side, in the Ward of Farringdon Within, dedicated to St. Vedast, Bishop of Arras, in the province of Artois. The first time I find it mentioned in history is, that Walter de London was presented thereto in 1308. The patronage of the church was anciently in the Prior and Convent of Canterbury, till the year 1352, when, coming to the archbishop of that see, it has been in him and his successors ever since; and is one of the thirteen peculiars in this city belonging to that archiepiscopal city. This church was not entirely destroyed by the fire in 1666, but nothing left standing but the walls; the crazy steeple continued standing till the year 1694, when it was taken down and beautifully rebuilt at the charge of the united parishes. To this parish that of St. Michael Quern is united."

Among the odd monumental inscriptions in this church are the following:—

"Lord, of thy inheritance and Pits,  
Here lying on his back, beneath the wall,  
The body of a man, who lived in the year  
1666, and died in the year 1666."

The year of grass one thousand fyt hundred and fyt,  
The xii. day of July; no longer was my space,  
It play'd then my Lord to call me to his Grace;  
Now ye that are living, and see this picture,  
Pray for me here, while ye have tyme and space,  
That God of his goodnes wold me assure,  
In his everlasting mansion to have a place.  
Obit Anno 1505."

"Here lyeth interred the body of Christopher Wase, late citizen and goldsmith of London, aged 66 yeeres, and dyed the 22nd September, 1605; who had to wife Anne, the daughter of William Prettyman, and had by her three sons and three daughters.

"Reader, stay, and thou shalt know  
What he is, that here doth sleepe;  
Lodged amidst the Stones below,  
Stones that oft are seen to weepe.  
Gentle was his Burth and Breed,  
His carriage gentle, much contenting;  
His word accorded with his Deed,  
Sweete his nature, soone relenting.  
From above he seem'd protected,  
Father dead before his Birth.  
An orphan only, but neglected.  
Yet his Branches spread on Earth,  
Earth that must his Bones containe,  
Sleeping, till Christ's Trumpe shall wake them,  
Joyning them to Soule againe,  
And to Blisse eternal take them.  
It is not this rude and little Heap of Stones,  
Can hold the Fame, although't contains the Bones;  
Light be the Earth, and hallowed for thy sake,  
Resting in Peace, Peace that thou so oft didst make."

Coachmakers' Hall, Noble Street, Foster Lane originally built by the Scriveners' Company, was afterwards sold to the Coachmakers. Here the "Protestant Association" held its meetings, and here originated the dreadful riots of the year 1780. The Protestant Association was formed in February, 1778, in consequence of a bill brought into the House of Commons to repeal certain penalties and liabilities imposed upon Roman Catholics. When the bill was passed, a petition was framed for its repeal; and here, in this very hall (May 21, 1780), the following resolution was proposed and carried:—

"That the whole body of the Protestant Association do attend in St. George's Fields, on Friday next, at ten of the clock in the morning, in company Lord George Gordon to the House of Commons, on the delivery of the Protestation." His lordship, who was present on this occasion, remarked that "if less than 50,000 of his fellow-citizens attended him on this day, he would not present their petition."

Upwards of 50,000 "true Protestants" answered the summons of the Association, and Lord George Gordon, who was present, was surrounded by the mob, and carried off to Newgate.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHEAPSIDE TRIBUTARIES, NORTH.—WOOD STREET.

Wood Street—Pleasant Memories—St. Peter's in Chepe—St. Michael's and St. Mary Staining—St. Alban's, Wood Street—Some Quaint Epitaphs—Wood Street Compter and the Hapless Prisoners therein—Wood Street Painful—Wood Street Cheerful—Thomas Ripley—The Anabaptist Rising—A Remarkable Wine Cooper—St. John Zachary and St. Anne-in-the-Willows—Haberdashers' Hall—Something about the Mercers.

WOOD STREET runs from Cheapside to London Wall. Stow has two conjectures as to its name—first, that it was so called because the houses in it were built all of wood, contrary to Richard I.'s edict that London houses should be built of stone, to prevent fire; secondly, that it was called after one Thomas Wood, sheriff in 1491 (Henry VII.), who dwelt in this street, was a benefactor to St. Peter in Chepe, and built "the beautiful row of houses over against Wood Street end."

At Cheapside Cross, which stood at the corner of Wood Street, all royal proclamations used to be read, even long after the cross was removed. Thus, in 1666, we find Charles II.'s declaration of war against Louis XIV. proclaimed by the officers at arms, serjeants at arms, trumpeters, &c., at Whitehall Gate, Temple Bar, the end of Chancery Lane, Wood Street, Cheapside, and the Royal Exchange. Huggin's Lane, in this street, derives its name, as Stow tells us, from a London citizen who dwelt here in the reign of Edward I., and was called Hugin in the Lane.

That pleasant tree at the left-hand corner of Wood Street, which has cheered many a weary business man with memories of the fresh green fields far away, and the long residence of rooks, who built there. Two fresh nests were built, and one is still there; but the sable birds deserted their noisy residence several years ago. Probably, as the city of London was more built over, and such green grounds as Belsize Park turned to brick and mortar, the birds found the fatigue of going miles for food for their young unbearable, and departed. Leigh Hunt, in one of his agreeable remarks, remarks that there are few districts in London where you will not find a tree. "A cloud was shown us," says Leigh Hunt, "who was said never to have beheld a tree but one in St. Paul's Churchyard (now gone). Whenever a tree was mentioned, it was this one; she had no conception of any other, not even of the remote tree in Cheapside." This famous tree marks the site of St. Peter in Chepe, a church destroyed by the Great Fire. The terms of the lease of the low houses at the west-end corner are said to forbid the erection of another story or the removal of the tree. Whether this restriction arose from a love of the tree, as we should like to think, we cannot say.

St. Peter's in Chepe is a rectory (says Stow), "the church whereof stood at the south-west corner of Wood Street, in the ward of Farringdon Within, but of what antiquity I know not, other than that Thomas de Winton was rector thereof in 1324."

The patronage of this church was anciently in the Abbot and Convent of St. Albans, with whom it continued till the suppression of their monastery, when Henry VIII., in the year 1546, granted the same to the Earl of Southampton. It afterwards belonged to the Duke of Montague. This church being destroyed in the fire and not rebuilt, the parish is united to the Church of St. Matthew, Friday Street. "In the year 1401," says Maitland, "licence was granted to the inhabitants of this parish to erect a shed or shop before their church in Cheapside. On the site of this building, anciently called the 'Long Shop,' are now erected four shops, with rooms over them."

Wordsworth has immortalised Wood Street by his plaintive little ballad—

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

"At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,  
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years;  
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard  
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

"'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? she sees  
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;  
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,  
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

"Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,  
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;  
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,  
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

"She looks, and her heart is in heaven; but they fade,  
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;  
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,  
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes."

Perhaps some summer morning the poet, passing down Cheapside, saw the plane-tree at the corner wave its branches to him as a friend waves a hand, and at that sight there passed through his mind an imagination of some poor Cumberland wren-girl toiling in London, and regretting her lot among the pleasant hills.

St. Michael's, Wood Street, is a small church situated on the west side of Wood Street, at the corner of Cheapside.

St. Alban's, Wood Street, in the  
the fourteenth Abbot of St. Alban's  
the Verulam monastery, and in  
withholding the right of burial  
for the monks of the monastery.



Westminster. Matthew Paris says that this Wood Street Church was the chapel of King Offa, the founder of St. Alban's Abbey, who had a palace near it. Stow says it was of great antiquity, and that Roman bricks were visible here and there among the stones. Maitland thinks it probable that it was one of the first churches built by Alfred in London after he had driven out the Danes. The right of presentation to the church was

says Seymour, "is the name, by which it was first dedicated to St. Alban, the first martyr of England. Another character of the antiquity of it is to be seen in the manner of the turning of the arches to the windows, and the heads of the pillars. A third note appears in the Roman bricks, here and there inlaid amongst the stones of the building. Very probable it is that this church is, at least, of as ancient a standing as King Adelstane, the Saxon,



WOOD STREET CHURCH. From a View published in 1793. (See page 368.)

possessed by the master, brethren, and sisters of St. James's Leper Hospital (site of St. James's Palace), and after the death of Henry VI. it was vested in the Provost and Fellows of Eton College. In the reign of Charles II. the parish was united to that of St. Olave, Silver Street, and the right of presentation is now exercised alternately by Eton College and the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's. The style of the interior of the church is late pointed. The windows appear older than the rest of the building. The ceiling in the nave exhibits bold groining, and the general effect is not unpleasant.

One note of the great antiquity of this church,

who, as tradition says, had his house at the east end of this church. This king's house, having a door also into Adel Street, in this parish, gave name, as 'tis thought, to the said Adel Street, which, in all evidences, to this day is written King Adel Street. One great square tower of this king's house seemed, in Stow's time, to be then remaining, and to be seen at the north corner of Love Lane, as you come from Aldersbury, which tower was of the very same stone and manner of building with St. Alban's Church."

About the commencement of the fourteenth century St. Alban's Church, which was the great church, was served by a priest and a vicar.





In him, for hat,  
Yet dead, yet living;  
Both dead and living,  
Then what is gone?  
One half of both,  
Not any one.  
One mind, one faith,  
One hope, one grave,  
In life, in death,  
They had and still they have."

The pulpit (says Seymour) is finely carved with an enrichment, in imitation of fruit and leaves; and the sound-board is a hexagon, having round it a fine cornice, adorned with cherubims and other embellishments, and the inside is neatly finned. The altar-piece is very ornamental, consisting of four columns, fluted with their bases, pedestals, entablature, and open pediment of the Corinthian order; and over each column, upon acroters, is a lamp with a gilded taper. Between the inner columns are the Ten Commandments, done in gold letters upon black. Between the two, northward, is the Lord's Prayer, and the two southward the Creed, done in gold upon blue. Over the commandments is a Glory between two cherubims, and above the cornice the king's arms, with the supporters, helmet, and crest, richly carved, under a triangular pediment; and on the north and south side of the above described ornaments are two large cartouches, all of which parts are carved in the wood. The church is well paved with oak, and here are two large brass branches and a marble slab, having enrichments of cherubims, &c.

In a curious brass frame, attached to a tall stand, opposite the pulpit is an hour-glass, by which the preacher could measure his sermon and test his listeners' patience. The hour-glass at St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, was taken down in 1723, and two heads for the parish staves made out of the silver.

Wood Street Compter (says Cunningham) was first established in 1555, when, on the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel in that year, the prisoners were removed from the Old Compter in Bread Street to the New Compter in Wood Street, Cheapside. This compter was burnt down in the Great Fire, but was rebuilt in 1670. It stood on the east side of the street, and was removed to Giltspur Street in 1791. There were two compters in London—the compter in Wood Street, under the control of one of the sheriffs, and the compter in the Poultry, under the superintendence of the other. Under each sheriff was a secondary, a clerk of the papers, four clerk assistants, eighteen sergeants-at-law (each sergeant having his pension), a master keeper, and two turnkeys. The prisoners

were blue and coloured cloth gowns, and the words of arrest were, "Sir, we arrest you in the King's Majesty's name, and we charge you to obey us." There were three sides—the master's side, the dearest of all; the knights' ward, a little cheaper; and the Hole, the cheapest of all. The register of entries was called the Black Book. Garnish was demanded at every step, and the Wood Street Compter was hung with the story of the prodigal son.

When the Wood Street counter gate was opened, the prisoner's name was enrolled in the black book, and he was asked if he was for the master's side, the Knight's ward, or the Hole. At every fresh door a fee was demanded, the stranger's hat or cloak being detained if he refused to pay the extortion, which, in prison language, was called "garnish." The first question to a new prisoner was, whether he was in by arrest or command; and there was generally some knavish attorney in a threadbare black suit, who, for forty shillings, would offer to move for a habeas corpus, and have him out presently, much to the amusement of the villanous-looking men who filled the room, some smoking and some drinking. At dinner a vintner's boy, who was in waiting, filled a bowl full of claret, and compelled the new prisoner to drink to all the society; and the turnkeys, who were dining in another room, then demanded another tester for a quart of wine to quaff to the new comer's health.

At the end of a week, when the prisoner's purse grew thin, he was generally compelled to pass over to the knight's side, and live in a humbler and more restricted manner. Here a fresh garnish of eighteen pence was demanded, and if this was refused, he was compelled to sleep over the drain; or, if he chose, to sit up, to drink and smoke in the cellar with vile companions till the keepers ordered every man to his bed.

Fennor, an actor in 1617 (James I.), wrote a curious pamphlet on the abuses of this compter. "For what extreme extortion," says the angry writer, "is it when a gentleman is brought in by the watch for some misdemeanour committed, that he must pay at least an angell before he be discharged; hee must pay twelvecence for turning the key at the master-side dore two shillings to the chamberlaine, twelvecence for his garnish for wine, tenpence for his dinner, whether he stay or no, and when he comes to be discharged at the books, it will cost at least three shillings and sixpence more, besides dispencc for the book-keeper's pension, and dispencc for the porter." And the gentleman may there stay and wait, till he has paid the

garnish sixteens pence, besides a groate for his lodging, and so much for his sheetes. . . . When a gentleman is upon his discharge, and hath given satisfaction for his executions, they must have fees for irons, three halfpence in the pound, besides the other fees, so that if a man were in for a thousand or fifteene hundred pound execution, they will if a man is so madde have so many three halfpence.

"This little Hole is as a little citty in a commonwealth, for as in a citty there are all kinds of officers, trades, and vocations, so there is in this place, as we may make a pretty resemblance between them. In steede of a Lord Maior, we have a master steward to over-see and correct all misdemeanours as shall arise. . . . And lastly, as in a citty there is all kinds of trades, so is there heere, for heere you shall see a cobbler sitting mending olde showes, and singing as merrily as if hee were under a stall abroad; not farre from him you shall see a taylor sit crosse-legged (like a witch) on his cushion, theatning the ruine of our fellow prisoner, the Egyptian vermine; in another place you may behold a saddler empannelling all his wits together how to patch this Scotchpadde handsomely, or mend the old gentlewoman's crooper that was almost burst in pieces. You may have a phisition here, that for a bottle of sack will undertake to give you as good a medicine for melancholly as any doctor will for five pounds. Besides, if you desire to bee remouved before a judge, you shall have a tinker-like attorney not farre distant from you, that in stopping up one hole in a broken cause, will make twenty before hee hath made an end, and at last will leave you in prison as bare of money as he himself is of honesty. Heere is your cholericke cooke that will dresse our meate, when wee can get any, as well as any greasie scullion in Fleet Lane or Pye Corner."

At 25, Silver Street, Wood Street, is the hall of one of the smaller City companies—the Parish Clerks of London, Westminster, Borough of Southwark, and fifteen out parishes, with their master wardens and fellows. This company was incorporated as early as Henry III. (1233), by the name of the Fraternity of St. Nicholas, an ominous name, for "St. Nicholas's clerk" was a jocosse *nom de guerre* for highwaymen. The first hall of the fraternity stood in Bishopsgate Street, the second in Broad Lane, in Vintry Ward. The fraternity was re-incorporated by James I. in 1611, and confirmed by Charles I. in 1636. The hall contains a few portraits, and in a painted glass window, David playing on the harp, St. Cecilia at the organ, &c. The parish clerks were the actors in the old miracle plays, the parish clerk of St. Dunstons being only one of the actors.

mentement of the Reformation. The "Bills of Mortality" were commenced by the Parish Clerks' Company in 1592, who about 1625 were licensed by the Star Chamber to keep a printing-press in their hall for printing the bills, valuable for their warning of the existence or progress of the plague. The "Weekly Bill" of the Parish Clerks has, however, been superseded by the "Tables of Mortality in the Metropolis," issued weekly from the Registrar-General's Office, at Somerset House, since July 1st, 1837. The Parish Clerks' Company neither confer the freedom of the City, nor the hereditary freedom.

There is a large gold refinery in Wood Street, through whose doors three tons of gold a day have been known to pass. Australian gold is here cast into ingots, value £800 each. This gold is one sixth and three quarters above the standard, and when the first two bars of Australian gold were sent to the Bank of England they were sent back, as their wonderful purity excited suspicion. For refining, the gold is boiled fifteen minutes, poured off into hand moulds 18 pounds troy weight, strewn with ivory black, and then left to cool. You see here the stalwart men wedging apart great bars of silver for the melting pots. The silver is purified in a blast-furnace, and mixed with nitric acid in platinum crucibles, that cost from £700 to £1,000 apiece. The bars of gold are stamped with a trade-mark, and pieces are cut off each ingot to be sent to the assayer for his report.

"I read in divers records," says Stow, "of a house in Wood Street then called 'Black Hall,' but no man at this day can tell thereof. In the time of King Richard II., Sir Henry Percy, the son and heir of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, had a house in 'Wodstrete,' in London (whether this Black Hall or no, it is hard to trace), wherein he treated King Richard, the Duke of Lancaster, the Duke of York, the Earl Marshal, and his father, the Earl of Northumberland, with others, at supper."

The "Rose," in Wood Street, was a sponging-house, well known to the rakehells and spendthrifts of Charles II.'s time. "I have been lately under their (the bailiffs') clutches," says Tom Brown, "to desire any more dealings with them, and I cannot come within a furlong of the 'Rose' sponging-house without five or six yellow-boys in my pocket to cast out those devils there, who would otherwise infallibly take possession of me."

The "Mitre," an old tavern in Wood Street, kept in Charles II.'s time by William Mitre, who died insolvent in 1662. It was the scene of the 'Mitre' farce, and was the scene of the 'Mitre' farce, and was the scene of the 'Mitre' farce.

house of the greatest note in London). Here some of us fell to handycap, a sport that I never knew before." And again, "31st July, 1665. Proctor, the vintner, of the 'Miter,' in Wood Street, and his son, are dead this morning of the plague; he having laid out abundance of money there, and was the greatest vintner for some time in London for great entertainments."

In early life Thomas Ripley, afterwards a celebrated architect, kept a carpenter's shop and coffee house in Wood Street. Marrying a servant of Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister of George I., this lucky pushing man soon obtained work from the Crown and a seat at the Board of Works, and supplanted that great genius who built St. Paul's, to the infinite disgrace of the age. Ripley built the Admiralty, and Houghton Hall, Norfolk, for his early patron, Walpole, and died rich in 1758.

Wood Street is associated with that last extraordinary outburst of the Civil War fanaticism—the Anabaptist rising in January, 1661.

On Sunday, January 6, 1661, we read in "Somers' Tracts," "these monsters assembled at their meeting-house, in Coleman Street, where they armed themselves, and rallying thence, came to the pulpit in the dusk of the evening, and there, after

making their small party, placed sentinels, one of whom killed a person accidentally passing by, because he said he was for God and King Charles when challenged by him. This giving the alarm, and some parties of trained bands charging them, and being repulsed, they marched to Bishopsgate, thence to Cripplegate and Aldersgate, where, going out, in spite of the constables and watch, they declared for King Jesus. Proceeding to Beech Lane, they killed a headborough, who would have opposed them. It was observed that all they shot, though never so slightly wounded, died. Then they hasted away to Cane Wood, where they lurked, resolved to make another effort upon the City, but were drove thence, and routed by a party of horse and foot, sent for that purpose, about thirty being taken and brought before General Monk, who committed them to the Gate House.

"Nevertheless, the others who had escaped out of the wood returned to London, not doubting of success in their enterprise; Venner, a wine-cooper by trade, and their head, affirming, he was assured that no weapons employed against them would prosper, nor a hair of their head be touched; which their coming off at first so well made them willing to believe. These fellows had taken the opportunity of the king's being gone to Portsmouth, having before made a disposition for drawing to them of other desperate rebels, by publishing a declaration called, 'A Door of Hope Opened,' full of abominable slanders against the whole royal family.

"On Wednesday morning, January 9, after the watches and guards were dismissed, they resumed their first enterprise. The first appearance was in Threadneedle Street, where they alarmed the trained bands upon duty that day, and drove back a party sent after them, to their main guard, which then marched in a body towards them. The Fifth Monarchists retired into Bishopsgate Street, where some of them took into an ale-house, known by the sign of 'The Helmet,' where, after a sharp dispute, two were killed, and as many taken, the same number of the trained bands being killed and wounded. The next sight of them (for they vanished and appeared



PULPIT HOUR-GLASS (see page 368).

again on a sudden), was at College Hill, which way they went into Cheapside, and so into Wood Street, Venner leading them, with a morrion on his head and a halbert in his hand. Here was the main and hottest action, for they fought stoutly with the Trained Bands, and received a charge from the Life Guards, whom they obliged to give way, until, being overpowered, and Venner knocked down and wounded and shot, Tufney and Crag, two others of their chief teachers, being killed by him, they began to give ground, and soon after dispersed, flying outright and taking several ways. The greatest part of them went down Wood Street to Cripplegate, firing in the rear at the Yellow Trained Bands, then in close pursuit of them. Ten of them took into the 'The Helmet' ale-house, near the pulpit, where they were taken and committed to the Gate House.

all the avenues to it. In the meantime, some of the aforesaid Yellow Trained Bands got upon the tiles of the next house, which they threw off, and fired in upon the rebels who were in the upper room, and even then refused quarter. At the same time, another file of musketeers got up the stairs, and having shot down the door, entered upon them. Six of them were killed before, another wounded, and one, refusing quarter, was knocked down, and afterwards shot. The others being asked why they had not begged quarter before, answered they durst not, for fear their own fellows should shoot them."

The upshot of this insane revolt of a handful of men was that twenty-two king's men were killed, and twenty-two of the fanatics, proving the fighting to have been hard. Twenty were taken, and nine or ten hung, drawn, and quartered. Venner, the leader, who was wounded severely, and some others, were drawn on sledges, their quarters were set on the four gates, and their heads stuck on poles on London Bridge. Two more were hung at the west end of St. Paul's, two at the Royal Exchange, two at the Bull and Mouth, two in Beech Lane, one at Bishopsgate, and another, captured later, was hung at Tyburn, and his head set on a pole in Whitechapel.

The texts these Fifth Monarchy men chiefly relied on were these:—"He shall use his people, in his hand as his battle-axe and weapon of war, for the bringing in the kingdoms of this world into subjection to Him." A few Scriptures (and but a few) as to this, Isa. xli. 14th verse; but more especially the 15th and 16th verses. The prophet, speaking of Jacob, saith: "Behold, I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument, having teeth; thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff; thou shalt fan them, and the wind shall carry them away," &c.

"Maiden Lane," says Stow, "formerly Engine Lane, is a good, handsome, well-built, and inhabited street. The east end falleth into Wood Street. At the north-east corner, over against Goldsmiths' Hall, stood the parish church of St. John Zachary, which since the dreadful fire is not rebuilt, but the parish united unto St. Ann's, Aldersgate, the ground on which it stood, enclosed within a wall, serving as a burial-place for the parish."

The old Goldsmiths' Church of St. John Zachary, Maiden Lane, destroyed in the Great Fire, and not rebuilt, stood at the north-west corner of Maiden Lane, in the Ward of Aldersgate; the parish is annexed to that of St. Anne. Among other particulars in this church, Stow gives the following:

"Here lieth the body of John Sutton, citizen, goldsmith, and alderman of London; who died 6th July, 1450. This brave and worthy alderman was killed in the defence of the City, in the bloody nocturnal battle on London Bridge, against the infamous Jack Cade, and his army of Kentish rebels."

"Here lieth William Brekespere, of London, some time merchant, Goldsmith and alderman, the Commonwele attendant, With Margaryt his Dawter, late wyff of Sutton, And Thomas, hur Sonn, yet livyn undyr Goddy's tuition. The tenth of July he made his transmigration. She disseyd in the yer of Grase of Chryst's Incarnation, A Thowsand Four hundredy Threescor and on. God assoyl their Sowls whose Bodys lye undyr this Ston."

This church was rated to pay a certain annual sum to the canons of St. Paul's, about the year 1181, at which time it was denominated St. John Baptist's, as appears from a grant thereof from the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to one Zachary, whose name it probably received to distinguish it from one of the same name in Walbrook.

St. Anne in the Willows was a church destroyed by the Great Fire, rebuilt by Wren, and united to the parish of St. John Zachary. "It is, so called," says Stow, "some say of willows growing thereabouts; but now there is no such void place for willows to grow, more than the church-yard, wherein grow some high ash-trees."

"This church, standing," says Strype, "in the church-yard, is planted before with lime-trees that flourish there. So that as it was formerly called St. Anne-in-the-Willows, it may now be called St. Anne-in-the-Limes."

St. Anne can be traced back as far as 1332. The patronage was anciently in the Dean and Canons of St. Martin's-le-Grand, in whose gift it continued till Henry VII. annexed that Collegiate Church, with its appendages, to the Abbey of Westminster. In 1553 Queen Mary gave it to the Bishop of London and his successors. One of the monuments here bears the following inscription:—

"Peter Heywood, younger son of Peter Heywood, one of the counsellors of Jamaica, by Grace, daughter of M<sup>r</sup> Muddesford, Kt. and Bart., great-grandson to Peter Heywood, of Heywood, in County Palatine of Lancaster, who apprehended Guy Faux with his dark lantern, and for zealous prosecution of Papists, as Justice of the Peace, stabbed in Westminster Hall by John James, a Doctor of Law, An. Dom. 1640. Obliit. Novr. 2, 1702."

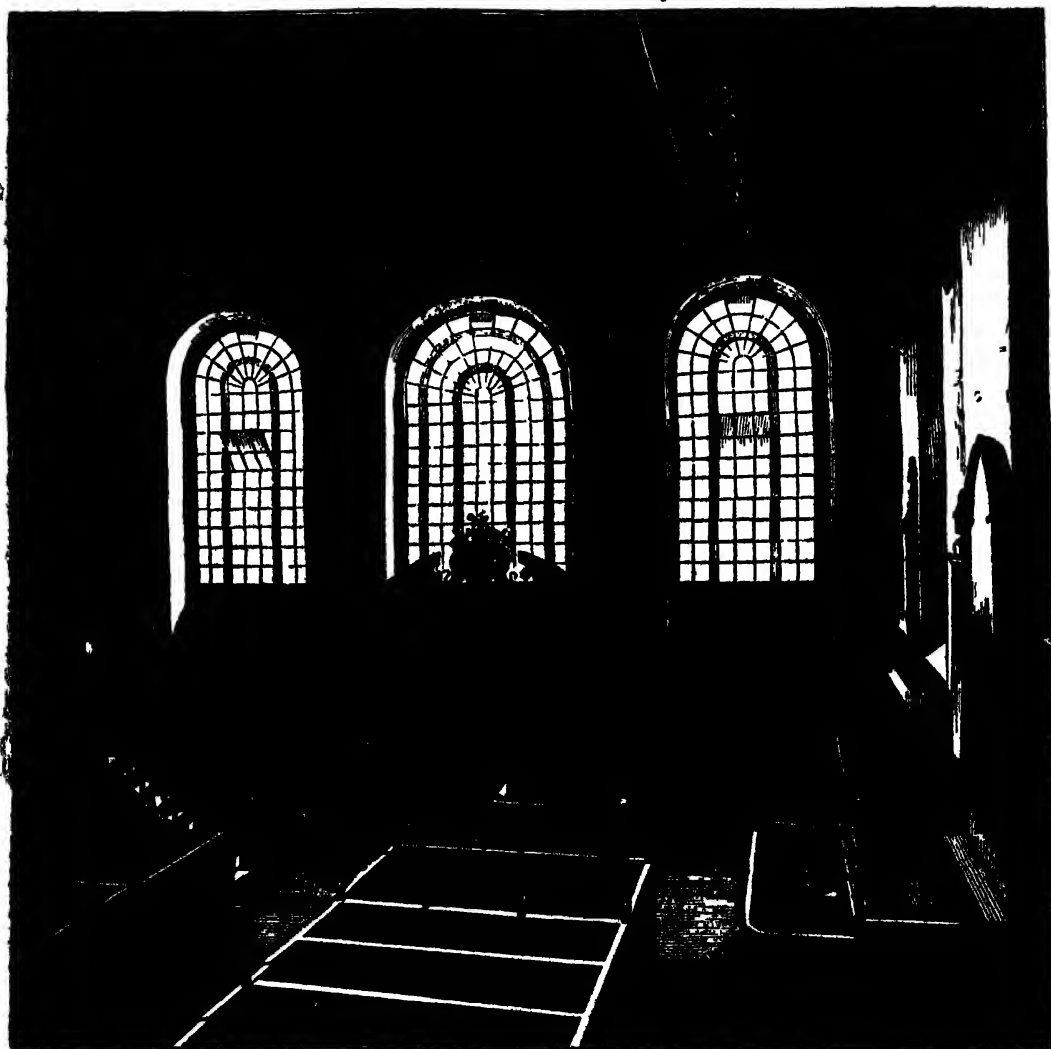
"Reader, if not a Papist bred,  
Upon such ashes gently tread."

The site of Haberdashers' Hall, in Maiden Lane, opposite Goldsmiths' Hall, was given to the Company by William Haberdasher, in 1478. It was destroyed by the Great Fire.



Commissioners held their meetings during the Commonwealth, and many a stern decree of confiscation was there grimly signed. In this hall there are some good portraits. The Haberdashers' Company have many livings and exhibitions in their gift; and almshouses at Hoxton, Monmouth, Newland (Gloucestershire), and Newport (Shrop-

one being hurrers, cappers, or haberdashers of hats; the other, haberdashers of ribands, laces, and small wares only. The latter were also called milliners, from their selling such merchandise as brooches, agglets, spurs, capes, glasses, and pins. "In the early part of Elizabeth's reign," says Herbert, "upwards of £60,000 annually was paid to foreign



INTERIOR OF ST MICHAEL'S, WOOD STREET (see page 365).

shire; schools in Bunhill Row, Monmouth, and Newport; and they lend sums of £50 or £100 to struggling young men of their own trade.

The haberdashers were originally a branch of the mercers, dealing like them in merceries or small wares. Lydgate, in his ballad, describes the mercers' and haberdashers' stalls as side by side in the mercery in Chepe. In the reign of Henry VI., when first incorporated, they divided into two fraternities, St. Catherine and St. Nicholas. The

merchants for pins alone, but before her death pins were made in England, and in the reign of James I. the pinmakers obtained a charter."

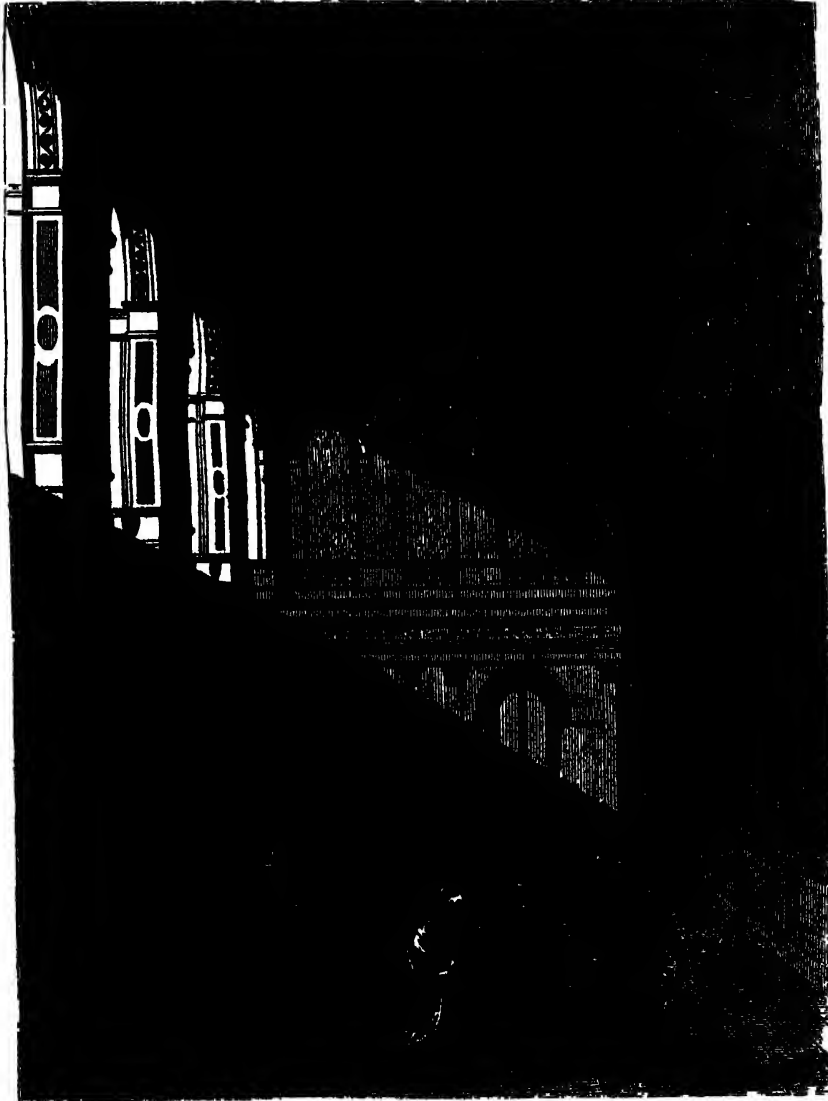
In the reign of Henry VII. the two societies united. Queen Elizabeth granted them their arms: Barry nebule of six, argent and azure on a bend gules, a lion passant gardant; crest or, a helmet and torse, two arms supporting a laurel proper and issuing out of a cloud argent. Supporters, two Indian goats argent, attired and hooped or; motto,



"Serve and Obey." Maitland describes their annual expenditure in charity as £3,500. The number of the Company consists of one master, four wardens, forty-five assistants, 360 livery, and a large company of freemen. This Company is the eighth in order of the chief twelve City Companies.

horns, tooth-picks, fans, pomanders, silk, and silver buttons.

The Haberdashers were incorporated by a Charter of Queen Elizabeth in 1578. The Court books extend to the time of Charles I. only. Their charters exist in good preservation. In their



INTERIOR OF HABERDASHERS' HALL.

In the reign of Edward VI. there were not more than a dozen milliner's shops in all London, but in 1580 the dealers in foreign luxuries had so increased as to alarm the frugal and the philosophic. These dealers sold French and Spanish gloves, French cloth and frieze, Flemish kersies, daggers, swords, knives, Spanish girdles, painted cruises, dials, tablets, cards, balls, glasses, fine earthen pots, salt-cellars, spoons, tin dishes, puppets, pennons, ink-

chronicles we have only a few points to notice. In 1466 they sent two of their members to attend the coronation of Elizabeth, queen of Edward IV., and they also were represented at the coronation of the detestable Richard III. Like the other Companies, the Haberdashers were much oppressed during the time of Charles I. and the Commonwealth, during which they lost nearly £50,000. The Company's original bye-laws having been

burnt in the Great Fire, a new code was drawn up, which in 1675 was sanctioned by Lord Chancellor Finch, Sir Matthew Hale, and Sir Francis North.

The dining-hall is a lofty and spacious room. About ten years since it was much injured by fire, but has been since restored and handsomely decorated. Over the screen at the lower end is a music gallery, and the hall is lighted from above by six sun-burners. Among the portraits in the edifice are whole lengths of William Adams, Esq., founder of the grammar school and almshouses at Newport, in Shropshire; Jerome Knapp, Esq., a former Master of the Company; and Micajah Perry, Esq., Lord Mayor in 1739; a half-length of George Whitmore, Esq., Lord Mayor in 1631; Sir Hugh Hammersley, Knight, Lord Mayor in 1627; Mr. Thomas Aldersey, merchant, of Banbury, in Cheshire, who, in 1594, vested a considerable estate in this Company for charitable uses; Mr. William Jones, merchant adventurer, who bequeathed £18,000 for benevolent purposes; and Robert Aske, the worthy founder of the Haberdashers' Hospital at Hoxton.

Gresham Street, that intersects Wood Street, was formerly called Lad or Ladle Lane, and part of it Maiden Lane, from a shop sign of the Virgin. It is written Lad Lane in a chronicle of Edward IV.'s time, published by Sir Harris Nicolas, page 98. The "Swan with Two Necks," in Lad Lane, was for a century and more, till railways ruined stage and mail coach travelling,

the booking office and head-quarters of coaches to the North.

Love Lane was so named from the wantons who once infested it. The Cross Keys Inn derived its name from the bygone Church of St. Peter before mentioned. As there are traditions of Saxon kings once dwelling in Foster Lane, so in Gutter Lane we find traditions of some Danish celebrities. "Gutter Lane," says Stow, that patriarch of London topography, "was so called by Guthurun, some time owner thereof." In a manuscript chronicle of London, written in the reign of Edward IV., and edited by Sir N. H. Nicolas, it is called "Goster Lane."

Brewers' Hall, No. 19, Addle Street, Wood Street, Cheapside, is a modern edifice, and contains, among other pictures, a portrait of Dame Alice Owen, who narrowly escaped death from an archer's stray arrow while walking in Islington fields, in gratitude for which she founded an hospital. In the hall window is some old painted glass. The Brewers were incorporated in 1438. The quarterage in this Company is paid on the quantity of malt consumed by its members. In 1851 a handsome school-house was built for the Company, in Trinity Square, Tower Hill.

In 1422 Whittington laid an information before his successor in the mayoralty, Robert Childe, against the Brewers' Company, for selling *dear ale*, when they were convicted in the penalty of £20; and the masters were ordered to be kept in prison in the chamberlain's custody until they paid it.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### CHEAPSIDE TRIBUTARIES, NORTH (*continued*).

Milk Street—Sir Thomas More—The City of London School—St. Mary Magdalen—Honey Lane—All Hallows' Church—Lawrence Lane and St. Lawrence Church—Ironmonger Lane and Mercers' Hall—The Mercers' Company—Early Life Assurance Companies—The Mercers' Company in Trouble—Mercers' Chapel—St. Thomas Acon—The Mercers' School—Restoration of the Carvings in Mercers' Hall—The Glories of the Mercers' Company—Ironmonger Lane.

IN Milk Street was the milk-market of Mediæval London. That good and wise man, Sir Thomas More, was born in this street. "The brightest man," says Fuller, with his usual quaint playfulness, "that ever shone in that *via lactea*." More, born in 1480, was the son of a judge of the King's Bench, and was educated at St. Anthony's School, in Threadneedle Street. He was afterwards placed in the family of Archbishop Morton, till he went to Oxford. After two years he became a barrister, at Lincoln, entered Parliament, and opposed Henry VII. to his own danger. After serving as law reader at New Inn, he soon became an

eminent lawyer. He then wrote his "Utopia," acquired the friendship of Erasmus, and soon after became a favourite of Henry VIII., helping the despot in his treatise against Luther. On Wolsey's disgrace, More became chancellor, and one of the wisest and most impartial England has ever known. Determined not to sanction the king's divorce, More resigned his chancellorship, and, refusing to attend Anne Boleyn's coronation, he was attainted for treason. The tyrant, now furious, soon hurried him to the scaffold, and he was executed on Tower Hill in 1535.

This pious, wise, and consistent man is described

as having dark chestnut hair, thin beard, and grey eyes. He walked with his right shoulder raised, and was negligent in his dress. When in the Tower, More is said to have foreseen the fate of Anne Boleyn, whom his daughter Margaret had found filling the court with dancing and sporting.

"Alas, Meg," said the ex-chancellor, "it pitieth me to remember to what misery poor soul she will shortly come. These dances of hers will prove such dances that she will sport our heads off like foot-balls; but it will not be long ere her head will dance the like dance."

It is to be lamented that with all his wisdom, More was a bigot. He burnt one Frith for denying the corporeal presence; had James Bainton, a gentleman of the Temple, whipped in his presence for heretical opinions; went to the Tower to see him on the rack, and then hurried him to Smithfield. "Verily," said Luther, "he was a very notable tyrant, and plagued and tormented innocent Christians like an executioner."

The City of London School, Milk Street, was established in 1837, for the sons of respectable persons engaged in professional, commercial, or trading pursuits; and partly founded on an income of £900 a year, derived from certain tenements bequeathed by John Carpenter, town-clerk of London, in the reign of Henry V., "for the finding and bringing up of four poor men's children, with meat, drink, apparel, learning at the schools, in the universities, &c., until they be preferred, and then others in their places for ever." This was the same John Carpenter who "caused, with great expense, to be curiously painted upon a board, about the north cloister of Paul's, a monument of Death, leading all estates, with the speeches of Death, and answers of every state." The school year is divided into three terms—Easter to July; August to Christmas; January to Easter; and the charge for each pupil is £2 5s. a term. The printed form of application for admission may be had of the secretary, and must be filled up by the parent or guardian, and signed by a member of the Corporation of London. The general course of instruction includes the English, French, German, Latin, and Greek languages, writing, arithmetic, mathematics, book-keeping, geography, and history. Besides eight free scholarships on the foundation, equivalent to £35 per annum each, and available as exhibitions to the Universities, there are the following exhibitions belonging to the school:—The "Times" Scholarship, value £30 per annum; three Beaufoy Scholarships, the Solomons Scholarship, and the Travers Scholarship, £50 per annum each; the Tegg Scholarship, nearly £20 per annum; and

several other valuable prizes. The first stone of the school was laid by Lord Brougham, October 21st, 1835. The architect of the building was Mr. J. B. Bunning, of Guildford Street, Russell Square, and the entire cost, including fittings and furniture, was nearly £20,000. It is about 75 feet wide in front, next Milk Street, and is about 160 feet long; it contains eleven class-rooms of various dimensions, a spacious theatre for lectures, &c., a library, committee-room, with a commodious residence in the front for the head master and his family. The lectures, founded by Sir Thomas Gresham, on divinity, astronomy, music, geometry, law, physics, and rhetoric, which upon the demolition of Gresham College had been delivered at the Royal Exchange from the year 1773, were after the destruction of that building by fire, in January, 1838, read in the theatre of the City of London School until 1843; they were delivered each day during the four Law Terms, and the public in general were entitled to free admission.

In Milk Street stood the small parish church of St. Mary Magdalen, destroyed in the Great Fire. It was repaired and beautified at the charge of the parish in 1619. All the chancel window was built at the proper cost of Mr. Benjamin Henshaw, Merchant Taylor, and one of the City captains.

This church was burnt down in the Great Fire, and was not rebuilt. One amusing epitaph has been preserved:—

"HERE LIETH THE BODY OF SIR WILLIAM STONE, KNT.

"As the Earth the  
Earth doth cover,  
So under this stone  
Lyes another;  
Sir William Stone,  
Who long deceased,  
Ere the world's love  
Him released;  
So much it loved him,  
For they say,  
He answered Death  
Before his day;  
But, 'tis not so;  
For he was sought  
Of One that both him  
Made and bought.  
He remain'd  
The Great Lord's Treasurer,  
Who called for him  
At his pleasure,  
And received him.  
Yet be it said,  
Earth grieved that Heaven  
So soon was paid.

"Here likewise lyes  
Inhum'd in one bed,  
Dear Barbara,  
The well-beloved wife

Of this remembered Knight ;  
 Whose souls are fled  
 From this dimure vale  
 To everlasting life,  
 Where no more change,  
 Nor no more separation,  
 Shall make them flye  
 From their blest habitation.  
 Grasse of levitie,  
 Span in brevity,  
 Flower's felicity,  
 Fire of misery,  
 Wind's stability,  
 Is mortality."

"Honey Lane," says good old Stow, "is so called not of sweetness thereof, being very narrow and small and dark, but rather of often washing and sweeping to keep it clean." With all due respect to Stow, we suspect that the lane did not derive its name from any superlative cleanliness, but more probably from honey being sold here in the times before sugar became common and honey alone was used by cooks for sweetening.

On the site of All Hallows' Church, destroyed in the Great Fire, a market was afterwards established.

"There be no monuments," says Stow, "in this church worth the noting; I find that John Norman, Maior, 1453, was buried there. He gave to the drapers his tenements on the north side of the said church; they to allow for the beam light and lamm 13s. 4d. yearly, from this lane to the Standard.

"This church hath the misfortune to have no bequests to church or poor, nor to any publick use.

"There was a parsonage house before the Great Fire, but now the ground on which it stood is swallowed up by the market. The parish of St. Mary-le-Bow (to which it is united) hath received all the money paid for the site of the ground of the said parsonage."

All Hallows' Church was repaired and beautified at the cost of the parishioners in 1625.

Lawrence Lane derives its name from the church of St. Lawrence, at its north end. "Antiquities," says Stow, "in this lane I find none other than among many fair houses. There is one large inn for receipt of travellers, called 'Blossoms Inn,' but corruptly 'Bosoms Inn,' and hath for a sign 'St. Lawrence, the Deacon,' in a border of blossoms or flowers." This was one of the great City inns set apart for Charles V.'s suite, when he came over to visit Henry VIII. in 1522. At the sign of "St. Lawrence Bosoms" twenty beds and stabling for sixty horses were ordered.

The curious old tract about Bankes and his trained horse was written under the assumed names

of "John Dando, the wies-drawer of Hadley, and Harrie Runt, head ostler of Besomes Inne," which is probably the same place.

St. Lawrence Church is situate on the north side of Cateaton Street, "and is denominated," says Maitland, "from its dedication to Lawrence, a Spanish saint, born at Huesca, in the kingdom of Arragon; who, after having undergone the most grievous tortures, in the persecution under Valerian, the emperor, was cruelly broiled alive upon a grid-iron, with a slow fire, till he died, for his strict adherence to Christianity; and the additional epithet of Jewry, from its situation among the Jews, was conferred upon it, to distinguish it from the church of St. Lawrence Pulteney, now demolished.

"This church, which was anciently a rectory, being given by Hugo de Wickenbroke to Baliol College in Oxford, anno 1294, the rectory ceased; wherefore Richard, Bishop of London, converted the same into a vicarage; the advowson whereof still continues in the same college. This church sharing the common fate in 1666, it has since been beautifully rebuilt, and the parish of St. Mary Magdalen, Milk Street, thereunto annexed." The famous Sir Richard Gresham lies buried here, with the following inscription on his tomb:—

"Here lyeth the great Sir Richard Gresham, Knight, some time Lord Maior of London; and Audrey, his first wife, by whom he had issue, Sir John Gresham and Sir Thomas Gresham, Knights, William and Margaret; which Sir Richard deceased the 20th day of February, An. Domini 1548, and the third yeere of King Edward the Sixth his Reigne, and Audrey deceased the 28th day of December, An. Dom. 1522."

There is also this epitaph:—

"Lo here the Lady Margaret North,  
 In tombe and earth do lye;  
 Of husbands four the faithfull spouse,  
 Whose fame shall never dye.  
 One Andrew Francis was the first,  
 The second Robert hight,  
 Surnamed Chartsey, Alderman;  
 Sir David Brooke, a knight,  
 Was third. But he that passed all,  
 And was in number fourth,  
 And for his virtue made a Lord,  
 Was called Sir Edward North.  
 These altogether do I wish  
 A joyfull rising day;  
 That of the Lord and of his Christ,  
 All honour they may say.  
 Obliit 2 die Junii, An. Dom. 1575."

In Ironmonger Lane, inhabited by ironmongers temp. Edward I., is Mercers' Hall, an interesting building.

The Mercers, though not formally incorporated till the 17th of Richard II. (1393), are traced back by Herbert as early as 1172. Soon afterwards

they are mentioned as patrons of one of the great London charities. In 1214, Robert Spencer, a mercer, was mayor. In 1296 the mercers joined the company of merchant adventurers in establishing in Edward I.'s reign, a woollen manufacture in England, with a branch at Antwerp. In Edward II.'s reign they are mentioned as "the Fraternity of Mercers," and in 1406 (Henry I.) they are styled in a charter, "Brothers of St. Thomas à Becket."

Mercers were at first general dealers in all small wares, including wigs, haberdashery, and even spices and drugs. They attended fairs and markets, and even sat on the ground to sell their wares—in fact, were little more than high-class pedlers. The poet Gower talks of "the depression of such mercerie." In late times the silk trade formed the main feature of their business; the greater use of silk beginning about 1573.

The mercers' first station, in Henry II.'s reign, was in that part of Cheap on the north side where Mercers' Hall now stands, but they removed soon afterwards higher up on the south side. The part of Champside between Bow Church and Friday Street became known as the Mercery. Here, in front of a large meadow called the "Crownaild," they held their little stalls or standings from Soper's Lane and the Standard. There were no houses as yet in this part of Champside. In 1239 William Elsing, a mercer, founded an hospital within Cripplegate, for 100 poor blind men, and became prior of his own institution.

In 1351 (Edward III.), the Mercers grew jealous of the Lombard merchants, and on Midsummer Day three mercers were sent to the Tower for attacking in two Lombards in the Old Jewry. The mercers in this reign sold woollen clothes, but not silks. In 1371, John Barnes, mercer, mayor, gave a chest with three locks, with 1,000 marks therein, to be lent to younger mercers, upon sufficient pawn and for the use thereof. The grateful recipients were merely to say "De Profundis," a Pater Noster, and no more. This bequest seems to have started among the Mercers the kindly practice of assisting the young and struggling members of this Company.

In the reign of Henry VI. the mercers had become great dealers in silks and velvets, and had resigned to the haberdashers the sale of small articles of dress. It is not known whether the mercers bought their silks from the Lombards, or the London silk-women, or whether they imported them themselves, since many of the members of the Company were merchants.

Twenty years after the murder of Becket, the murdered man's sister, who had married Thomas

Fitz Theobald de Helles, built a chapel and hospital of Augustine Friars close to Ironmonger Lane, Champside. The hospital was built on the site of the house where Becket was born. He was the son of Gilbert Becket, citizen, mercer and portwine of London, who was said to have been a Crusader, and to have married a fair Saracen, who had released him from prison, and who followed him to London, knowing only the one English word "Gilbert." The hospital, which was called "St. Thomas of Acon," from Becket's mother having been born at Acre, the ancient Ptolemais, was given to the Mercers' Fraternity by De Hilles and his wife, and Henry III. gave the master and twelve brothers all the land between St. Olave's and Ironmonger Lane, which had belonged to two rich Jews, to enlarge their ground. In Henry V.'s reign that illustrious mercer Whittington, by his wealth and charity, reflected great lustre on the Mercers' Company, who at his death were left trustees of the college and almshouses founded by the immortal Richard on College Hill. The Company still preserve the original ordinance of this charity with a curious picture of Whittington's death, and of the first three wardens, Coventry, Grove, and Carpenter.

In 1414, Thomas Falconer, mercer and mayor, lent Henry V., towards his French wars, ten marks upon jewels.

In 1513, Joan Bradbury, widow of Thomas Bradbury, late Lord Mayor of London, left the Guildhall Mead (now New Bond Street), to the Mercers' Company for charitable uses. In pursuance of the King's grant on this occasion, the Bishop of Norwich and others granted the Mercers' Company 29 acres of land in Marylebone, 120 acres in Westminster, and St. Giles, and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, of the annual value of £13 6s. 8d., and in part satisfaction of the said £20 a year. The Company still possess eight acres and a half of this old gift, forming the north side of Long Acre and the adjacent streets, one of which bears the name of the Company. Mercer Street was described in a parliamentary survey in 1650 to have long gardens reaching down to Cock and Pye Ditch, and the site of Seven Dials. In 1544 the three Greshams (at the time the twelve Companies were appealed to) lent Henry VIII. upon mortgaged lands £1,673 6s. 8d. In 1561, the wardens of the Mercers' Company were summoned before the Queen's Council for selling their velvets, satins, and damasks so dear, as English coin was no longer base, and the old excuse for the former high charges was gone. The Mercers prudently bowed before the storm, promised reform, and begged her Majesty's Council to look after the Grocers. At this time the chief vendors of

Italian silks lived in Cheapside, St. Lawrence Jewry, and Old Jewry.

During the civil wars both King and Parliament bore heavily on the Mercers. In 1640 Charles I. half forced from them a loan of £3,030, and in 1642 the Parliament borrowed £6,500, and arms from the Company's armoury, valued at £88. They afterwards gave further arms, valued at £71 13s. 4d., and advanced as a second loan £3,200. The result now became visible. In 1698, hoping to clear off

whom the insurance was effected, should be at the rate of £30 for every £100 of subscription. It was stipulated that subscribers must be in good and perfect health at the time of subscription. It was decided that all married men of the age of thirty years or under, might subscribe any sum from £50 to £1,000; that all married men, not exceeding sixty years of age, might subscribe any sum not less than £50, and not exceeding £300. The Company's prospectus further stipulates 'that no person



THE "SWAN WITH TWO NECKS," LAD LANE (*see page 374*).

their debts, the Mercers' Company engaged in a ruinous insurance scheme, suggested by Dr. Assheton, a Kentish rector. It was proposed to grant annuities of £30 per cent. to clergymen's widows according to certain sums paid by their husbands.

"Pledging the rents of their large landed estates as security for the fulfilment of their contracts with usurers, the Mercers entered on business as life assurance agents. Limiting the entire amount of subscription to £100,000, they decided that no person over sixty years of age should become a subscriber; that no subscriber should subscribe less than £50—*i.e.*, should purchase a smaller contingent annuity than one of £15; that the annuity to every subscriber's widow, or other person for

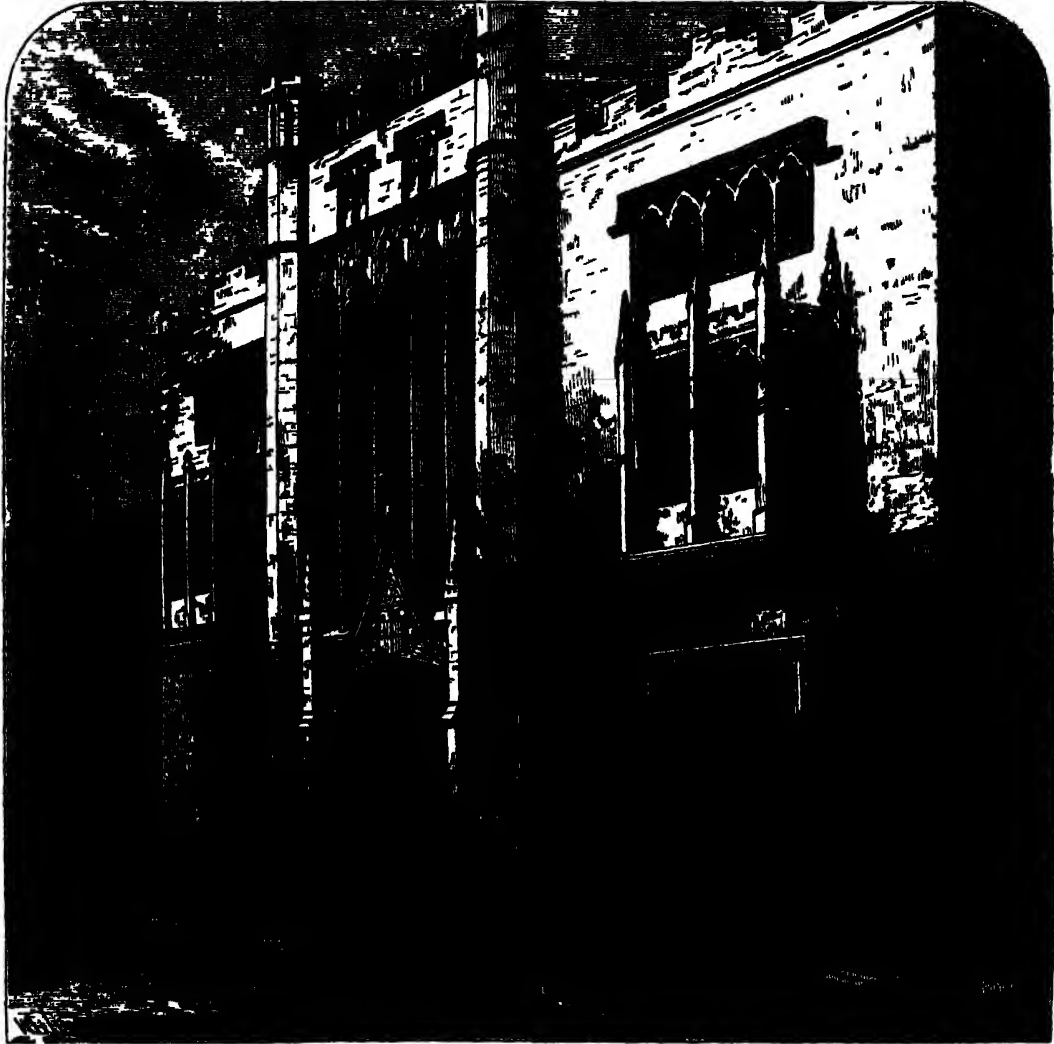
that goes to sea, nor soldier that goes to the wars, shall be admitted to subscribe to have the benefit of this proposal, in regard of the casualties and accidents that they are more particularly liable to.' Moreover, it was provided that 'in case it should happen that any man who had subscribed should voluntarily make away with himself, or by any act of his occasion his own death, either by duelling, or committing any crime whereby he should be sentenced to be put to death by justice; in any or either of these cases his widow should receive no annuity, but upon delivering up the Company's bond, should have the subscription money paid to her.'

"The Mercers' operations soon gave rise to more



business-like companies, specially created to secure the public against some of the calamitous consequences of death. In 1706, the Amicable Life Assurance Office—usually, though, as the reader has seen, incorrectly, termed the First Life Insur-

were fixed too high, and the Company had to sink to 18 per cent., and even this proved an insufficient reduction. In 1745 they were compelled to stop, and, after several ineffectual struggles, to petition Parliament.



CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.

ance Office—was established in imitation of the Mercers' Office. Two years later, the Second Society of Assurance, for the support of widows and orphans, was opened in Dublin, which, like the Amicable, introduced numerous improvements upon Dr. Assheton's scheme, and was a Joint-Stock Life Assurance Society, identical in its principles with, and similar in most of its details to, the modern insurance companies, of which there were as many as one hundred and sixty in the year 1859."

Large sums were subscribed, but the annuities

The petition showed that the Mercers were indebted more than £100,000. The annuities then out amounted to £7,620 per annum, and the subscriptions for future amounts reached £10,000 a year; while to answer these claims their present income only amounted to £4,100 per annum. The Company was therefore empowered by Act of Parliament, 4 George III., to issue new bonds and pay them off by a lottery, drawn in their own hall. This plan had the effect of completely retrieving their affairs, and restoring them again to prosperity.

Strype speaks of the mercers' shops situated on the south side of Cheapside as having been turned from mere sheds into handsome buildings four or five storeys high.

Mercers' Hall and Chapel have a history of their own. On the rough suppression of monastic institutions, Henry VIII., gorged with plunder, granted to the Mercers' Company for £969 17s. 6d. the church of the college of St. Thomas Acon, the parsonage of St. Mary Colechurch, and sundry premises in the parishes of St. Paul, Old Jewry, St. Stephen, Walbrook, St. Martin, Ironmonger Lane, and St. Stephen, Coleman Street. Immediately behind the great doors of the hospital and Mercers' Hall stood the hospital church of St. Thomas, and at the back were court-yards, cloisters, and gardens in a great wide enclosure east and west of Ironmonger Lane and the Old Jewry.

St. Thomas's Church was a large structure, probably rich in monuments, though many of the illustrious mercers were buried in Bow Church, St. Pancras, Soper Lane, St. Antholin's, Watling Street, and St. Benet Sherehog. The church was bought chiefly by Sir Richard Gresham's influence, and Stow tells us "it is now called Mercers' Chappell, and therein is kept a free grammar school as of old time had been accustomed." The original Mercers' Chapel was a chapel toward the street in front of the "great old chapel of St. Thomas," and over it was Mercers' Hall. Aggas's plan of London (circa 1560) shows it was a little above the Great Conduit of Cheapside. The small chapel was built by Sir John Allen, mercer and mayor (1521), and he was buried there; but the Mercers removed this tomb into the hospital church, and divided the chapel into shops. Grey, the founder of the hospital, was apprenticed to a bookseller who occupied one of these shops, and after the Fire of London he himself carried on the same trade in a shop which was built on the same site. Before the suppression, the Mercers only occupied a shop of the present front, the modern Mercers' Chapel standing, says Herbert, exactly on the site of part of the hospital church.

The old hospital gate, which forms the present hospital entrance, had an image of St. Thomas à Becket, but this was pulled down by Elizabethan fanatics. The interior of the chapel remains unaltered. There is a large ambulatory before it supported by columns, and a stone staircase leads to the hall and court-rooms. The ambulatory contains the recumbent figure of Richard Fishborne, Mercer, dressed in a fur gown and ruff. He was a great benefactor to the Company, and died in 1623 (James I.).

Many eminent citizens were buried in St. Thomas's, though most of the monuments had been defaced even in Stow's time. Among them were ten Mercer mayors and sheriffs, ten grocers (probably from Bucklersbury, their special locality), Sir Edward Shaw, goldsmith to Richard III., two Earls of Ormond, and Stephen Cavendish, draper and mayor (1362), whose descendants were ancestors of the ducal families of Cavendish and Devonshire.

William Downer, of London, gent., by his last will, dated 26th June, 1484, gave orders for his body to be buried within the church of St. Thomas Acon's, of London, in these terms:—"So that every year, yearly for evermore, in their foresaid church, at such time of the year as it shal happen me to dy, observe and keep an *obyte*, or an anniversary for my sowle, the sowles of my seyed wyfe, the sowles of my fader and moder, and al Christian sowles, with *placebo* and dirige on the even, and mass of requiem on the morrow following solemnly by note for evermore."

Previous to the suppression, Henry VIII. had permitted the Hospital of St. Thomas of Acon, which wanted room, to throw a gallery across Old Jewry into a garden which the master had purchased, adjoining the Grocers' Hall, and in which Sir Robert Clayton afterwards built a house, of which we shall have to speak in its place. The gallery was to have two windows, and in the winter a light was ordered to be burned there for the comfort of passers-by. In 1536, Henry VIII. and his queen, Jane Seymour, stood in the Mercers' Hall, then newly built, and saw the "marching watch of the City" most bravely set out by its founder, Sir John Allen, mercer and mayor, and one of the Privy Council.

In the reign of James I., Mercers' Chapel became a fashionable place of resort; gallants and ladies crowded there to hear the sermons of the learned Italian Archbishop of Spalatro, in Dalmatia, one of the few prize converts to Protestantism. In 1617 we look in and find among his auditors the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke, and Lords Zouch and Compton. The chapel continued for many years to be used for Italian sermons preached to English merchants who had resided abroad, and who partly defrayed the expense. The Mercers' School was first held in the hospital and then removed to the mercery.

The present chapel front in Cheapside is the central part alone of the front built after the Great Fire. Correspondent houses, five storeys high, formerly gave breadth and effect to the whole mass.

Old views represent shops on each side with un-sashed windows. The first floors have stone balconies, and over the central window of each room is the bust of a crowned virgin. It has a large doorcase, enriched with two genii above, in the act of mantling the Virgin's head, the Company's cognomen displayed upon the keystone of the arch. Above is a cornice, with brackets, sustaining a small gallery, from which, on each side, arise Doric pilasters, supporting an entablature of the same order; between the intercolumns and the central window are the figures of Faith and Hope, in niches, between whom, in a third niche of the entablature, is Charity, sitting with her three children. The upper storey has circular windows and other enrichments.

The entrance most used is in Ironmonger Lane, where is a small court, with offices, apparently the site of the ancient cloister, and which leads to the principal building. The hall itself is elevated as anciently, and supported by Doric columns, the space below being open one side and forming an extensive piazza, at the extremity whereof is the chapel, which is neatly planned, wainscoted, and paved with black and white marble. A high flight of stairs leads from the piazza to the hall, which is a very lofty apartment, handsomely wainscoted and ornamented with Doric pilasters, and various carvings in compartments.

In the hall, besides the transaction of the Company's business, the Gresham committees are held, which consist of four aldermen, including the Lord Mayor *pro tempore*, and eight of the City corporation, with whom are associated a select number of the assistants of the Mercers. In this hall also the British Fishery Society, and other corporate bodies, were formerly accustomed to hold their meetings.

The chief portraits in the hall are those of Sir Thomas Gresham (original), a fanciful portrait of Sir Richard Whittington, a likeness of Count Tekeli (the hero of the old opera), Count Panington; Dean Colet (the illustrious friend of Erasmus, and the founder of St. Paul's school); Thomas Papillon, Master of the Company in 1698, who left £1,000 to the Company, to relieve any of his family that ever came to want; and Rowland Wynne, Master of the Company in 1675. Wynne gave £400 towards the repairing of the hall after the Great Fire.

In Strype's time (1720), the Mercers' Company gave away £3,000 a year in charity. In 1745 the Company's money legacies amounted to £21,699 5s. 9d., out of which the Company paid annually £573 17s. 4d. In 1832, the lapsed legacies of

the Company became the subject of a Chancery suit; the result was that money is now lent to liverymen or freemen of the Company requiring assistance in sums of £100, and not exceeding £500, for a term, without interest, but only upon approved security.

The present Mercers' School, which is but lately finished, is a very elegant stone structure, adjoining St. Michael's Church, College Hill, on the site of Whittington's Almshouses, which had been removed to Highgate to make room for it.

The school scholarship is in the gift of the Mercers' Company, and it must not be forgotten that Caxton, the first great English printer, was a member of this livery.

Subsequently to the Great Fire, says Herbert, there was some discussion with Parliament on rebuilding the Mercers' School on the former site of St. Mary Colechurch. That site, however, was ultimately rejected, and by the Rebuilding Act, 23 Charles II. (1670), it was expressly provided that there should be a plot of ground, on the western side of the Old Jewry, "set apart for the Mercers' School." Persons who remember the building, says Herbert, describe it whilst here as an old-fashioned house for the masters' residence, with projecting upper storeys, a low, spacious building by the side of it for the schoolroom, and an area behind it for a playground, the whole being situate on the west side of the Old Jewry, about forty yards from Chespeide.

The great value of ground on the above spot, and a desire to widen, as at present, the entrance to the Old Jewry, occasioned the temporary removal of the Mercers' School, in 1787, to No. 13, Budge Row, about thirty yards from Dowgate Hill (a house of the Company's, which was afterwards burnt down). In 1804 it was again temporarily removed to No. 20, Red Lion Court, Watling Street; and from thence, in 1808, to its present situation on College Hill. The latter premises were hired by the Company, at the rent of £120, and the average expense of the school was £677 1s. 1d. The salary of the master is £200, and £50 gratuity, with a house to live in, rent and taxes free. Writing, arithmetic, and merchant's accounts were added to the Greek and Latin classics, in 1804; and a writing-master was engaged, who has a salary of £120, and a gratuity of £20, but no house. There are two exhibitions belonging to the school.

With the Mercers' Hospital, in the Middle Ages, many curious old City customs were connected. The customary devotions of the new Lord Mayor, at St. Thomas of Acon Church, in the Catholic times,

identify themselves in point of locality with the Mercers' Company, and are to be ranked amongst that Company's observances. Strype has described these, from an ancient MS. he met with on the subject. The new Lord Mayor, it states, "*after dinner*," on his inauguration day (the ceremony would have suited much better *before* dinner in modern days), "was wont to go from his house to the Church of St. Thomas of Acon, those of his livery going before him; and the aldermen in like manner being there met together, they came to the Church of St. Paul, whither, when they were come, namely, in the middle place between the body of the church, between two little doors, they were wont to pray for the soul of the Bishop of London. William Norman, who was a great benefactor to the City, in obtaining the confirmation of their liberties from William the Conqueror, a priest saying the office *De Profundis* (called a dirge); and from thence they passed to the churchyard, where Thomas à Becket's parents were buried, and there, near their tomb, they said also, for all the faithful deceased, *De Profundis* again. The City procession thence returned through Cheapside Market, sometimes with wax candles burning (if it was late), to the said Church Sanctæ Thomæ, and there the mayor and aldermen offered single pence, which being done, every one went to his home."

On all saints' days, and various other festivals, the mayor with his family attended at this same Church of St. Thomas, and the aldermen also, and those that were "of the livery of the mayor, with the honest men of the mysteries," in their several habits, or suits, from which they went to St. Paul's to hear vespers. On the Feast of Innocents they heard vespers at St. Thomas's, and on the morrow mass and vespers.

The Mercers' election cup, says Timbs, of early sixteenth century work, was silver-gilt, decorated with fret-work and female busts; the feet, flasks; and on the cover is the popular legend of an unicorn yielding its horn to a maiden. The whole is enamelled with coats of arms, and these lines—

"To elect the Master of the Mercerie hither am I sent,  
And by Sir Thomas Leigh for the same intent."

The Company also possess a silver-gilt wagon and tun, covered with arabesques and enamels, of sixteenth century work. The hall was originally decorated with carvings; the main stem of deal, the fruit, flowers, &c., of lime, pear, and beech. These becoming worm-eaten, were long since removed from the panelling and put aside; but they have been restored by Mr. Henry Crace, who thus describes the process:—

"The carving is of the same colour as when taken down. I merely washed it, and with a gimlet bored a number of holes in the back, and into every projecting piece of fruit and leaves on the face, and placing the whole in a long trough, fifteen inches deep, I covered it with a solution prepared in the following manner:—I took sixteen gallons of linseed oil, with 2 lbs. of litharge, finely ground, 1 lb. of camphor, and 2 lbs. of red lead, which I boiled for six hours, keeping it stirred, that every ingredient might be perfectly incorporated. I then dissolved 6 lbs. of bees'-wax in a gallon of spirits of turpentine, and mixed the whole, while warm, thoroughly together.

"In this solution the carving remained for twenty-four hours. When taken out, I kept the face downwards, that the oil might soak down to the face of the carving; and on cutting some of the wood nearly nine inches deep, I found it had soaked through, for not any of the dust was blown out, as I considered it a valuable medium to form a substance for the future support of the wood. This has been accomplished, and, as the dust became saturated with the oil, it increased in bulk, and rendered the carving perfectly solid."

The Company is now governed by a master, three wardens, and a court of thirty-one or more assistants. The livery fine is 53s. 4d. The Mercers' Company, though not by any means the most ancient of the leading City companies, takes precedence of all. Such anomalous institutions are the City companies, that, curious to relate, the present body hardly includes one mercer among them. In Henry VIII.'s reign the Company (freemen, house-holders, and livery) amounted to fifty-three persons; in 1701 it had almost quadrupled. Strype (1754) only enumerates fifty-two mayors who had been mercers, from 1214 to 1701; this is below the mark. Halkins over-estimates the mercer mayors as ninety-eight up to 1708. Few monarchs have been mercers, yet Richard II. was a free brother, and Queen Elizabeth a free sister.

Half our modern nobility have sprung from the trades they now despise. Many of the great mercers became the founders of noble houses; for instance—Sir John Coventry (1425), ancestor of the present Earl of Coventry; Sir Geoffrey Bullen, grandfather of Queen Elizabeth; Sir William Hollis, ancestor of the Earls of Clare. From Sir Richard Dormer (1542) sprang the Lords Dormer; from Sir Thomas Baldry (1523) the Lords Kensington (Rich); from Sir Thomas Seymour (1527) the Dukes of Somerset; from Sir Baptist Hicks, the great mercer of James I., who built Hicks' Hall, on Clerkenwell Green, sprang the Viscounts Camden;

from Sir Rowland Hill, the Lords Hill; from James Butler (Henry II.) the Earls of Ormond; from Sir Geoffrey Fielding, Privy Councillor to Henry II. and Richard I., the Earls of Denbigh.

The costume of the Mercers became fixed about the reign of Charles I. The master and wardens led the civic processions, "faced in furs," with the lords; the livery followed in gowns faced with satins, the livery of all other Companies wearing facings of fringe.

"In Ironmonger Lane," says Stow, giving us a

glimpse of old London, "is the small parish church of St. Martin, called Pomary, upon what occasion certainly I know not; but it is supposed to be of apples growing where now houses are lately built, for myself have seen the large void places there." The church was repaired in the year 1629. Mr. Stodder left 40s. for a sermon to be preached on St. James's Day by an unbeneficed minister, in commemoration of the deliverance in the year 1588 (Armada); and 50s. more to the use of the poor of the same parish, to be paid by the Ironmongers.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### GUILDHALL.

*The Original Guildhall—A fearful Civic Spectacle—The Value of Land increased by the Great Fire—Guildhall as it was and is—The Statues over the South Porch—Dance's Disfigurements—The Renovation in 1864—The Crypt—Gog and Magog—Shopkeepers in Guildhall—The Cenotaphs in Guildhall—The Court of Aldermen The City Courts—The Chamberlain's Office—Pictures in the Guildhall—Sir Robert Porter—The Common Council Room—Pictures and Statues—Guildhall Chapel—The New Library and Museum—Some Rare Books—Historical Events in Guildhall—Chaucer in Trouble—Buckingham at Guildhall—Anne Askew's Trial and Death—Surrey—Throckmorton—Garnet—A Grand Banquet.*

THE Guildhall—the mean-looking Hôtel de Ville of London—was originally (says Stow) situated more to the east side of Aldermanbury, to which it gave name. Richard de Reynere, a sheriff in the reign of Richard I. (1189), gave to the church of St. Mary, at Osney, near Oxford, certain ground rents in Aldermanbury, as appears by an entry in the Register of the Court of Hustings of the Guildhall. In Stow's time the Aldermanbury hall had been turned into a carpenter's yard.

The present Guildhall (which the meanest Flemish city would despise) was "builded new," whatever that might imply, according to our venerable guide, in 1411 (12th of Henry IV.), by Thomas Knoles, the mayor, and his brethren the aldermen, and "from a little cottage it grew into a great house." The expenses were defrayed by benevolences from the City Companies, and ten years' fees, fines, and amercements. Henry V. granted the City free passages for four boats and four carts, to bring lime, ragstone, and freestone for the works. In the first year of Henry VI., when the citizens were every day growing richer and more powerful, the illustrious Whittington's executors gave £35 to pave the Great Hall with Purbeck stone. They also blazoned some of the windows of the hall, and the Mayor's Court, with Whittington's escutcheons.

A few years afterwards one of the porches, the Mayor's Chamber, and the Council Chamber were built. In 1501 (Henry VII.), Sir John Shaw, mayor,

knighted on Bosworth Field, built the kitchens, since which time the City feasts, before that held at Merchant Taylors' and Grocers' Hall, were annually held here. In 1505, Sir Nicholas Alwin, mayor in 1499, left £73 6s. 8d. to purchase tapestry for "gaudy" days at the Guildhall. In 1614 a new Council Chamber, with a second room over it, was erected, at an outlay of £1,740.

In the Great Fire, when all the roofs and out-buildings were destroyed, an eye-witness describes Guildhall itself still standing firm, probably because it was framed with solid oak.

Mr. Vincent, a minister, in his "God's Terrible Voice in the City," printed in the year 1667, says: "And amongst other things that night, the sight of Guildhall was a fearful spectacle, which stood the whole body of it together in view for several hours together, after the fire had taken it, without flames (I suppose because the timber was such solid oake), like a bright shining coal, as if it had been a palace of gold, or a great building of burnished brass."

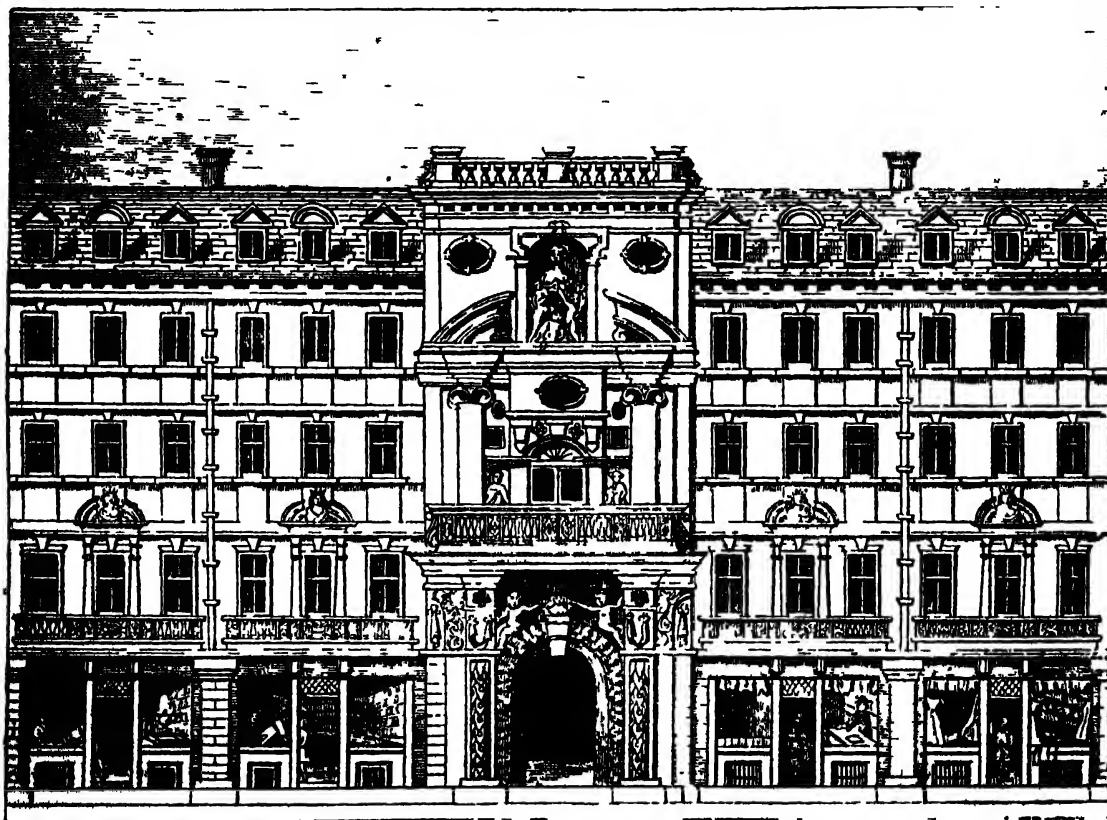
Pepys has some curious notes about the new Guildhall.

"Sir Richard Ford," he says, "tells me, speaking of the new street"—the present King Street—"that is to be made from Guildhall down to Cheapside, that the ground is already, most of it, bought; and tells me of one particular, of a man that hath a piece of ground lying in the very middle of the street that must be; which, when the street is cut out of it,



there will remain ground enough of each side to build a house to front the street. He demanded seven hundred pounds for the ground, and to be excused paying anything for the melioration of the rest of his ground that he was to keep. The Court consented to give him £700, only not to abate him the consideration, which the man denied; but told them, and so they agreed, that he would excuse the City the £700, that he might have the benefit of the melioration without paying anything for it. So

1829, were divided into eight portions by projecting clusters of columns. Above the dados were two windows of the meanest and most debased Gothic. Several of the large windows were blocked up with tasteless monuments. The blockings of the friezes were sculptured; large guideron shields were blazoned with the arms of the principal City companies. The old mediæval open timber-work roof had been swallowed up by the Great Fire, and in lieu of it there was a poor attic storey, and a flat panelled



MERCERS' CHAPEL, AS REBUILT AFTER THE FIRE. (*From an Old Print.*) (See page 381.)

much some will get by having the City burned. Ground, by this means, that was not fourpence a foot afore, will now, when houses are built, be worth fifteen shillings a foot."

In the "Calendar of State Papers" (Charles II., February, 1667), we find notice that "the Committee of the Common Council of London for making the new street called King Street, between Guildhall and Cheapside, will sit twice a week at Guildhall, to treat with persons concerned; enquiry to be made by jury, according to the Act for Rebuilding the City, of the value of land of such persons as refuse to appear."

The Great Hall is 153 feet long, 50 feet broad, and about 55 feet high. The interior sides, in

ceiling, by some attributed to Wren. At each end of the hall was a large pointed window; the east one blazoned with the royal arms, and the stars and jewels of the English orders of knighthood; the west with the City arms and supporters. At the east end of the hall (the ancient dais) was a raised enclosed platform, for holding the Court of Hustings and taking the poll at elections, and other purposes. The panelled wainscoting (in the old churchwarden taste) was separated into compartments by fluted Corinthian pilasters. Over these was a range of ancient canopied niches in carved stone, vulgarly imitated by modern work on the west side. Our old friends Gog and Magog, before *Dance's improvements*, stood on brackets adjoining



a balcony over the entrance to the interior courts, and were removed to brackets on each side the great west window.

Stow describes the statues over the great south porch of King Henry VI.'s time as bearing the following emblems: the tables of the Commandments, a whip, a sword, and a pot. By their ancient habits and the coronets on their heads, he presumed them to be the statues of benefactors of London. The statue of our Saviour had disappeared, but the

Stow, in relation to the Guildhall statues, and to the general demolition of "images" that occurred in his time, states, "these verses following" were made about 1560, by William Elderton, an attorney in the Sheriff's Court at Guildhall:—

"Though most the Images be pulled downe,  
And none be thought remain in Towne,  
I am sure there be in London yet  
Seven images, such, and in such a place  
As few or none I think will hit,



THE CRYPT OF GUILDHALL (see page 386).

two bearded figures remaining, he conjectured, were good Bishop William and the Conqueror himself. Four lesser figures, two on each side the porch, seemed to be noble and pious ladies, one of them probably the Empress Maud, another the good Queen Philippa, who once interceded for the City. These figures were taken down during Dance's injudicious alterations in 1789. They lay neglected in a cellar until Alderman Boydell obtained leave of the Corporation to give them to Banks, the sculptor, who had taste enough to appreciate the simple earnestness of the Gothic work. At his death they were given again to the City. These figures were removed from the old screen in 1865, and were not replaced in the new one.

Yet every day they show their face ;  
And thousands see them every yeare,  
But few, I thinke, can tell me where ;  
Where *Jesus Christ* aloft doth stand,  
*Law* and *Learning* on either hand,  
*Discipline* in the Devil's necke,  
And hard by her are three direct ;  
There *Justice*, *Fortitude*, and *Temperance* stand ;  
Where find ye the like in all this Land ?"

The true renovation of this great City hall commenced in the year 1864, when Mr. Horace Jones, the architect to the City of London, was entrusted with the erection of an open oak roof, with a central louvre and tapering metal spire. The new roof is as nearly as possible framed to resemble the roof destroyed in the Great Fire. Many southern

windows have been re-opened, and layer after layer of plaster and cement scraped from the internal architectural ornamentation. The southern windows have been fitted with stained glass, designed by Mr. F. Halliday, the subjects being—the grant of the Charter, coining money, the death of Wat Tyler, a royal tournament, &c. The new roof is of oak, with rather a high pitch, lighted by sixteen dormers, eight on each side. The height from the pavement to the under-side of the ridge is 89 feet, the total length is 152 feet; and there are eight bays and seven principals. The roof, which does great credit to Mr. Jones, is double-lined oak and deal, slated. The hall is lighted by sixteen gaseliers. A screen, with dais or hustings at the east end, is of carved oak. There is a minstrels' gallery and a new stone floor with coloured bands.

The fine crypt under the Guildhall was, till its restoration in the year 1851, a mere receptacle for the planks, benches, and trestles used at the City banquets.

"This crypt is by far the finest and most extensive undercroft remaining in London, and is a true portion of the ancient hall (erected in 1411) which escaped the Great Fire of 1666. It extends half the length beneath the Guildhall, from east to west, and is divided nearly equally by a wall, having an ancient pointed door. The crypt is divided into aisles by clustered columns, from which spring the stone-ribbed groins of the vaulting, composed partly of chalk and stone, the principal intersections being covered with carved bosses of flowers, heads, and shields. The north and south aisles had formerly mullioned windows, long walled up. At the eastern end is a fine Early English arched entrance, in fair preservation; and in the south-eastern angle is an octangular recess, which formerly was ceiled by an elegantly groined roof, height thirteen feet. The vaulting, with four centred arches, is very striking, and is probably some of the earliest of the sort, which seems peculiar to this country. Though called the Tudor arch, the time of its introduction was Lancastrian (see Weale's 'London,' p. 159). In 1851 the stone-work was rubbed down and cleaned, and the clustered shafts and capitals were repaired; and on the visit of Queen Victoria to Guildhall, July 9, 1851, a banquet was served to her Majesty and suite in this crypt, which was characteristically decorated for the occasion. Opposite the north entrance is a large antique bowl of Egyptian red granite, which was presented to the Corporation by Major Cookson, in 1802, as a memorial of the British achievements in Egypt." (Timbs.)

"There was something very picturesque," says

Brayley, "in the old Guildhall entrance. On each side of the flight of steps was an octangular turreted gallery, balustraded, having an office in each, appropriated to the hall-keeper; these galleries assumed the appearance of arbours, from being each surrounded by six palm-trees in iron-work, the foliage of which gave support to a large balcony, having in front a clock (with three dials) elaborately ornamented, and underneath a representation of the sun, resplendent with gilding; the clock-frame was of oak. At the angles were the cardinal virtues, and on the top a curious figure of Time, with a young child in his arms. On brackets to the right and left of the balcony were the gigantic figures of Gog and Magog, as before-mentioned, giving, by their vast size and singular costume, an unique character to the whole. At the sides of the steps, under the hall-keeper's office, were two dark cells, or cages, in which unruly apprentices were occasionally confined, by order of the City Chamberlain; these were called 'Little Ease,' from not being of sufficient height for a big boy to stand upright in them."

The Gog and Magog, those honest giants of Guildhall who have looked down on many a good dinner with imperturbable self-denial, have been the unconscious occasion of much inkshed. Who did they represent, and were they really carried about in Lord Mayor's Shows, was discussed by many generations of angry antiquaries. In Strype's time, when there were pictures of Queen Anne, King William and his consort Mary, at the east end of the hall, the two pantomime giants of renown stood by the steps going up to the Mayor's Court. The one holding a poleaxe with a spiked ball, Strype considered, represented a Briton; the other, with a halbert, he opined to be a Saxon. Both of them wore garlands. What was denied to great and learned was disclosed to the poor and simple. Hone, the bookseller, or one of his writers, came into possession of a little guide-book sold to visitors to the Guildhall in 1741; this set Mr. Fairholt, a most diligent antiquary, on the right track, and he soon settled the matter for ever. Gog and Magog were really Corineus and Gogmagog. The former, a companion of Brutus the Trojan, killed, as the story goes, Gog-magog, the aboriginal giant.

Our sketch of City pageants has already shown that two hundred years ago giants named Corineus and Gogmagog (which ought to have put our antiquaries earlier on the right scent) formed part of the procession. In 1672 Thomas Jordan, the City poet, in his own account of the ceremonial, especially mentions two giants fifteen feet high, in two several chariots, "talking and

taking tobacco as they ride along," to the great admiration and delight of the spectators. "At the conclusion of the show," says the writer, "they are to be set up in Guildhall, where they may be daily seen all the year, and, I hope, never to be demolished by such dismal violence (the Great Fire) as happened to their predecessors." These giants of Jordan's, being built of wickerwork and pasteboard, at last fell to decay. In 1706 two new and more solid giants of wood were carved for the City by Richard Saunders, a captain in the trained band, and a carver, in King Street, Cheapside. In 1837, Alderman Lucas being mayor, copies of these giants walked in the show, turning their great painted heads and goggling eyes, to the delight of the spectators. The Guildhall giants, as Mr. Fairholt has shown, with his usual honest industry, are mentioned by many of our early poets, dramatists, and writers, as Shirley, facetious Bishop Corbet, George Wither, and Ned Ward. In Hone's time City children visiting Guildhall used to be told that every day when the giants heard the clock strike twelve they came down to dinner. Mr. Fairholt, in his "Gog and Magog" (1859), has shown by many examples how professional giants (protectors or destroyers of lives) are still common in the annual festivals of half the great towns of Flanders and of France.

In the middle of the last century, says Mr. Fairholt, in his "Gog and Magog," the Guildhall was occupied by shopkeepers, after the fashion of our bazaars; and one Thomas Boreman, bookseller, "near the Giants, in Guildhall," published, in 1741, two very small volumes of their "gigantick history," in which he tells us that as Corineus and Gogmagog were two brave giants, who nicely valued their honour, and exerted their whole strength and force in defence of their liberty and country, so the City of London, by placing these their representatives in their Guildhall, emblematically declare that they will, like mighty giants, defend the honour of their country and liberties of this their city, which excels all others as much as those huge giants exceed in stature the common bulk of mankind.

The author of this little volume then gives his version of the tale of the encounter, "wherein the giants were all destroyed, save Goemagog, the hugest among them, who, being in height twelve cubits, was reserved alive, that Corineus might try his strength with him in single combat. Corineus desired nothing more than such a match; but the old giant, in a wrestle, caught him aloft and broke three of his ribs. Upon this, Corineus, being desperately enraged, collected all his strength, heaved up Goemagog by main force, and bearing him on

his shoulders to the next high rock, threw him headlong, all shattered, into the sea, and left his name on the cliff, which has ever since been called Lan-Goemagog, that is to say, the Giant's Leap. Thus perished Goemagog, commonly called Gogmagog, the last of the giants."

The early popularity of this tale is testified by its occurrence in the curious history of the Fitz-Warines, composed, in the thirteenth century, in Anglo-Norman, no doubt by a writer who resided on the Welsh border, and who, in describing a visit paid by William the Conqueror there, speaks of that sovereign asking the history of a burnt and ruined town, and an old Briton thus giving it him:—"None inhabited these parts except very foul people, great giants, whose king was called Goemagog. These heard of the arrival of Brutus, and went out to encounter him, and at last all the giants were killed except Goemagog."

Dance's entrance to the courts was made exactly opposite the grand south entrance. Four large tasteless cenotaphs, more fit for the Pantheon of London, St. Paul's, than for anywhere else, are erected in Guildhall—to the north, those of Beckford, the Earl of Clarendon, and Nelson; on the south, that of William Pitt.

The monument to Beckford, the bold opposer of the arbitrary measures of a mistaken court and a misguided Parliament, is by Moore, a sculptor who lived in Berners Street. It represents the alderman in the act of delivering the celebrated speech which is engraved on the pedestal, and which, as Horace Walpole (who delighted in the mischief) says, made the king uncertain whether to sit still and silent, or to pick up his robes and hurry into his private room. At the angles of the pedestal are two female figures, Liberty and Commerce, mourning for the alderman.

The monument of the Earl of Chatham, by Bacon (executed in 1782 for 3,000 guineas), is of a higher style than Beckford's, and, like its companion, it is a period of political excitement turned into stone. If it were the custom to delay the erection of statues to eminent men twenty years after their death, how many would ever be erected? The usual cold allegory, in this instance, is atoned for by some dignity of mind. The great earl (a Roman senator, of course), his left hand on a helm, is placing his right hand affectionately on the plump shoulders of Commerce, who, as a blushing young *débutante*, is being presented to him by the City of London, who wears a mural crown, probably because London has no walls. In the foreground is the sculptor's everlasting *Britannia*, seated on her small but serviceable steed, the lion,

and receiving into her capacious lap the contents of a cornucopia of Plenty, poured into it by four children, who represent the four quarters of the world. The inscription was written by Burke.

Nelson's fame is very imperfectly honoured by a pile of allegory, erected in 1811 by the entirely forgotten Mr. James Smith, for £4,442 7s. 4d. This deplorable mass of stone consists of a huge figure of Neptune looking at Britannia, who is mournfully contemplating a very small profile relief of the departed hero, on a small dusty medallion about the size of a maid-servant's locket. To crown all this tame stuff there are some flags and trophies, and a pyramid, on which the City of London (female figure) is writing the words "Nile, Copenhagen, Trafalgar." With admirable taste the sculptor, who knew what his female figures were, has turned the City of London with her back to the spectator. At the base of this absurd monument two sailors watch over a bas-relief of the battle of Trafalgar, which certainly no one of taste would steal. The inscription is from the florid pen of Sheridan.

Facing his father, the gouty old Roman of the true rock, stands William Pitt, lean, arrogant, and with the nose "on which he dangled the Opposition" sufficiently prominent. It was the work of J. G. Bubb, and was erected in 1812, at a cost of £4,078 17s. 3d.; and a pretty mixture of the Greek Pantheon and the English House of Commons it is! Pitt stands on a rock, dressed as Chancellor of the Exchequer; below him are Apollo and Mercury, to represent Eloquence and Learning; and a woman on a dolphin, who stands for—what does our reader think?—National Energy. In the foreground is what guide-books call "a majestic figure" of Britannia, calmly holding a hot thunderbolt and a cold trident, and riding side-saddle on a sea-horse. The inscription is by Canning. The statue of Wellington, by Bell, cost £4,966 10s.

The Court of Aldermen is a richly-gilded room with a stucco ceiling, painted with allegorical figures of the hereditary virtues of the City of London—Justice, Prudence, Temperance, and Fortitude—by that over-rated painter, Hogarth's father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill, who was presented by the Corporation with a gold cup, value £225 7s. In the cornices are emblazoned the arms of all the mayors since 1780 (the year of the Gordon riots). Each alderman's chair bears his name and arms.

The apartment, says a writer in Knight's "London," as its name tells us, is used for the sittings of the Court of Aldermen, who, in judicial matters, form the bench of magistrates for the City, and in their more directly corporate capacity try the

validity of ward elections, and claims to freedom; who admit and swear brokers, superintend prisons, order prosecutions, and perform a variety of other analogous duties; a descent, certainly, from the high position of the ancient "ealdormen," or superior Saxon nobility, from whom they derive their name and partly their functions. They were called "barons" down to the time of Henry I., if, as is probable, the latter term in the charter of that king refers to the aldermen. A striking proof of the high rank and importance of the individuals so designated is to be found in the circumstance that the wards of London of which they were aldermen were, in some cases at least, their own heritable property, and as such bought and sold and transferred under particular circumstances. Thus, the aldermanry of a ward was purchased, in 1279, by William Faryngdon, who gave it his own name, and in whose family it remained upwards of eighty years; and in another case the Knighten Guild having given the lands and soke of what is now called Portsoken Ward to Trinity Priory, the prior became, in consequence, alderman, and so the matter remained in Stow's time, who beheld the prior of his day riding in procession with the mayor and aldermen, only distinguished from them by wearing a purple instead of a scarlet gown.

Each of the twentysix wards into which the City is divided elects one alderman, with the exception of Cripplegate Within and Cripplegate Without, which together send but six; add to them an alderman for Southwark, or, as it is sometimes called, Bridge Ward Without, and we have the entire number of twenty-six, including the mayor. They are elected for life at ward-motes, by such householders as are at the same time freemen, and paying not less than thirty shillings to the local taxes. The fine for the rejection of the office is £500. Generally speaking, the aldermen consist of those persons who, as common councilmen, have won the good opinion of their fellows, and who are presumed to be fitted for the higher offices.

Talking of the ancient aldermen, Kemble, in his learned work, "The Saxons in England," says:—"The new constitution introduced by Cnut reduced the ealdorman to a subordinate position. Over several counties was now placed one earl, or earl, in the northern sense a jarl, with power analogous to that of the Frankish dukes. The word ealdorman itself was used by the Danes to denote a class—gentle indeed, but very inferior to the princely officers who had previously borne that title. It is under Cnut, and the following Danish kings, that we gradually lose sight of the old ealdormen. The king rules by his

earls and his huscarlas, and the caldormen vanish from the counties. From this time the king's writs are directed to the earl, the bishop, and the sheriff of the county, but in no one of them does the title of the caldorman any longer occur; while those sent to the towns are directed to the bishop and the portgeréfa, or prefect of the city. Gradually the old title ceases altogether, except in the cities, where it denotes an inferior judicature, much as it does among ourselves at the present day."

"The courts for the City" in Stow's time were:—

"1. The Court of Common Council. 2. The Court of the Lord Mayor, and his brethren the Aldermen. 3. The Court of Hustings. 4. The Court of Orphans. 5. The Court of the Sheriffs. 6. The Court of the Wardmote. 7. The Court of Hallmote. 8. The Court of Requests, commonly called the Court of Conscience. 9. The Chamberlain's Court for Apprentices, and making them free."

In the Court of Exchequer, formerly the Court of King's Bench (where the Mayor's Court is still held), Stow describes one of the windows put up by Whittington's executors, as containing a blazon of the mayor, seated, in parti-coloured habit, and with his hood on. At the back of the judge's seat there used to be paintings of Prudence, Justice, Religion, and Fortitude. Here there is a large picture, by Alaux, of Paris, presented by Louis Philippe, representing his reception of an address from the City, on his visit to England, in 1844. This part of the Guildhall treasures also contains several portraits of George III. and Queen Charlotte, by Reynolds' rival, Ramsay (son of Allan Ramsay the poet), and William III. and Queen Mary, by Van der Vaart. There is a pair of classical subjects—Minerva, by Westall, and Apollo washing his locks in the Castalian Fountains, by Gavin Hamilton.

"The greater portion of the judicial business of the Corporation is carried on here; that business, as a whole, comprising in its civil jurisdiction, first, the Court of Hustings, the Supreme Court of Record in London, and which is frequently resorted to in outlawry, and other cases where an expeditious judgment is desired; secondly, the Lord Mayor's Court, which has cognisance of all personal and mixed actions at common law, which is a court of equity, and also a criminal court in matters pertaining to the customs of London; and, thirdly, the Sheriffs' Court, which has a common law jurisdiction only. We may add that the jurisdiction of both courts is confined to the City and liberties, or, in other words, to those portions of incorporated London known respectively, in corporate language, as *Within the walls and Without*. The criminal

jurisdiction includes the London Sessions, held generally eight times a year, with the Recorder as the acting judge, for the trial of felonies, &c.; the Southwark Sessions, held in Southwark four times a year; and the eight Courts of Conservancy of the River."

Passing into the Chamberlain's Office, we find a portrait of Mr. Thomas Tomkins, by Reynolds; and if it be asked who is Mr. Thomas Tomkins, we have only to say, in the words of the inscription on another great man, "Look around!" All these beautifully written and emblazoned duplicates of the honorary freedoms and thanks voted by the City, some sixty or more, we believe, in number, are the sole production of him who, we regret to say, is the late Mr. Thomas Tomkins. The duties of the Chamberlain are numerous; among them the most worthy of mention, perhaps, are the admission, on oath, of freemen (till of late years averaging in number one thousand a year); the determining quarrels between masters and apprentices (Hogarth's prints of the "Idle and Industrious Apprentice" are the first things you see within the door); and, lastly, the treasurership, in which department various sums of money pass through his hands. In 1832, the latest year for which we have any authenticated statement, the corporate receipts, derived chiefly from rents, dues, and market tolls, amounted to £160,193 11s. 8d., and the expenditure to somewhat more. Near the door numerous written papers attract the eye—the useful daily memoranda of the multifarious business eternally going on, and which, in addition to the matters already incidentally referred to, point out one of the modes in which that business is accomplished—the committees. We read of appointments for the Committee of the Royal Exchange—of Sewers—of Corn, Coal, and Finance—of Navigation—of Police, and so on. (Knight's "London," 1843.)

In other rooms of the Guildhall are the following interesting pictures:—Opie's "Murder of James I. of Scotland;" Reynolds' portrait of the great Lord Camden; two studies of a "Tiger," and a "Lioness and her Young," by Northcote; the "Battle of Towton," by Boydell; "Conjugal Affection," by Smirke; and portraits of Sir Robert Clayton, Sir Matthew Hale, and Alderman Waithman. These pictures are curious as marking various progressive periods of English art.

A large folding-screen, painted, it is said, by Copley, represents the Lord Mayor Beckford delivering the City sword to George III., at Temple Bar; interesting for its portraits, and record of the costume of the period; presented by Alderman Salomons to the City in 1850. Here once hung a



large picture of the Battle of Agincourt, painted by Sir Robert Ker Porter, when nineteen years of age, assisted by the late Mr. Mulready, and presented to the City in 1808.

The Common Council room (says Brayley) is a compact and well-proportioned apartment,

however, was executed at the expense of the Corporation, by J. S. Copley, R.A., in honour of the gallant defence of Gibraltar by General Elliot, afterwards Lord Heathfield; it measures twenty-five feet in width, and about twenty in height, and represents the destruction of the floating batteries



THE COURT OF ALDERMEN, GUILDHALL. (See page 388.)

appropriately fitted up for the assembly of the Court of Common Council, which consists of the Lord Mayor, twenty aldermen, and 236 deputies from the City wards; the middle part is formed into a square by four Tuscan arches, sustaining a cupola, by which the light is admitted. Here is a splendid collection of paintings, and some statuary: for the former the City is chiefly indebted to the munificence of the late Mr. Alderman John Boydell, who was Lord Mayor in 1791. The principal picture,

before the above fortress on the 13th of September, 1782. The principal figures, which are as large as life, are portraits of the governor and officers of the garrison. It cost the City £1,543. Here also are four pictures, by Paton, representing other events in that celebrated siege; and two by Dodd, of the engagement in the West Indies between Admirals Rodney and De Grasse in 1782.

Against the south wall are portraits of Lord Heathfield, after Sir Joshua Reynolds; the Marquis





OLD FRONT OF GUILDHALL. (From Seren's "London," 1734.)

Cornwallis, by Copley; Admiral Lord Viscount Hood, by Abbott; and Mr. Alderman Boyde, by Sir William Beechey; also, a large picture of the "Murder of David Rizzio," by Opie. On the north wall is "Sir William Walworth killing Wat Tyler," by Northcote; and the following portraits: viz., Admiral Lord Rodney, after Monnoyer; Admiral Earl Howe, copied by G. Kirkland; Admiral Lord Duncan, by Hoppner; Admirals the Earl of St. Vincent and Lord Viscount Nelson, by Sir William Beechey; and David Pinder, Esq., by Opie. The subjects of three other pictures are more strictly municipal—namely, the Ceremony of Administering the Civic Oath to Mr. Alderman Newnham as Lord Mayor, on the Hustings at Guildhall, November 8th, 1782 (this was painted by Miller, and includes upwards of 140 portraits of the aldermen, &c.); the Lord Mayor's Show on the water, November the 9th (the vessels by Paton, the figures by Wheatley); and the Royal Entertainment in Guildhall on the 14th of June, 1814, by William Daniell, R.A.

Within an elevated niche of dark-coloured marble, at the upper end of the room, is a fine statue, in white marble, by Chantrey, of George III., which was executed at the cost to the City of £3,089 9s. 5d. He is represented in his royal robes, with his right hand extended, as in the act of answering an address, the scroll of which he is holding in the left hand. At the western angles of the chamber are busts, in white marble, of Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, by Mrs. Damer; and the Duke of Wellington, by Turnerelli.

The members of the Council (says Knight) are elected by the same class as the aldermen, but in very varying and—in comparison with the size and importance of the wards—inconsequential numbers. Bassishaw and Lime Street Wards have the smallest representation—four members—and those of Farringdon Within and Without the largest—namely, sixteen and seventeen. The entire number of the Council is 240. Their meetings are held under the presidency of the Lord Mayor; and the aldermen have also the right of being present. The other chief officers of the municipality, as the Recorder, Chamberlain, Judges of the Sheriffs' Courts, Common Serjeant, the four City Pleaders, Town Clerk, &c., also attend.

The chapel at the east end of the Guildhall, pulled down in 1822, once called London College, and dedicated to "our Lady Mary Magdalen and All Saints," was built, says Stow, about the year 1499. It was rebuilt in the reign of Henry VI., who allowed the guild of St. Nicholas for two chaplains to be kept in the said chapel. In Stow's time the chapel

contained seven defaced marble tombs, and many flat stones covering rich drapers, fishmongers, custoses of the chapel, chaplains, and attorneys of the Lord Mayor's Court. In Strype's time the Mayors attended the weekly services, and services at their elections and feasts. The chapel and lands had been bought of Edward VI. for £456 13s. 4d. Upon the front of the chapel were stone figures of Edward VI., Elizabeth with a phoenix, and Charles I. treading on a globe. On the south side of the chapel was "a fair and large library," originally built by the executors of Richard Whittington and William Bury. After the Protector Somerset had borrowed (*i.e.*, stolen) the books, the library in Strype's time became a storehouse for cloth.

The New Library and Museum (says Mr. Overall, the librarian), which lies at the east end of the Guildhall, occupies the site of some old and dilapidated houses formerly fronting Basinghall Street, and extending back to the Guildhall. The total frontage of the new buildings to this street is 150 feet, and the depth upwards of 100 feet. The structure consists mainly of two rooms, or halls, placed one over the other, with reading, committee, and muniment rooms surrounding them. Of these two halls the museum occupies the lower site, the floor being level with the ancient crypt of the Guildhall, with which it will directly communicate, and is consequently somewhat below the present level of Basinghall Street. This room, divided into naves and aisles, is 83 feet long and 64 feet wide, and has a clear height of 26 feet. The large fire-proof muniment rooms on this floor, entered from the museum, are intended to hold the valuable archives of the City.

The library above the museum is a hall 100 feet in length, 65 feet wide, and 50 feet in height, divided, like the museum, into naves and aisles, the latter being fitted up with handsome oak book-cases, forming twelve bays, into which the furniture can be moved when the nave is required on state occasions as a reception-hall—one of the principal features in the whole design of this building being its adaptability to both the purpose of a library and a series of reception-rooms when required. The hall is exceedingly light, the clerestory over the arcade of the nave, with the large windows at the north and south ends of the room, together with those in the aisles, transmitting a flood of light to every corner of the room. The oak roof—the arched ribs of which are supported by the arms of the twelve great City Companies, with the addition of those of the Leather-sellers and Broderers, and also the Royal and City arms—has its several timbers richly moulded, and

its spandrils filled in with tracery, and contains three large louvres for lighting the roof, and thoroughly ventilating the hall. The aisle roofs, the timbers of which are also richly wrought, have louvres over each bay, and the hall at night may be lighted by means of sun-burners suspended from each of these louvres, together with those in the nave. Each of the spandrils of the arcade has, next the nave, a sculptured head, representing History, Poetry, Printing, Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Philosophy, Law, Medicine, Music, Astronomy, Geography, Natural History, and Botany; the several personages chosen to illustrate these subjects being Stow and Camden, Shakespeare and Milton, Guttenberg and Caxton, William of Wykeham and Wren, Michael Angelo and Flaxman, Holbein and Hogarth, Bacon and Locke, Coke and Blackstone, Harvey and Sydenham, Purcell and Handel, Galileo and Newton, Columbus and Raleigh, Linnæus and Cuvier, Ray and Gerard. There are three fireplaces in this room. The one at the north end, executed in D'Aubigny stone, is very elaborate in detail, the frieze consisting of a panel of painted tiles, executed by Messrs. Gibbs and Moore, and the subject an architectonic design of a procession of the arts and sciences, with the City of London in the middle.

Among the choicest books are the following:—“*Liber Custumarum*,” 1st to the 17th Henry II. (1154–1171). Edited by Mr. Riley.—“*Liber de Antiquis Legibus*,” 1st Richard I., 1188. Treats of old laws of London. Translated by Riley.—“*Liber Dunthorn*,” so called from the writer, who was Town-clerk of London. Contains transcripts of Charters from William the Conqueror to 3rd Edward IV.—“*Liber Ordinationum*,” 9th Edward III., 1225, to Henry VII. Contains the early statutes of the realm, the ancient customs and ordinances of the City of London. At folio 154 are entered instructions to the citizens of London as to their conduct before the Justices Itinerant at the Tower.—“*Liber Horn*” (by Andrew Horn). Contains transcripts of charters, statutes, &c.—The celebrated “*Liber Albus*.”—“*Liber Fleetwood*.” Names of all the courts of law within the realm; the arms of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, &c., for 1576; the liberties, customs, and charters of the Cinque Ports; the Queen's Prerogative in the Salt Shores; the liberties of St. Martin's-le-Grand.

A series of letter books. These books commence about 140 years before the “*Journals of the Common Council*,” and about 220 years before the “*Reper-tories of the Court of Aldermen*,” they contain almost the only records of those courts prior to the commencement of such journals and repertories.

“*Journals of the Proceedings of the Common Council*, from 1416 to the present time.”—“*Reper-tories containing the Proceedings of the Court of Aldermen from 1495 to the present time*.”—“*Remembrancia*.” A collection of correspondence, &c., between the sovereigns, various eminent statesmen, the Lord Mayors and the Courts of Aldermen and Common Council, on matters relating to the government of the City and country at large. “*Fire Decrees*. Decrees made by virtue of an Act for erecting a judicature for determination of differences touching houses burnt or demolished by reason of the late fire which happened in London.”

Of the many historical events that have taken place in the Guildhall, we will now recapitulate a few. Chaucer was connected with one of the most tumultuous scenes in the Guildhall of Richard II.'s time. In 1382 the City, worn out with the king's tyranny and exactions, selected John of Northampton mayor in place of the king's favourite, Sir Nicholas Brember. A tumult arose when Brember endeavoured to hinder the election, which ended with a body of troops under Sir Robert Knolles interposing and installing the king's nominee. John of Northampton was at once packed off to Corfe Castle, and Chaucer fled to the Continent. He returned to London in 1386, and was elected member for Kent. But the king had not forgotten his conduct at the Guildhall, and he was at once deprived of the Comptrollership of the Customs in the Port of London, and sent to the Tower. Here he petitioned the government.

Having alluded to the delicious hours he was wont to spend enjoying the blissful seasons, and contrasted them with his penance in the dark prison, cut off from friendship and acquaintances, “*forsaken of all that any word dare speak*” for him, he continues: “*Although I had little in respect (comparison) among others great and worthy, yet had I a fair parcel, as methought for the time, in furthering of my sustenance; and had riches sufficient to waive need; and had dignity to be revered in worship; power methought that I had to keep from mine enemies; and meseemed to shine in glory of renown. Every one of those joys is turned into his contrary; for riches, now have I poverty; for dignity, now am I imprisoned; instead of power, wretchedness I suffer; and for glory of renown, I am now despised and fully hated.*” Chaucer was set free in 1389, having, it is said, though we hope unjustly, purchased freedom by dishonourable disclosures as to his former associates.

It was at the Guildhall, a few weeks after the death of Edward IV., and while the princes were

in the Tower, that the Duke of Buckingham, "the deep revolving witty Buckingham," Richard's accomplice, convened a meeting of citizens in order to prepare the way for Richard's mounting the throne. Shakespeare, closely following Hall and Sir Thomas More, thus sketches the scene :—

*Buck.* \* \* \* \*

Withal, I did infer your lineaments,  
Being the right idea of your father,  
Both in your form and nobleness of mind :  
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,  
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;  
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose  
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse ;  
And, when my oratory drew toward end,  
I bade them that did love their country's good  
Cry, "God save Richard, England's royal king !"

*Glo.* And did they so ?

*Buck:* No, so God help me, they spake not a word ;  
But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,  
Stared each on other, and look'd deadly pale.  
Which when I saw I reprehended them,  
And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence ?  
His answer was, the people were not us'd  
To be spoke to but by the recorder.  
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again—  
"Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd ;"  
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.  
When he had done, some followers of mine own  
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,  
And some ten voices cried, "God save King Richard !"  
And thus I took the vantage of those few —  
"Thanks, gentle citizens and friends," quoth I ;  
"This general applause and cheerful shout,  
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard :"  
And even here brake off, and came away.

Anne Askew, tried at the Guildhall in Henry VIII's reign, was the daughter of Sir William Askew, a Lincolnshire gentleman, and had been married to a Papist, who had turned her out of doors on her becoming a Protestant. On coming to London to sue for a separation, this lady had been favourably received by the queen and the court ladies, to whom she had denounced transubstantiation, and distributed tracts. Bishop Bonner soon had her in his clutches, and she was cruelly put to the rack in order to induce her to betray the court ladies who had helped her in prison. She pleaded that her servant had only begged money for her from the City apprentices.

"On my being brought to trial at Guildhall," she says, in her own words, "they said to me there that I was a heretic, and condemned by the law, if I would stand in mine opinion. I answered, that I was no heretic, neither yet deserved I any death by the law of God. But as concerning the faith which I uttered and wrote to the council, I would not deny it, because I knew it true. Then would

they needs know if I would deny the sacrament to be Christ's body and blood. I said, 'Yea ; for the same Son of God who was born of the Virgin Mary is now glorious in heaven, and will come again from thence at the latter day. And as for that ye call your God, it is a piece of bread. For more proof thereof, mark it when you list ; if it lie in the box three months it will be mouldy, and so turn to nothing that is good. Whereupon I am persuaded that it cannot be God.'

"After that they willed me to have a priest, at which I smiled. Then they asked me if it were not good. I said I would confess my faults unto God, for I was sure he would hear me with favour. And so I was condemned. And this was the ground of my sentence : my belief, which I wrote to the council, that the sacramental bread was left us to be received with thanksgiving in remembrance of Christ's death, the only remedy of our souls' recovery, and that thereby we also receive the whole benefits and fruits of his most glorious passion. Then would they know whether the bread in the box were God or no. I said, 'God is a Spirit, and will be worshipped in spirit and truth.' Then they demanded, 'Will you plainly deny Christ to be in the sacrament ?' I answered, 'That I believe faithfully the eternal Son of God not to dwell there ;' in witness whereof I recited Daniel iii., Acts vii. and xvii., and Matthew xxiv., concluding thus : 'I neither wish death nor yet fear his might ; God have the praise thereof, with thanks.'"

Anne Askew was burnt at Smithfield with three other martyrs, July 16, 1546. Bonner, the Chancellor Wriothesley, and many nobles were present on state seats near St. Bartholomew's gate, and their only anxiety was lest the gunpowder hung in bags at the martyrs' necks should injure them when it exploded. Shaxton, the ex-Bishop of Salisbury, who had saved his life by apostacy, preached a sermon to the martyrs before the flames were put to the fagots.

In 1546 (towards the close of the life of Henry VIII.), the Earl of Surrey was tried for treason at the Guildhall. He was accused of aiming at dethroning the king, and getting the young prince into his hands ; also for adding the arms of Edward the Confessor to his escutcheon. The earl, persecuted by the Seymours, says Lord Herbert, "was of a deep understanding, sharp wit, and deep courage, defended himself many ways—sometimes denying their accusations as false, and together weakening the credit of his adversaries ; sometimes interpreting the words he said in a far other sense than that in which they

were represented." Nevertheless, the king had vowed the destruction of the family, and the earl, found guilty, was beheaded on Tower Hill, January 19, 1547. He had in vain offered to fight his accuser, Sir Richard Southwell, in his shirt. The order for the execution of the duke, his father, arrived at the Tower the very night King Henry died, and so the duke escaped.

Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, another Guildhall sufferer, was the son of a Papist who had refused to take the oath of supremacy, and had been imprisoned in the Tower by Henry VIII. Nicholas, his son, a Protestant, appointed sewer to the burly tyrant, had fought by the king's side in France. During the reign of Edward VI. Throckmorton distinguished himself at the battle of Pinkie, and was knighted by the young king, who made him under-treasurer of the Mint. At Edward's death Throckmorton sent Mary's goldsmith to inform her of her accession. Though no doubt firmly attached to the Princess Elizabeth, Throckmorton took no public part in the Wyatt rebellion; yet, six days after his friend Wyatt's execution, Throckmorton was tried for conspiracy to kill the queen.

The trial itself is so interesting as a specimen of intellectual energy, that we subjoin a scene or two:—

*Serjeant Stamford:* Methinks those things which others have confessed, together with your own confession, will weigh shrewdly. But what have you to say as to the rising in Kent, and Wyatt's attempt against the Queen's royal person in her palace?

*Chief Justice Bromley:* Why do you not read to him Wyatt's accusation, which makes him a slauer in his treasons?

*Sir R. Southwell:* Wyatt has grievously accused you, and in many things which have been confirmed by others.

*Sir N. Throckmorton:* Whatever Wyatt said of me, in hopes to save his life, he unsaid it at his death; for, since I came into the hall, I heard one say, whom I do not know, that Wyatt on the scaffold cleared not only the Lady Elizabeth and the Earl of Devonshire, but also all the gentlemen in the Tower, saying none of them knew anything of his commotion, of which number I take myself to be one.

*Sir N. Hare:* Nevertheless, he said that all he had written and confessed before the Council was true.

*Sir N. Throckmorton:* Nay sir, by your patience, Wyatt did not say so; that was Master Doctor's addition.

*Sir R. Southwell:* It seems you have good intelligence.

*Sir N. Throckmorton:* Almighty God provided this revelation for me this very day, since I came hither for I have been in close prison for eight and fifty days, where I could hear nothing but what the birds told me who flew over my head.

Serjeant Stamford told him the judges did not sit there to make disputations, but to declare the law; and one of those judges (Hare) having confirmed the observation, by telling Throckmorton he had heard both the law and the reason, if he

could but understand it, he cried out passionately: "O merciful God! O eternal Father! who seest all things, what manner of proceedings are these? To what purpose was the Statute of Repeal made in the last Parliament, where I heard some of you here present, and several others of the Queen's learned counsel, grievously inveigh against the cruel and bloody laws of Henry VIII., and some laws made in the late King's time? Some termed them Draco's laws, which were written in blood; others said they were more intolerable than any laws made by Dionysius or any other tyrant. In a word, as many men, so many bitter names and terms those laws. . . . Let us now but look with impartial eyes, and consider thoroughly with ourselves, whether, as you, the judges, handle the statute of Edward III. with your equity and constructions, we are not now in a much worse condition than when we were yoked with those cruel laws. Those laws, grievous and captious as they were, yet had the very property of laws, according to St. Paul's description, for they admonished us, and discovered our sins plainly to us, and when a man is warned he is half armed; but these laws, as they are handled, are very baits to catch us, and only prepared for that purpose. They are no laws at all, for at first sight they assure us that we are delivered from our old bondage, and live in more security; but when it pleases the higher powers to call any man's life and sayings in question, then there are such constructions, interpretations, and extensions reserved to the judges and their equity, that the party tried, as I am now, will find himself in a much worse case than when those cruel laws were in force. But I require you, honest men, who are to try my life, to consider these things. It is clear these judges are inclined rather to the times than to the truth, for their judgments are repugnant to the law, repugnant to their own principles, and repugnant to the opinions of their godly and learned predecessors."

We rejoice to say that, in spite of all the efforts of his enemies, this gentleman escaped the scaffold, and lived to enjoy happier times.

Lastly, we come to one of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators; not one of the most guilty, yet undoubtedly cognisant of the mischief brewing.

On the 28th of March, 1606, Garnet, the Superior of the English Jesuits (whose cruel execution in St. Paul's Churchyard we have already described), was tried at the Guildhall, and found guilty of having taken part in organising the Gunpowder Plot. He was found concealed at Hendlip, the mansion of a Roman Catholic gentleman, near Worcester.

THE NEW LIBRARY, GUILDHALL (*see page 392*)

## CHAPTER XXXIV

## THE LORD MAYORS OF LONDON.

The First Mayor of London—Portrait of him—Presentation to the King—An Outspoken Mayor—Sir N. Farndon—Sir William Walworth—Origin of the prefix "Lord"—Sir Richard Whittington and his Liberality—Institutions founded by him—Sir Simon Fyve and his Table—A Musical Lord Mayor—Henry VIII and Greaham—Loyalty of the Lord Mayor and Citizens to Queen Mary—Osborne's Leap into the Thames—Sir W. Craven—Brass Crosby—His Committal to the Tower—A Victory for the Citizens.

THE modern Lord Mayor is supposed to have had a prototype in the Roman prefect and the Saxon portgrave. The Lord Mayor is only "Lord" and "Right Honourable" by courtesy, and not from his dignity as a Privy Councillor on the demise or abdication of a sovereign.

In 1189, Richard I. elected Henry Fitz Ailwyn, a draper of London, to be first mayor of London, and he served twenty-four years. He is supposed to have been a descendant of Aylwyn Child, who founded the priory at Bermondsey in 1082. He was buried, according to Strype, at St. Mary



Bothaw, Walbrook, a church destroyed in the Great Fire ; but according to Stow, in the Holy Trinity Priory, Aldgate. There is a doubtful half-length oil-portrait or panel of the venerable Fitz Alwyn over the master's chair in Drapers' Hall, but it has no historical value. But the first formal mayor was

the London mayors. For instance, in 1240, Gerard Bat, chosen a second time, went to Woodstock Palace to be presented to King Henry III., who refused to appoint him till he (the king) came to London.

Henry III., indeed, seems to have been chroni-



SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON. (*From an old Portrait.*)

Richard Renger (1223), King John granting the right of choosing a mayor to the citizens, provided he was first presented to the king or his justice for approval. Henry III. afterwards allowed the presentation to take place in the king's absence before the Barons of the Exchequer at Westminster, to prevent expense and delay, as the citizens could not be expected to search for the king all over England and France.

The presentation to the king, even when he was in England, long remained a great vexation with

cally troubled by the London mayors, for in 1264, on the mayor and aldermen doing fealty to the king in St. Paul's, the mayor, with blunt honesty, dared to say to the weak monarch, "My lord, so long as you unto us will be a good lord and king, we will be faithful and duteous unto you."

These were bold words in a reign when the heading block was always kept ready near a throne. In 1265, the same monarch seized and imprisoned the mayor and chief aldermen for fortifying the City in favour of the barons, and for four years the

tyrannical king appointed custodes. The City again recovered its liberties and retained them till 1285 (Edward I.), when Sir Gregory Rokesley refusing to go out of the City to appear before the king's justices at the Tower, the mayoralty was again suspended and custodes appointed till the year 1298, when Henry Wallein was elected mayor. Edward II. also held a tight hand on the mayoralty till he appointed the great goldsmith, Sir Nicholas Farindon, mayor "as long as it pleased him." Farindon gave the title to Farringdon Ward, which had been in his family eighty-two years, the consideration being twenty marks as a fine, and one clove or a slip of gillyflower at the feast of Easter. He was a warden of the Goldsmiths, and was buried at St. Peter-le-Chepe, a church that before the Great Fire stood where the plane-tree now waves at the corner of Wood Street. He left money for a light to burn before our Lady the Virgin in St. Peter-le-Chepe for ever.

The mayoralty of Andrew Aubrey, Grocer (1339), was rather warlike; for the mayor and two of his officers being assaulted in a tumult, two of the ringleaders were beheaded at once in Chepe. In 1356, Henry Picard, mayor of London, was an honoured man, for he had the glory of feasting Edward III. of England, the Black Prince, John King of Austria, the King of Cyprus, and David of Scotland, and afterwards opened his hall to all comers at cards and dice, his wife inviting the court ladies.

Sir William Walworth, a fishmonger, who was mayor in 1374 (Edward III.) and 1380 (Richard II.), was that prompt and choleric man who somewhat basely slew the Kentish rebel, Wat Tyler, when he was invited to a parley by the young king. It was long supposed that the dagger in the City arms was added in commemoration of this foul blow, but Stow has clearly shown that it was intended to represent the sword of St. Paul, the patron saint of the Corporation of London. The manor of Walworth belonged to the family of this mayor, who was buried in the Church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane, the parish where he had resided. Some antiquaries, says Mr. Timbs, think the prefix of "Lord" is traceable to 1378 (1st Richard II.), when there was a general assessment for a war subsidy. The question was where was the mayor to come. "Have him among the earls," was the suggestion; so the right worshipful had to pay £4, about £100 of our present money.

And now we come to a mayor greater even in City story and legend than even Walworth himself, even the renowned Richard Whittington, the hero of our nursery days. He was the son of a Gloucestershire knight, who had fallen into poverty. The

industrious son, born in 1350 (Edward III.), on coming to London, was apprenticed to Hugh Fitzwarren, a mercer. Disgusted with the drudgery, he ran away; but while resting by a stone cross at the foot of Highgate Hill, he is said to have heard in the sound of Bow Bells the voice of his good angel, "Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London." What a charm there is still in the old story! As for the cat that made his fortune by catching all the mice in Barbary, we fear we must throw him overboard, even though Stow tells a true story of a man and a cat that greatly resembles that told of Whittington. Whittington married his master's daughter, and became a wealthy merchant. He supplied the wedding trousseau of the Princess Blanche, eldest daughter of Henry IV., when she married the son of the King of the Romans, and also the pearls and cloth of gold for the marriage of the Princess Philippa. He became the court banker, and lent large sums of money to our lavish monarchs, especially to the chivalrous Henry V. for carrying on the siege of Harfleur, a siege celebrated by Shakespeare. It is said that in his last mayoralty King Henry V. and Queen Catherine dined with him in the City, when Whittington caused a fire to be lighted of precious woods, mixed with cinnamon and other spices; and then taking all the bonds given him by the king for money lent, amounting to no less than £60,000, he threw them into the fire and burnt them, thereby freeing his sovereign from his debts. The king, astonished at such a proceeding, exclaimed, "Surely, never had king such a subject;" to which Whittington, with court gallantry, replied, "Surely, sire, never had subject such a king."

Whittington was really four times mayor—twice in Richard II.'s reign, once in that of Henry IV., and once in that of Henry V. As a mayor Whittington was popular, and his justice and patriotism became proverbial. He vigorously opposed the admission of foreigners into the freedom of the City, and he fined the Brewers' Company £20 for selling bad ale and forestalling the market. His generosity was like a well-spring; and being childless, he spent his life in deeds of charity and generosity. He erected conduits at Cripplegate and Billingsgate; he founded a library at the Grey Friars' Monastery in Newgate Street (now Christ's Hospital); he procured the completion of the "Liber Albus," a book of City customs; and he gave largely towards the Guildhall library. He paved the Guildhall, restored the hospital of St. Bartholomew, and by his will left money to rebuild Newgate, and erect almshouses on College Hill

(now removed to Highgate) He died in 1427 (Henry VI.). Nor should we forget that Whittington was also a great architect, and enlarged the nave of Westminster Abbey for his knightly master, Henry V. This large-minded and munificent man resided in a grand mansion in Hart Street, up a gateway a few doors from Mark Lane. A very curious old house in Sweedon's Passage, Grub Street, with an external winding staircase, used to be pointed out as Whittington's; and the splendid old mansion in Hart Street, Crutched Friars, pulled down in 1861, and replaced by offices and warehouses, was said to have cats'-heads for knockers, and cats'-heads (whose eyes seemed always turned on you) carved in the ceilings. The doorways, and the brackets of the long lines of projecting Tudor windows, were beautifully carved with grotesque figures.

In 1418 (Henry V.) Sir William de Sevenoke was mayor. This rich merchant had risen to the top of the tree by cleverness and diligence equal to that of Whittington, but we hear less of his charity. He was a foundling, brought up by charitable persons, and apprenticed to a grocer. He was knighted by Henry VI., and represented the City in Parliament. Dying in 1432, he was buried at St. Martin's, Ludgate.

In 1426 (Henry VI.) Sir John Rainewell, mayor, with a praiseworthy disgust at all dishonesty in trade, detecting Lombard merchants adulterating their wines, ordered 150 butts to be stove in and swilled down the kennels. How he might wash down London now with cheap sherry!

In 1445 (Henry VI.), Sir Simon Eyre. This very worthy mayor left 3,000 marks to the Company of Drapers, for prayers to be read to the market people by a priest in the chapel at Guildhall.

It is related that when it was proposed to Eyre at Guildhall that he should stand for sheriff, he would fain have excused himself, as he did not think his income was sufficient; but he was soon silenced by one of the aldermen observing "that no citizen could be more capable than the man who had openly asserted that he broke his fast every day on a table for which he would not take a thousand pounds." This assertion excited the curiosity of the then Lord Mayor and all present, in consequence of which his lordship and two of the aldermen, having invited themselves, accompanied him home to dinner. On their arrival Mr. Eyre desired his wife to "prepare the little table, and set some refreshment before the guests." This she would fain have refused, but finding he would take no excuse, she seated herself on a low stool,

and, spreading a damask napkin over her lap, with a venison pasty thereon, Simon exclaimed to the astonished mayor and his brethren, "Behold the table which I would not take a thousand pounds for!" Soon after this Sir Simon was chosen Lord Mayor, on which occasion, remembering his former promise "at the conduit," he, on the following Shrove Tuesday, gave a pancake feast to all the 'prentices in London; on which occasion they went in procession to the Mansion House, where they met with a cordial reception from Sir Simon and his lady, who did the honours of the table on this memorable day, allowing their guests to want for neither ale nor wine.

In 1453 Sir John Norman was the first mayor who rowed to Westminster. The mayors had hitherto generally accompanied the presentation show on horseback. The Thames watermen, delighted with the innovation so profitable to them, wrote a song in praise of Norman, two lines of which are quoted by Fabian in his "Chronicles;" and Dr. Rimbault, an eminent musical antiquary, thinks he has found the original tune in John Hilton's "Catch That, Catch Can" (1658).

The deeds of Sir Stephen Forster, Fishmonger, and mayor 1454 (Henry VI.), who by his will left money to rebuild Newgate, we have mentioned elsewhere (p. 224). Sir Godfrey Boleine, Lord Mayor, 1457 (Henry VI.), was grandfather to Thomas, Earl of Wiltshire, the grandfather of Queen Elizabeth. He was a mercer in the Old Jewry, and left by his will £1,000 to the poor householders of London, and £2,000 to the poor householders in Norfolk (his native county), besides large legacies to the London prisons, lazarettos, and hospitals. Such were the citizens, from whom half our aristocracy has sprung. Sir Godfrey Fielding, a mercer in Milk Street, Lord Mayor in 1452 (Henry VI.), was the ancestor of the Earls of Denbigh, and a privy councillor of the king.

In Edward IV.'s reign, when the Lancastrians, under the bastard Falconbridge, stormed the City in two places, but were eventually bravely repulsed by the citizens, Edward, in gratitude, knighted the mayor, Sir John Stockton, and twelve of the aldermen. In 1479 (the same reign) Bartholomew James (Draper) had Sheriff Bayfield fined £50 (about £1,000 of our money) for kneeling too close to him while at prayers in St. Paul's, and for reviling him when complained of. There was a pestilence raging at the time, and the mayor was afraid of contagion. The money went, we presume, to build ten City conduits, then much wanted. The Lord Mayor in 1462, Sir Thomas Coke (Draper),

ancestor of Lord Bacon, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Marquis of Salisbury, and Viscount Cranbourne, being a Lancastrian, suffered much from the rapacious tyranny of Edward IV. The very year he was made Knight of the Bath, Coke was sent to the Bread Street Compter, afterwards to the Bench, and illegally fined £8,000 to the king and £800 to the queen. Two aldermen also had their goods seized, and were fined 4,000 marks. In 1473 this greedy king sent to Sir William Hampton, Lord Mayor, to extort benevolences, or subsidies. The mayor gave £30, the aldermen twenty marks, the poorer persons £10 each. In 1481, King Edward sent the mayor, William Herriot (Draper), for the good he had done to trade, two harts, six bucks, and a tun of wine, for a banquet to the lady mayoress and the aldermen's wives at Drapers' Hall.

At Richard III.'s coronation (1483), the Lord Mayor, Sir Edmund Shaw, attended as cup-bearer with great pomp, and the mayor's claim to this honour was formally allowed and put on record. Shaw was a goldsmith, and supplied the usurper with most of his plate. Sir William Horn, Lord Mayor in 1487, had been knighted on Bosworth field by Henry VII., for whom he fought against the "ravening Richard." This mayor's real name was Littlebury (we are told), but Edward IV. had nicknamed him Horn, from his peculiar skill on that instrument. The year Henry VII. landed at Milford Haven two London mayors died. In 1486 (Henry VII.), Sir Henry Colet, father of good Dean Colet, who founded St. Paul's School, was mayor.

Colet chose John Percival (Merchant Taylor), his carver, sheriff, by drinking to him in a cup of wine, according to custom, and Perceval forthwith sat down at the mayor's table. Percival was afterwards mayor in 1498. Henry VII. was remorseless in squeezing money out of the City by every sort of expedient. He fined Alderman Capel £2,700; he made the City buy a confirmation of their charter for £5,000; in 1505 he threw Thomas Knesworth, who had been mayor the year before, and his sheriff, into the Marshalsea, and fined them £1,400; and the year after, he imprisoned Sir Lawrence Aylmer, mayor in the previous year, and extorted money from him. He again amerced Alderman Capel (ancestor of the Earls of Essex) £2,000, and on his bold resistance, threw him into the Tower for life. In 1490 (Henry VII.) John Matthew earned the distinction of being the first, but probably not the last, bachelor Lord Mayor; and a cheerless mayoralty it must have been. In 1502 Sir John Shaw held the Lord Mayor's feast for the first time in the

Guildhall; and the same hospitable mayor built the Guildhall kitchen at his own expense.

Henry VIII.'s mayors were worshipful men, and men of renown. To Walworth and Whittington was now to be added the illustrious name of Gresham. Sir Richard Gresham, who was mayor in the year 1537, was the father of the illustrious founder of the Royal Exchange. He was of a Norfolk family, and with his three brothers carried on trade as mercers. He became a Gentleman Usher Extraordinary to Henry VIII., and at the tearing to pieces of the monasteries by that monarch, he obtained, by judicious courtliness, no less than five successive grants of Church lands. He advocated the construction of an Exchange, encouraged freedom of trade, and is said to have invented bills of exchange. In 1525 he was nearly expelled the Common Council for trying, at Wolsey's instigation, to obtain a benevolence from the citizens. It is greatly to Gresham's credit that he helped Wolsey after his fall, and Henry, who with all his faults was magnanimous, liked Gresham none the worse for that. In the interesting "Paston Letters" (Henry VI.), there are eleven letters of one of Gresham's Norfolk ancestors, dated from London, and the seal a grasshopper. Sir Richard Gresham died 1548 (Edward VI.), at Bethnal Green, and was buried in the church of St. Lawrence Jewry. Gresham's daughter married an ancestor of the Marquis of Bath, and the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Braybrooke are said to be descendants of his brother John, so much has good City blood enriched our proud Norman aristocracy, and so often has the full City purse gone to fill again the exhausted treasury of the old knighthood. In 1545, Sir Martin Bowes (Goldsmith) was mayor, and lent Henry VIII., whose purse was a cullender, the sum of £300. Sir Martin was butler at Elizabeth's coronation, and left the Goldsmiths' Company his gold fee cup, out of which the Queen drank. In our history of the Goldsmiths' Company we have mentioned his portrait in Goldsmiths' Hall. Alderman William Fitzwilliam, in this reign, also nobly stood by his patron, Wolsey, after his fall; for which the King, saying he had too few such servants, knighted him and made him a Privy Councillor. When he died, in the year 1542, he was Knight of the Garter, Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He left £100 to dower poor maidens, and his best "standing cup" to his brethren, the Merchant Taylors. In 1536 the King invited the Lord Mayor, Sir Raphe Warren (an ancestor of Cromwell and Hampden, says Mr. Orridge), the aldermen, and forty of the prin-

cial citizens, to the christening of the Princess Elizabeth, at Greenwich; and at the ceremony the scarlet gowns and gold chains made a gallant show.

In Edward VI.'s reign, the Greshams again came to the front. In 1547, Sir John Gresham, brother of the Sir Richard before mentioned, obtained from Henry VIII. the hospital of St. Mary Bethlehem as an asylum for lunatics.

In this reign the City Corporation lands (as being given by Papists for superstitious uses) were all claimed for the King's use, to the amount of £1,000 per annum. The London Corporation, unable to resist this tyranny, had to retrieve them at the rate of twenty years' purchase. Sir Andrew Judd (Skinner), mayor in 1550, was ancestor of Lord Teynham, Viscount Strangford, Chief Baron Smythe, &c. Among the bequests in his will were "the sandhills at the back side of Holborn," then let for a few pounds a year, now worth nearly £20,000 per annum. In 1553, Sir Thomas White (Merchant Taylor) kept the citizens loyal to Queen Mary during Wyatt's rebellion, the brave Queen coming to Guildhall and personally re-assuring the citizens. White was the son of a poor clothier, at the age of twelve he was apprenticed to a London tailor, who left him £100 to begin the world with, and by thrift and industry he rose to wealth. He was the generous founder of St. John's College, Oxford. According to Webster, the poet, he had been directed in a dream to found a college upon a spot where he should find two bodies of an elm springing from one root. Discovering no such tree at Cambridge, he went to Oxford, and finding a likely tree in Gloucester Hall garden, began at once to enlarge and widen that college; but soon after he found the real tree of his dream, outside the north gate of Oxford, and on that spot he founded St. John's College.

In the reign of Elizabeth, many great-hearted citizens served the office of mayor. Again we shall see how little even the best monarchs of these days understood the word "liberty," and how the constant attacks upon their purses taught the London citizens to appreciate and to defend their rights. In 1559, Sir William Hewet (Clothworker) was mayor, whose income is estimated at £6,000 per annum. Hewet lived on London Bridge, and one day a nurse playing with his little daughter Anne, at one of the broad lattice windows overlooking the Thames, by accident let the child fall. A young apprentice, named Osborne, seeing the accident, leaped from a window into the fierce current below the arches, and saved the infant. Years after, many great courtiers, including the Earl of Shrewsbury, came courting fair Mistress

Anne, the rich citizen's heiress. Sir William, her father, said to one and all, "No; Osborne saved her, and Osborne shall have her." And so Osborne did, and became a rich citizen and Lord Mayor in 1583. He is the direct ancestor of the first Duke of Leeds. There is a portrait of the brave apprentice at Kiveton House, in Yorkshire. He dwelt in Philpot Lane, in his father-in-law's house, and was buried at St. Dionis Backchurch, Fenchurch Street.

In 1563 Lord Mayor Lodge got into a terrible scrape with Queen Elizabeth, who brooked no opposition, just or unjust. One of the Queen's insolent purveyors, to insult the mayor, seized twelve capons out of twenty-four destined for the mayor's table. The indignant mayor took six of the twelve fowls, called the purveyor a scurvy knave, and threatened him with the biggest pair of irons in Newgate. In spite of the intercession of Lord Robert Dudley (Leicester) and Secretary Cecil, Lodge was fined and compelled to resign his gown. Lodge was the father of the poet, and engaged in the negro trade. Lodge's successor, Sir Thomas Ramsay, died childless, and his widow left large sums to Christ's Hospital and other charities, and £1,200 to each of five City Companies; also sums for the relief of poor maimed soldiers, poor Cambridge scholars, and for poor maids' marriages.

Sir Rowland Heyward (Clothworker), mayor in 1570. He was an ancestor of the Marquis of Bath, and the father of sixteen children, all of whom are displayed on his monument in St. Alphege, London Wall.

Sir Wolston Dixie, 1585 (Skinner) was the first mayor whose pageant was published. It forms the first chapter of the many volumes relating to pageants collected by that eminent antiquary, the late Mr. Fairholt, and bequeathed by him to the Society of Antiquaries. Dixie assisted in building Peterhouse College, Cambridge. In 1594, Sir John Spencer (Clothworker)—"rich Spencer," as he was called—kept his mayoralty at Crosby Place, Bishopsgate. His only daughter married Lord Compton, who, tradition says, smuggled her away from her father's house in a large flap-topped baker's basket. A curious letter from this imperious lady is extant, in which she only requests an annuity of £2,200, a like sum for her privy purse, £10,000 for jewels, her debts to be paid, horses, coach, and female attendants, and closes by praying her husband, when he becomes an earl, to allow her £1,000 more with double attendance. These young citizen ladies were somewhat exacting. From this lady's husband the Marquis of Northampton is descended. At the funeral of "rich Spencer," 1,000 persons followed in mourning cloaks and gowns.

He died worth, Mr. Timbs calculates, above £800,000 in the year of his mayoralty. There was a famine in England in his time, and at his persuasion the City Companies bought corn abroad, and stored it in the Bridge House for the poor.

In 1609, Sir Thomas Campbell (Ironmonger),

Craven took horse and galloped westward till he reached a lonely farmhouse on the Berkshire downs, and there built Ashdown House. The local legend is that four avenues led to the house from the four points of the compass, and that in each of the four walls there was a window, so that if the plague got

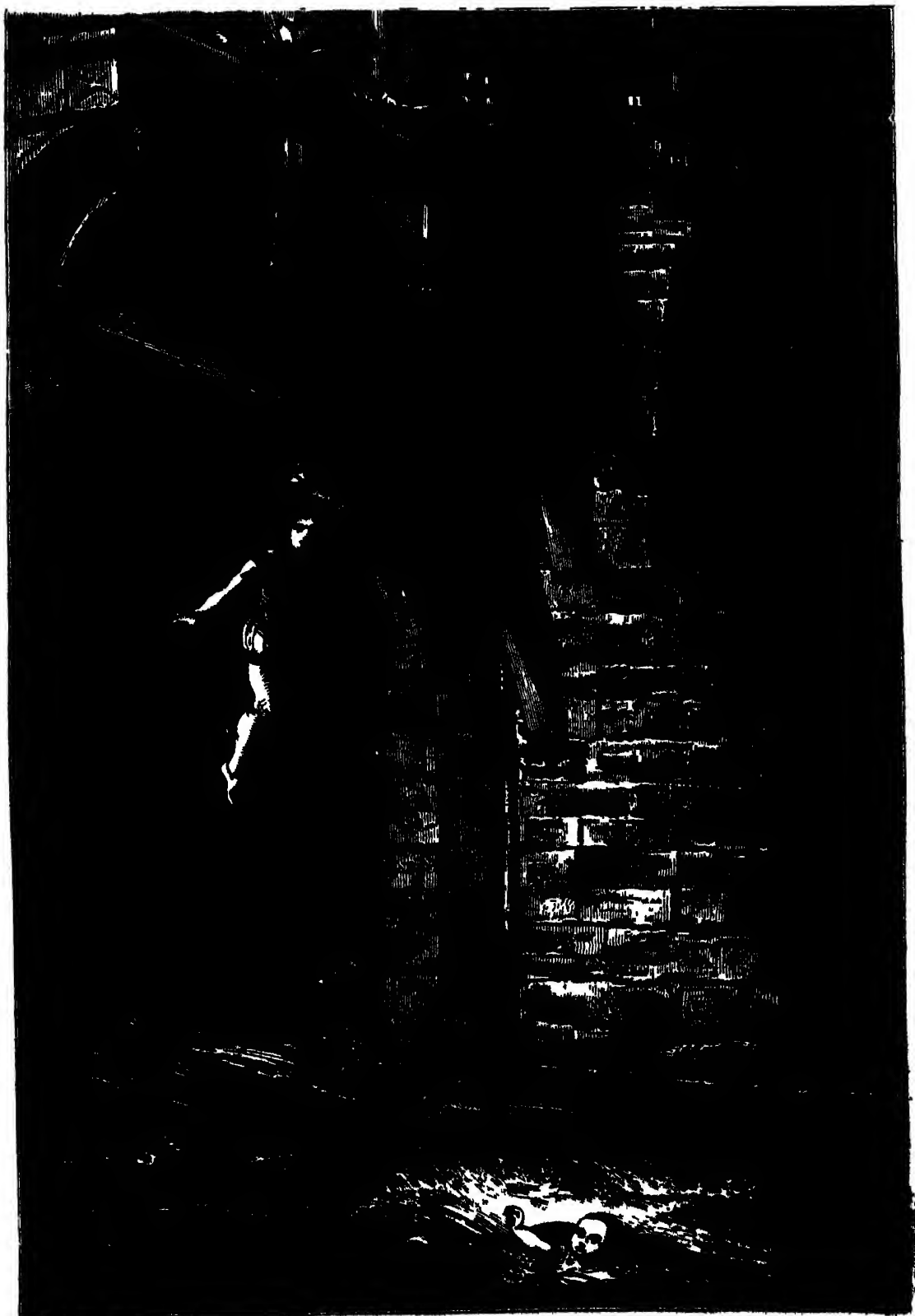


WHITTINGTON'S ALMSHOUSES, COLLEGE HILL (*see page 398*).

mayor, the City show was revived by the king's order. In 1611, Sir William Craven (Draper) was mayor. As a poor Yorkshire boy from Wharfedale, he came up to London in a carrier's cart to seek his fortune. He was the father of that brave soldier of Gustavus Adolphus who is supposed to have privately married the widowed Queen of Bohemia, James I.'s daughter. There is a tradition that during an outbreak of the plague in London,

in at one side it might go out at the other. In 1612, Sir John Swinnerton (Merchant Taylor), mayor, entertained the Count Palatine, who had come over to marry King James's daughter. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and many earls and barons were present. The Lord Mayor and his brethren presented the Palgrave with a large basin and ewer, weighing 324 ounces, and two great gilt loving pots. The bridegroom





OSBOENE'S LEAF (see page 401).

elect, gained great popularity by saluting the Lady Mayress and her train. The pageant was written by the poet Dekker. In this reign King James, colonising Ulster with Protestants, granted the province with Londonderry and Coleraine to the Corporation, the twelve great and old Companies taking many of the best. In 1613, Sir Thomas Middleton (Goldsmith), Basinghall Street, brother of Sir Hugh Middleton, went in state to see the water enter the New River Head at Islington, to the sound of drums and trumpets and the roar of guns. In 1618, Sir Sebastian Harvey (Ironmonger) was mayor: during his show Sir Walter Raleigh was executed, the time being specially chosen to draw away the sympathisers "from beholding," as Aubrey says, "the tragedy of the gallantest worthy that England ever bred."

In 1641 Sir Richard Gurney (Clothworker), and a sturdy Royalist, entertained that promise-breaking king, Charles I., at the Guildhall. The entertainment consisted of 500 dishes. Gurney's master, a silk mercer in Cheapside, left him his shop and £6,000. The Parliament ejected him from the mayoralty and sent him to the Tower, where he lingered for seven years till he died, rather than pay a fine of £5,000, for refusing to publish an Act for the abolition of royalty. He was president of Christ's Hospital. His successor, Sir Isaac Pennington (Fishmonger), was one of the king's judges, who died in the Tower; Sir Thomas Atkins (Mercer), mayor in 1645, sat on the trial of Charles I.; Sir Thomas Adams (Draper), mayor in 1646, was also sent to the Tower for refusing to publish the Abolition of Royalty Act. He founded an Arabic lecture at Cambridge, and a grammar-school at Wem, in Shropshire. Sir John Gayer (Fishmonger), mayor in 1647, was committed to the Tower in 1648 as a Royalist, as also was Sir Abraham Reynardson, mayor in 1649. Sir Thomas Foot (Grocer), mayor in 1650, was knighted by Cromwell; two of his daughters married knights, and two baronets. Earl Onslow is one of his descendants. Sir Christopher Packe (Draper), mayor in 1654, became a member of Cromwell's House of Lords as Lord Packe, and from him Sir Dennis Packe, the Peninsula general, was descended.

Sir Robert Tichborne (Skinner), mayor in 1656, sat on the trial of Charles I., and signed the death warrant. Sir Richard Chiverton (Skinner), mayor in 1657, was the first Cornish mayor of London. He was knighted both by Cromwell and by Charles II., which says something for his political dexterity. Sir John Ireton (Clothworker), mayor in 1658, was brother of General Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law.

The period of the Commonwealth did not furnish many mayors worth recording here. In 1644, the year of Marston Moor, the City gave a splendid entertainment to both Houses of Parliament, the Earls of Essex, Warwick, and Manchester, the Scotch Commissioners, Cromwell, and the principal officers of the army. They heard a sermon at Christ Church, Newgate Street, and went on foot to Guildhall. The Lord Mayor and aldermen led the procession, and as they passed through Cheapside, some Popish pictures, crucifixes, and relics were burnt on a scaffold. The object of the banquet was to prevent a letter of the king's being read in the Common Hall. On January 7th the Lord Mayor gave a banquet to the House of Commons, Cromwell, and the chief officers, to commemorate the rout of the dangerous Levellers. In 1653, the year Cromwell was chosen Lord Protector, he dined at the Guildhall, and knighted the mayor, John Fowke (Haberdasher).

The reign of Charles II. and the Royalist reaction brought more tyranny and more trouble to the City. The king tried to be as despotic as his father, and resolved to break the Whig love of freedom that prevailed among the citizens. Loyal as some of the citizens seem to have been, King Charles scarcely deserved much favour at their hands. A more reckless tyrant to the City had never sat on the English throne. Because they refused a loan of £100,000 on bad security, the king imprisoned twenty of the principal citizens, and required the City to fit out 100 ships. For a trifling riot in the City (a mere pretext), the mayor and aldermen were amerced in the sum of £6,000. For the pretended mismanagement of their Irish estates, the City was condemned to the loss of their Irish possessions and fined £50,000. Four aldermen were imprisoned for not disclosing the names of friends who refused to advance money to the king; and, finally, to the contempt of all constitutional law, the citizens were forbidden to petition the king for the redress of grievances. Did such a king deserve mercy at the hands of the subjects he had oppressed, and time after time spurned and deceived?

In 1661, the year after the Restoration, Sir John Frederick (Grocer), mayor, revived the old customs of Bartholomew's Fair. The first day there was a wrestling match in Moorfields, the mayor and aldermen being present; the second day, archery, after the usual proclamation and challenges through the City; the third day, a hunt. The Fair people considered the three days a great hindrance and loss to them. Pepys, the delightful chronicler of these times, went to this Lord Mayor's dinner,

where he found "most excellent venison; but it made me almost sick, not daring to drink wine."

Amidst the factions and the vulgar citizens of this reign, Sir John Lawrence (Grocer), mayor in 1664, stands out a burning and a shining light. When the dreadful plague was mowing down the terrified people of London in great swathes, this brave man, instead of flying quietly, remained at his house in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, enforcing wise regulations for the sufferers, and, what is more, himself seeing them executed. He supported during this calamity 40,000 discharged servants. In 1666 (the Great Fire) the mayor, Sir Thomas Bludworth (Vintner), whose daughter married Judge Jeffries, is described by Pepys as quite losing his head during the great catastrophe, and running about exclaiming, "Lord, what can I do?" and holding his head in an exhausted and helpless way.

In 1671 Sir George Waterman (mayor, son of a Southwark vintner) entertained Charles II. at his inaugural dinner. In the pageant on this occasion, there was a forest, with animals, wood nymphs, &c., and in front two negroes riding on panthers. Near Milk Street end was a platform, on which Jacob Hall, the great rope-dancer of the day, and his company danced and tumbled. There is a mention of Hall, perhaps on this occasion, in the "State Poems":—

"When Jacob Hall on his high rope shows tricks,  
The dragon flutters, the Lord Mayor's horse kicks;  
The Cheapside crowds and pageants scarcely know  
Which most t'admire—Hall, hobby-horse, or Bow."

In 1674 Sir Robert Vyner (Goldsmith) was mayor, and Charles II., who was frequently entertained by the City, dined with him. "The wine passed too freely, the guests growing noisy, and the mayor too familiar, the king," says a correspondent of Steele's (*Spectator*, 462), "with a hint to the company to disregard ceremonial, stole off to his coach, which was waiting in Guildhall Yard. But the mayor, grown bold with wine, pursued the 'merry monarch,' and, catching him by the hand, cried out, with a vehement oath, 'Sir, you shall stay and take t'other bottle.' The 'merry monarch' looked kindly at him over his shoulder, and with a smile and graceful air (for I saw him at the time, and do now) repeated the line of the old song, 'He that is drunk is as great as a king,' and immediately turned back and complied with his host's request."

Sir Robert Clayton (Draper), mayor in 1679, was one of the most eminent citizens in Charles II.'s reign. The friend of Algernon Sidney and Lord William Russell, he sat in seven Parliaments as representative of the City; was more than thirty

years alderman of Cheap Ward, and ultimately father of the City; the mover of the celebrated Exclusion Bill (seconded by Lord William Russell); and eminent alike as a patriot, a statesman, and a citizen. He projected the Mathematical School at Christ's Hospital, built additions there, helped to rebuild the house, and left the sum of £2,300 towards its funds. He was a director of the Bank of England, and governor of the Irish Society. He was mayor during the pretended Popish Plot, and was afterwards marked out for death by King James, but saved by the intercession (of all men in the world!) of Jeffries. This "prince of citizens," as Evelyn calls him, had been apprenticed to a scrivener. He lived in great splendour in Old Jewry, where Charles and the Duke of York supped with him during his mayoralty. There is a portrait of him, worthy of Kneller, in Drapers' Hall, and another, with carved wood frame by Gibbons, in the Guildhall Library.

In 1681, when the reaction came and the Court party triumphed, gaining a verdict of £100,000 against Alderman Pilkington (Skinner), sheriff, for slandering the Duke of York, Sir Patience Ward (Merchant Taylor), mayor in 1680, was sentenced to the ignominy of the pillory. In 1682 (Sir William Pritchard, Merchant Taylor, mayor), Dudley North, brother of Lord Keeper North, was one of the sheriffs chosen by the Court party to pack juries. He was celebrated for his splendid house in Basinghall Street, and Macaulay tells us "that, in the days of judicial butchery, carts loaded with the legs and arms of quartered Whigs were, to the great discomposure of his lady, 'driven to his door for orders.'"

In 1688 Sir John Shorter (Goldsmith), appointed mayor by James II., met his death in a singular manner. He was on his way to open Bartholomew Fair, by reading the proclamation at the entrance to Cloth Fair, Smithfield. It was the custom for the mayors to call by the way on the Keeper of Newgate, and there partake on horseback of a "cool tankard" of wine, spiced with nutmeg and sweetened with sugar. In receiving the tankard Sir John let the lid flop down, his horse started, he was thrown violently, and died the next day. This custom ceased in the second mayoralty of Sir Matthew Wood, 1817. Sir John was maternal grandfather of Horace Walpole. Sir John Houlblon (Grocer), mayor in 1695 (William III.), is supposed by Mr. Orridge to have been a brother of Abraham Houlblon, first Governor of the Bank of England, and Lord of the Admiralty, and great-grandfather of the late Viscount Palmerston. Sir Humphrey Edwin (Skinner), mayor in 1697, enraged the Tories

by omitting the show on religious grounds, and riding to a conventicle with all the insignia of office, an event ridiculed by Swift in his "Tale of a Tub," and Pinkethman in his comedy of *Love without Interest* (1699), where he talks of "my lord mayor going to Pinmakers' Hall, to hear a snivelling and separatist divine divide and subdivide into the two-and-thirty points of the compass." In 1700 the Mayor was Sir Thomas Abney (Fishmonger), one of the first Directors of the Bank of England, best known as a pious and consistent man, who for thirty-six years kept Dr. Watts, as his guest and friend, in his mansion at Stoke Newington. "No business or festivity," remarks Mr. Timbs, "was allowed to interrupt Sir Thomas's religious observances. The very day he became Lord Mayor he withdrew from the Guildhall after supper, read prayers at home, and then returned to his guests."

In 1702, Sir Samuel Dashwood (Vintner) entertained Queen Anne at the Guildhall, and his was the last pageant ever publicly performed, one for the show of 1708 being stopped by the death of Prince George of Denmark the day before. "The show," says Mr. J. G. Nicholls, "cost £737 2s., poor Settle receiving £10 for his crambo verses." A daughter of this Dashwood became the wife of the fifth Lord Brooke, and an ancestor of the present Earl of Warwick. Sir John Parsons, mayor in 1704, was a remarkable person; for he gave up his official fees towards the payment of the City debts. It was remarked of Sir Samuel Gerrard, mayor in 1710, that three of his name and family were Lord Mayors in three queens' reigns—Mary, Elizabeth, and Anne. Sir Gilbert Heathcote (mayor in 1711), ancestor of Lord Aveland and Viscount Donne, was the last mayor who rode in his procession on horseback; for after this time, the mayors, abandoning the noble career of horsemanship, retired into their gilt gingerbread coach.

Sir William Humphreys, mayor in 1715 (George I.), was father of the City, and alderman of Cheap for twenty-six years. Of his Lady Mayoress an old story is told relative to the custom of the sovereign kissing the Lady Mayoress upon visiting Guildhall. Queen Anne broke down this observance; but upon the accession of George I., on his first visit to the City, from his known character for gallantry, it was expected that once again a Lady Mayoress was to be kissed by the king on the steps of the Guildhall. But he had no feeling of admiration for English beauty. "It was only," says a writer in the *Athenæum*, "after repeated assurance that saluting a lady, on her appointment to a con-

fidential post near some persons of the Royal Family, was the sealing, as it were, of her appointment, that he expressed his readiness to kiss Lady Cowper on her nomination as lady of the bed-chamber to the Princess of Wales. At his first appearance at Guildhall, the admirer of Madame Kiemansegge respected the new observance established by Queen Anne; yet poor Lady Humphreys, the mayoress, hoped, at all events, to receive the usual tribute from royalty from the lips of the Princess of Wales. But that strong-minded woman, Caroline Dorothea Wilhelmina, steadily looked away from the mayor's consort. She would not do what Queen Anne had not thought worth the doing; and Lady Humphreys, we are sorry to say, stood upon her unstable rights, and displayed a considerable amount of bad temper and worse behaviour. She wore a train of black velvet, then considered one of the privileges of City royalty, and being wronged of one, she resolved to make the best of that which she possessed—bawling, as ladies, mayoresses, and women generally should never do—bawling to her page to hold up her train, and sweeping away therewith before the presence of the amused princess herself. The incident altogether seems to have been too much for the good but irate lady's nerves; and unable or unwilling, when dinner was announced, to carry her stupendous bouquet, emblem of joy and welcome, she flung it to a second page who attended on her state, with a scream of 'Boy, take my bucket!' In her view of things, the sun had set on the glory of mayoralty for ever.

"The king was as much amazed as the princess had been amused; and a well-inspired wag of the Court whispered an assurance which increased his perplexity. It was to the effect that the angry lady was only a niock Lady Mayoress, whom the unmarried Mayor had hired for the occasion, borrowing her for that day only. The assurance was credited for a time, till persons more discreet than the wag convinced the Court party that Lady Humphreys was really no counterfeit. She was no beauty either; and the same party, when they withdrew from the festive scene, were all of one mind, that she must needs be what she seemed, for if the Lord Mayor had been under the necessity of borrowing, he would have borrowed altogether another sort of woman." This is one of the earliest stories connecting the City with an idea of vulgarity and purse pride. The stories commenced with the Court Tories, when the City began to resist Court oppression.

A leap now takes us on in the City chronicles. In 1727 (the year George I. died), the Royal

Family, the Ministry, besides nobles and foreign ministers, were entertained by Sir Edward Becher, mayor (Draper). George II. ordered the sum of £1,000 to be paid to the sheriffs for the relief of insolvent debtors. The feast cost £4,890. In 1733 (George II.), John Barber—Swift, Pope, and Bolingbroke's friend—the Jacobite printer who defeated a scheme of a general excise, was mayor. Barber erected the monument to Butler, the poet, in Westminster Abbey, who, by the way, had written a very sarcastic "Character of an Alderman." Barber's epitaph on the poet's monument is in high-flown Latin, which drew from Samuel Wesley these lines :—

"While Butler, needy wretch ! was yet alive,  
No generous patron would a dinner give.  
See him, when starved to death, and turned to dust,  
Presented with a monumental bust.  
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown—  
He asked for bread, and he received a stone."

In 1739 (George II.) Sir Micajah Perry (Haber-dasher) laid the first stone of the Mansion House. Sir Samuel Pennant (mayor in 1750), kinsman of the London historian, died of gaol fever, caught at Newgate, and which at the same time carried off an alderman, two judges, and some disregarded commonalty. The great bell of St. Paul's tolled on the death of the Lord Mayor, according to custom. Sir Christopher Gascoigne (1753), an ancestor of the present Viscount Cranbourne, was the first Lord Mayor who resided at the Mansion House.

In that memorable year (1761) when Sir Samuel Fludyer was elected, King George III. and Queen Charlotte (the young couple newly crowned) came to the City to see the Lord Mayor's Show from Mr. Barclay's window, as we have already described in our account of Cheapside ; and the ancient pageant was so far revived that the Fishmongers ventured on a St. Peter, a dolphin, and two mermaids, and the Skinners on Indian princes dressed in furs. Sir Samuel Fludyer was a Cloth Hall factor, and the City's scandalous chronicle says that he originally came up to London attending clothier's pack-horses, from the west country ; his second wife was granddaughter of a nobleman, and niece of the Earl of Cardigan. His sons married into the Montagu and Westmoreland families, and his descendants are connected with the Earls Onslow and Brownlow ; and he was very kind to young Romilly, his kinsman (afterwards the excellent Sir Samuel). The "City Biography" says Fludyer died from vexation at a reprimand given him by the Lord Chancellor, for having carried on a contraband trade in scarlet

cloth, to the prejudice of the East India Company. Sir Samuel was the ground landlord of Fludyer Street, Westminster, cleared away for the new Foreign Office.

In 1762 and again in 1769 that bold citizen, William Beckford, a friend of the great Chatham, was Lord Mayor. He was descended from a Maidenhead tailor, one of whose sons made a fortune in Jamaica. At Westminster School he had acquired the friendship of Lord Mansfield and a rich earl. Beckford united in himself the following apparently incongruous characters. He was an enormously rich Jamaica planter, a merchant, a member of Parliament, a militia officer, a provincial magistrate, a London alderman, a man of pleasure, a man of taste, an orator, and a country gentleman. He opposed Government on all occasions, especially in bringing over Hessian troops, and in carrying on a German war. His great dictum was that under the House of Hanover Englishmen for the first time had been able to be free, and for the first time had determined to be free. He presented to the king a remonstrance against a false return made at the Middlesex election. The king expressed dissatisfaction at the remonstrance, but Beckford presented another, and to the astonishment of the Court, added the following impromptu speech :—

"Permit me, sire, to observe," are said to have been the concluding remarks of the insolent citizen, "that whoever has already dared, or shall hereafter endeavour by false insinuations and suggestions to alienate your Majesty's affections from your loyal subjects in general, and from the City of London in particular, and to withdraw your confidence in, and regard for, your people, is an enemy to your Majesty's person and family, a violator of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy constitution as it was established at the *Glorious and Necessary Revolution*." At these words the king's countenance was observed to flush with anger. He still, however, presented a dignified silence ; and accordingly the citizens, after having been permitted to kiss the king's hand, were forced to return dissatisfied from the presence-chamber.

This speech, which won Lord Chatham's "admiration, thanks, and affection," and was inscribed on the pedestal of Beckford's statue erected in Guildhall, has been the subject of bitter disputes. Isaac Reed boldly asserts every word was written by Horne Tooke, and that Horne Tooke himself said so. Gifford, with his usual headlong partisanship, says the same ; but there is every reason to suppose that the words are those uttered by Beckford with but one slight alteration. Beckford

died, a short time after making this speech, of a fever, caught by riding from London to Fonthill, his Wiltshire estate. His son, the novelist and voluptuary, had a long minority, and succeeded at last to a million ready money and £100,000 a year, only to end life a solitary, despised, exiled man. One of his daughters married the Duke of Hamilton.

The Right Hon. Thomas Harley, Lord Mayor in 1768, was a brother of the Earl of Oxford. He

fell, unfortunately, with considerable force, against the front glass of Mr. Sheriff Harley's chariot, which it shattered to pieces. This gave the first alarm; the sheriffs retired into the Mansion House, and a man was taken up and brought there for examination, as a person concerned in the riot. The man appeared to be a mere idle spectator; but the Lord Mayor informed the court that, in order to try the temper of the mob, he had ordered one of his own servants to be dressed in the clothes of the supposed



A LORD MAYOR AND HIS LADY (MIDDLE OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY). *From an Old Print.*

turned wine-merchant, and married the daughter of his father's steward, according to the scandalous chronicles in the "City Biography." He is said, in partnership with Mr. Drummond, to have made £600,000 by taking a Government contract to pay the English army in America with foreign gold. He was for many years "the father of the City."

Harley first rendered himself famous in the City by seizing the boot and petticoat which the mob were burning opposite the Mansion House, in derision of Lord Bute and the princess-dowager, at the time the sheriffs were burning the celebrated *North Briton*. The mob were throwing the papers about as matter of diversion, and one of the bundles

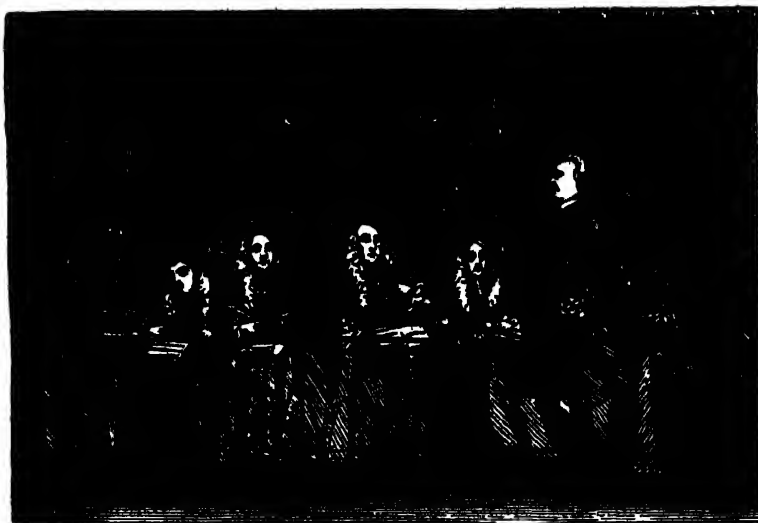
offender, and conveyed to the Poultry Compter, so that if a rescue should be effected, the prisoner would still be in custody, and the real disposition of the people discovered. However, everything was peaceable, and the course of justice was not interrupted, nor did any insult accompany the commitment; whereupon the prisoner was discharged. What followed, in the actual burning of the seditious paper, the Lord Mayor declared (according to the best information), arose from circumstances equally foreign to any illegal or violent designs. For these reasons his lordship concluded by declaring that, with the greatest respect for the sheriffs, and a firm belief that they would have done their duty in spite of any danger, he should put a negative upon



giving the thanks of the City upon a matter that was not sufficiently important for a public and solemn acknowledgment, which ought only to follow the most eminent exertions of duty.

In 1770 Brass Crosby (mayor) signalised himself by a patriotic resistance to Court oppression, and the arbitrary proceedings of the House of Commons. He was a Sunderland solicitor, who had married his employer's widow, and settled in London. He married in all three wives, and is said to have received £200,000 by the three. Shortly after Crosby's election, the House of Commons issued warrants against the printers of the *Middlesex Journal* and the *Gazetteer*, for presuming to give reports of the debates; but on

the House, declaring that effacing a record was an act of the greatest despotism; and Junius, in Letter 44, wrote: "By mere violence, and without the shadow of right, they have expunged the record of a judicial proceeding." Soon after this act, on the motion of Welbore Ellis, the mayor was committed to the Tower. The people were furious; Lord North lost his cocked hat, and even ~~his~~ his clothes torn; and the mob obtaining ~~a~~ but for Crosby's entreaties, would have hung the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms. The question was simply whether the House had the right to despotically arrest and imprison, and to supersede trial by jury. On the 8th of May the session terminated, and the Lord Mayor was released. The City



WILKES ON HIS TRIAL. (From a Contemporary Print.)

being brought before Alderman Wilkes, he discharged them. The House then proceeded against the printer of the *Evening Post*, but Crosby discharged him, and committed the messenger of the House for assault and false imprisonment. Not long after, Crosby appeared at the bar of the House, and defended what he had done; pleading strongly that by an Act of William and Mary no warrant could be executed in the City but by its ministers. Wilkes also had received an order to attend at the bar of the House, but refused to comply with it, on the ground that no notice had been taken in the order of his being a member. The next day the Lord Mayor's clerk attended with the Book of Recognisances, and Lord North having carried a motion that the recognisance be erased, the clerk was compelled to cancel it. Most of the Opposition indignantly rose and left

was illuminated at night, and there were great rejoicings. The victory was finally won. The great end of the contest," says Mr. Orridge, "was obtained. From that day to the present the House of Commons has never ventured to assail the liberty of the press, or to prevent the publication of the Parliamentary debates."

At his inauguration dinner in Guildhall, there was a superabundance of good things; notwithstanding which, a great number of young fellows, after the dinner was over, being heated with liquor, got upon the hustings, and broke all the bottles and glasses within their reach. At this time the Court and Ministry were out of favour in the City; and till the year 1776, when Halifax took as the legend of his mayoralty "Justice is the ornament and protection of liberty," no member of the Government received an invitation to dine at Guildhall.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

THE LORD MAYORS OF LONDON (*continued*).

John Wilkes: his Birth and Parentage—The *North Briton*—Duel with Martin—His Expulsion—Personal Appearance—Anecdotes of Wilkes—A Reason for making a Speech—Wilkes and the King—The Lord Mayor at the Gordon Riots—"Soap-suds" *versus* "Bar"—Sir William Curtis and his Kilt—A Gambling Lord Mayor—Sir William Staines, Bricklayer and Lord Mayor—"Patty-pan" Birch—Sir Matthew Wood—Walshman—Sir Peter Laurie and the "Dregs of the People"—Recent Lord Mayors.

IN 1774 that clever rascal, John Wilkes, ascended the civic throne. We shall so often meet this unscrupulous demagogue about London, that we will not dwell upon him here at much length. Wilkes was born in Clerkenwell, 1727. His father, Israel Wilkes, was a rich distiller (as his father and grandfather had been), who kept a coach and six, and whose house was a resort of persons of rank, merchants, and men of letters. Young Wilkes grew up a man of pleasure, squandered his wife's fortune in gambling and other fashionable vices, and became a notorious member of the Hell Fire Club at Medmenham Abbey. He now eagerly strove for place, asking Mr. Pitt to find him a post in the Board of Trade, or to send him as ambassador to Constantinople. Finding his efforts useless, he boldly avowed his intention of becoming notorious by assailing Government. In 1763, in his scurrilous paper, the *North Briton*, he violently abused the Princess Dowager and her favourite Lord Bute, who were supposed to influence the young king, and in the celebrated No. 45 he accused the ministers of putting a lie in the king's mouth. The Government illegally arresting him by an arbitrary "general warrant," he was committed to the Tower, and at once became the martyr of the people and the idol of the City. Released by Chief-Justice Pratt, he was next proceeded against for an obscene poem, the "Essay on Woman." He fought a duel with Samuel Martin, a brother M.P., who had insulted him, and was expelled the House in 1764. He then went to France in the height of his popularity, having just obtained a verdict in his favour upon the question of the warrant. On his return to England, he daringly stood for the representation of London, and was elected for Middlesex. Riots took place, a man was shot by the soldiers, and Wilkes was committed to the King's Bench prison. After a long contest with the Commons, Wilkes was expelled the House, and being re-elected for Middlesex, the election was declared void.

Eventually Wilkes became Chamberlain of the City, lectured refractory apprentices like a father, and tamed down to an ordinary man of the world, still shameless, ribald, irreligious, but, as Gibbon says, "a good companion with inexhaustible spirits, infinite wit and humour, and a great deal of knowledge." He quietly took his seat for Middlesex in

1782, and eight years afterwards the resolutions against him were erased from the Journals of the House. He died in 1797, at his house in Grosvenor Square. Wilkes' sallow face, sardonic squint, and projecting jaw, are familiar to us from Hogarth's terrible caricature. He generally wore the dress of a colonel of the militia—scarlet and buff, with a cocked hat and rosette, bag wig, and military boots, and O'Keefe describes seeing him walking in from his house at Kensington Gore, disdaining all offers of a coach. Dr. Franklin, when in England, describes the mob stopping carriages, and compelling their inmates to shout "Wilkes and liberty!" For the first fifteen miles out of London on the Winchester road, he says, and on nearly every door or window-shutter, "No. 45" was chalked. By many Tory writers Wilkes is considered latterly to have turned his coat, but he seems to us to have been perfectly consistent to the end. He was always a Whig with aristocratic tastes. When oppression ceased he ceased to protest. Most men grow more Conservative as their minds weaken, but Wilkes was always resolute for liberty.

A few anecdotes of Wilkes are necessary for seasoning to our chapter.

Horne Tooke having challenged Wilkes, who was then sheriff of London and Middlesex, received the following laconic reply: "Sir, I do not think it my business to cut the throat of every desperado that may be tired of his life; but as I am at present High Sheriff of the City of London, it may shortly happen that I shall have an opportunity of attending you in my civil capacity, in which case I will answer for it that *you shall have no ground* to complain of my endeavours to serve you." This is one of the bitterest retorts ever uttered. Wilkes's notoriety led to his head being painted as a public-house sign, which, however, did not invariably raise the original in estimation. An old lady, in passing a public-house distinguished as above, her companion called her attention to the sign. "Ah!" replied she, "Wilkes swings everywhere but where he ought." Wilkes's squint was proverbial; yet even this natural obliquity he turned to humorous account. When Wilkes challenged Lord Townshend, he said, "Your lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest. Yet, give me but half an hour's start, and I

will enter the lists against you with any woman you choose to name."

Once, when the house seemed resolved not to hear him, and a friend urged him to desist—"Speak," he said, "I must, for my speech has been in print for the newspapers this half-hour." Fortunately for him, he was gifted with a coolness and effrontery which were only equalled by his intrepidity, all three of which qualities constantly served his turn in the hour of need. As an instance of his audacity, it may be stated that on one occasion he and another person put forth, from a private room in a tavern, a proclamation commencing—"We, the people of England," &c., and concluding—"By order of the meeting." Another amusing instance of his effrontery occurred on the hustings at Brentford, when he and Colonel Luttrell were standing there together as rival candidates for the representation of Middlesex in Parliament. Looking down with great apparent apathy on the sea of human beings, consisting chiefly of his own votaries and friends, which stretched beneath him—"I wonder," he whispered to his opponent, "whether among that crowd the fools or the knaves predominate?" "I will tell them what you say," replied the astonished Luttrell, "and thus put an end to you." Perceiving that Wilkes treated the threat with the most perfect indifference—"Surely," he added, "you don't mean to say you could stand here one hour after I did so?" "Why not?" replied Wilkes; "it is *you* who would not be alive one instant after." "How so?" inquired Luttrell. "Because," said Wilkes, "I should merely affirm that it was a fabrication, and they would destroy you in the twinkling of an eye."

During his latter days Wilkes not only became a courtier, but was a frequent attendant at the levees of George III. On one of these occasions the King happened to inquire after his old friend "Sergeant Glynn," who had been Wilkes's counsel during his former seditious proceedings. "*My friend*, sir!" replied Wilkes; "he is no friend of mine; he was a Wilkite, sir, which I never was."

He once dined with George IV. when Prince of Wales, when overhearing the Prince speak in rather disparaging language of his father, with whom he was then notoriously on bad terms, he seized an opportunity of proposing the health of the King. "Why, Wilkes," said the Prince, "how long is it since you became so loyal?" "Ever since, sir," was the reply, "I had the honour of becoming acquainted with your Royal Highness."

Alderman Sawbridge (Framework Knitter), mayor in 1775, on his return from a state visit to Kew with all his retinue, was stopped and stripped by a

single highwayman. The sword-bearer did not even attempt to hew down the robber.

In 1780, Alderman Kennet (Vintner) was mayor during the Gordon riots. He had been a waiter and then a wine merchant, was a coarse and ignorant man, and displayed great incompetence during the week the rioters literally held London. When he was summoned to the House, to be examined about the riots, one of the members observed, "If you ring the bell, Kennet will come in, of course." On being asked why he did not at the outset send for the *posse comitatus*, he replied he did not know where the fellow lived, or else he would. One evening at the Alderman's Club, he was sitting at whist, next Mr. Alderman Pugh, a soap-boiler. "Ring the bell, Soap-suds," said Kennet. "Ring it yourself, Bar," replied Pugh; "you have been twice as much used to it as I have." There is no disgrace in having been a soap-boiler or a wine merchant; the true disgrace is to be ashamed of having carried on an honest business.

Alderman Clarke (Joiner), mayor in 1784, succeeded Wilkes as Chamberlain in 1798, and died aged ninety two, in 1831. This City patriarch was, when a mere boy, introduced to Dr. Johnson by that insufferable man, Sir John Hawkins. He met Dr. Percy, Goldsmith, and Hawkesworth, with the Polyphemus of letters, at the "Mitre." He was a member of the Essex Head Club. "When he was sheriff in 1777," says Mr. Timbs, "he took Dr. Johnson to a judges' dinner at the Old Bailey, the judges being Blackstone and Eyre." The portrait of Chamberlain Clarke, in the Court of Common Council in Guildhall, is by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and cost one hundred guineas. There is also a bust of Mr. Clarke, by Sicvier, at the Guildhall, which was paid for by a subscription of the City officers.

Alderman Boydcil, mayor in 1790, we have described fully elsewhere. He presided over Cheap Ward for twenty-three years. Nearly opposite his house, 90, Cheapside, is No. 73, which, before the present Mansion House was built, was used occasionally as the Lord Mayor's residence.

Sir James Saunderson (Draper), from whose curious book of official expenses we quote in our chapter on the Mansion House, was mayor in 1792. It was this mayor who sent a posse of officers to disperse a radical meeting held at that "caldron of sedition," Founders' Hall, and among the persons expelled was a young orator named Waithman, afterwards himself a mayor.

1795-6 was made pleasant to the Londoners by the abounding hospitality of Sir William Curtis,

a portly baronet, who, while he delighted in a liberal feast and a cheerful glass, evidently thought them of small value unless shared by his friends. Many years afterwards, during the reign of George IV., whose good graces he had secured, he went to Scotland with the king, and made Edinburgh merry by wearing a kilt in public. The wits laughed at his costume, complete even to the little dagger in the stocking, but told him he had forgotten one important thing—the spoon.

In 1797, Sir Benjamin Hamet was fined £1,000 for refusing to serve as mayor.

1799. Alderman Combe, mayor, the brewer, whom some saucy citizens nicknamed “Mash-tub.” But he loved gay company. Among the members at Brookes’s who indulged in high play was Combe, who is said to have made as much money in this way as he did by brewing. One evening, whilst he filled the office of Lord Mayor, he was busy at a full hazard table at Brookes’s, where the wit and dice-box circulated together with great glee, and where Beau Brummel was one of the party. “Come, Mash-tub,” said Brummel, who was the *caster*, “what do you *set*!” “Twenty-five guineas,” answered the alderman. “Well, then,” returned the beau, “have at the mare’s pony” (twenty-five guineas). The beau continued to throw until he drove home the brewer’s twelve ponies running, and then getting up and making him a low bow whilst pocketing the cash, he said, “Thank you, alderman; for the future I shall never drink any porter but yours.” “I wish, sir,” replied the brewer, “that every other blackguard in London would tell me the same.” Combe was succeeded in the mayoralty by Sir William Staines. They were both smokers, and were seen one night at the Mansion House lighting their pipes at the same taper; which reminds us of the two kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay. (Timbs.)

1800. Sir William Staines, mayor. He began life as a bricklayer’s labourer, and by persevering steadily in the pursuit of one object, accumulated a large fortune, and rose to the state coach and the Mansion House. He was Alderman of Cripple-gate Ward, where his memory is much respected. In Jacob’s Well Passage, in 1786, he built nine houses for the reception of his aged and indigent friends. They are erected on both sides of the court, with nothing to distinguish them from the other dwelling-houses, and without ostentatious display of stone or other inscription to denote the poverty of the inhabitants. The early tenants were aged workmen, tradesmen, &c., several of whom Staines had personally esteemed as his neighbours. One, a peruke-maker, had shaved the worthy

alderman during forty years. Staines also built Barbican Chapel, and rebuilt the “Jacob’s Well” public-house, noted for dramatic representations. The alderman was an illiterate man, and was a sort of butt amongst his brethren. At one of the Old Bailey dinners, after a sumptuous repast of turtle and venison, Sir William was eating a great quantity of butter with his cheese. “Why, brother,” said Wilkes, “you lay it on with a *trowel*!” A son of Sir William Staines, who worked at his father’s business (a builder), fell from a lofty ladder, and was killed; when the father, on being fetched to the spot, broke through the crowd, exclaiming, “See that the poor fellow’s watch is safe!” His manners may be judged from the following anecdote. At a City feast, when sheriff, sitting by General Tarleton, he thus addressed him, “Eat away at the pines, General; for we must pay, eat or not eat.”

In 1806, Sir James Shaw (Scrivener), afterwards Chamberlain, was a native of Kilmarnock, where a marble statue of him has been erected. He was of the humblest birth, but amassed a fortune as a merchant, and sat in three parliaments for the City. He was extremely charitable, and was one of the first to assist the children of Burns. At one of his mayoralty dinners, seven sons of George III. were guests.

Sir William Domville (Stationer), mayor in 1814, gave the great Guildhall banquet to the Prince Regent and the Allied Sovereigns during the short and fallacious peace before Waterloo. The dinner was served on plate valued at £200,000, and the entire entertainment cost nearly £25,000. The mayor was made baronet for this.

In 1815 reigned Alderman Birch, the celebrated Cornhill confectioner. The business at No. 15, Cornhill was established by Mr. Horton, in the reign of George I. Samuel Birch, born in 1787, was for many years a member of the Common Council, a City orator, an Alderman of the Ward of Candlewick, a poet, a dramatic writer, and Colonel of the City Militia. His pastry was, after all, the best thing he did, though he laid the first stone of the London Institution, and wrote the inscription to Chantrey’s statue of George III., now in the Council Chamber, Guildhall. “Mr. Pattypan” was Birch’s nickname.

Theodore Hook, or some clever versifier of the day, wrote an amusing skit on the vain, fussy, good-natured Jack-of-all-trades, beginning—

“Monsieur grown tired of fricassee,  
Resolved Old England now to see,  
The country where their roasted beef  
And puddings large pass all belief.”

Wherever this inquisitive foreigner goes he find  
Monsieur Birch—

"Guildhall at length in sight appears,  
An orator is hailed with cheers.  
'That orator, vat is hees name?'  
'Birch the pastry-cook—the very same.'"

He meets him again as militia colonel, poet,  
&c. &c., till he returns to France believing Birch  
Emperor of London.

Birch possessed considerable literary taste, and wrote poems and musical dramas, of which "The Adopted Child" remained a stock piece to our own time. The alderman used annually to send, as a present, a Twelfth-cake to the Mansion House. The upper portion of the house in Cornhill has been rebuilt, but the ground-floor remains intact, a curious specimen of the decorated shop-front of the last century; and here are preserved two door-plates, inscribed "Birch, successor to Mr. Horton," which are 140 years old. Alderman Birch died in 1840, having been succeeded in the business in Cornhill in 1836, by Ring and Brymer.

In 1816-17, we come to a mayor of great notoriety, Sir Matthew Wood, a druggist in Falcon Square. He was a Devonshire man, who began life as a druggist's traveller, and distinguished himself by his exertions for poor persecuted Queen Caroline. He served as Lord Mayor two successive years, and represented the City in nine parliaments. His baronetcy was the first title conferred by Queen Victoria, in 1837, as a reward for his political exertions. As a namesake of "Jemmy Wood," the miser banker of Gloucester, he received a princely legacy. The Vice-Chancellor Page Wood (Lord Hatherley) was the mayor's second son.

The following sonnet was contributed by Charles and Mary Lamb to Thelwall's newspaper, *The Champion*. Lamb's extreme opinions, as here enunciated, were merely assumed to please his friend Thelwall, but there seems a genuine tone in his abuse of Canning. Perhaps it dated from the time when the "player's son" had ridiculed Southey and Coleridge:—

SONNET TO MATTHEW WOOD, ESQ., ALDERMAN  
AND M.P.

"Hold on thy course uncheck'd, heroic Wood!  
Regardless what the player's son may prate,  
St. Stephen's fool, the zany of debate—  
Who nothing generous ever understood.  
London's twice prettor! scorn the fool-born jest,  
The stage's scum, and refuse of the players—  
Stale topics against magistrates and mayors—  
City and country both thy worth attest.  
Bid him leave off his shallow Eton wit,  
More fit to soothe the superficial ear  
Of drunken Pitt, and that pickpocket Peer,

When at their sottish orgies they did sit,  
Hatching mad counsels from inflated vein,  
Till England and the nations reeled with pain."

In 1818-19 Alderman John Atkins was host at the Mansion House. In early life he had been a Customs' tide-waiter, and was not remarkable for polished manners; but he was a shrewd and worthy man, filling the seat of justice with impartiality, and dispensing the hospitality of the City with an open hand.

In 1821 John Thomas Thorpe (Draper), mayor, officiated as chief butler at the coronation feast of George IV. He and twelve assistants presented the king wine in a golden cup, which the king returned as the cupbearer's fees. Being, however, a violent partisan of Queen Caroline, he was not created a baronet.

In 1823 we come to another determined reformer, Alderman Waithman, whom we have already noticed in the chapter on Fleet Street. As a poor lad, he was adopted by his uncle, a Bath linendraper. He began to appear as a politician in 1794. When sheriff in 1821, in quelling a tumult at Knightsbridge, he was in danger from a Life-guardsman's carbine, and at the funeral of Queen Caroline, a carbine bullet passed through his carriage in Hyde Park. Many of his resolutions in the Common Council were, says Mr. Timbs, written by Sir Richard Phillips, the bookseller.

Alderman Garratt (Goldsmith), mayor in 1825, laid the first stone of London Bridge, accompanied by the Duke of York. At the banquet at the Mansion House, 360 guests were entertained in the Egyptian Hall, and nearly 200 of the Artillery Company in the saloon. The Monument was illuminated the same night.

In 1830, Alderman Key, mayor, roused great indignation in the City, by frightening William IV., and preventing his coming to the Guildhall dinner. The show and inauguration dinner were in consequence omitted. In 1831 Key was again mayor, and on the opening of London Bridge was created a baronet.

Sir Peter Laurie, in 1832-3, though certainly possessing a decided opinion on most political questions, which he steadily, and no doubt honestly carried out, frequently incurred criticism on account of his extreme views, and a passion for "putting down" what he imagined social grievances. He lived to a green old age. In manners open, easy, and unassuming; in disposition, friendly and liberal; kind as a master, and unaffectedly hospitable as a host, he gained, as he deserved, "troops of friends," dying lamented and honoured, as he had lived, respected and beloved. (Aleph.)

When Sir Peter Laurie, as Lord Mayor of London, entertained the judges and leaders of the bar, he exclaimed to his guests, in an after-dinner oration:—

"See before you the examples of myself, the chief magistrate of this great empire, and the Chief Justice of England sitting at my right hand; both now in the highest offices of the state, and both  *sprung from the very dregs of the people!*"

Although Lord Tenterden possessed too much natural dignity and truthfulness to blush for his

Mr. Hogg in the business, became Alderman of the Ward of Farringdon Within, and served as sheriff and mayor, the cost of which exceeded the fees and allowances by the sum of £10,000. He lived upon the same spot sixty years, and died in his eighty-fourth year. He was a man of active benevolence, and reminded one of the pious Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Abney. He composed some prayers for his own use, which were subsequently printed for private distribution. (Timbs.)



BIRCH'S SHOP, CORNHILL (see page 412).

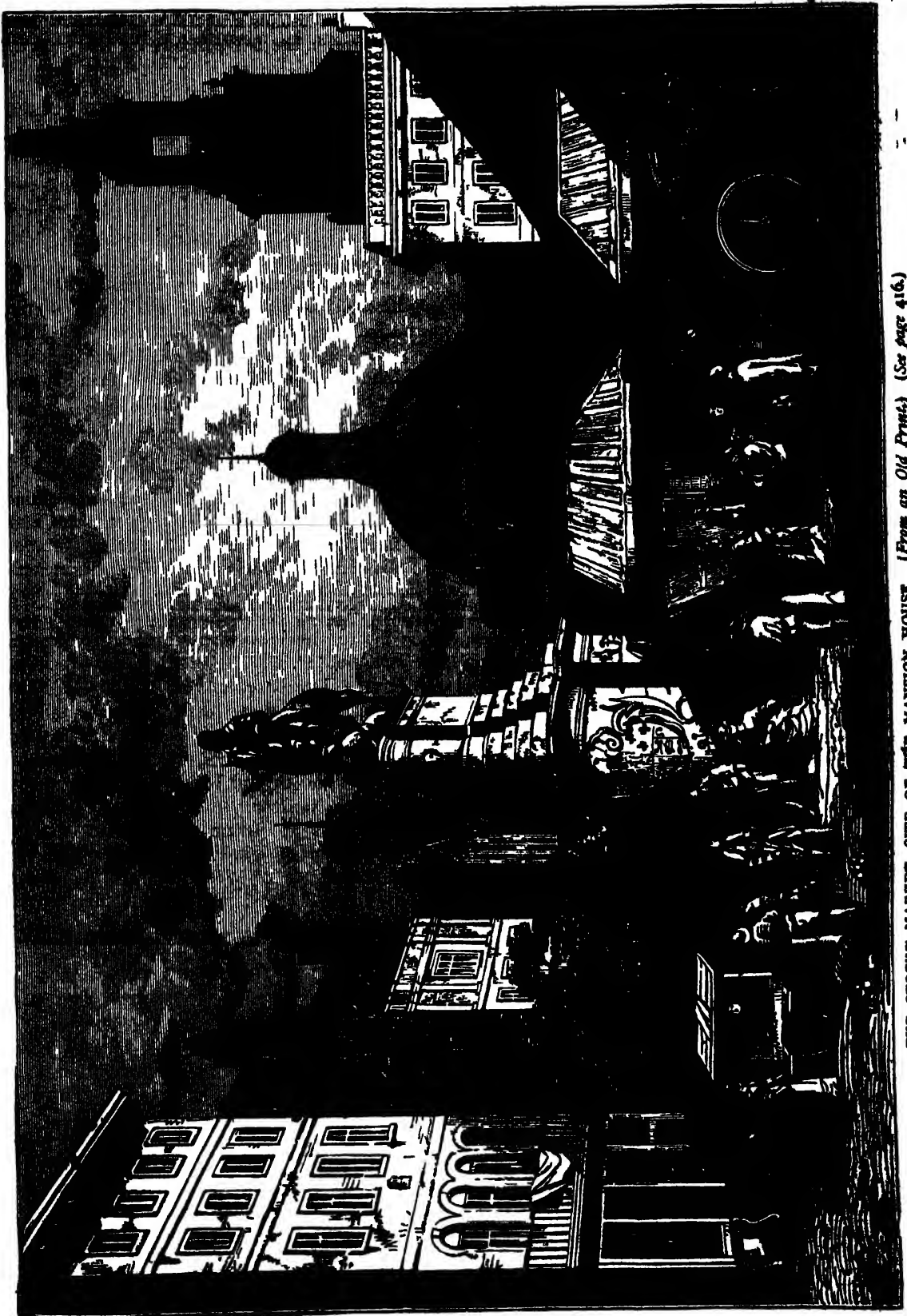
humble origin, he winced at hearing his excellent mother and her worthy husband, the Canterbury wig-maker, thus described as belonging to "the very dregs of the people."

1837. Alderman Kelly, Lord Mayor at the accession of her Majesty, was born at Chevening, in Kent, and lived, when a youth, with Alexander Hogg, the publisher, in Paternoster Row, for £10 a year wages. He slept under the shop-counter for the security of the premises. He was reported by his master to be "too slow" for the situation. Mr. Hogg, however, thought him "a bidable boy," and he remained. This incident shows upon what apparently trifling circumstances sometimes a man's future prospects depend. Mr. Kelly succeeded

Sir John Cowan (Wax Chandler), mayor in 1838, was created a baronet after having entertained the Queen at his mayoralty dinner.

1839. Sir Chapman Marshall, mayor. He received knighthood when sheriff, in 1831; and at a public dinner of the friends and supporters of the Metropolitan Charity Schools, he addressed the company as follows:—"My Lord Mayor and gentlemen,—I want words to express the emotions of my heart. You see before you a humble individual who has been educated at a parochial school. I came to London in 1803, without a shilling, without a friend. I have not had the benefit of a classical education; but this I will say, my Lord Mayor and gentlemen, that you witness





THE STOCKS MARKET, SITE OF THE MANSION HOUSE (From an Old Print.) (See page 416.)

in ~~me~~ what may be done by the earnest application of honest industry; and I trust that my example may induce others to aspire, by the same means, to the distinguished situation which I have now the honour to fill." Self-made men are too fond of such glorifications, and forget how much wealth depends on good fortune and opportunity.

1839, Alderman Wilson, mayor, signalised his year of office by giving, in the Egyptian Hall, a banquet to 117 connections of the Wilson family being above the age of nine years. At this family festival, the usual civic state and ceremonial were maintained, the sword and mace borne, &c.; but after the loving cup had been passed round, the attendants were dismissed, in order that the free family intercourse might not be restricted during the remainder of the evening. A large number of the Wilson family, including the alderman himself, have grown rich in the silk trade. (Timbs.)

In 1842, Sir John Pirie, mayor, the Royal Exchange was commenced. Baronetcy received on the christening of the Prince of Wales. At his inauguration dinner at Guildhall, Sir John said: "I little thought, forty years ago, when I came to London a poor lad from the banks of the Tweed, that I should ever arrive at so great a distinction." In his mayoralty show, Pirie, being a shipowner, added to the procession a model of a large East Indiaman, fully rigged and manned, and drawn in a car by six horses. (Aleph.)

Alderman Farncomb (Tallow-chandler), mayor in 1849, was one of the great promoters of the Great Exhibition of 1851, that Fair of all Nations which was to bring about universal peace, and wrap the globe in English cotton. He gave a grand banquet at the Mansion House to Prince Albert and a host of provincial mayors; and Prince Albert explained his views about his hobby in his usual calm and sensible way.

In 1850 Sir John Musgrove (Clothworker), at

the suggestion of Mr. G. Godwin, arranged a show on more than usually æsthetic principles. There was Peace with her olive-branch, the four quarters of the world, with camels, deer, elephants, negroes, beehives, a ship in full sail, an allegorical car, drawn by six horses, with Britannia on a throne and Happiness at her feet; and great was the delight of the mob at the gratuitous splendour.

Alderman Salomons (1855) was the first Jewish Lord Mayor—a laudable proof of the increased toleration of our age. This mayor proved a liberal and active magistrate, who repressed the mischievous and unmeaning Guy Fawkes rejoicings, and through the exertions of the City Solicitor, persuaded the Common Council to at last erase the absurd inscription on the Monument, which attributed the Fire of London to a Roman Catholic conspiracy.

Alderman Rose, mayor in 1862 (Spectacle-maker), an active encourager of the useful and manly volunteer movement, had the honour of entertaining the Prince of Wales and his beautiful Danish bride at a Guildhall banquet, soon after their marriage. The festivities (including £10,000 for a diamond necklace) cost the Corporation some £60,000. The alderman was knighted in 1867. He was (says Mr. Timbs) Alderman of Queenhithe, living in the same row where three mayors of our time have resided.

Alderman Lawrence, mayor in 1863-4. His father and brother were both aldermen, and all three were in turns Sheriff of London and Middlesex. Alderman Phillips (Spectacle-maker), mayor in 1865, was the second Jewish Lord Mayor, and the first Jew admitted into the municipality of London. This gentleman, of Prussian descent, had the honour of entertaining, at the Mansion House, the Prince of Wales and the King and Queen of the Belgians, and was knighted at the close of his mayoralty.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### THE POULTRY.

*The Early Home of the London Poulterers—Its Mysterious Desertion—Noteworthy Sites in the Poultry—The Birthplace of Tom Hood, Senior—A Pretty Quarrel at the Rose Tavern—A Costly Sign-board—The Three Cranes—The Home of the Dillys—Johnsonsiana—St. Mildred's Church, Poultry—Quaint Epitaphs—The Poultry Compter—Attack on Dr Lamb, the Conjurer—Dekker, the Dramatist—Ned Ward's Description of the Compter—Granville Sharp and the Slave Trade—Important Decision in favour of the Slave—Boyse—Dunton.*

THE busy street extending between Cheapside and Cornhill is described by Stow (Queen Elizabeth) as the special quarter, almost up to his time, of the London poulterers, who sent their fowls and feathered game to be prepared in Scalding Alley

(anciently called Scalding House, or Scalding Wike). The pluckers and scorchers of the feathered fowl occupied the shops between the Stocks' Market (now the Mansion House) and the Great Conduit. Just before Stow's time the poulterers seem to

have taken wing in a unanimous covey, and settled down, for reasons now unknown to us, and not very material to any one, in Gracious (Gracechurch) Street, and the end of St. Nicholas flesh shambles (now Newgate Market). Poultry was not worth its weight in silver then.

The chief points of interest in the street (past and present) are the Compter Prison, Grocers' Hall, Old Jewry, and several shops with memorable associations. Lubbock's Banking House, for instance, is leased of the Goldsmiths' Company, being part of Sir Martin Bowes' bequest to the Company in Elizabeth's time. Sir Martin Bowes we have already mentioned in our chapter on the Goldsmiths' Company.

The name of one of our greatest English wits is indissolubly connected with the neighbourhood of the Poultry. It falls like a cracker, with merry bang and sparkle, among the gravest histories with which this great street is associated. Tom Hood was the son of a Scotch bookseller in the Poultry. The firm was "Vernor and Hood." "Mr. Hood," says Mrs. Broderip, "was one of the 'Associated Booksellers,' who selected valuable old books for reprinting, with great success. Messrs. Vernor and Hood, when they moved to 31, Poultry, took into partnership Mr. C. Sharpe. The firm of Messrs. Vernor and Hood published 'The Beauties of England and Wales,' 'The Mirror,' Bloomfield's poems, and those of Henry Kirke White." At this house in the Poultry, as far as we can trace, in the year 1799, was born his second son, Thomas. After the sudden death of the father, the widow and her children were left rather slenderly provided for. "My father, the only remaining son, preferred the drudgery of an engraver's desk to encroaching upon the small family store. He was articled to his uncle, Mr. Sands, and subsequently was transferred to one of the Le Keux. He was a most devoted and excellent son to his mother, and the last days of her widowhood and decline were soothed by his tender care and affection. An opening that offered more congenial employment presented itself at last, when he was about the age of twenty-one. By the death of Mr. John Scott, the editor of the 'London Magazine,' who was killed in a duel, that periodical passed into other hands, and became the property of my father's friends, Messrs. Taylor and Hessey. The new proprietors soon sent for him, and he became a sort of sub-editor to the magazine." Of this period of his life he says himself:—

"Time was when I sat upon a lofty stool,  
At lofty desk, and with a clerky pen,  
Began each morning, at the stroke of ten,

To write to Bell and Co.'s commercial school,  
In Warneford Court, a shady nook and cool,  
The favourite retreat of merchant men.  
Yet would my quill turn vagrant, even then,  
And take stray dips in the Castalian pool;  
Now double entry—now a flowery trope—  
Mingling poetic honey with trade wax;  
Blogg Brothers—Milton—Grote and Prescott—Pope,  
Bristles and Hogg—Glynn, Mills, and Halifax—  
Rogers and Towgood—hemp—the Bard of Hope—  
Barilla—Byron—fallow—Burns and flax."

The "King's Head" Tavern (No. 25) was kept at the Restoration by William King, a staunch cavalier. It is said that the landlord's wife happened to be on the point of labour on the day of the king's entry into London. She was extremely anxious to see the returning monarch, and the king, being told of her inclination, drew up at the door of the tavern in his good-natured way, and saluted her.

The King's Head Tavern, which stood at the western extremity of the Stocks' Market, was not at first known by the sign of the "King's Head," but the "Rose." Machin, in his diary, Jan. 5, 1560, thus mentions it:—"A gentleman arrested for debt: Master Cobham, with divers gentlemen and serving men, took him from the officers, and carried him to the Rose Tavern, where so great a fray, both the sheriffs were fain to come, and from the Rose Tavern took all the gentlemen and their servants, and carried them to the Compter." The house was distinguished by the device of a large, well-painted rose, erected over a doorway, which was the only indication in the street of such an establishment. Ned Ward, that coarse observer, in the "London Spy," 1709, describes the "Rose," anciently the "Rose and Crown," as famous for good wine. "There was no parting," he says, "without a glass; so we went into the Rose Tavern in the Poultry, where the wine, according to its merit, had justly gained a reputation; and there, in a snug room, warmed with brush and faggot, over a quart of good claret, we laughed over our night's adventure. The tavern door was flanked by two columns twisted with vines carved in wood, which supported a small square gallery over the portico, surrounded by handsome ironwork. On the front of this gallery was erected the sign. It consisted of a central compartment containing the Rose, behind which the artist had introduced a tall silver cup, called "a standing bowl," with drinking glasses. Beneath the painting was this inscription:—

"This is  
THE ROSE TAVERN,  
Kept by  
WILLIAM KING,  
Citizen and Vintner.

This Taverne's like its sign—a lustie Rose,  
A sight of joy that sweetness doth enclose ;  
The daintie Flow're well pictur'd here is seene,  
But for its rarest sweets—come, searche within !”

About the time that King altered his sign we find the authorities of St. Peter-upon-Cornhill determining “That the King's Arms, in painted glass, should be refreshed, and forthwith be set up (in one of their church windows) by the churchwarden at the parish charges ; with whatsoever he giveth to the glazier as a gratuity.”

The sign appears to have been a costly work, since there was the fragment of a leaf of an old account-book found when the ruins of the house were cleared after the Great Fire, on which were written these entries :—“ P<sup>d</sup>. to Hoggestreete, the Duche paynter, for y<sup>e</sup> picture of a Rose, w<sup>th</sup> a Standing-bowle and glasses, for a signe, xx *li.*, besides diners and drinkings ; also for a large table of walnut-tree, for a frame, and for iron-worke and hanging the picture, v *li.*” The artist who is referred to in this memorandum could be no other than Samuel Van Hoogstraten, a painter of the middle of the seventeenth century, whose works in England are very rare. He was one of the many excellent artists of the period, who, as Walpole contemptuously says, “painted still life, oranges and lemons, plate, damask curtains, cloth of gold, and that medley of familiar objects that strike the ignorant vulgar.” At a subsequent date the landlord wrote under the sign—

“ Gallants, rejoice ! This flow're is now full-blowne !  
'Tis a Rose-Noble better'd by a crowne ;  
All you who love the emblem and the signe,  
Enter, and prove our loyaltie and wine.”

The tavern was rebuilt after the Great Fire, and flourished many years. It was long a *dépôt* in the metropolis for turtle ; and in the quadrangle of the tavern might be seen scores of turtle, large and lively, in huge tanks of water ; or laid upward on the stone floor, ready for their destination. The tavern was also noted for large dinners of the City Companies and other public bodies. The house was refitted in 1852, but has since been pulled down. (Timbs.)

Another noted Poultry Tavern was the “Three Cranes,” destroyed in the Great Fire, but rebuilt and noticed in 1698, in one of the many paper controversies of that day. A fulminating pamphlet, entitled “*Ecclesia et Factio : a Dialogue between Bow Church Steeple and the Exchange Grasshopper,*” elicited “*An Answer to the Dragon and Grasshopper ; in a Dialogue between an Old Monkey and a Young Weasel, at the Three Cranes Tavern. in the Poultry.*”

No. 22 was the house of Johnson's friends, Edward and Charles Dilly, the booksellers. Here, in the year 1773, Boswell and Johnson dined with the Dillys, Goldsmith, Langton, and the Rev. Mr. Toplady. The conversation was of excellent quality, and Boswell devotes many pages to it. They discussed the emigration and nidification of birds, on which subjects Goldsmith seems to have been deeply interested ; the bread-fruit of Otaheite, which Johnson, who had never tasted it, considered surpassed by a slice of the loaf before him ; toleration, and the early martyrs. On this last subject, Dr. Mayo, “the literary anvil,” as he was called, because he bore Johnson's hardest blows without flinching, held out boldly for unlimited toleration ; Johnson for Baxter's principle of only “tolerating all things that are tolerable,” which is no toleration at all. Goldsmith, unable to get a word in, and overpowered by the voice of the great Polyphemus, grew at last vexed, and said petulantly to Johnson, who he thought had interrupted poor Toplady, “Sir, the gentleman has heard you patiently for an hour ; pray allow us now to hear him.” Johnson replied, sternly, “Sir, I was not interrupting the gentleman ; I was only giving him a signal proof of my attention. Sir, you are impertinent.”

Johnson, Boswell, and Langton presently adjourned to the club, where they found Burke, Garrick, and Goldsmith, the latter still brooding over his sharp reprimand at Dilly's. Johnson, magnanimous as a lion, at once said aside to Boswell, “I'll make Goldsmith forgive me.” Then calling to the poet, in a loud voice he said, “Dr. Goldsmith, something passed to-day where you and I dined ; I ask your pardon.”

Goldsmith, touched with this, replied, “It must be much from you, sir, that I take ill”—became himself, “and rattled away as usual.” Would Goldy have rattled away so had he known what Johnson, Boswell, and Langton had said about him as they walked up Cheapside ? Langton had observed that the poet was not like Addison, who, content with his fame as a writer, did not attempt a share in conversation ; to which Boswell added, that Goldsmith had a great deal of gold in his cabinet, but, not content with that, was always pulling out his purse. “Yes, sir,” struck in Johnson, “and that is often an empty purse.”

In 1776 we find Boswell skilfully decoying his great idol to dinner at the Dillys to meet the notorious “Jack Wilkes.” To Boswell's horror, when he went to fetch Johnson, he found him covered with dust, and buffeting some books, having forgotten all about the dinner party. A little coaxing, however, soon won him over ; Johnson

roared out, "Frank, a clean shirt!" and was soon packed into a hackney coach. On discovering "a certain gentleman in lace," and he Wilkes the demagogue, Johnson was at first somewhat disconcerted, but soon recovered himself, and behaved like a man of the world. Wilkes quickly won the great man.

They soon set to work discussing Foote's wit, and Johnson confessed that, though resolved not to be pleased, he had once at a dinner-party been obliged to lay down his knife and fork, throw himself back in his chair, and fairly laugh it out—"The dog was so comical, sir: he was irresistible." Wilkes and Johnson then fell to bantering the Scotch; Burke complimented Boswell on his successful stroke of diplomacy in bringing Johnson and Wilkes together.

Mr. Wilkes placed himself next to Dr. Johnson, and behaved to him with so much attention and politeness, that he gained upon him insensibly. No man ate more heartily than Johnson, or loved better what was nice and delicate. Mr. Wilkes was very assiduous in helping him to some fine veal. "Pray give me leave, sir—it is better there—a little of the brown—some fat, sir—a little of the stuffing—some gravy—let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter—allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange; or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest." "Sir—sir, I am obliged to you, sir," cried Johnson, bowing, and turning his head to him with a look for some time of "surlly virtue," but, in a short while, of complacency.

But the most memorable evening recorded at Dilly's was April 15, 1778, when Johnson and Boswell dined there, and met Miss Seward, the Lichfield poetess, and Mrs. Knowles, a clever Quaker lady, who for once overcame the giant of Bolt Court in argument. Before dinner Johnson took up a book, and read it ravenously. "He knows how to read it better," said Mrs. Knowles to Boswell, "than any one. He gets at the substance of a book directly. He tears out the heart of it." At dinner Johnson told Dilly that, if he wrote a book on cookery, it should be based on philosophical principles. "Women," he said, contemptuously, "can spin, but they cannot make a good book of cookery."

They then fell to talking of a ghost that had appeared at Newcastle, and had recommended some person to apply to an attorney. Johnson thought the Wesleys had not taken pains enough in collecting evidence, at which Miss Seward smiled. This vexed the superstitious sage of Fleet Street, and he said, with solemn vehemence. "Yes, ma'am, this is a question which, after five thousand

years, is yet undecided; a question, whether in theology or philosophy, one of the most important that can come before the human understanding."

Johnson, who during the evening had been very thunderous at intervals, breaking out against the Americans, describing them as "rascals, robbers, and pirates," and declaring he would destroy them all—as Boswell says, "He roared out a tremendous volley which one might fancy could be heard across the Atlantic," &c.—grew very angry at Mrs. Knowles for noticing his unkindness to Miss Jane Barry, a recent convert to Quakerism.

"We remained," says Boswell, writing with awe, like a man who has survived an earthquake, "together till it was very late. Notwithstanding occasional explosions of violence, we were all delighted upon the whole with Johnson. I compared him at the time to a warm West Indian climate, where you have a bright sun, quick vegetation, luxurious foliage, luscious fruits, but where the same heat sometimes produces thunder, lightning, and earthquakes in a terrible degree."

St. Mildred's Church, Poultry, is a rectory situate at the corner of Scalding Alley. John de Asswell was collated thereto in the year 1325. To this church anciently belonged the chapel of Corpus Christi and St. Mary, at the end of Conyhoop Lane, or Grocers' Alley, in the Poultry. The patronage of this church was in the prior and canons of St. Mary Overie's in Southwark till their suppression. This church was consumed in the Great Fire, anno 1666, and then rebuilt, the parish of St. Mary Cole being thereunto annexed. Among the monumental inscriptions in this church, Maitland gives the following on the well-known Thomas Tusser, of Elizabeth's reign, who wrote a quaint poem on a farmer's life and duties:—

"Here Thomas Tusser, clad in earth, doth lie,  
That some time made the points of husbandrie.  
By him then learne thou maist, here learne we must,  
When all is done we sleep and turn to dust.  
And yet through Christ to heaven we hope to goe,  
Who reads his bookes shall find his faith was so.

Among the curious epitaphs in St. Mildred's, Stow mentions the following, which is worth quoting here:—

"HERE LIES BURIED THOMAS IKEN, SKINNER.

"In Hodnet and London  
God blessed my life,  
Till forty and six yeeres,  
With children and wife;  
And God will raise me  
Up to life againe,  
Therefore have I thought  
My death no paine."

A fair monument of Queen Elizabeth had on  
the sides the following verses inscribed :—

"If prayers or tears  
Of subjects had prevailed,  
To save a princess  
Through the world esteemed ;  
Then Atropos

Netherlands' Relief ;  
Heaven's gem, earth's joy,  
World's wonder, Nature's chief.  
Britaine's blessing, England's splendour,  
Religion's Nurse, the Faith's Defender."

The Poultry Compter, on the site of the present  
Grocers' Alley, was one of the old sheriff's prisons



JOHN WILKES. (*From an Authentic Portrait*)

In cutting here had fail'd,  
And had not cut her thread,  
But been redeem'd ;  
But pale-faced Death ,  
And cruel churlish Fate,  
To prince and people  
Brings the latest date.  
Yet spight of Death and Fate,  
Fame will display  
Her gracious virtues  
Through the world for aye,  
Spain's Rod, Rome's Rume,

pulled down in 1817, replaced soon after by a chapel. Stow mentions the prison as four houses west from the parish of St. Mildred, and describes it as having been "there kept and continued time out of mind, for I have not read the original hereof." "It was the only prison," says Mr. Peter Cunningham, "with a ward set apart for Jews (probably from its vicinity to Old Jewry), and it was the only prison in London left unattacked by Lord George Gordon's blue cockaded rioters in





CASELL'S OLD & NEW LONDON PLATE 6

ALDERMAN BOYDELL ( From the Portrait in the Guildhall Collection)



1780." This may have arisen from secret instructions of Lord George, who had sympathies for the Jews, and eventually became one himself. Middleton, 1607 (James I.), speaks ill of it in his play of the *Phoenix*, for prisons at that time were places of cruelty and extortion, and schools of villainy.

that Dr. Lamb, the conjurer, died, after being nearly torn to pieces by the mob. He was a creature of the Duke of Buckingham, and had been accused of bewitching Lord Windsor. On the 18th of June Lamb was insulted in the City by a few boys, who soon after being increased



THE POULTRY COMPTER. (From an Old Print.)

The great playwright makes his "first officer" say, "We have been scholars, I can tell you—we could not have been knaves so soon else; for as in that notable city called London, stand two most famous universities, Poultry and Wood St., where some are of twenty years standing, and have took all their degrees, from the master's side, down to the mistress's side, so in like manner," &c.

It was at this prison, in the reign of Charles I.,

by the acceding multitude, they surrounded him with bitter invectives, which obliged him to seek refuge in a tavern in the Old Jewry; but the tumult continuing to increase, the vintner, for his own safety, judged it proper to turn him out of the house, whereupon the mob renewed their exclamations against him, with the appellations of "wizard," "conjurer," and "devil." But at last, perceiving the approach of a guard, sent by the Lord Mayor

to his rescue, they fell upon and beat the doctor in such a cruel and barbarous manner, that he was by the said guard taken up for dead, and carried to the Compter, where he soon after expired. "But the author of a treatise, entitled 'The Forfeiture of the City Charters,'" says Maitland, "gives a different account of this affair, and, fixing the scene of this tragedy on the 14th of July, writes, that as the doctor passed through Cheapside, he was attacked as above mentioned, which forced him to seek a retreat down Wood Street, and that he was there screened from the fury of the mob in a house, till they had broken all the windows, and forced the door; and then, no help coming to the relief of the doctor, the housekeeper was obliged to deliver him up to save the spoiling of his goods.

"When the rabble had got him into their hands, some took him by the legs, and others by the arms, and so dragging him along the streets, cried, 'Lamb, Lamb, the conjuror, the conjuror!' every one kicking and striking him that were nearest.

"Whilst this tumult lasted, and the City was in an uproar, the news of what had passed came to the king's ear, who immediately ordered his guards to make ready, and, taking some of the chief nobility, he came in person to appease the tumult. In St. Paul's Churchyard he met the inhuman villains dragging the doctor along; and after the knight-marshal had proclaimed silence, who was but ill obeyed, the king, like a good prince, mildly exhorted and persuaded them to keep his peace, and deliver up the doctor to be tried according to law; and that if his offence, which they charged him with, should appear, he should be punished accordingly; commanding them to disperse and depart every man to his own home. But the insolent varlets answered, that *they had judged him already*; and thereupon pulled him limb from limb; or, at least, so dislocated his joints, that he instantly died."

This took place just before the Duke of Buckingham's assassination by Felton, in 1628. The king, very much enraged at the treatment of Lamb, and the non-discovery of the real offenders, extorted a fine of £6,000 from the abashed City.

Dekker, the dramatist, was thrown into this prison. This poet of the great Elizabethan race was one of Ben Jonson's great rivals. He thus rails at Shakespeare's special friend, who had made "a supplication to be a poor journeyman player, and hadst been still so, but that thou couldst not set a good face upon it. Thou hast forgot how thou ambled'st in leather-pilch, by a play-waggon in the highway; and took'st mad Jeronimo's part, to get service among the mimics," &c.

Dekker thus delineates Ben:—"That same Horace has the most ungodly face, by my fan; it looks for all the world like a rotten russet apple, when 'tis bruised. It's better than a spoonful of cinnamon water next my heart, for me to hear him speak; he sounds it so i' th' nose, and talks and rants like the poor fellows under Ludgate—to see his face make faces, when he reads his songs and sonnets."

Again, we have Ben's face compared with that of his favourite, Horace's—"You staring Leviathan! Look on the sweet visage of Horace; look, par-boil'd face, look—has he not his face punchtfull of eylet-holes, like the cover of a warming-pan?"

Ben Jonson's manner in a play-house is thus sketched by Dekker:—"Not to hang himself, even if he thought any man could write plays as well as himself; not to bombast out a new play with the old linings of jests stolen from the Temple's revels; not to sit in a gallery where your comedies have entered their actions, and there make vile and bad faces at every line, to make men have an eye to you, and to make players afraid; not to venture on the stage when your play is ended, and exchange courtesies and compliments with gallants, to make all the house rise and cry—"That's Horace! That's he that pens and purges humours!"

But, notwithstanding all his bitterness, Dekker could speak generously of the old poet; for he thus sums up Ben Jonson's merits in the following lines:—

"Good Horace! No! My cheeks do blush for thine,  
As often as thou speakest so; where one true  
And nobly virtuous spirit for thy best part  
Loves thee, I wish one, ten; even from my heart!  
I make account, I put up as deep share  
In any good man's love, which thy worth earns,  
As thou thyself; we envy not to see  
Thy friends with bays to crown thy poesy.  
No, here the gall lies;—we, that know what stuff  
Thy very heart is made of, know the stalk  
On which thy learning grows, and can give life  
To thy one dying baseness; yet must we  
Dance anticks on your paper.  
But were thy warp'd soul put in a new mould,  
I'd wear thee as a jewel set in gold."

Charles Lamb, speaking of Dekker's share in Massinger's *Virgin Martyr*, highly eulogises the impecunious poet. "This play," says Lamb, "has some beauties of so very high an order, that with all my respect for Massinger, I do not think he had poetical enthusiasm capable of rising up to them. His associate, Dekker, who wrote *Old Fortunatus*, had poetry enough for anything. The very impurities which obtrude themselves among the sweet pictures of this play, like Satan among the sons of Heaven, have a strength of contrast, a

raciness, and a glow in them, which are beyond Massinger. They are to the religion of the rest what Caliban is to Miranda."

Ned Ward, in his coarse but clever "London Spy," gives us a most distasteful picture of the Compter in 1698-1700. "When we first entered," says Ward, "this apartment, under the title of the King's Ward, the mixture of scents that arose from *mundungus*, tobacco, foul feet, dirty shirts, stinking breaths, and uncleanly carcasses, poisoned our nostrils far worse than a Southwark ditch, a tanner's yard, or a tallow-chandler's melting-room. The ill-looking vermin, with long, rusty beards, swaddled up in rags, and their heads—some covered with thrum-caps, and others thrust into the tops of old stockings. Some quitted their play they were before engaged in, and came hovering round us, like so many cannibals, with such devouring countenances, as if a man had been but a morsel with 'em, all crying out, 'Garnish, garnish,' as a rabble in an insurrection crying, 'Liberty, liberty!' We were forced to submit to the doctrine of non-resistance, and comply with their demands, which extended to the sum of two shillings each."

The Poultry Compter has a special historical interest, from the fact of its being connected with the early struggles of our philanthropists against the slave-trade. It was here that several of the slaves released by Granville Sharp's noble exertions were confined. This excellent man, and true aggressive Christian, was grandson of an Archbishop of York, and son of a learned Northumberland rector. Though brought up to the bar, he never practised, and resigned a place in the Ordnance Office because he could not conscientiously approve of the American War. He lived a bachelor life in the Temple, doing good continually. Sharp opposed the impressment of sailors and the system of duelling; encouraged the distribution of the Bible, and advocated parliamentary reform. But it was as an enemy to slavery, and the first practical opposer of its injustice and its cruelties, that Granville Sharp earned a foremost place in the great bed-roll of our English philanthropists. Mr. Sharp's first interference in behalf of persecuted slaves was in 1765.

In the year 1765, says Clarkson, in his work on slavery, a Mr. David Lisle had brought over from Barbadoes Jonathan Strong, an African slave, as his servant. He used the latter in a barbarous manner at his lodgings, in Wapping, but particularly by beating him over the head with a pistol, which occasioned his head to swell. When the swelling went down a disorder fell into his eyes, which threatened the loss of them. To this a fever and

ague succeeded; and he was affected with a lameness in both his legs.

Jonathan Strong having been brought into this deplorable condition, and being therefore wholly useless, was left by his master to go whither he pleased. He applied, accordingly, to Mr. William Sharp, the surgeon, for his advice, as to one who gave up a portion of his time to the healing of the diseases of the poor. It was here that Mr. Granville Sharp, the brother of the former, saw him. Suffice it to say that in process of time he was cured. During this time Mr. Granville Sharp, pitying his hard case, supplied him with money, and afterwards got him a situation in the family of Mr. Brown, an apothecary, to carry out medicines.

In this new situation, when Strong had become healthy and robust in his appearance, his master happened to see him. The latter immediately formed the design of possessing him again. Accordingly, when he had found out his residence, he procured John Ross, keeper of the Poultry Compter, and William Miller, an officer under the Lord Mayor, to kidnap him. This was done by sending for him to a public-house in Fenchurch Street, and then seizing him. By these he was conveyed, without any warrant, to the Poultry Compter, where he was sold by his master to John Kerr for £30. Mr. Sharp, immediately upon this, waited upon Sir Robert Kite, the then Lord Mayor, and entreated him to send for Strong and to hear his case. A day was accordingly appointed, Mr. Sharp attended, also William M'Bean, a notary public, and David Laird, captain of the ship *Thames*, which was to have conveyed Strong to Jamaica, in behalf of the purchaser, John Kerr. A long conversation ensued, in which the opinion of York and Talbot was quoted. Mr. Sharp made his observations. Certain lawyers who were present seemed to be staggered at the case, but inclined rather to re-commit the prisoner. The Lord Mayor, however, discharged Strong, as he had been taken up without a warrant.

As soon as this determination was made known, the parties began to move off. Captain Laird, however, who kept close to Strong, laid hold of him before he had quitted the room, and said aloud, "Then now I seize him as my slave." Upon this Mr. Sharp put his hand upon Laird's shoulder, and pronounced these words, "I charge you, in the name of the king, with an assault upon the person of Jonathan Strong, and all these are my witnesses." Laird was greatly intimidated by this charge, made in the presence of the Lord Mayor and others, and fearing a prosecution, let his prisoner go, leaving him to be conveyed away by Mr. Sharp.

But the great turning case was that of James Somerset, in 1772. James Somerset, an African slave, had been brought to England by his master, Charles Stewart, in November, 1769. Somerset, in process of time, left him. Stewart took an opportunity of seizing him, and had him conveyed on board the *Ann and Mary*, Captain Knowles, to be carried out of the kingdom and sold as a slave in Jamaica. The question raised was, "Whether a slave, by coming into England, became free?"

In order that time might be given for ascertaining the law fully on this head, the case was argued at three different sittings—first, in January, 1772; secondly, in February, 1772; and thirdly, in May, 1772. And that no decision otherwise than what the law warranted might be given, the opinion of the judges was taken upon the pleadings. The great and glorious issue of the trial was, "That as soon as ever any slave set his foot upon English territory he became free."

Thus ended the great case of Somerset, which, having been determined after so deliberate an investigation of the law, can never be reversed while the British Constitution remains. The eloquence displayed in it by those who were engaged on the side of liberty was perhaps never exceeded on any occasion; and the names of the counsellors, Davy, Glynn, Hargrave, Mansfield, and Alleyne, ought always to be remembered with gratitude by the friends of this great cause.

It was after this verdict that Cowper wrote the following beautiful lines:—

"Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs  
Imbibe our air, that moment they are free;  
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.  
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud  
And jealous of the blessing. Spread on, then,  
And let it circulate through every vein  
Of all your empire, that where Britain's power  
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too."

It was in this Compter that Boyse, a true type of the Grub Street poet of Dr. Johnson's time, spent many of the latter days of his life. In the year 1740 Boyse was reduced to the lowest state of poverty, having no clothes left in which he could appear abroad; and what bare subsistence he procured was by writing occasional poems for the magazines. Of the disposition of his apparel Mr. Nichols received from Dr. Johnson, who knew him well, the following account. He used to pawn what he had of this sort, and it was no sooner redeemed by his friends, than pawned again. On one occasion Dr. Johnson collected a sum of money\*

\*"The sum," said Johnson, "was collected by sixpences, at a time when to me sixpence was a serious consideration."

for this purpose, and in two days the clothes were pawned again. In this state Boyse remained in bed with no other covering than a blanket with two holes, through which he passed his arms when he sat up to write. The author of his life in Cibber adds, that when his distresses were so pressing as to induce him to dispose of his shirt, he used to cut some white paper in slips, which he tied round his wrists, and in the same manner supplied his neck. In this plight he frequently appeared abroad, while his other apparel was scarcely sufficient for the purposes of decency.

In the month of May, 1749, Boyse died in obscure lodgings near Shoe Lane. An old acquaintance of his endeavoured to collect money to defray the expenses of his funeral, so that the scandal of being buried by the parish might be avoided. But his endeavours were in vain, for the persons he had selected had been so often troubled with applications during the life of this unhappy man, that they refused to contribute anything towards his funeral.

Of Boyse's best poems "The Deity" contains some vigorous lines, of which the following are a favourable specimen:—

"Transcendent pow'r! sole arbiter of fate!  
How great thy glory! and thy bliss how great,  
To view from thy exalted throne above  
(Eternal source of light, and life, and love!)  
Unnumbered creatures draw their smiling birth,  
To bless the heav'n's or beautify the earth;  
While systems roll, obedient to thy view,  
And worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Below, thro' different forms does matter range,  
And life subsists from elemental change,  
Liquids condensing shapes terrestrial wear,  
Earth mounts in fire, and fire dissolves in air;  
While we, inquiring phantoms of a day,  
Inconstant as the shadows we survey!  
With them along Time's rapid current pass,  
And haste to mingle with the parent mass;  
But thou, Eternal Lord of life divine!  
In youth immortal shalt for ever shine!  
No change shall darken thy exalted name,  
From everlasting ages still the same!"

Dunton, the eccentric bookseller of William III.'s reign, resided in the Poultry in the year 1688. "The humour of rambling," he says in his autobiography, "was now pretty well off with me, and my thoughts began to fix rather upon business. The shop I took, with the sign of the Black Raven, stood opposite to the Poultry Counter, where I traded ten years, as all other men must expect, with a variety of successes and disappointments. My shop was opened just upon the Revolution, and, as I remember, the same day the Prince of Orange came to London."



## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## OLD JEWRY.

*The Old Jewry—Early Settlements of Jews in London and Oxford—Bad Times for the Israelites—Jews' Alms—A King in Debt—Rachel weeping for her Children—Jewish Converts—Wholesale Expulsion of the Chosen People from England—The Rich House of a Rich Citizen—The London Institution, formerly in the Old Jewry—Porsoniana—Nonconformists in the Old Jewry—Samuel Chandler, Richard Price, and James Foster—The Grocers' Company—Their Sufferings under the Commonwealth—Almost Bankrupt—Again they Flourish—The Grocers' Hall Garden—Fairfax and the Grocer—A Rich and Generous Grocer—A Warlike Grocer—Wallbrook—Bucklersbury.*

THE Old Jewry was the Ghetto of mediæval London. The Rev. Moses Margoliouth, in his interesting "History of the Jews in Great Britain," has clearly shown that Jews resided in England during the Saxon times, by an edict published by Elgbright, Archbishop of York, A.D. 470, forbidding Christians to attend the Jewish feasts. It appears the Jews sometimes left lands to the abbey; and in the laws of Edward the Confessor we find them especially mentioned as under the king's guard and protection.

The Conqueror invited over many Jews from Rouen, who settled themselves chiefly in London, Stamford, and Oxford. In London the Jews had two colonies—one in Old Jewry, near King Offa's old palace; and one in the liberties of the Tower. Rufus, in his cynical way, marked his hatred of the monks by summoning a convocation, where English bishops met Jewish rabbis, and held a religious controversy, Rufus swearing by St. Luke's face that if the rabbis had the best of it, he would turn Jew at once. In this reign the Jews were so powerful at Oxford that they let three halls—Lombard Hall, Moses Hall, and Jacob Hall—to students; and their rabbis instructed even Christian students in their synagogue. Jews took care of vacant benefices for the king. In the reign of Henry I. the Jews began to make proselytes, and monks were sent to several towns to preach against them. Halcyon times! With the reign of Stephen, however, began the storms, and, with the clergy, the usurper persecuted the Jews, exacting a fine of £2,000 from those of London alone for a pretended manslaughter. The absurd story of the Jews murdering young children, to anoint Israelites or to raise devils with their blood, originated in this reign.

Henry II. was equally ruthless, though he did grant Jews cemeteries outside the towns. Up till this time the London Jews had only been allowed to bury in "the Jews' garden," in the parish of St. Giles's, Cripplegate. In spite of frequent fines and banishments, their historian owns that altogether they thrived in this reign, and their physicians were held in high repute. With Richard I.,

chivalrous to all else, began the real miseries of the English Jews. Even on the day of his coronation there was a massacre of the Jews, and many of their houses were burnt. Two thousand Jews were murdered at York, and at Lynn and Stamford they were also plundered. On his return from Palestine Richard established a tribunal for Jews. In the early part of John's reign he treated the money-lenders, whom he wanted to use, with consideration. He granted them a charter, and allowed them to choose their own chief rabbi. He also allowed them to try all their own causes which did not concern pleas of the Crown; and all this justice only cost the English Jews 4,000 marks, for John was poor. His greed soon broke loose. In 1210 he levied on the Jews 66,000 marks, and imprisoned, blinded, and tortured all who did not readily pay. The king's last act of inhumanity was to compel some Jews to torture and put to death a great number of Scotch prisoners who had assisted the barons. Can we wonder that it is still a proverb among the English Jews, "Thank God that there was only one King John?"

The regent of the early part of the reign of Henry III. protected the Jews, and exempted them from the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts, but they were compelled to wear on their breasts two white tablets of linen or parchment, two inches broad and four inches long; and twenty-four burgesses were chosen in every town where they resided, to protect them from the insults of pilgrims; for the clergy still treated them as excommunicated infidels. But even this lull was short—persecution soon again broke out. In the 14th of Henry III. the Crown seized a third part of all their movables, and their new synagogue in the Old Jewry was granted to the brothers of St. Anthony of Vienna, and turned into a church. In the 17th of Henry III. the Jews were again taxed to the amount of 18,000 silver marks. At the same time the king erected an institution in New Street (Chancery Lane) for Jewish converts, as an atonement for his father's cruelty to the persecuted exiles. Four Jews of Norwich having been dragged at horses' tails and hung, on a pretended charge of

circumcising a Christian boy, led to new persecution, and the Jews were driven out of Newcastle and Southampton; while to defray the expense of entertaining the Queen's foreign uncles 20,000 marks were exacted from the suffering race. In the 19th year of his reign Henry, driven hard for money, extorted from the rich Jews 10,000 more

New Street were called in to read the Hebrew letters, and the canons of St. Paul's took the child's body, which was supposed to have wrought miracles, and buried it with great ceremony not far from their great altar. In order to defray the expenses of his brother Richard's marriage the poor Jews of London were heavily mulcted, and



RICHARD I. (From an Authentic Portrait.)

marks, and several were burned alive for plotting to destroy London by fire. The more absurd the accusation the more eagerly it was believed by a superstitious and frightened rabble. In 1244, Matthew of Paris says, the corpse of a child was found buried in London, on whose arms and legs were traced Hebrew inscriptions. It was supposed that the Jews had crucified this child, in ridicule of the crucifixion of Christ. The converted Jews of

Aaron of York, a man of boundless wealth, was forced to pay 4,000 marks of silver and 400 of gold. Defaulters were transported to Ireland, a punishment especially dreaded by the Jews. A tax called Jews' alms was also sternly enforced; and we find Lucretia, widow of David, an Oxford Jew, actually compelled to pay £2,590 towards the rebuilding of Westminster Abbey. It was about this time that Abraham, a Jew of Berk-

hampstead, strangled his wife, who had refused to help him to defile and deface an image of the Virgin, and was thrown into a dungeon of the Tower; but the murderer escaped, by a present of 7,000 marks to the king. Tormented by the king's incessant exactions, the Jews at last implored leave to quit England before their very

bounds of truth. I am deceived on every hand; I am a maimed and abridged king—yea, now only half a king. There is a necessity for me to have money, gotten from what place soever, and from whomsoever."

The king, on Richard's promise to obtain him money, sold him the right which he held over the



SIR R. CLAYTON'S HOUSE, GARDEN FRONT. (From an Old Print)

skins were taken from them. The king broke into a fit of almost ludicrous rage. He had been tender of their welfare, he said to his brother Richard. "Is it to be marvelled at," he cried, "that I covet money? It is a horrible thing to imagine the debts wherein I am held bound. By the head of God, they amount to the sum of two hundred thousand marks; and if I should say three hundred thousand, I should not exceed the

Jews. Soon after this, eighty-six of the richest Jews of London were hung, on a charge of having crucified a Christian child at Lincoln, and twenty-three others were thrown into the Tower. Truly Old Jewry must have often heard the voice of Rachel weeping for her children. Their persecutors never grew weary. In a great riot, encouraged by the barons, the great bell of St. Paul's tolled out, 500 Jews were killed in London, and the synagogues

burnt, the leader of the mob, John Fitz-John, a baron, running Rabbi Abraham, the richest Jew in London, through with his sword. On the defeat of the king's party at the battle of Lewes, the London mob accusing the Jews of aiding the king, plundered their houses, and all the Israelites would have perished, had they not taken refuge in the Tower. By royal edict the Christians were forbidden to buy flesh of a Jew, and no Jew was allowed to employ Christian nurses, bakers, brewers, or cooks. Towards the close of Henry's life the synagogue in Old Jewry was again taken from the Jews, and given to the Friars Penitent, whose chapel stood hard by, and who complained of the noise of the Jewish congregation; but the king permitted another synagogue to be built in a more suitable place. Henry then ordered the Jews to pay up all arrears of tallages within four months, and half of the sum in seventeen days. The Tower of London was naturally soon full of grey-bearded Jewish debtors.

No wonder, with all these persecutions, that the Chancery Lane house of converts began soon to fill. "On one of the rolls of this reign," says Mr. Margoliouth, probably quoting Prynne's famous diatribe against the Jews, "about 500 names of Jewish converts are registered." From the 50th year of Henry III. to the 2nd of Edward I., the Crown, says Coke, extorted from the English Jews no less than £420,000 15s. 4d.!

Edward I. was more merciful. In a statute, however, which was passed in his third year, he forbade Jews practising usury, required them to wear badges of yellow taffety, as a distinguishing mark of their nationality, and demanded from each of them threepence every Easter. Then began the plunder. The king wanted money to build Carnarvon and Conway castles, to be held as fortresses against the Welsh, whom he had just recently conquered and treated with great cruelty, and the Jews were robbed accordingly. It was not difficult in those days to find an excuse for extortion if the royal exchequer was empty. In the 7th year of Edward no less than 294 Jews were put to death for clipping money, and all they possessed seized by the king. In his 17th year all the Jews in England were imprisoned in one night, as Selden proves by an old Hebrew inscription found at Winchester, and not released till they had paid £20,000 of silver for a ransom. At last, in the year 1290, came the Jews' final expulsion from England, when 15,000 or 16,000 of these tormented exiles left our shores, not to return till Cromwell set the first great example of toleration. Edward allowed the Jews to take with them part of their money and

movables, but seized their houses and other possessions. All their outstanding mortgages were forfeited to the Crown, and ships were to be provided for their conveyance to such places within reasonable distance as they might choose. In spite of this, however, many, through the treachery of the sailors, were left behind in England, and were all put to death with great cruelty.

"Whole rolls full of patents relative to Jewish estates," says Mr. Margoliouth, "are still to be seen at the Tower, which estates, together with their rent in fee, permissions, and mortgages, were all seized by the king." Old Jewry, and Jewin Street, Aldersgate, where their burial-ground was, still preserve a dim memory of their residence among us. There used to be a tradition in England that the Jews buried much of their treasure here, in hopes of a speedy return to the land where they had suffered so much, yet where they had thriven. In spite of the edict of banishment a few converted Jews continued to reside in England, and after the Reformation some unconverted Jews ventured to return. Rodrigo Lopez, a physician of Queen Elizabeth's, for instance, was a Jew. He was tortured to death for being accused of designing to poison the Queen.

No. 8, Old Jewry was the house of Sir Robert Clayton, Lord Mayor in the time of Charles II. It was a fine brick mansion, and one of the grandest houses in the street. It is mentioned by Evelyn in the following terms:—"26th September, 1672.—I carried with me to dinner my Lord H. Howard (now to be made Earl of Norwich and Earl Marshal of England) to Sir Robert Clayton's, now Sheriff of London, at his own house, where we had a great feast; it is built, indeed, for a great magistrate, at excessive cost. The cedar dining-room is painted with the history of the Giants' war, incomparably done by Mr. Streeter, but the figures are too near the eye." We give on the previous page a view of the garden front of this house, taken from an old print. Sir Robert built the house to keep his shrievalty, which he did with great magnificence. It was for some years the residence of Mr. Samuel Sharp, an eminent surveyor.

In the year 1805 was established, by a proprietary in the City, the London Institution, "for the advancement of literature and the diffusion of useful knowledge." This institution was temporarily located in Sir Robert Clayton's famous old house. Upon the first committee of the institution were Mr. R. Angerstein and Mr. Richard Sharp. Porson, the famous Greek scholar and editor of Euripides, was thought an eligible man to be its principal librarian. He was accordingly appointed to the

office by a unanimous resolution of the governors ; and Mr. Sharp had the gratification of announcing to the Professor his appointment. His friends rejoiced. Professor Young, of Glasgow, writing to Burney about this time, says :—"Of Devil Dick you say nothing. I see by the newspapers they have given him a post. A handsome salary, I hope, a suite of chambers, coal and candle, &c. Porter and cyder, I trust, are among the *et ceteras*." His salary was £200 a year, with a suite of rooms. Still, Porson was not just the man for a librarian ; for no one could use books more roughly. He had no affectation about books, nor, indeed, affectation of any sort. The late Mr. William Upcott, who urged the publication of Evelyn's diary at Wootton, was fellow-secretary with Porson. The institution removed to King's Arms Yard, Coleman Street, in 1812, and thence in 1819 to the present handsome mansion, erected from the classic design of Mr. W. Brooks, on the north side of Moorfields, now Finsbury Circus.

The library is "one of the most useful and accessible in Great Britain," and Mr. Watson found in a few of the books Porson's handwriting, consisting of critical remarks and notes. In a copy of the Aldine "Herodotus," he has marked the chapters in the margin in Arabic numerals "with such nicety and regularity," says his biographer, "that the eye of the reader, unless upon the closest examination, takes them for print."

Lord Byron remembered Porson at Cambridge ; in the hall where he himself dined, at the Vice-Chancellor's table, and Porson at the Dean's, he always appeared sober in his demeanour, nor was he guilty, as far as his lordship knew, of any excess or outrage in public ; but in an evening, with a party of undergraduates, he would, in fits of intoxication, get into violent disputes with the young men, and arrogantly revile them for not knowing what he thought they might be expected to know. He once went away in disgust, because none of them knew the name of "the Cobbler of Messina." In this condition Byron had seen him at the rooms of William Bankes, the Nubian discoverer, where he would pour forth whole pages of various languages, and distinguish himself especially by his copious floods of Greek.

Lord Byron further tells us that he had seen Sheridan "drunk, with all the world ; his intoxication was that of Bacchus, but Porson's that of Silenus. Of all the disgusting brutes, sulky, abusive, and intolerable, Porson was the most bestial, so far as the few times that I saw him went, which were only at William Bankes's rooms. He was tolerated in this state among the young

men for his talents, as the Turks think a madman inspired, and bear with him. He used to write, or rather vomit, pages of all languages, and could hiccup Greek like a Helot ; and certainly Spatta never shocked her children with a grosser exhibition than this man's intoxication."

The library of the institution appears, however, to have derived little advantage from Porson's supervision of it, beyond the few criticisms which were found in his handwriting in some of the volumes. Owing to his very irregular habits, the great scholar proved but an inefficient librarian ; he was irregular in attendance, and was frequently brought home at midnight drunk. The directors had determined to dismiss him, and said they only knew him as their librarian from seeing his name attached to receipts of salary. Indeed, he was already breaking up, and his stupendous memory had begun to fail. On the 19th of September, 1806, he left the Old Jewry to call on his brother-in-law, Perry, in the Strand, and at the corner of Northumberland Street was struck down by a fit of apoplexy. He was carried over to the St. Martin's Lane workhouse, and there slowly recovered consciousness. Mr. Savage, the under-librarian, seeing an advertisement in the *British Press*, describing a person picked up, having Greek memoranda in his pocket, went to the workhouse and brought Porson home in a hackney coach ; he talked about the fire which the night before had destroyed Covent Garden Theatre, and as they rounded St. Paul's, remarked upon the ill treatment Wren had received. On reaching the Old Jewry, and after he had breakfasted, Dr. Adam Clarke called and had a conversation with Porson about a stone with a Greek inscription, brought from Ephesus ; he also discussed a Mosaic pavement recently found in Palestrina, and quoted two lines from the Greek Anthologia. Dr. Adam Clarke particularly noticed that he gave the Greek rapidly, but the English with painful slowness, as if the Greek came more naturally. Then, apparently fancying himself under restraint, he walked out, and went into the African or Cole's coffee-house in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill ; there he would have fallen had he not caught hold of one of the brass rods of the boxes. Some wine and some jelly dissolved in brandy and water considerably roused him, but he could hardly speak, and the waiter took him back to the Institution in a coach. He expired exactly as the clock struck twelve, on the night of Sunday, September 25, 1808. He was buried in the Chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge, and eulogies of his talent, written in Greek and Latin verse, were affixed to his pall—an old

custom not discontinued till 1822. His books fetched £2,000, and those with manuscript notes were bought by Trinity College. It was said of Porson that he drank everything he could lay his hands upon, even to embrocation and spirits of wine intended for the lamp. Rogers describes him going back into the dining-room after the people had gone, and drinking all that was left in the glasses. He once undertook to learn by heart, in a week, a copy of the *Morning Chronicle*, and he boasted he could repeat "Roderick Random" from beginning to end.

Mr. Luard describes Porson as being, in personal appearance, tall; his head very fine, with an expansive forehead, over which he plastered his brown hair; he had a long, Roman nose (it ought to have been Greek), and his eyes were remarkably keen and penetrating. In general he was very careless as to his dress, especially when alone in his chamber, or when reading hard; but "when in his gala costume, a smart blue coat, white vest, black satin nether garments, and silk stockings, with a shirt ruffled at the wrists, he looked quite the gentleman."

The street where, in 1261, many Jews were massacred, and where again, in 1264, 500 Jews were slain, was much affected by Nonconformists. There was a Baptist chapel here in the Puritan times; and in Queen Anne's reign the Presbyterians built a spacious church, in Meeting House Court, in 1701. It is described as occupying an area of 2,600 square feet, and being lit with six bow windows. The society, says Mr. Pike, had been formed forty years before, by the son of the excellent Calamy, the persecuted vicar of Aldermanbury, who is said to have died from grief at the Fire of London. John Shower was one of the most celebrated ministers of the Old Jewry Chapel. He wrote a protest against the Occasional Conformity Bill, to which Swift (under the name of his friend Harley) penned a bitter reply. He died in 1715. From 1691 to 1708 the assistant lecturer was Timothy Rogers, son of an ejected Cumberland minister, of whom an interesting story is told. Sir Richard Cradock, a High Church justice, had arrested Mr. Rogers and all his flock, and was about to send them to prison, when the justice's granddaughter, a wilful child of seven, pitying the old preacher, threatened to drown herself if the poor people were punished. The preacher blessed her, and they parted. Years after this child, being in London, dreamed of a certain chapel, preacher, and text, and the next day, going to the Old Jewry, saw Mr. Shower, and recognised him as the preacher of her dream. The lady afterwards told

this to Mr. Rogers' son, when the lad turned Dissenter. Like many other of the early Nonconformist preachers, Rogers seems to have been a hypochondriac, who looked upon himself as "a broken vessel, a dead man out of mind," and eventually gave up his profession. Shower's successor, Simon Browne, wrote a volume of "Hymns," compiled a lexicon, and wrote a "Defence of the Christian Revelation," in reply to Woolston and other Freethinkers. Browne was also a victim to delusions, believing that God, in his displeasure, had withdrawn his soul from his body. This state of mind is said by some to have arisen from a nervous shock Browne had once received in finding a highwayman with whom he had grappled dead in his grasp. He believed his mind entirely gone, and his head to resemble a parrot's. At times his thoughts turned to self-destruction. He therefore abandoned his pulpit, and retired to Shepton Mallet to study. His "Defence" is dedicated to Queen Caroline as from "a thing."

Samuel Chandler, a celebrated author and divine, and a friend of Butler and Secker, and Bowyer the printer, was for forty years another Old Jewry worthy. He lectured against Popery with great success at Salters' Hall, and held a public dispute with a Romish priest at the "Pope's Head," Cornhill. In a funeral sermon on George II., Chandler drew absurd parallels between him and David, which the Grub Street writers made the most of. Chandler's deformed sister Mary, a milliner at Bath, wrote verses which Pope commended.

In 1744 Richard Price, afterwards chaplain at Stoke Newington, held the lectureship at the Old Jewry. Price's lecture on "Civil Liberty," *apropos* of the American war, gained him Franklin's and Priestley's friendship; as his first ethical work had already won Hume's. Burke denounced him as a traitor; while the Corporation of London presented him with the freedom of the City in a gold box, the Congress offered him posts of honour, and the Premier of 1782 would have been glad to have had him as a secretary. The last pastor at the Old Jewry Chapel was Abraham Rees. This indefatigable man enlarged Harris's "Lexicon Technicum," improved by Ephraim Chambers, into the "Encyclopædia" of forty-five quarto volumes, a book now thought redundant and ill-arranged, and the philological parts defective. In 1808 the Old Jewry congregation removed to Jewin Street.

Dr. James Foster, a Dissenting minister eulogised by Pope, carried on the Sunday evening lecture in Old Jewry for more than twenty years; it was begun in 1728. The clergy, wits, and free-



thinkers crowded with equal anxiety to hear him of whom Pope wrote—

"Let modest Foster, if he will, excel  
Ten metropolitans in preaching well."

And Pope's friend, Lord Bolingbroke, an avowed Deist, commended Foster for the false aphorism—"Where mystery begins religion ends." Dr. Foster attended Lord Kilmarnock before his execution. He wrote in defence of Christianity in reply to Tindal, the Freethinker, and died in 1753. He says in one of his works:—"I value those who are of different professions from me, more than those who agree with me in sentiment, if they are more serious, sober, and charitable." This excellent man was the son of a Northamptonshire clergyman, who turned Dissenter and became a fuller at Exeter.

At Grocers' Hall we stop to sketch the history of an ancient company.

The Grocers of London were originally called Pepperers, pepper being the chief staple of their trade. The earlier Grocers were Italians, Genoese, Florentine or Venetian merchants, then supplying all the west of Christendom with Indian and Arabian spices and drugs, and Italian silks, wines, and fruits. The Pepperers are first mentioned as a fraternity among the amerced guilds of Henry II., but had probably clubbed together at an earlier period. They are mentioned in a petition to Parliament as Grocers, says Mr. Herbert, in 1361 (Edward III.), and they themselves adopted the, at first, opprobrious name in 1376, and some years later were incorporated by charter. They then removed from Soper's Lane (now Queen Street) to Bucklersbury, and waxed rich and powerful.

The Grocers met at five several places previous to building a hall; first at the town house of the Abbots of Bury, St. Mary Axe; in 1347 they moved to the house of the Abbot of St. Edmund; in 1348 to the Rynged Hall, near Garlick-hythe; and afterwards to the hotel of the Abbot of St. Cross. In 1383 they flitted to the Cornet's Tower, in Bucklersbury, a place which Edward III. had used for his money exchange. In 1411 they purchased of Lord Fitzwalter the chapel of the Fratres du Sac (Brothers of the Sack) in Old Jewry, which had originally been a Jewish synagogue; and having, some years afterwards, purchased Lord Fitzwalter's house adjoining the chapel, began to build a hall, which was opened in 1428. The Friars' old chapel contained a buttery, pantry, cellar, parlour, kitchen, turret, clerk's house, a garden, and a set of almshouses in the front yard was added. The word "grocer," says Ravenhill, in his "Short Account of

the Company of Grocers" (1689), was used to express a trader *en gros* (wholesale). As early as 1373, the first complement of twenty-one members of this guild was raised to 124; and in 1583, sixteen grocers were aldermen. In 1347, Nicholas Chaucer, a relation of the poet, was admitted as a grocer; and in 1383, John Churchman (Richard II.) obtained for the Grocers the great privilege of the custody, with the City, of the "King's Beam," in Woolwharf, for weighing wool in the port of London, the first step to a London Custom House. The Beam was afterwards removed to Bucklersbury. Henry VIII. took away the keepership of the great Beam from the City, but afterwards restored it. The Corporation still have their weights at the Weigh House, Little Eastcheap, and the porters there are the tackle porters, so called to distinguish them from the ticket porters. In 1450, the Grocers obtained the important right of sharing the office of garbeller of spices with the City. The garbeller had the right to enter any shop or warehouse to view and search for drugs, and to garble and cleanse them. The office gradually fell into desuetude, and is last mentioned in the Company's books in July, 1687, when the City garbeller paid a fine of £50, and 20s. per annum, for leave to hold his office for life. The Grocers seem to have at one time dealt in whale-oil and wool.

During the Civil War the Grocers suffered, like all their brother companies. In 1645, the Parliament exacted £50 per week from them towards the support of troops, £6 for City defences, and £8 for wounded soldiers. The Company had soon to sell £1,000 worth of plate. A further demand for arms, and a sum of £4,500 for the defence of the City, drove them to sell all the rest of their plate, except the value of £300. In 1645, the watchful Committee of Safety, sitting at Haberdashers' Hall, finding the Company indebted £500 to one Richard Greenough, a Cavalier delinquent, compelled them to pay that sum.

No wonder, then, that the Grocers shouted at the Restoration, spent £540 on the coronation pageant, and provided sixty riders at Charles's noisy entrance into London. The same year, Sir John Frederick, being chosen Mayor, and not being, as rule required, a member of one of the twelve Great Companies, left the Barber Chirurgeons, and joined the Grocers, who welcomed him with a great pageant. In 1664, the Grocers took a zealous part with their friends and allies, the Druggists, against the College of Physicians, who were trying to obtain a bill granting them power of search, seizure, fine, and imprisonment. The Plague year no election feast was held. The Great Fire followed, and not only greatly damaged Grocers'

Hall, but also consumed the whole of their house property, excepting a few small tenements in Grub Street. They found it necessary to try and raise £20,000 to pay their debts, to sell their melted plate, and to add ninety-four members to the livery. Only succeeding, amid the general distress, in raising £6,000, the Company was almost bankrupt, their hall being seized, and attachments laid on their rent. By a great effort, however, they wore round, called more freemen on the livery, and added in

Canning, &c. Of Grocer Mayors, Strype notes sixty-four between 1231 and 1710 alone.

The garden of the Hall must have been a pleasant place in the old times, as it is now. It is mentioned in 1427 as having vines spreading up before the parlour windows. It had also an arbour; and in 1433 it was generously thrown open to the citizens generally, who had petitioned for this privilege. It contained hedge-rows and a bowling alley, with an ancient tower of stone or brick, called "the



EXTERIOR OF GROCERS' HALL.

two months eighty-one new members to the Court of Assistants; so that before the Revolution of 1688 they had restored their hall and mowed down most of their rents. Indeed, one of their most brilliant epochs was in 1689, when William III. accepted the office of their sovereign master.

Some writers credit the Grocers' Company with the enrolment of five kings, several princes, eight dukes, three earls, and twenty lords. Of these five kings, Mr. Herbert could, however, only trace Charles II. and William III. Their list of honorary members is one emblazoned with many great names, including Sir Philip Sidney (at whose funeral they assisted), Pitt, Lord Chief Justice Tenterden, the Marquis of Cornwallis, George

Turret," at the north-west corner, which had probably formed part of Lord Fitzwalter's mansion. The garden remained unchanged till the new hall was built in 1798, when it was much curtailed, and in 1802 it was nearly cut in half by the enlargement of Princes Street. For ground which had cost the Grocers, in 1433, only £31 17s. 8d., they received from the Bank of England more than £20,000.

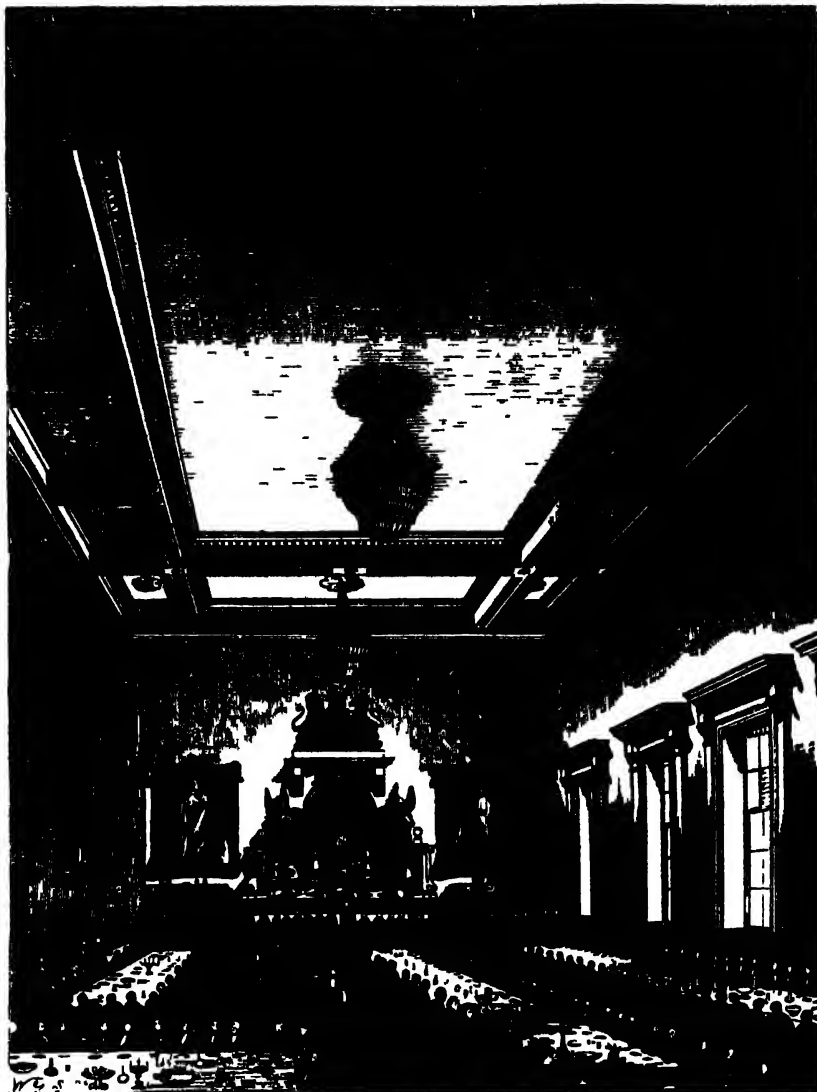
The Hall was often lent for dinners, funerals, county feasts, and weddings; and in 1564 the gentlemen of Gray's Inn dined there with the gentlemen of the Middle Temple. This system breeding abuses, was limited in 1610.

In the time of the Commonwealth, Grocers' Hall was the place of meeting for Parliamentary Con-

mittees. Among other subjects there discussed, we find the selection of able ministers to regulate Church government, and providing moneys for the army; and in 1641 the Grand Committee of Safety held its sittings in this Hall.

In 1648 the Grocers had to petition General

trumpet—a feast, indeed, of Christians and chieftains, whereas others were rather of Chretiens and cormorants." The surplus food was sent to the London prisons, and £40 distributed to the poor. The Aldermen and Council afterwards went to General Fairfax at his house in Queen Street, and,



INTERIOR OF GROCERS' HALL.

Fairfax not to quarter his troops in the hall of a charitable Company like theirs. In 1649 a grand entertainment was given by the Grocers to Cromwell and Fairfax. After hearing *two* sermons at Christ's Church, preached by Mr. Goodwin and Dr. Owen, Cromwell, his officers, the Speaker, and the judges, dined together. "No drinking of healths," says a Puritan paper of the time, "nor other uncivill concomitants formerly of such great meetings, nor any other music than the drum and

in the name of the City, presented him with a large basin and ewer of beaten gold; while to Cromwell they sent a great present of plate, value £300, and 200 pieces of gold. They afterwards gave a still grander feast to Cromwell in his more glorious time, and one at the Restoration to General Monk. On the latter feast they expended £215, and enrolled "honest George" a brother of the Company.

The Grocers' Hall might never have been rebuilt after the Great Fire, so crippled was the Company,

but for the munificence of Sir John Cutler, a rich Grocer, whom Pope (not always regardful of truth) has bitterly satirised.

Sir John rebuilt the parlour and dining-room in 1668-9, and was rewarded by "a strong vote of thanks," and by his statue and picture being placed in the Hall as eternal records of the Company's esteem and gratitude. Two years later Grocers' Hall was granted to the parishioners of St. Mildred as a chapel till their own church could be rebuilt. The garden turret, used as a record office, was fitted up for the clerk's residence, and a meeting place for the court; and, "for better order, decorum, and gravity," pipes and pots were forbidden in the court-room during the meetings.

At Grocers' Hall, "to my great surprise," says vivacious Pennant, "I met again with Sir John Cutler, Grocer, in marble and on canvas. In the first he is represented standing, in a flowing wig, waved rather than curled, a laced cravat, and a furred gown, with the folds not ungraceful; in all, except where the dress is inimical to the sculptor's art, it may be called a good performance. By his portrait we may learn that this worthy wore a black wig, and was a good-looking man. He was created a baronet, November 12th, 1660; so that he certainly had some claim of gratitude with the restored monarch. He died in 1693. His kinsman and executor, Edmund Boulton, Esq., expended £7,666 on his funeral expenses. He served as Master of the Company in 1652 and 1653, in 1688, and again a fourth time."

In 1681 the Hall was renovated at an expense of £500, by Sir John Moore, so as to make it fit for the residence of the Lord Mayor. Moore kept his mayoralty here, paying a rent of £200. It continued to be used by the Lord Mayors till 1735, when the Company, now grown rich, withdrew their permission. In 1694 it was let to the Bank of England, who held their court there till the Bank was built in 1734. The Company's present hall was built in 1802, and repaired in 1827, since which the whole has been restored, the statue of Sir John Cutler moved from its neglected post in the garden, and the arms of the most illustrious Grocers of antiquity set up.

The Grocers' charities are numerous; they give away annually £300 among the poor of the Company, and they have had £4,670 left them to lend to poor members of the community. Before 1770, Boyle says, the Company gave away about £700 a year.

Among the bravest of the Grocers, we must mention Sir John Philpot, Mayor, 1378, who fitted out a fleet that captured John Mercer, a Scotch

freebooter, and took fifteen Spanish ships. He afterwards transported an English army to Brittany in his own ships, and released more than 1,000 of our victualling vessels. John Churchman, sheriff in 1385, was the founder of the Custom House. Sir Thomas Knolles, mayor in 1399 and 1410, rebuilt St. Antholin's, Watling Street. Sir Robert Chichele (a relation of Archbishop Chichele), mayor in 1411-12, gave the ground for rebuilding the church of St. Stephen, Walbrook, which his descendant, Sir Thomas (Mayor and Grocer), helped to rebuild after the Great Fire. Sir William Sevenoke was founder of the school and college at Sevenoaks, Kent. Sir John Welles (mayor in 1431), built the Standard in Chepe, helped to build the Guildhall Chapel, built the south aisle of St. Antholin's, and repaired the miry way leading to Westminster (the Strand). Sir Stephen Brown, mayor, 1438, imported cargoes of rye from Dantzic, during a great dearth, and as Fuller quaintly says, "first showed Londoners the way to the barn door." Sir John Crosby (Grocer and Sheriff in 1483), lived in great splendour at Crosby House, in Bishopsgate Street: he gave great sums for civic purposes, and repaired London Wall, London Bridge, and Bishopsgate. Sir Henry Keble (mayor, 1510) was six times Master of the Grocers' Company: he left bequests to the Company, and gave £1,000 to rebuild St. Antholin's, Budge Row. Lawrence Sheriff, Warden 1561, was founder of the great school at Rugby.

"The rivulet or running water," says Maitland, "denominated Walbrook, ran through the middle of the city above ground, till about the middle of the fourteenth century, when it was arched over, since which time it has served as a common sewer, wherein, at the depth of sixteen feet, under St. Mildred's Church steeple, runs a great and rapid stream. At the south-east corner of Grocers' Alley, in the Poultry, stood a beautiful chapel, called Corpus Christi and Sancta Maria, which was founded in the reign of Edward III. by a pious man, for a master and brethren, for whose support he endowed the same with lands, to the amount of twenty pounds per annum."

"It hath been a common speech," says Stow (Elizabeth), "that when Walbrook did lie open, barges were rowed out of the Thames, or towed up so far, and therefore the place hath ever since been called *the Old Barge*. Also, on the north side of this street, directly over against the said Bucklersbury, was one antient strong tower of stone, at which tower King Edward III., in the eighteenth of his reign, by the name of the King's House, called *Cornets Tower*, in London, did

appoint to be his exchange of money there to be kept. In the twenty-ninth he granted it to Frydus Guynisane and Lindus Bardoile, merchants of London for £20 the year; and in the thirty-second of his reign, he gave it to his college, or Free Chapel of St. Stephen, at Westminster, by the name of his tower, called Cornettes-Tower, at Bucklesbury, in London. This tower of late years was taken down by one Buckle, a grocer, meaning, in place thereof, to have set up and builded a goodly frame of timber; but the said Buckle greedily labouring to pull down the old tower, a piece thereof fell upon him, which so bruised him, that his life was thereby shortened; and another, that married his widow, set up the new prepared frame of timber, and finished the work.

"This whole street, called Bucklesbury, on both sides, throughout, is possessed by grocers, and apothecaries toward the west end thereof. On the south side breaketh out some other short lane, called in records *Peneritch Street*. It reacheth but to St. Syth's Lane, and St. Syth's Church is the farthest part thereof, for by the west end of the said church beginneth Needlers Lane."

"I have heard," says Pennant, "that Bucklersbury was, in the reign of King William, noted for the great resort of ladies of fashion, to purchase tea, fans, and other Indian goods. King William, in some of his letters, appears to be angry with his queen for visiting these shops, which, it would seem, by the following lines of Prior, were sometimes perverted to places of intrigue, for, speaking of Hans Carvel's wife, the poet says:—

" 'The first of all the Town was told,  
Where newest Indian things were sold;  
So in a morning, without boddice,  
Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. Thody's,  
To cheapen tea, or buy a skreen;  
What else could so much virtue mean?'"

In the time of Queen Elizabeth this street was

inhabited by chemists, druggists, and apothecaries. Mouffet, in his treatise on foods, calls on them to decide whether sweet smells correct pestilent air; and adds, that Bucklersbury being replete with physic, drugs, and spicery, and being perfumed in the time of the plague with the pounding of spices, melting of gum, and making perfumes, escaped that great plague, whereof such multitudes died, that scarce any house was left unvisited.

Shakespeare mentions Bucklersbury in his *Merry Wives of Windsor*, written at Queen Elizabeth's request. He makes Falstaff say to Mrs. Ford—

"What made me love thee? Let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these hisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time; I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee, and thou deservedst it." (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii., sc. 3.)

The apothecaries' street is also mentioned in *Westward Ho!* that dangerous play that brought Ben Jonson into trouble:—

"Mrs. Tenterhook. Go into Bucklersbury, and fetch me two ounces of preserved melons; look there be no tobacco taken in the shop when he weighs it."

And Ben Johnson, in a self-asserting poem to his bookseller, says:—

"Nor have my title-leaf on post or walls,  
Or in cleft sticks advanced to make calls  
For termers, or some clerk-like serving man,  
Who scarce can spell th' hard names, whose knight  
If without these vile arts it will not sell, [less can.  
Send it to Bucklersbury, there 'twill well."

That good old Norwich physician, Sir Thomas Browne, also alludes to the herbalists' street in his wonderful "*Religio Medico*:"—"I know," says he, "most of the plants of my country, and of those about me, yet methinks I do not know so many as when I did but know a hundred, and had scarcely ever simplified further than Cheapside."

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### THE MANSION HOUSE.

The Palace of the Lord Mayor—The old Stocks' Market—A Notable Statue of Charles II.—The Mansion House described—The Egyptian Hall—Works of Art in the Mansion House—The Election of the Lord Mayor—Lord Mayor's Day—The Duties of a Lord Mayor—Days of the Year on which the Lord Mayor holds High State—The Patronage of the Lord Mayor—His Powers—The Lieutenantcy of the City of London—The Conservancy of the Thames and Medway—The Lord Mayor's Advisers—The Mansion House Household and Expenditure—Theodore Hook—Lord Mayor Scropps—The Lord Mayor's Insignia—The State Barge—The *Marie Wood*.

THE Lord Mayors in old times often dwelt in the neighbourhood of the Old Jewry; but in 1739 Lord Mayor Perry laid the first stone of the present dull and stately Mansion House, and Sir Crisp Gascoigne,

1753, was the first Lord Mayor that resided in it. The architect, Dance, selected the Greek style for the City palace.

The present palace of the Lord Mayor stands on

the site of the old Stocks' Market, built for the sale of fish and flesh by Henry Walis, mayor in the 10th year of the reign of Edward I. Before this time a pair of stocks had stood there, and they gave their name to the new market house. Walis had designed this market to help to maintain London Bridge, and the bridge keeper had for a long time power to grant leases for the market shops. In 1312-13, John de Gisors, mayor, gave a congregation of honest men of the commonalty the power of letting the Stocks' Market shops. In the reign of Edward II. the Stocks let for £46 13s. 4d. a year, and was one of the five privileged markets of London. It was rebuilt in the reign of Henry IV., and in the year 1543 there were here twenty-five fishmongers and eighteen butchers. In the reign of Henry VIII. a stone conduit was erected. The market-place was about 230 feet long and 108 feet broad, and on the east side were rows of trees "very pleasant to the inhabitants." On the north side were twenty-two covered fruit stalls, at the south-west corner butchers' stalls, and the rest of the place was taken up by gardeners who sold fruit, roots, herbs and flowers. It is said that that rich scented flower, the stock, derived its name from being sold in this market.

"Up farther north," says Strype, "is the Stocks' Market. As to the present state of which it is converted to a quite contrary use; for instead of fish and flesh sold there before the Fire, are now sold fruits, roots and herbs; for which it is very considerable and much resorted unto, being of note for having the choicest in their kind of all sorts, surpassing all other markets in London." "All these things have we at London," says Shadwell, in his "Bury Fair," 1689; "the produce of the best corn-fields at Greenhithe; hay, straw, and cattle at Smithfield, with horses too. Where is such a garden in Europe as the Stocks' Market? where such a river as the Thames? such ponds and decoys as in Leadenhall market for your fish and fowl?"

"At the north end of the market place," says Strype, admiringly, "by a water conduit pipe, is erected a nobly great statue of King Charles II. on horseback, trampling on slaves, standing on a pedestal with dolphins cut in niches, all of free-stone, and encompassed with handsome iron grates. This statue was made and erected at the sole charge of Sir Robert Viner, alderman, knight and baronet, an honourable, worthy, and generous magistrate of this City."

This statue of Charles had a droll origin. It was originally intended for a statue of John Sobieski, the Polish king who saved Vienna from

the Turks. In the first year of the Restoration, the enthusiastic Viner purchased the unfinished statue abroad. Sobieski's stern head was removed by Latham, the head of Charles substituted, and the turbaned Turk, on whom Sobieski trampled, became a defeated Cromwell.

"Could Robin Viner have foreseen  
The glorious triumphs of his master,  
The Wood-Church statue gold had been,  
Which now is made of alabaster;  
But wise men think, had it been wood,  
'Twere for a bankrupt king too good.

"Those that the fabric well consider,  
Do of it diversely discourse;  
Some pass their censure of the rider,  
Others their judgment of the horse;  
Most say the steed's a goodly thing,  
But all agree 'tis a lewd king."

(*The History of Insipids; a Lampoon, 1676, by the Lord Rochester.*)

The statue was set up May 29, 1672, and on that day the Stocks' Market ran with claret. The Stocks' Market was removed in 1737 to Farringdon Street, and was then called Fleet Market. The Sobieski statue was taken down and presented by the City in 1779 to Robert Viner, Esq., a descendant of the convivial mayor who pulled Charles II. back "to take t'other bottle."

"This Mansion House," says Dodsley's "Guide to London," "is very substantially built of Portland stone, and has a portico of six lofty fluted columns, of the Corinthian order, in the front; the same order being continued in pilasters both under the pediment, and on each side. The basement storey is very massive and built in rustic. In the centre of this storey is the door which leads to the kitchens, cellars, and other offices; and on each side rises a flight of steps of very considerable extent, leading up to the portico, in the midst of which is the door which leads to the apartments and offices where business is transacted. The stone balustrade of the stairs is continued along the front of the portico, and the columns, which are wrought in the proportions of Palladio, support a large angular pediment, adorned with a very noble piece in bas-relief, representing the dignity and opulence of the City of London, by Mr. Taylor."

The lady crowned with turrets represents London. She is trampling on Envy, who lies struggling on her back. London's left arm rests on a shield, and in her right she holds a wand which mightily resembles a yard measure. On her right side stands a Cupid, holding the cap of Liberty over his shoulder at the end of a staff. A little further lolls the river Thames, who is emptying a large vase, and near him is an anchor and cable. On London's



left is Plenty, kneeling and pouring out fruit from a cornucopia, and behind Plenty are two naked boys with bales of goods, as emblems of Commerce. The complaint is that the principal figures are too large, and crowd the rest, who, compelled to grow smaller and smaller, seem sheltering from the rain.

Beneath the portico are two series of windows, and above these there used to be an attic storey for the servants, generally known as "the Mayor's Nest," with square windows, crowned with a balustrade. It is now removed.

The Mansion House is an oblong, has an area in the middle, and at the farthest end of it is situated the grand and lofty Egyptian Hall (so called from some Egyptian details that have now disappeared). This noble banquet-room was designed by the Earl of Burlington, and was intended to resemble an Egyptian chamber described by Vitruvius. It has two side-screens of lofty columns supporting a vaulted roof, and is lit by a large west window. It can dine 400 guests. In the side walls are the niches, filled with sculptured groups or figures, some of the best of them by Foley. "To make it regular in rank," says the author of "London and its Environs" (1761), "the architect has raised a similar building on the front, which is the upper part of a dancing-gallery. This rather hurts than adorns the face of the building." Near the end, at each side, is a window of extraordinary height, placed between complex Corinthian pilasters, and extending to the top of the attic storey. In former times the sides of the Mansion House were darkened by the houses that crowded it, and the front required an area before it. It has been seriously proposed lately to take the Poultry front of the Mansion House away, and place it west, facing Queen Victoria Street. In a London Guide of 1820 the state bed at the Mansion House, which cost three thousand guineas, is spoken of with awe and wonder.

There are, says Timbs, other dining-rooms, as the Venetian Parlour, Wilkes's Parlour, &c. The drawing-room and ball-room are superbly decorated; above the latter is the Justice-room (constructed in 1849), where the Lord Mayor sits daily. In a contiguous apartment was the state bed. There is a fine gallery of portraits and other pictures. The kitchen is a large hall, provided with ranges, each of them large enough to roast an entire ox. The vessels for boiling vegetables are not pots, but tanks. The stewing range is a long, broad iron pavement laid down over a series of furnaces. The spits are huge cages formed of iron bars, and turned by machinery.

At the close of the Exhibition of 1854, the Corporation of London, with a view to encourage art, voted £10,000 to be expended in statuary for the Egyptian Hall. Among the leading works we may mention "Alastor" and "Hermione," by Mr. J. Durham; "Egeria" and "The Elder Brother," in "Comus," by Mr. J. H. Foley; Chaucer's "Griselda," by Mr. Calder Marshall; "The Morning Star," by Mr. G. H. Bailey; and "The Faithful Shepherdess," by Mr. Lucas Durrant. In the saloon is the "Caractacus" of Foley, and the "Sardanapalus" of Mr. Weekes.

The duties of a Lord Mayor have been elaborately and carefully condensed by the late Mr. Fairholt, who had made City ceremonies the study of half his life.

"None," says our authority, "can serve the office of Lord Mayor unless he be an alderman of London, who must previously have served the office of sheriff, though it is not necessary that a sheriff should be an alderman. The sheriffs are elected by the livery of London, the only requisite for the office being, that he is a freeman and liveryman of the City, and that he possesses property sufficient to serve the office of sheriff creditably, in all its ancient splendour and hospitality, to do which generally involves an expenditure of about £3,000. There are fees averaging from £500 to £600 belonging to the office, but these are given to the under-sheriff by all respectable and honourable men, as it is considered very disreputable for the sheriff to take any of them.

"The Lord Mayor has the privilege, on any day between the 14th of April and the 14th of June, of nominating any one or more persons (not exceeding nine in the whole) to be submitted to the livery on Midsummer Day, for them to elect the two sheriffs for the year ensuing. This is generally done at a public dinner, when the Lord Mayor proposes the healths of such persons as he intends to nominate for sheriffs. It is generally done as a compliment, and considered as an honour; but in those cases where the parties have an objection to serve, it sometimes gives offence, as, upon the Lord Mayor declaring in the Court of Aldermen the names of those he proposes, the mace-bearer immediately waits upon them, and gives them formal notice; when, if they do not intend to serve, they are excused, upon paying, at the next Court of Aldermen, four hundred guineas; but if they allow their names to remain on the list until elected by the livery, the fine is £1,000.

"The Lord Mayor is elected by the Livery of London, in Common Hall assembled (Guildhall), on Michaelmas Day, the 29th of September, previous

to which election the Lord Mayor and Corporation attend church in state; and on their return, the names of all the aldermen who have not served the office of Lord Mayor are submitted in rotation by the Recorder, and the show of hands taken upon each; when the sheriffs declare which two names have the largest show of hands, and these two are returned to the Court of Aldermen, who elect one to be the Lord Mayor for the year ensuing. (The office is compulsory to an alderman, but he is ex-

forth, the chain put round his neck, and he returns thanks to the livery for the honour they have conferred upon him. He is now styled the 'Right Honourable the Lord Mayor elect,' and takes rank next to the Lord Mayor, who takes him home in the state carriage to the Mansion House, to dine with the aldermen. This being his first ride in the state coach, a fee of a guinea is presented to the coachman, and half-a-guinea to the postilion; the City trumpeters who attend also receive a gratuity.

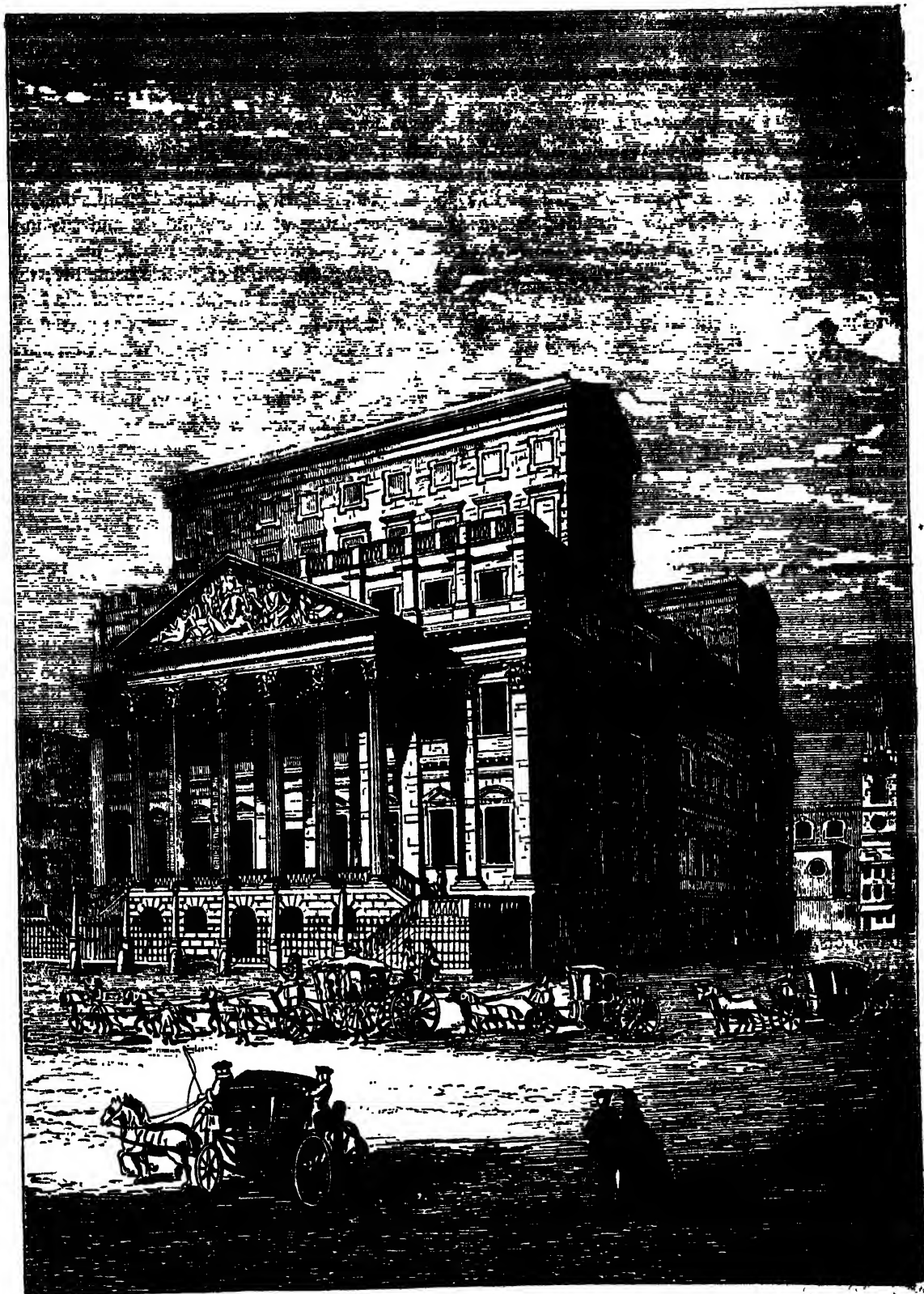


THE MANSION HOUSE KITCHEN.

cused upon the payment of £1,000) The one selected is generally the one next in rotation, unless he has not paid twenty shillings in the pound, or there is any blot in his private character, for it does not follow that an alderman having served the office of sheriff must necessarily become Lord Mayor; the selection rests first with the livery, and afterwards with the Court of Aldermen; and in case of bankruptcy, or compounding with his creditors, an alderman is passed over, and even a junior put in his place, until he has paid twenty shillings in the pound to all his creditors. The selection being made from the nominees, the Lord Mayor and aldermen return to the livery, and the Recorder declares upon whom the choice of the aldermen has fallen, when he is publicly called

The attention of the Lord Mayor elect is now entirely directed to the establishment of his household, and he is beset by applications of all sorts, and tradesmen of every grade and kind, until he has filled up his appointments, which must be done by the 8th of November, when he is publicly installed in his office in the Guildhall.

"The election of mayor is subject to the approbation of the Crown, which is communicated by the Lord Chancellor to the Lord Mayor elect, at an audience in the presence of the Recorder, who presents him to the Lord Chancellor for the purpose of receiving Her Majesty's pleasure and approbation of the man of the City's choice. This ceremony is generally gone through on the first day of Michaelmas term, previous to receiving the



THE MANSION HOUSE IN 1750. (*From a Print published for Stow's "Survey."*)

judges. The Lord Mayor elect is attended to the Chancellor's private residence by the aldermen, sheriffs, under-sheriffs, the sword-bearers, and all the City officers. In the evening he gives his first state dinner, in robes and full-dressed.

"On the 8th of November the Lord Mayor elect is sworn into office publicly in Guildhall, having previously breakfasted with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House; they are attended at this ceremony, as well as at the breakfast, by the members and officers of the Court of the Livery Company to which they respectively belong, in their gowns. After the swearing in at Guildhall, when the Mayor publicly takes the oaths, accepts the sword, the mace, the sceptre, and the City purse, he proceeds with the late Mayor to the Mansion House, and they conjointly give what is called the 'farewell dinner;' the Lord Mayor elect proceeding to his own private residence in the evening, a few days being allowed for the removal of the late Lord Mayor.

"The next day, being what is popularly known as 'Lord Mayor's day,' and which is observed as a close holiday in the City, the shops are closed, as are also the streets in all the principal thoroughfares, except for the carriages engaged in the procession. He used formerly to go to Westminster Hall by water, in the state barge, attended by the state barges of the City Companies, but now by land, and is again sworn in, in the Court of Exchequer, to uphold and support the Crown, and make a due return of all fines and fees passing through his office during the year. He returns in the same state to Guildhall about three o'clock in the afternoon (having left the Mansion House about twelve o'clock), where, in conjunction with the Sheriffs, he gives a most splendid banquet to the Royal Family, the Judges, Ministers of State, Ambassadors, or such of them as will accept his invitation, the Corporation, and such distinguished foreigners as may be visiting in the country. At this banquet the King and Queen attend the first year after their coronation; it is given at the expense of the City, and it generally costs from eight to ten thousand pounds; but when the City entertained the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., and the allied Sovereigns in 1814, it cost twenty thousand pounds. On all other Lord Mayor's days the expense is borne by the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, the former paying half, and the latter one-fourth each; the Mayor's half generally averaging from twelve to fourteen hundred pounds.

"The next morning the new Lord Mayor enters upon the duties of his office. From ten to twelve he is engaged in giving audience to various appli-

cations; at twelve he enters the justice-room, where he is often detained until four in the afternoon, and this is his daily employment. His lordship holds his first Court of Aldermen previous to any other court, to which he goes in full state; the same week he holds his first Court of Common Council, also in state. He attends the first sessions of the Central Criminal Court at Justice Hall, in the Old Bailey; being the Chief Commissioner, he takes precedence of all the judges, and sits in a chair in the centre of the Bench, the sword-bearer placing the sword of justice behind it; this seat is never occupied in the absence of the Lord Mayor, except by an alderman who has passed the chair. The Court is opened at ten o'clock on Monday; the judges come on Wednesday; the Lord Mayor takes the chair for an hour, and then retires till five o'clock, when he entertains the judges at dinner in the Court-house, which is expected to be done every day during the sitting of the Court, which takes place every month, and lasts about eight days; the Lord Mayor and the sheriffs dividing the expenses of the table between them.

"Plough Monday is the next grand day, when the Lord Mayor receives the inquest of every ward in the City, who make a presentment of the election of all ward officers in the City, who are elected on St. Thomas's Day, December 21st, and also of any nuisances or grievances of which the citizens may have to complain, which are referred to the Court of Aldermen, who sit in judgment on these matters on the next Court day. In former times, on the first Sunday in Epiphany, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Corporation, went in state to the Church of St. Lawrence, Guildhall, and there received the sacrament, but this custom has of late years been omitted.

"If any public fast is ordered by the King, the Lord Mayor and Corporation attend St. Paul's Cathedral in their black robes; and if a thanksgiving, they appear in scarlet. If an address is to be presented to the throne, the whole Corporation go in state, the Lord Mayor wearing his gold gown. (Of these gowns only a certain number are allowed, by Act of Parliament, to public officers as a costly badge of distinction; the Lord Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls are among the privileged persons.) On Easter Monday and Tuesday the Lord Mayor attends Christ Church (of which he is a member), on which occasion the whole of the blue-coat boys, nurses, and beadles, master, clerk, and other officers, walk in procession. The President, freemen, and other officers of the Royal Hospital attend the church to hear the sermon, and a statement of the income and expenditure of each of the

hospitals, over which the Mayor has jurisdiction, is read from the pulpit. A public dinner is given at Christ's Hospital on the Monday evening, and a similar one at St. Bartholomew's on the Tuesday. On the Monday evening the Lord Mayor gives the grandest dinner of the year in the Egyptian Hall, at the Mansion House, to 400 persons, at which some of the Royal Family often attend, a ball taking place in the evening. The next day, before going to church, the Lord Mayor gives a purse of fifty guineas, in sixpences, shillings, and half-crowns, to the boys of Christ's Hospital, who pass before him through the Mansion House, each receiving a piece of silver (fresh from the Mint), two plum buns, and a glass of wine. On the first Sunday in term the Lord Mayor and Corporation receive the judges at St. Paul's, and hear a sermon from the Lord Mayor's chaplain, after which his lordship entertains the party at dinner, either on that day or any other, according to his own feeling of the propriety of Sunday dinners.

"In the month of May, when the festival of the Sons of the Clergy is generally held in St. Paul's, the Lord Mayor attends, after which the party dine at Merchant 'Taylors' Hall. Some of the Royal Family generally attend; always the archbishop and a great body of the clergy. In the same month, the Lord Mayor attends St. Paul's in state, to hear a sermon preached before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, at which all the bishops and archbishops attend, with others of the clergy; after which the Lord Mayor gives them a grand dinner; and on another day in the same month, the Archbishop of Canterbury gives a similar state dinner to the Lord Mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, and the bishops, at Lambeth Palace." In June the Lord Mayor used to attend the anniversary of the Charity Schools in St. Paul's in state, and in the evening to preside at the public dinner, but this has of late been discontinued.

"On Midsummer Day, the Lord Mayor holds a common hall for the election of sheriffs for the ensuing year; and on the 3rd of September, the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs used to go in state to proclaim Bartholomew Fair, now a thing of the past. They called at the gaol of Newgate on their way, and the governor brought out a cup of wine, from which the Lord Mayor drank.

"On St. Matthias' Day (21st September) the Lord Mayor attends Christ's Hospital, to hear a sermon, when a little Latin oration is made by the two senior scholars, who afterwards carry round a glove, and collect money enough to pay their first year's expenses at college. Then the beadies of the various hospitals of which the Lord Mayor is governor

deliver up their staves of office, which are returned if no fault is to be attributed to them; and this is done to denote the Mayor's right to remove them at his will, or upon just cause assigned, although elected by their respective governors."

On the 28th of September, the Lord Mayor *sweats* in the sheriffs at Guildhall, a public breakfast having been first given by them at the hall of the Company to which the senior sheriff belongs. On the 30th of September, the Lord Mayor proceeds with the sheriffs to Westminster, in state; and the sheriffs are again sworn into office before the Barons of the Exchequer. The senior alderman below the chair (the next in rotation for Lord Mayor) cuts some sticks, delivers six horse-shoes, and counts sixty-one hob-nails, as suit and service for some lands held by the City under the Crown. The Barons are then invited to the banquet given by the sheriffs on their return to the City, at which the Lord Mayor presides in state.

"The patronage of the Lord Mayor consists in the appointment of a chaplain, who receives a full set of canonicals, lives and boards in the Mansion House, has a suite of rooms and a servant at command, rides in the state carriage, and attends the Lord Mayor whenever required. He is presented to the King at the first levée, and receives a purse of fifty guineas from the Court of Aldermen, and a like sum from the Court of Common Council, for the sermons he preaches before the Corporation and the judges at St. Paul's the first Sundays in term. The next appointment the Lord Mayor has at his disposal is the Clerk of the Cocket Office, whom he pays out of his own purse. If a harpbour master, of whom there are four, dies during the year, the Lord Mayor appoints his successor. The salary is £400 a year, and is paid by the Chamberlain. He also appoints the water-bailiff's assistants, if any vacancy occurs. He presents a boy to Christ's Hospital, in addition to the one he is entitled to present as an alderman; and he has a presentation of an annuity of £21 10s. 5d., under will, to thirteen pensioners, provided a vacancy occurs during his year of office. £4 is given to a poor soldier, and the same sum to a poor sailor.

"The powers of the Lord Mayor over the City, although abridged, like the sovereign power over the State, are still much more extensive than is generally supposed. The rights and privileges of the chief magistrate of the City and its corporation are nearly allied to those of the constitution of the State. The Lord Mayor has the badges of royalty attached to his office—the sceptre, the swords of justice and mercy, and the mace. The gold chain, one of the most ancient honorary distinctions, and



which may be traced from the Eastern manner of conferring dignity, is worn by him, among other honorary badges; and, having passed through the office of Lord Mayor, the alderman continues to wear it during his life. He controls the City purse, the Chamberlain delivering it into his hands, together with the sceptre, on the day he is sworn into office. He has the right of precedence in the City before all the Royal Family, which right was disputed by the Prince of Wales, in St. Paul's Cathedral, during the mayoralty of Sir James Shaw, but maintained by him, and approved and confirmed by the King (George III.). The gates of the City are in his custody, and it is usual to close the only one now remaining, Temple Bar, on the approach of the sovereign when on a visit to the City, who knocks and formally requests admission, the Mayor attending in person to grant it, and receive the visit of royalty; and upon proclaiming war or peace, he also proceeds in state to Temple Bar, to admit the heralds. Soldiers cannot march through the City, in any large numbers, without the Mayor's permission, first obtained by the Commander-in-chief.

"The Lieutenancy of the City of London is in commission. The Lord Mayor, being the Chief Commissioner, issues a new commission, whenever he pleases, by application to the Lord Chancellor, through the Secretary of State. He names in the commission all the aldermen and deputies of the City of London, the directors of the Bank, the members for the City, and such of his immediate friends and relations as he pleases. The commission, being under the Great Seal, gives all the parties named therein the right to be styled esquires, and the name once in the commission remains, unless removed for any valid reason.

"The Lord Mayor enjoys the right of private audience with the Crown; and when an audience is wished for, it is usual to make the request through the Remembrancer, but not necessary. When Alderman Wilson was Lord Mayor, he used to apply by letter to the Lord Chamberlain. In attending levees or drawing-rooms, the Lord Mayor has the privilege of the *entrée*, and, in consideration of the important duties he has to perform in the City, and to save his time, he is allowed to drive direct into the Ambassadors' Court at St. James's, without going round by Constitution Hill. He is summoned as a Privy Councillor on the death of the King; and the Tower pass-word is sent to him regularly, signed by the sovereign.

"He has the uncontrolled conservancy of the river Thames and the waters of the Medway, from London Bridge to Rochester down the river, and from London Bridge to Oxford up the river. He holds

Courts of Conservancy whenever he sees it necessary, and summons juries in Kent, from London and Middlesex, who are compelled to go on the river in boats to view and make presentments. In the mayoralty of Alderman Wilson, these courts were held in the state barge, on the water, at the spot with which the inquiry was connected, for the convenience of the witnesses attending from the villages near. It is usual for him to visit Oxford once in fourteen, and Rochester once in seven years.\*

"Alderman Wilson, in 1839, was the last Lord Mayor (says Fairholt, whose book was published in 1843) who visited the western boundary; and he, at the request of the Court of Aldermen, made Windsor the principal seat of the festivities, going no farther than Cliefden, and visiting Magna Charta island on his return. Alderman Pirie was the last who visited the eastern boundary, the whole party staying two days at Rochester. The Lord Mayor is privileged by the City to go these journeys every year, should he see any necessity for it; but the expense is so great (about £1,000) that it is only performed at these distant periods, although Alderman Wilson visited the western boundary in the thirteenth, and Alderman Pirie in the fifth year. A similar short view is taken as far as Twickenham yearly, in the month of July, at a cost of about £150, when the Lord Mayor is attended by the aldermen, the sheriffs, and their ladies, with the same show and attendance as on the more infrequent visits. His lordship has also a committee to assist in the duties of his office, who have a shallop of their own, and take a view up and down the river, as far as they like to go, once or twice a month during summer, at an expense of some hundreds per annum.

"The Lord Mayor may be said to have a veto upon the proceedings of the Courts both of Aldermen and Common Council, as well as upon the Court of Livery in Common Hall assembled, neither of these courts being able to meet unless convened by him; and he can at any time dissolve the court by removing the sword and mace from the table, and declaring the business at an end; but this is considered an ungracious display of power when exercised.

"The Lord Mayor may call upon the Recorder for his advice whenever he may stand in need of it, as well as for that of the Common Serjeant, the four City pleaders, and the City solicitor, from whom

\* A new Act for the conservancy of the Thames came into operation on September 30th, 1857, the result of a compromise between the City and the Government, after a long law-suit between the Crown and City authorities.



he orders prosecutions at the City expense whenever he thinks the public good requires it. The salary of the Recorder is £2,500 per annum, besides fees; the Common Serjeant £1,000, with an income from other sources of £843 per annum. The solicitor is supposed to make £5,000 per annum.

"The Lord Mayor resides in the Mansion House, the first stone of which was laid the 25th of October, 1739. This house, with the furniture, cost £70,985 13s. 2d., the principal part of which was paid from the fines received from persons who wished to be excused from serving the office of sheriff. About £9,000 was paid out of the City's income. The plate cost £11,531 16s. 3d., which has been very considerably added to since by the Lord Mayors for the time being, averaging about £500 per annum.

"Attached to the household is —

	£	s.	d.
The chaplain, at a salary of . . .	97	10	0
The swordbearer . . . . .	500	0	0
The macebearer. . . . .	500	0	0
Water-bailiff . . . . .	300	0	0
City marshal . . . . .	550	0	0
Marshal's man . . . . .	200	0	0
Clerk of the Cocket Office. . . . .	80	0	0
Gate porter . . . . .	6	6	0
Seven trumpeters . . . . .	29	9	0

"These sums, added to the allowance to the Lord Mayor, and the ground-rent and taxes of the Mansion House (amounting to about £692 12s. 6d. per annum), and other expenses, it is expected, cost the City about £19,038 16s. 10d. per annum. There are also four attorneys of the Mayor's court, who formerly boarded at the Mansion House, but are now allowed £105 per annum in lieu of the table. The plate-butler and the housekeeper have each £5 5s. per annum as a compliment from the City, and in addition to their wages, paid by the Lord Mayor (£45 per annum to the housekeeper, and £1 5s. per week to the plate-butler). The marshal's clothing costs £44 16s. per annum, and that of the marshal's man £13 9s. 6d.

"There is also—

	£	s.	d.
A yeoman of the chamber, at . . .	270	0	0
Three sergeants of ditto,* each . . .	280	0	0
Master of the ceremonies . . . . .	40	0	0
Serjeant of the channel . . . . .	184	10	0
Yeoman of the channel . . . . .	25	0	0
Two yeomen of the waterside, each . . .	350	0	0
Deputy water-bailiff . . . . .	350	0	0
Water-bailiff's first young man . . .	300	0	0
The common hunt's young man . . .	350	0	0
Water-bailiff's second young man . . .	300	0	0
Swordbearer's young man . . . . .	350	0	0

\* These functionaries carve the barons of beef at the banquet on Lord Mayor's Day.

"These sums and others, added to the previous amount, make an annual amount of expense connected with the office of Lord Mayor of £25,034 7s. 1d.

"Most of the last-named officers walk before the Lord Mayor, dressed in black silk gowns, on all state occasions (one acting as his lordship's train-bearer), and dine with the household at a table provided at about 15s. a head, exclusive of wine, which they are allowed without restraint. In the mayoralty of Alderman Atkins, some dispute having arisen with some of the household respecting their tables, the City abolished the daily table, giving each of the officers a sum of money instead, deducting £1,000 a year from the Lord Mayor's allowance, and requiring him only to provide the swordbearer's table on state days."

The estimate made for the expenditure at the Mansion House by the committee of the Corporation, is founded upon the average of many years, but in such mayoralties as Curtis, Pirie, and Wilson, far more must have been spent. It is said that only one Lord Mayor ever saved anything out of his salary.

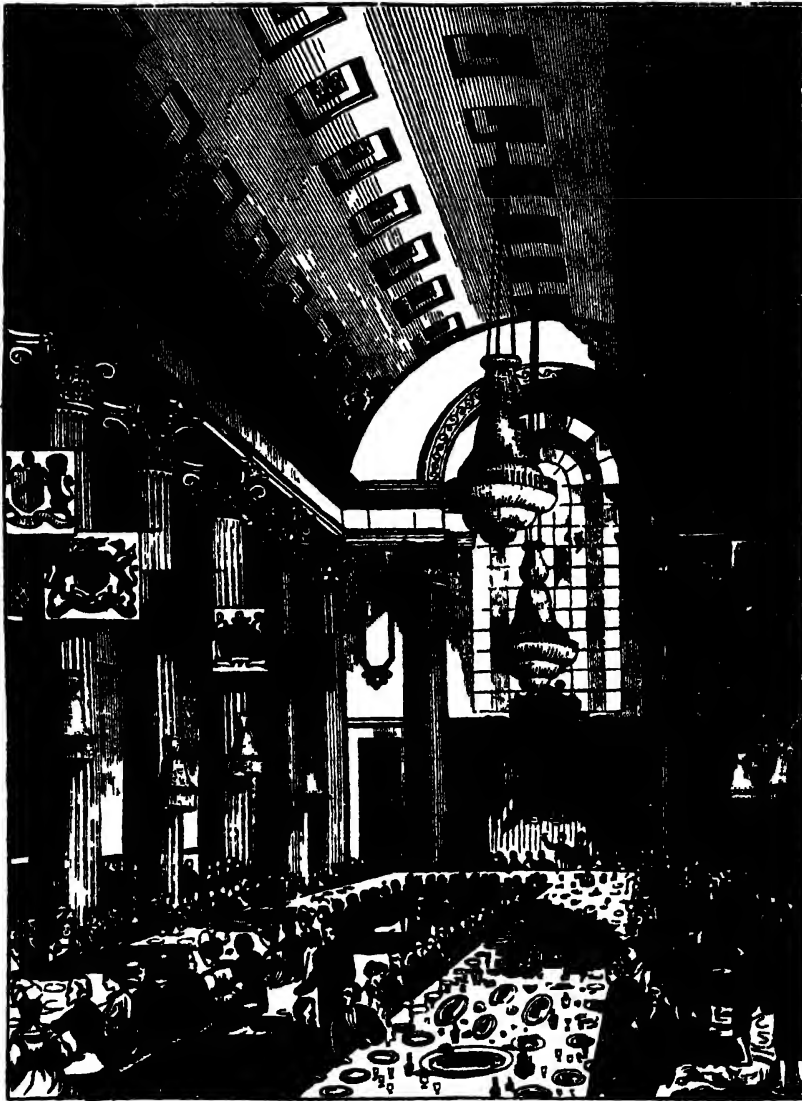
"Sir James Saunderson, Mayor in 1792-3, left behind him a minute account of the expenses of his year of office, for the edification of his successors. The document is lengthy, but we shall select a few of the more striking items. Paid—Butcher for twelve months, £781 10s. 10d.; one item in this account is for meat given to the prisoners at Ludgate, at a cost of £68 10s. 8d. The wines are, of course, expensive. 1792—Paid, late Lord Mayor's stock, £57 7s. 11d.; hock, 35 dozen, £82 14s. 0d.; champagne, 40 ditto, at 43s., £85 19s. 9d.; claret, 154 ditto, at 34s. 10d. per dozen, £268 12s. 7d.; Burgundy, 30 ditto, £76 5s. 0d.; port, 8 pipes, 400 dozen, £416 4s. 0d.; draught ditto, for Lord Mayor's day, £49 4s. 0d.; ditto, ditto, for Easter Monday, £28 4s. 3d.—£493 12s. 3d.; Madeira, 32 dozen, £59 16s. 4d.; sherry, 61 dozen, £67 1s. 0d.; Lisbon, one hogsheaf, at 34s. per dozen, £62 12s. 0d.; bottles to make good, broke and stole, £97 13s. 6d.; arrack, £8 8s. 0d.; brandy, 25 gallons, £18 11s. 0d.; rum, 6½ ditto, £3 19s. 6d. Total, £1,309 12s. 10d."

"These items of costume are curious:—Lady Mayoress, November 30.—A hoop, £2 16s. 0d.; point ruffles, £12 12s. 0d.; treble blond ditto, £7 7s. 0d.; a fan, £3 3s. 0d.; a cap and lappets, £7 7s. 0d.; a cloak and sundries, £26 17s. 0d.; hair ornaments, £34 0s. 0d.; a cap, £7 18s. 0d.; sundries, £37 9s. 1d. 1793, Jan. 26.—A silk, for 9th Nov., 3½ guineas per yard, £41 6s. 0d.; a petticoat (Madame Beauvais), £35 3s. 6d.; a

gold chain, £57 15s. od.; silver silk, £13 os. od.; clouded satin, £5 10s. od.; a petticoat for Easter, £29 1s. od.; millinery, for ditto, £27 17s. 6d.; hair-dressing, £13 2s. 3d. July 6th.—A petticoat, £6 16s. 8d.; millinery, £7 8s. 8d.; mantua-maker, in full, £13 14s. 6d.; milliner, in full,

£0 os. od.' Thus, to dress a Lord Mayor costs £309 2s. od.; but her Ladyship cannot be duly arrayed at a less cost than £416 2s. od. To dress the servants cost £724 5s. 6d."

Then comes a grand summing-up. "Dr. The whole state of the account, £12,173 4s. 3d." Then



INTERIOR OF THE EGYPTIAN HALL.

£12 6s. 6d. Total, £416 2s. od. The Lord Mayor's dress:—Two wigs, £9 9s. od.; a velvet suit, £54 8s. od.; other clothes, £117 13s. 4d.; hats and hose, £9 6s. 6d.; a scarlet robe, £14 8s. 6d.; a violet ditto, £12 1s. 6d.; a gold chain, £63 cs. od.; steel buckles, £5 5s. od.; a steel sword, £6 16s. 6d.; hair-dressing, £16 16s. 11d.—£309 2s. 3d. On the page opposite to that containing this record, under the head of 'Ditto Returned,' we read 'Per Valua-

tion, £0 os. od.' Thus, to dress a Lord Mayor costs £309 2s. od.; but her Ladyship cannot be duly arrayed at a less cost than £416 2s. od. To dress the servants cost £724 5s. 6d."

follow the receipts per contra:—"At Chamberlain's Office, £3,572 8s. 4d.; Coeket Office, £892 5s. 11d.; Bridge House, £60; City Gauger, £250; freedoms, £175; fees on affidavits, £21 16s. 8d.; seals, £67 4s. 9d.; licences, £13 15s.; sheriff's fees, £13 6s. 8d.; corn fees, £15 13s.; venison warrants, £14 4s.; attorneys, Mayor's Court, £26 7s. 9d.; City Remembrancer, £12 12s.; in lieu of baskets, £7 7s.; vote of Common Council, £100; sale of horses and carriages, £450;

wine (overplus) removed from Mansion House, £398 18s. 7d. Total received, £6,117 9s 8d. Cost of mayoralty, as such, and independent of all private expenses, £6,055 14s. 7d."

That clever but unscrupulous tuft-hunter and smart parvenu, Theodore Hook, who talked of Bloomsbury as if it was semi-barbarous, and of citizens (whose wine he drank, and whose hospitality he so often shared) as if they could only eat venison and swallow turtle soup, has left a sketch

elegance, he snaps off the cut-steel hilt of his sword, by accidentally bumping the whole weight of his body right—or rather, wrong—directly upon the top of it

"Through fog and glory," says Theodore Hook, "Scropps reached Blackfriars Bridge, took water, and in the barge tasted none of the collation, for all he heard, saw, and swallowed was 'Lord Mayor' and 'your lordship,' far sweeter than nectar. At the presentation at Westminster, he saw two of the



FIG. "MARIA WOOL." (See page 447.)

of the short lived dignity of a mayor, which exactly represents the absurd caricature of City life that then pleased his West-end readers, half of whom had derived their original wealth from the till. Scropps, the new Lord Mayor, cannot sleep all night for his greatness; the wind down the chimney sounds like the shouts of the people, the cocks crowing in the morn at the back of the house he takes for trumpets sounding his approach; and the ordinary incidental noises in the family he fancies the pop-guns at Stangate announcing his disembarkation at Westminster. Then come his droll mishaps: when he enters the state coach, and throws himself back upon his broad seat, with all imaginable dignity, in the midst of all his ease and

judges, whom he remembered on the circuit, when he trembled at the sight of them, believing them to be some extraordinary creatures, upon whom all the hair and fur grew naturally

"Then the Lady Mayoress. There she was—Sally Scropps (her maiden name was Snob) 'There was my own Sally, with a plume of feathers that half filled the coach, and Jenny and Maria and young Sally, all with their backs to *my* horses, which were pawing with mud, and snorting and smoking like steam-engines, with nostrils like safety-valves, and four of *my* footmen behind the coach, like bees in a swarm.'"

Perhaps the most effective portion of the paper is the *reverse* of the picture. My lord and lady

and their family had just got settled in the Mansion House, and enjoying their dignity, when the 9th of November came again—the consummation of Scropps' downfall. Again did they go in state to Guildhall; again were they toasted and addressed; again were they handed in and led out, flirted with Cabinet ministers, and danced with ambassadors; and at two o'clock in the morning drove home from the scene of gaiety to the old residence in Budge Row. "Never in the world did pickled herrings or turpentine smell so powerfully as on that night when we re-entered the house. . . . The passage looked so narrow; the drawing-room looked so small; the staircase seemed so dark; our apartments appeared so low. In the morning we assembled at breakfast. A note lay upon the table, addressed 'Mrs. Scropps, Budge Row.' The girls, one after the other, took it up, read the superscription, and laid it down again. A visitor was announced—a neighbour and kind friend, a man of wealth and importance. What were his first words? They were the first I had heard from a stranger since my job. 'How are you, Scropps? Done up, eh?'

"Scropps! No obsequiousness, no deference, no respect. No 'My lord, I hope your lordship passed an agreeable night. And how is her ladyship, and her amiable daughters?' No, not a bit of it! 'How's Mrs. S. and the *gals*?' This was quite natural, all as it had been. But how unlike what it *was* only the day before! The very servants—who, when amidst the strapping, stall-fed, gold-faced lackeys of the Mansion House, and transferred, with the chairs and tables, from one Lord Mayor to another, dared not speak, nor look, nor say their lives were their own—strutted about the house, and banged the doors, and spoke of their *missis* as if she had been an old apple-woman.

"So much for domestic miseries. I went out. I was shoved about in Cheapside in the most remorseless manner. My right eye had a narrow escape of being poked out by the tray of a brawny butcher's boy, who, when I civilly remonstrated, turned round and said, 'Vy, I say, who are *you*, I wonder? Why are you so partiklar about your *hysight*?' I felt an involuntary shudder. 'To-day,' thought I, 'I am John Ebenezer Scropps. Two days ago I was Lord Mayor!'

"Our Lord Mayor," says Cobbett, in his sensible way, "and his golden coach, and his gold-covered footmen and coachmen, and his golden chain, and his chaplain, and his great sword of state, please the people, and particularly the women and girls; and when they are pleased, the men and boys are pleased. And many a young fellow has been more

industrious and attentive from his hope of one day riding in that golden coach."

"On ordinary state occasions," says "Aleph," in the *City Press*, "the Lord Mayor wears a massive black silk robe, richly embroidered, and his collar and jewel; in the civic courts, a violet silk robe, furred and bordered with black velvet. The wear of the various robes was fixed by a regulation dated 1562. The present authority for the costumes is a printed pamphlet (by order of the Court of Common Council), dated 1789.

"The jewelled collar (date 1534)," says Mr. Timbs, "is of pure gold, composed of a series of links, each formed of a letter S, a united York and Lancaster (or Henry VII.) rose, and a massive knot. The ends of the chain are joined by the portcullis, from the points of which, suspended by a ring of diamonds, hangs the jewel. The entire collar contains twenty-eight SS, fourteen roses, thirteen knots, and measures sixty-four inches. The jewel contains in the centre the City arms, cut in cameo of a delicate blue, on an olive ground. Surrounding this is a garter of bright blue, edged with white and gold, bearing the City motto, 'Domine, dirige nos,' in gold letters. The whole is encircled with a costly border of gold SS, alternating with rosettes of diamonds, set in silver. The jewel is suspended from the collar by a portcullis, but when worn without the collar, is hung by a broad blue ribbon. The investiture is by a massive gold chain, and, when the Lord Mayor is re-elected, by two chains."

Edward III., by his charter (dated 1534), grants the mayors of the City of London "gold, or silver, or silvered" maces, to be carried before them. The present mace, of silver-gilt, is five feet three inches long, and bears on the lower part "W. R." It is surmounted with a royal crown and the imperial arms; and the handle and staff are richly chased.

There are four swords belonging to the City of London. The "Pearl" sword, presented by Queen Elizabeth when she opened the first Royal Exchange, in 1571, and so named from its being richly set with pearls. This sword is carried before the Lord Mayor on all occasions of rejoicing and festivity. The "Sword of State," borne before the Lord Mayor as an emblem of his authority. The "Black" sword, used on fast days, in Lent, and at the death of any of the royal family. And the fourth is that placed before the Lord Mayor's chair at the Central Criminal Court.

The Corporate seal is circular. The second seal, made in the mayoralty of Sir William Walworth, 1381, is much defaced.

"The 'gondola,' known as the 'Lord Mayor's State Barge,'" says "Aleph," "was built in 1807, at a cost of £2,579. Built of English oak, 85 feet long by 13 feet 8 inches broad, she was at all times at liberty to pass through all the locks, and even go up the Thames as far as Oxford. She had eighteen oars and all other fittings complete, and was profusely gilt. But when the Conservancy Act took force, and the Corporation had no longer need of her, she was sold at her moorings at Messrs. Searle's, Surrey side of Westminster Bridge, on Thursday, April 5th, 1860, by Messrs. Pullen and Son, of Cripplegate. The first bid was £20, and she was ultimately knocked down for £105. Where she is or how she has fared we know not. The other barge is that famous one known to all City personages and all civic pleasure parties. It was built during the mayoralty of Sir Matthew Wood, in 1816, and received its name of *Maria*

*Wood* from the eldest, and pet daughter of that 'twice Lord Mayor.' It cost £3,300, and was built by Messrs. Field and White, in consequence of the old barge *Crosby* (built during the mayoralty of Brass Crosby, 1771) being found past repairing. *Maria Wood* measures 140 feet long by 19 feet wide, and draws only 2 feet 6 inches of water. The grand saloon, 56 feet long, is capable of dining 140 persons. In 1851 she cost £1,000 repairing. Like her sister, this splendid civic barge was sold at the Auction-mart, facing the Bank of England, by Messrs. Pullen and Son, on Tuesday, May 31, 1859. The sale commenced at £100, next £200, £220, and thence regular bids, till finally it got to £400, when Mr. Alderman Humphrey bid £410, and got the prize. Though no longer civic property, it is, yet, I believe, in the hands of those who allow it to be made the scene of many a day of festivity."

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### SAXON LONDON.

A Glance at Saxon London—The Three Component Parts of Saxon London—The First Saxon Bridge over the Thames—Edward the Confessor at Westminster—City Residences of the Saxon Kings—Political Position of London in Early Times—The first recorded Great Fire of London—The Early Commercial Dignity of London—The Kings of Norway and Denmark besiege London in vain—A Great *Germot* held in London—Edmund Ironside elected King by the Londoners—Canute besieges them, and is driven off—The Seamen of London—Its Citizens as Electors of Kings.

OUR materials for sketching Saxon London are singularly scanty; yet some faint picture of it we may perhaps hope to convey.

Our readers must, therefore, divest their minds entirely of all remembrance of that great ocean of houses that has now spread like an inundation from the banks of the winding Thames, surging over the wooded ridges that rise northward, and widening out from Whitechapel eastward to Kensington westward. They must rather recall to their minds some small German town, belted in with a sturdy wall, raised not for ornament, but defence, with corner turrets for archers, and pierced with loops whence the bowmen may drive their arrows at the straining workers of the catapult and mangonels (those Roman war-engines we used against the cruel Danes), and with stone-capped places of shelter along the watchmen's platforms, where the sentinels may shelter themselves during the cold and storm, when tired of peering over the battlements and looking for the crafty enemy Essex-wards or Surrey way. No toy battlements of modern villa or tea-garden are those over which the rough-bearded men, in hoods and leather coats, lean in the summer, watching the citizens disporting themselves in the Moorfields, or

in winter sledging over the ice-pools of Finsbury. Not for mere theatrical pageant do they carry those heavy axes and tough spears. Those bossed targets are not for festival show; those buff jackets, covered with metal scales, have been tested before now by Norsemen's ponderous swords and the hatchets of the fierce Jutlanders.

In such castle rooms as antiquaries now visit, the Saxon earls and eldersmen quaffed their ale, and drank "wassail" to King Egbert or Ethelwolf. In such dungeons as we now see with a shudder at the Tower, Saxon traitors and Danish prisoners once peaked and pined.

We must imagine Saxon London as having three component parts—fortresses, convents, and huts. The girdle of wall, while it restricted space, would give a feeling of safety and snugness which in our great modern city—which is really a conglomeration, a sort of pudding-stone, of many towns and villages grown together into one shapeless mass—the citizen can never again experience. The streets would in some degree resemble those of Moscow, where, behind fortress, palace, and church, you come upon rows of mere wooden sheds, scarcely better than the log huts of the peasants, or the sombre felt tents of the Turcoman. There would be large

vacant spaces, as in St. Petersburg; and the suburbs would rapidly open beyond the walls into wild woodland and pasture, fen, moor, and common. A few dozen fishermen's boats from Kent and Norfolk would be moored by the Tower, if, indeed, any Saxon fort had ever replaced the somewhat hypothetical Roman fortress of tradition; and lower down some hundred or so cumbersome Dutch, French, and German vessels would represent our trade with the almost unknown continent whence we drew wine and furs and the few luxuries of those hardy and thrifty days.

In the narrow streets, the fortress, convent, and hut would be exactly represented by the chieftain and his bearded retinue of spearmen, the priest with his train of acolytes, and the herd of half-savage churls who plodded along with rough carts laden with timber from the Essex forests, or driving herds of swine from the glades of Epping. The churls we picture as grim but hearty folk, stolid, pugnacious, yet honest and promise-keeping, overinclined to strong ale, and not disinclined for a brawl; men who had fought with Danes and wolves, and who were ready to fight them again. The shops must have been mere stalls, and much of the trade itinerant. There would be, no doubt, rudimentary market-places about Cheapside (Chepe is the Saxon word for market); and the lines of some of our chief streets, no doubt, still follow the curves of the original Saxon roads.

The date of the first Saxon bridge over the Thames is extremely uncertain, as our chapter on *London Bridge* will show; but it is almost as certain as history can be that, soon after the Dane Olaf's invasion of England (994) in Ethelred's reign, with 390 piratical ships, when he plundered Staines and Sandwich, a rough wooden bridge was built, which crossed the Thames from St. Botolph's wharf to the Surrey shore. We must imagine it a clumsy rickety structure, raised on piles with rough-hewn timber planks, and with drawbridges that lifted to allow Saxon vessels to pass. There was certainly a bridge as early as 1006, probably built to stop the passage of the Danish pirate boats. Indeed, Snorro Sturleson, the Icelandic historian, tells us that when the Danes invaded England in 1008, in the reign of Ethelred the Unready (ominous name!), they entrenched themselves in Southwark, and held the fortified bridge, which had penthouses, bulwarks, and shelter-turrets. Ethelred's ally, Olaf, however, determined to drive the Danes from the bridge, adopted a daring expedient to accomplish this object, and, fastening his ships to the piles of the bridge, from which the Danes were raining down stones and beams, dragged it

to pieces, upon which, on very fair provocation, Ottar, a Norse bard, broke forth into the following eulogy of King Olaf, the patron saint of Tooley Street:—

"And thou hast overthrown their bridge, O thou storm of the sons of Odin, skilful and foremost in the battle, defender of the earth, and restorer of the exiled Ethelred! It was during the fight which the mighty King fought with the men of England, when King Olaf, the son of Odin, valiantly attacked the bridge at London. Bravely did the swords of the Volsces defend it; but through the trench which the sea-kings guarded thou camest, and the plain of Southwark was crowded with thy tents."

It may seem as strange to us, at this distance of time, to find London Bridge ennobled in a Norse epic, as to find a Sir Something de Birmingham figuring among the bravest knights of Froissart's record; but there the Norse song stands on record, and therein we get a stormy picture of the Thames in the Saxon epoch.

It is supposed that the Saxon kings dwelt in a palace on the site of the Baynard's Castle of the Middle Ages, which stood at the river-side just west of St. Paul's, although there is little proof of the fact. But we get on the sure ground of truth when we find Edward the Confessor, one of the most powerful of the Saxon kings, dwelling in saintly splendour at Westminster, beside the abbey dedicated by his predecessors to St. Peter. The combination of the palace and the monastery was suitable to such a friend of the monks, and to one who saw strange visions, and claimed to be the favoured of Heaven. But beyond and on all sides of the Saxon palace everywhere would be fields—St. James's Park (fields), Hyde Park (fields), Regent's Park (fields), and long woods stretching northward from the present St. John's Wood to the uplands of Epping.

As to the City residences of the Saxon kings, we have little on record; but there is indeed a tradition that in Wood Street, Cheapside, King Athelstane once resided; and that one of the doors of his house opened into Addle Street, Aldermanbury (*addle*, from the German word *edel*, noble). But Stow does not mention the tradition, which rests, we fear, on slender evidence.

Whether the Bread Street, Milk Street, and Cornhill markets date from the Saxon times is uncertain. It is not unlikely that they do, yet the earliest mention of them in London chronicles is found several centuries later.

We must be therefore content to search for allusions to London's growth and wealth in Saxon



history, and there the allusions are frequent, clear, and interesting.

In the earlier time London fluctuated, according to one of the best authorities on Saxon history, between an independent mercantile commonwealth and a dependency of the Mercian kings. The Norsemen occasionally plundered and held it as a *point d'appui* for their pirate galleys. Its real epoch of greatness, however ancient its advantage as a port, commences with its re-conquest by Alfred the Great in 886. Henceforward, says that most reliable writer on this period, Mr. Freeman, we find it one of the firmest strongholds of English freedom, and one of the most efficient bulwarks of the realm. There the English character developed the highest civilisation of the country, and there the rich and independent citizens laid the foundations of future liberty.

In 896 the Danes are said to have gone up the Lea, and made a strong work twenty miles above Lundenburgh. This description, says Earle, would be particularly appropriate, if Lundenburgh occupied the site of the Tower. Also one then sees the reason why they should go up the Lea—viz., because their old passage up the Thames was at that time intercepted.

"London," says Earle, in his valuable Saxon Chronicles, "was a flourishing and opulent city, the chief emporium of commerce in the island, and the residence of foreign merchants. Properly it was more an Angle city, the chief city of the Anglian nation of Mercia; but the Danes had settled there in great numbers, and had numerous captives that they had taken in the late wars. Thus the Danish population had a preponderance over the Anglian free population, and the latter were glad to see Alfred come and restore the balance in their favour. It was of the greatest importance to Alfred to secure this city, not only as the capital of Mercia (*caput regni Merciorum*, Malmesbury), but as the means of doing what Mercia had not done—viz., of making it a barrier to the passage of pirate ships inland. Accordingly, in the year 886, Alfred planted the garrison of London (i.e., not as a town is garrisoned in our day, with men dressed in uniform and lodged in barracks, but) with a military colony of men to whom land was given for their maintenance, and who would live in and about a fortified position under a commanding officer. It appears to me not impossible that this may have been the first military occupation of Tower Hill, but this is a question for the local antiquary."

In 982 (Ethelred II.), London, still a mere cluster of wooden and wattled houses, was almost entirely destroyed by a fire. The new city was, no

doubt, rebuilt in a more luxurious manner. "London in 993," says Mr. Freeman, in a very admirable passage, "fills much the same place in England that Paris filled in Northern Gaul a century earlier. The two cities, in their several lands, were the two great fortresses, placed on the two great rivers of the country, the special objects of attack on the part of the invaders, and the special defence of the country against them. Each was, as it were, marked out by great public services to become the capital of the whole kingdom. But Paris became a national capital only because its local count gradually grew into a national king. London, amidst all changes, within and without, has always preserved more or less of her ancient character as a free city. Paris was merely a military bulwark, the dwelling-place of a ducal or a royal sovereign. London, no less important as a military post, had also a greatness which rested on a surer foundation. London, like a few other of our great cities, is one of the ties which connect our Teutonic England with the Celtic and Roman Britain of earlier times. Her British name still remains unchanged by the Teutonic conquerors. Before our first introduction to London as an English city, she had cast away her Roman and imperial title; she was no longer Augusta; she had again assumed her ancient name, and through all changes she had adhered to her ancient character. The commercial fame of London dates from the early days of Roman dominion. The English conquest may have caused a temporary interruption, but it was only temporary. As early as the days of Æthelberht the commerce of London was again renowned. Ælfred had rescued the city from the Dane; he had built a citadel for her defence, the germ of that Tower which was to be first the dwelling-place of kings, and then the scene of the martyrdom of their victims. Among the laws of Æthelstan, none are more remarkable than those which deal with the internal affairs of London, and with the regulation of her earliest commercial corporations. Her institutes speak of a commerce spread over all the lands which bordered on the Western Ocean. Flemings and Frenchmen, men of Ponthieu, of Brabant, and of Lüttich, filled her markets with their wares, and enriched the civic coffers with their toils. Thither, too, came the men of Rouen, whose descendants were, at no distant day, to form a considerable element among her own citizens; and, worthy and favoured above all, came the seafaring men of the old Saxon brother-land, the pioneers of the mighty Hansa of the north, which was in days to come to knit together London and Novgorod in one bond of commerce, and to dictate laws and distribute crowns among the nations

by whom London was now threatened. The demand for toll and tribute fell lightly on those whom the English legislation distinguished as the *men of the Emperor*."

In 994, Olaf king of Norway, and Sweyn king of Denmark, summoning their robber chieftains from their fir-woods, fiords, and mountains, sailed up the

with an attempt to burn the town, was defeated, with great slaughter of the besiegers; and the two kings sailed away the same day in wrath and sorrow.

During the year 998 a great "gemot" was held at London. Whether any measures were taken to resist the Danes does not appear; but the priests



BROAD STREET AND CORNHILL WARDS. (From a Map of 1750.)

Thames in ninety-four war vessels, eager to plunder the wealthy London of the Saxons. The brave burghers, trained to handle spear and sword, beat back, however, the hungry foemen from their walls—the rampart that tough Roman hands had reared, and the strong tower which Alfred had seen arise on the eastern bank of the river.

But it was not only to such worldly bulwarks that the defenders of London trusted. On that day, says the chronicler, the Mother of God, "of her mild-heartedness," rescued the Christian city from its foes. An assault on the wall, coupled

were busy, and Wulfsgie, Bishop of the Dorsetas, took measures to substitute monks for canons in his cathedral church at Sherborne; and the king restored to the church of Rochester the lands of which he had robbed it in his youth.

In 1009 the Danes made several vain attempts on London.

In 1013 Sweyn, the Dane, marched upon the much-tormented city of ships; but the hardy citizens were again ready with bow and spear. Whether the bridge still existed then or not is uncertain; as many of the Danes are said to have



LORD MAYOR'S WATER PROCESSION.

perished in vainly seeking for the fords. The assaults were as unsuccessful as those of Sweyn and Olaf a few years before; for King Ethelred's right arm was the Danish axe, a trusty Dane. "For the fourth time in this reign," says Mr. Freeman, "the invaders were beaten back from the great merchant city; but when London yielded to Sweyn; then again in Ethelred's last days, it resisted bravely its enemies; till at last Ethelred, weary of Dane and Saxon, died; and was buried in St. Paul's. The two great factions of Danes and Saxons had now to choose a king.

Canute the Dane was chosen as king at Southampton; but the Londoners were so rich, free, and powerful that they held a rival *gemot*, and with one voice elected the Saxon atheling Edmund Ironside, who was crowned by Archbishop Lyfing within the city, and very probably at St. Paul's. Canute, enraged at the Londoners, at once sailed for London with his army, and, halting at Greenwich, planned the immediate siege of the rebellious city. The great obstacle to his advance was the fortified bridge that had so often hindered the Danes. Canute, with prompt energy, instantly had a great canal dug on the southern bank, so that his ships might turn the flank of the bridge; and, having overcome this great difficulty, he dug another trench round the northern and western sides of the city. London was now circumvallated, and cut off from all supply of corn and cattle; but the citizen's hearts were staunch, and, baffling every attempt of Canute to sap or escalate, the Dane soon raised the siege. In the meantime, Edmund Ironside was not forgetful of the city that had chosen him as king. After three battles, he compelled the Danes to raise their second siege. In a fourth battle, which took place at Brentford, the Danes were again defeated, though not without considerable losses on the side of the victors, many of the Saxons being drowned in trying to ford the river after their flying enemies. Edmund then returned to Wessex to gather fresh troops, and in his absence Canute for the third time laid siege to London. Again the city held out against every attack, and "Almighty God," as the Saxon chroniclers say, "saved the city."

After the death of King Edmund, the London citizens made peace with the Danes, and the invaders were allowed to winter as friends in the conquered city; but soon after the death of Edmund Ironside died in London, and then Canute became the sole king of England.

On the succession of Harold I. (Godwinson), says Mr. Freeman, we find a new element,

the "lithmen," the seamen of London. "The great city still retained her voice in the election of kings; but that voice would almost seem to have been transferred to a new class among the population. We hear now not of the citizens, but of the sea-faring men. Every invasion, every foreign settlement of any kind within the kingdom too, in every age, added a new element to the population of London. As a Norman colony settled in London later in the century, so a Danish colony settled there now. Some accounts tell us, doubtless with great exaggeration, that London had now almost become a Danish city (William of Malmesbury, ii. 188); but it is, at all events, quite certain the Danish element in the city was numerous and powerful, and that its voice strongly helped to swell the cry which was raised in favour of Harold."

It seems doubtful how far the London citizens in the Saxon times could claim the right to elect kings. The latest and best historian of this period seems to think that the Londoners had no special privileges in the *gemot*; but, of course, when the *gemot* was held in London, the citizens, intelligent and united, had a powerful voice in the decision. Hence it arose that the citizens both of London and Winchester (which had been an old seat of the Saxon kings) "seem," says Mr. Freeman, "to be mentioned as electors of kings as late as the accession of Stephen. (See William of Malmesbury, "Hist. Nov.," i. 11.) Even as late as the year 1461, Edward Earl of March was elected king by a tumultuous assembly of the citizens of London;" and again, at a later period, we find the citizens foremost in the revolution which placed Richard III. on the throne in 1483. These are plainly vestiges of the right which the citizens had more regularly exercised in the elections of Edmund Ironside and of Harold the son of Cnut.

The city of London, there can be no doubt, soon emancipated itself from the jurisdiction of earls like Leofwin, who ruled over the home counties. It acquired, by its own secret power, an unwritten charter of its own, its influence being always important in the wars between kings and their rivals, or kings and their too-powerful nobles. "The king's writs for homage," says a great authority, "in the Saxon times, were addressed to the bishop, the portreeve or portreeves, to the burgh thegns, and sometimes to the whole people."

Thus it may clearly be seen, even from the scanty materials we are able to collect, that London, going back as the Saxon times, was destined to achieve greatness, political and commercial.

## CHAPTER XL.

## THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The Jews and the Lombards—The Goldsmiths the first London Bankers—William Paterson, Founder of the Bank of England—Difficult Passage of the Bank Bill—Whig Principles of the Bank of England—The Great Company described by Addison—A Crisis at the Bank—Effects of a Silver Re-couage—Paterson quits the Bank of England—The Ministry resolves that it shall be enlarged—The Credit of the Bank shaken—The Whigs to the Rescue—Effects of the Sacheverell Riots—The South Sea Company—The Cost of a New Charter—Forged Bank Notes—The Foundation of the "Three per Cent Consols"—Anecdotes relating to the Bank of England and Bank Notes—Description of the Building—Statue of William III—Bank Clearing House—Dividend Day at the Bank.

THE English Jews, that eminently commercial race, were, as we have shown in our chapter on Old Jewry, our first bankers and usurers. To them, in immediate succession, followed the enterprising Lombards, a term including the merchants and goldsmiths of Genoa, Florence, and Venice. Utterly blind to all sense of true liberty and justice, the strong-handed king seems to have resolved to squeeze and crush them, as he had squeezed and crushed their unfortunate predecessors. They were rich and they were strangers—that was enough for a king who wanted money badly. At one fell swoop Edward seized the Lombards' property and estates. Their debtors naturally approved of the king's summary measure. But the Lombards grew and flourished, like the trampled camomile, and in the fifteenth century advanced a loan to the state on the security of the Customs. The Steelyard merchants also advanced loans to our kings, and were always found to be available for national emergencies, and so were the Merchants of the Staple, the Mercers' Company, the Merchant Adventurers, and the traders of Flanders.

Up to a late period in the reign of Charles I. the London merchants seem to have deposited their surplus cash in the Mint, the business of which was carried on in the Tower. But when Charles I., in an agony of impecuniosity, seized like a robber the £200,000 there deposited, calling it a loan, the London goldsmiths, who ever since 1386 had been always more or less bankers, now monopolised the whole banking business. Some merchants, distrustful of the goldsmiths in these stormy times, entrusted their money to their clerks and apprentices, who too often cried, "Boot, saddle and horse, and away!" and at once started with their spoil to join Rupert and his pillaging Cavaliers. About 1645 the citizens returned almost entirely to the goldsmiths, who now gave interest for money placed in their care, bought coins, and sold plate. The Company was not particular. The Parliament, out of plate and old coin, had coined gold, and seven millions of half-crowns. The goldsmiths culled out the heavier pieces, melted them down,

and exported them. The merchants' clerks, to whom their masters' ready cash was still sometimes entrusted, actually had frequently the brazen impudence to lend money to the goldsmiths, at fourpence per cent per diem; so that the merchants were often actually lent their own money, and had to pay for the use of it. The goldsmiths also began now to receive rent and allow interest for it. They gave receipts for the sums they received, and these receipts were to all intents and purposes marketable as bank-notes.

Grown rich by these means, the goldsmiths were often able to help Cromwell with money in advance on the revenues, a patriotic act for which we may be sure they took good care not to suffer. When the great national disgrace occurred—the Dutch sailed up the Medway and burned some of our ships—there was a run upon the goldsmiths, but they stood firm, and met all demands. The infamous seizure by Charles II. of £1,300,000, deposited by the London goldsmiths in the Exchequer, all but ruined these too confiding men, but clamour and pressure compelled the royal embezzler to at last pay six per cent. on the sum appropriated. In the last year of William's reign, interest was granted on the whole sum at three per cent., and the debt still remains undischarged. At last a Bank of England, which had been talked about and wished for by commercial men ever since the year 1678, was actually started, and came into operation.

That great financial genius, William Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England, was born in 1658, of a good family, at Lochnaber, in Dumfriesshire. He is supposed, in early life, to have preached among the persecuted Covenanters. He lived a good deal in Holland, and is believed to have been a wealthy merchant in New Providence (the Bahamas), and seems to have shared in Sir William Phipps' successful undertaking of finding a Spanish galleon with £300,000 worth of treasure. It is absurdly stated that he was at one time a buccaneer, and so gained a knowledge of Darien and the ports of the Spanish main. That he knew and obtained information from Captain



Sharpe, Dampier, Wafer, and Sir Henry Morgan (the taker of Panama), is probable. He worked zealously for the Restoration of 1688, and he was the founder of the Darien scheme. He advocated the union of Scotland, and the establishment of a Board of Trade.

The project of a Bank of England seems to have been often discussed during the Commonwealth, and was seriously proposed at the meeting of the First Council of Trade at Mercers' Hall after the Restoration. Paterson has himself described the first starting of the Bank, in his "Proceedings at the Imaginary Wednesday's Club," 1717. The first proposition of a Bank of England was made in July, 1691, when the Government had contracted £3,000,000 of debt in three years, and the Ministers even stooped, hat in hand, to borrow £100,000 or £200,000 at a time of the Common Council of London, on the first payment of the land-tax, and all payable with the year, the common councillors going round and soliciting from house to house. The first project was badly received, as people expected an immediate peace, and disliked a scheme which had come from Holland—"they had too many Dutch things already." They also doubted the stability of William's Government. The money, at this time, was terribly debased, and the national debt increasing yearly. The ministers preferred ready money by annuities for ninety-nine years, and by a lottery. At last they ventured to try the Bank, on the express condition that if a moiety, £1,200,000, was not collected by August, 1699, there should be no Bank, and the whole £1,200,000 should be struck in halves for the managers to dispose of at their pleasure. So great was the opposition, that the very night before, some City men wagered deeply that one-third of the £1,200,000 would never be subscribed. Nevertheless, the next day £346,000, with a fourth paid in at once, was subscribed, and the remainder in a few days after. The whole subscription was completed in ten days, and paid into the Exchequer in rather more than ten weeks. Paterson expressly tells us that the Bank Act would have been quashed in the Privy Council but for Queen Mary, who, following the wish of her husband, expressed firmly in a letter from Flanders, pressed the commission forward, after a six hours' sitting.

The Bank Bill, timidly brought forward, purported only to impose a new duty on tonnage, for the benefit of such loyal persons as should advance money towards carrying on the war. The plan was for the Government to borrow £1,200,000, at the modest interest of eight per cent. To encourage capitalists, the subscribers were to be

incorporated by the name of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. Both Tories and Whigs broke into a fury at the scheme. The goldsmiths and pawnbrokers, says Macaulay, set up a howl of rage. The Tories declared that banks were republican institutions; the Whigs predicted ruin and despotism. The whole wealth of the nation would be in the hands of the "Tonnage Bank," and the Bank would be in the hands of the Sovereign. It was worse than the Star Chamber, worse than Oliver's 50,000 soldiers. The power of the purse would be transferred from the House of Commons to the Governor and Directors of the new Company. Bending to this last objection, a clause was inserted, inhibiting the Bank from advancing money to the House without authority from Parliament. Every infraction of this rule was to be punished by a forfeiture of three times the sum advanced, without the king having power to remit the penalty. Charles Montague, an able man, afterwards First Lord of the Treasury, carried the bill through the House; and Michael Godfrey (the brother of the celebrated Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, supposed to have been murdered by the Papists), an upright merchant and a zealous Whig, propitiated the City. In the Lords (always the more prejudiced and conservative body than the Commons) the bill met with great opposition. Some noblemen imagined that the Bank was intended to exalt the moneyed interest and debase the landed interest; and others imagined the bill was intended to enrich usurers, who would prefer banking their money to lending it on mortgage. "Something was said," says Macaulay, "about the danger of setting up a gigantic corporation, which might soon give laws to the King and the three estates of the realm." Eventually the Lords, afraid to leave the King without money, passed the bill. During several generations the Bank of England was emphatically a Whig body. The Stuarts would at once have repudiated the debt, and the Bank of England, knowing that their return implied ruin, remained loyal to William, Anne, and George. "It is hardly too much to say," writes Macaulay, "that during many years the weight of the Bank, which was constantly in the scale of the Whigs, almost counterbalanced the weight of the Church, which was as constantly in the scale of the Tories." "Seventeen years after the passing of the Tonnage Bill," says the same eminent writer, to show the reliance of the Whigs on the Bank of England, "Addison, in one of his most ingenious and graceful little allegories, described the situation of the great company through which the immense wealth of London was constantly circulating. He



saw Public Credit on her throne in Grocers' Hall, the Great Charter over her head, the Act of Settlement full in her view. Her touch turned everything to gold. Behind her seat bags filled with coin were piled up to the ceiling. On her right and on her left the floor was hidden by pyramids of guineas. On a sudden the door flies open, the Pretender rushes in, a sponge in one hand, in the other a sword, which he shakes at the Act of Settlement. The beautiful Queen sinks down fainting; the spell by which she has turned all things around her into treasure is broken; the money-bags shrink like pricked bladders; the piles of gold pieces are turned into bundles of rags, or fagots of wooden tallies."

In 1696 (very soon after its birth) the Bank experienced a crisis. There was a want of money in England. The clipped silver had been called in, and the new money was not ready. Even rich people were living on credit, and issued promissory notes. The stock of the Bank of England had gone rapidly down from 110 to 83. The goldsmiths, who detested the corporation that had broken in on their system of private banking, now tried to destroy the new company. They plotted, and on the same day they crowded to Grocers' Hall, where the Bank was located from 1694 to 1734, and insisted on immediate payment—one goldsmith alone demanding £30,000. The directors paid all their honest creditors, but refused to cash the goldsmiths' notes, and left them their remedy in Westminster Hall. The goldsmiths triumphed in scurrilous pasquinades entitled, "The Last Will and Testament," "The Epiphany," "The Inquest on the Bank of England." The directors, finding it impossible to procure silver enough to pay every claim, had recourse to an expedient. They made a call of 20 per cent. on the proprietors, and thus raised a sum enabling them to pay every applicant 15 per cent. in milled money on what was due to him, and they returned him his note, after making a minute upon it that part had been paid. A few notes thus marked, says Macaulay, are still preserved among the archives of the Bank, as memorials of that terrible year. The alternations were frightful. The discount, at one time 6 per cent., was presently 24. A £10 note, taken for more than £9 in the morning, was before night worth less than £8.

Paterson attributes this danger of the Bank to bad and partial payments, the giving and allowing exorbitant interest, high premiums and discounts, contracting dear and bad bargains; the general debasing and corrupting of coin, and such like, by which means things were brought to such a pass

that even 8 per cent. interest on the land-tax, although payable within the year, would not answer. Guineas, he says, on a sudden rose to 30s. per piece, or more; all currency of other money was stopped, hardly any had wherewith to pay; public securities sank to about a moiety of their original values, and buyers were hard to be found even at those prices. No man knew what he was worth; the course of trade and correspondence almost universally stopped; the poorer sort of people were plunged into irrepressible distress, and as it were left perishing, whilst even the richer had hardly wherewith to go to market for obtaining the common conveniences of life.

The King, in Flanders, was in great want of money. The Land Bank could not do much. The Bank, at last, generously offered to advance £200,000 in gold and silver to meet the King's necessities. Sir Isaac Newton, the new Master of the Mint, hastened on the re-coinage. Several of the ministers, immediately after the Bank meeting (over which Sir John Houblon presided), purchased stock, as a proof of their gratitude to the body which had rendered so great a service to the State.

The diminution of the old hammered money continued to increase, and public credit began to be put to a stand. The opposers of Paterson wished to alter the denomination of the money, so that 9d. of silver should pass for 1s., but at last agreed to let sterling silver pass at 5s. 2d. an ounce, being the equivalent of the milled money. The loss of the re-coinage to the nation was about £3,000,000. Paterson, who was one of the first Directors of the Bank of England, upon a qualification of £2,000 stock, disagreed with his colleagues on the question of the Bank's legitimate operations, and sold out in 1695. In 1701, Paterson says, after the peace of Ryswick, he had an audience of King William, and drew his attention to the importance of three great measures—the union with Scotland, the seizing the principal Spanish ports in the West Indies, and the holding a commission of inquiry into the conduct of those who had mismanaged the King's affairs during his absence in Flanders. Paterson died in 1719, on the eve of the fatal South Sea Bubble.

When the notes of the Bank were at 20 per cent. discount, the Government (says Francis) empowered the corporation to add £1,001,171 10s. to their original stock, and public faith was restored by four-fifths of the subscriptions being received in tallies and orders, and one-fifth in bank-notes, at their full value, although both were at a heavy discount in the market.

The past services of the Bank were not forgotten.

gotten. The Ministry resolved that it should be enlarged by new subscriptions; that provision should be made for paying the principal of the tallies subscribed in the Bank; that 8 per cent. should be allowed on all such tallies, to meet which a duty on salt was imposed; that the charter should be prolonged to August, 1710; that before the beginning of the new subscriptions the old capital should be made up to each member 100 per cent.; and what might exceed that value

The charter was at the same time extended to 1710, and not even then to be withdrawn, unless Government paid the full debt. Forgery of the Company's seal, notes, or bills was made felony without benefit of clergy. Sir Gilbert Heathcote, one of the Bank Directors, gained £60,000 by this scheme. The Bank is said to have offered the King at this time the loan of a million without interest for twenty-one years, if the Government would extend the charter for that time. Bank



THE OLD BANK, LOOKING FROM THE MANSION HOUSE. (From a Print of 1730.)

should be divided among the new members; that the Bank might circulate additional notes to the amount subscribed, provided they were payable on demand, and in default they were to be paid by the Exchequer out of the first money due to the Bank; that no other bank should be allowed by Act of Parliament during the continuance of the Bank of England; that it should be exempt from all tax or imposition; and that no contract made for any Bank stock to be bought or sold should be valid unless registered in the Bank books, and transferred within fourteen days. It was also enacted that not above two-thirds of the directors should be re-elected in the succeeding year. These vigorous measures were thoroughly successful.

stock, given to the proprietors in exchange for tallies at 50 per cent. discount, rose to 112. The Bank had lowered the interest of money. As early as 1697 it had proposed to have branch Banks in every city and market town of England.

In 1700-1704, the conquests of Louis XIV. alarmed England, and shook the credit of the Bank. In the latter year the Bank Directors were once more obliged to issue sealed bills bearing interest for a large sum, in order to keep up their credit. In 1707 the fears of an invasion threatened by the Pretender brought down stocks 14 or 15 per cent. The goldsmiths then gathered up Bank bills, and tried to press the Directors. Hoare and Child both joined in the attack, and the latter pre-

tended to refuse the bills of the Bank. The loyal Whigs, however, instead of withdrawing their deposits, helped it with all their available cash. The Dukes of Marlborough, Newcastle, and Somerset, with others of the nobility, hurried to the Bank with their coaches brimming with heavy bags of long hoarded guineas. A private individual, who

In 1708 the charter was extended to 1732. This concession was again vehemently opposed by the enemies of the Bank. Nathaniel Tench, who wrote a reply for the directors, proved that the Bank had never bought land, or monopolised any other commodity, and had, on the contrary, increased and encouraged trade. He asserted that



OLD PATCH. (See page 459.)

had but £500, carried it to the Bank; and on the story being told to the Queen, she sent him £100, with an obligation on the Treasury to repay the whole £500. Lord Godolphin, seeing the crisis, astutely persuaded Queen Anne to allow the Bank for six months an interest of 6 per cent. on their sealed bills. This, and a call of 20 per cent. on the proprietors, saved the credit of the Bank.

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they had never influenced an elector, and had been the chief cause of lowering the interest of money, even in war time. The Government wishing to circulate Exchequer bills, the Bank raised their capital by new subscriptions to £5,000,000. The new subscriptions were raised in a few hours, and nearly one million more could have been obtained on the same day.

During the absurd Tory riots of 1709 the Bank was in considerable danger. A vain, mischievous High Church clergyman named Sacheverell had been foolishly prosecuted for attacking the Whig Government, and calling the Lord Treasurer Godolphin "Volpone" (a character in a celebrated play written by Ben Jonson). A guard of butchers escorted the firebrand to his trial at Westminster Hall, at which Queen Anne was present. Riots then broke out, and the High Church mob sacked several Dissenting chapels, burning the pews and pulpits in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Holborn, and elsewhere, and even threatened to use a Dissenting preacher as a holocaust. The rioters at last threatened the Bank. The Queen at once sent her guards, horse and foot, to the City, and left herself unprotected. "Am I to preach or fight?" was the first question of Captain Horsey, who led the cavalry. But the question needed no answer, for the rioters at once dispersed.

In 1713 the Bank charter was renewed until 1742. The great catastrophe of the South Sea Bubble in 1720, which we shall sketch fully in another chapter, did not injure the Bank. The directors generously tried to save the fallen company, but (as might have been expected) utterly failed. With prudence, perhaps, gained from this national cataclysm, the Bank, in 1722, commenced keeping a reserve—the "rest"—that rock on which unshakable credit has ever since been proudly built. In 1728 no notes were issued by the Bank for less than £20, and as part of the note only was printed the clerk's pen supplied the remainder.

In 1742, when the charter was renewed till 1762, the loan of £1,600,000, without interest, was required by the Government for the favour. By the act of renewal forging bank-notes, &c., was declared punishable with death.

The Bank was at this time a small and modest building, surrounded by houses, and almost invisible to passers by. There was a church called Christopher le Stocks, afterwards pulled down for fear it should ever be occupied by rioters, and three taverns, too, on the south side, in Bartholomew Lane, just where the chief entrance now is, and about fifteen or twenty private buildings. A few years later visitors used to be shown in the bullion office the original bank chest, no larger than a seamen's, and the original shelves and cases for the books of business, to show the extraordinary rapidity with which the institution had struck root and borne fruit.

In 1746, the capital on which the Bank stock proprietors divided amounted to £10,789,000. It

had been more than octupled in little more than half a century. The year 1752 is remarkable as that in which the foundation of the present "Three per Cent. Consols" was laid. "The stock," says Francis, "was thus termed from the balance of some annuities granted by George I. being consolidated into one fund with a Three per Cent. stock formed in 1731."

In 1759 bank-notes of a smaller value than £20 were first circulated. In 1764 the Bank charter was renewed on a gift of £110,000, and an advance of one million for Exchequer bills for two years, at 3 per cent. interest. It was at the same time made felony without benefit of clergy to forge powers of attorney for receiving dividends, transferring or selling stock. The Government, which had won twelve millions before the Seven Years' War, annihilated the navy of France, and wrested India from the French sway, was glad to recruit its treasury by so profitable a bargain with the Bank. In 1773 an Act was passed making it punishable with death to copy the water-mark of the bank-note paper. By an Act of 1775 notes of a less amount than twenty shillings were prohibited, and two years afterwards the amount was limited to £5.

During the formidable riots of 1780 the Bank was in considerable danger. In one night there rose the flames of six-and-thirty fires. The Catholic chapels and the tallow-chandlers' shops were universally destroyed; Newgate was sacked and burned. The mob, half thieves, at last decided to march upon the Bank, but precautions had been taken there. The courts and roof of the building were defended by armed clerks and volunteers, and there were soldiers ready outside. The old pewter inkstands had been melted into bullets. The rioters made two rushes; the first was checked by a volley from the soldiers; at the second, which was less violent, Wilkes rushed out, and with his own hand dragged in some of the ringleaders. Leaving several killed and many wounded, the discomfited mob at last retired.

In 1781, the Bank charter having nearly expired, Lord North proposed a renewal for twenty-five years, the terms being a loan of two millions for three years, at 3 per cent., to pay off the navy debt. In 1783 the notes and bills of the Bank were exempted from the operation of the Stamp Act, on consideration of an annual payment of £12,000. The Government allowance of £562 10s. per million for managing the National Debt was reduced at this time to £450. Five years later our debt was calculated at 242 millions, which, taken in £10 notes, would weigh, it was curiously calculated, 47,265 lbs.

It was about 1784 that the first attempts at forgery on a tremendous scale were discovered by the Bank. A rogue of genius, generally known, from his favourite disguise, as "Old Patch," by a long series of forgeries secured a sum of more than £200,000. He was the son of an old clothes' man in Monmouth Street; and had been a lottery-office keeper, stockbroker, and gambler. At one time he was a partner with Foote, the celebrated comedian, in a brewery. He made his own ink, manufactured his own paper, and with a private press worked off his own notes. His mistress was his only confidante. His disguises were numerous and perfect. His servants or boys, hired from the street, always presented the forged notes. When seized and thrown into prison, Old Patch hung himself in his cell.

During the wars with France Pitt was always soliciting the help of the Bank. In 1796, great alarm was felt at the diminution of gold, and Tom Paine wrote a pamphlet to prove that the Bank cellars could not hold more than a million of specie, while there were sixty millions of bank-notes in circulation. It was, however, proved that the specie amounted to about three millions, and the circulation to only nine or ten. Early in 1796, when the specie sank to £1,272,000, the Bank suspended cash payments, and notes under £5 were issued, and dollars prepared for circulation. The Bank Restriction Act was soon after passed, discontinuing cash payments till the conclusion of the war. For the renewal of the charter in 1800, the Bank proposed to lend three millions for six years, without interest, a right being reserved to them of claiming repayment at any time before the expiration of six years, if Consols should be at or above 80 per cent. In 1802, Mr. Addington said in the House of Commons that since 1797 the forgeries of bank-notes had so alarmingly increased as to require seventy additional clerks merely to detect them, and that every year no less than thirty or forty persons had been executed for forgery.

In 1807, the celebrated chief cashier of the Bank, Abraham Newland, the hero of Dibdin's well-known song—

"Sham Abraham you may,  
But you mustn't sham Abraham Newland,"

retired from his duties, obtained a pension, and the same year died. His property amounted to £200,000, besides £1,000 a year landed estate. He had made large sums by loans during the war, a certain amount of which were always reserved for the cashier's office. It is supposed the faithful old Bank servant had lent large sums to the Goldsmiths, the great stockbrokers, the contractors

for many of these loans, as he left them £500 each to buy mourning-rings.

The Bullion Committee of 1809 was moved for by Mr. Horner to ascertain if the rise in the price of gold did not arise from the over-issue of notes. There was a growing feeling that bank-notes did not represent the specified amount of gold, and the committee recommended a speedy return to cash payments. In Parliament Mr. Fuller, that butt of the House, proposed if the guinea was really worth 24s., to raise it at once to that price. Guineas at this time were exported to France in large numbers by smugglers in boats made especially for the purpose. The Bank, which had before issued dollars, now circulated silver tokens for 5s. 6d., 3s., and 1s. 6d.

Peel's currency bill of 1819 secured a gradual return of cash payments, and the old metallic standard was restored. It was Peel's great principle that a national bank should always be prepared to pay specie for its notes on demand, a principle he afterwards worked out in the Bank Charter. The same year a new plan was devised to prevent bank-notes being forged. The Committee's report says:—"A number of squares will appear in chequer-work upon the note, filled with hair lines in elliptic curves of various degrees of eccentricity, the squares to be alternately of red and black lines; the perfect mathematical coincidence of the extremity of the lines of different colours on the sides of the squares will be effected by machinery of singular fidelity. But even with the use of this machinery a person who has not the key to the proper disposition would make millions of experiments to no purpose. Other obstacles to imitation will also be presented in the structure of the note; but this is the one principally relied upon. It is plain that any failure in the imitation will be made manifest to the observation of the most careless, and the most skilful merchants who have seen the operation declare that the note cannot be imitated. The remarkable machine works with three cylinders, and the impression is made by small convex cylindrical plates."

In 1821 the real re-commencement of specie payments took place. In 1822 Turner, a Bank clerk, stole £10,000 by altering the transfer book. The rascal, however, was too clever for the Bank, and escaped. In 1822 Mr. Pascoe Grenfell put the profits of the Bank at twenty-five millions, in twenty-five years, after seven per cent. was divided.

By Fauntleroy's (the banker) forgeries in 1824, the Bank lost £360,000, and the interest alone, which was regularly paid, had amounted to £2,000 or £10,000 a year. Fauntleroy's bank was in



Berners Street. He had forged powers of attorney to enable him to sell out stock. An epicure and a voluptuary, he had lived in extraordinary luxury. In a private desk was found a list of his forgeries, ending with these words: "The Bank first began to refuse our acceptances, thereby destroying the credit of our house. The Bank shall smart for it." After Fauntleroy was hung at Newgate there were obscure rumours in the City that he had been saved by a silver tube being placed in his throat, and that he had escaped to Paris.

Having given a summary of the history of the Bank of England, we now propose to select a series of anecdotes, arranged by dates, which will convey a fuller and more detailed notion of the romance and the vicissitudes of banking life.

The Bank was first established (says Francis) in Mercers' Hall, and afterwards in Grocers' Hall, since razed for the erection of a more stately structure. Here, in one room, with almost primitive simplicity, were gathered all who performed the duties of the establishment. "I looked into the great hall where the Bank is kept," says the graceful essayist of the day, "and was not a little pleased to see the directors, secretaries, and clerks, with all the other members of that wealthy corporation, ranged in their several stations according to the parts they hold in that just and regular economy."

Mr. Michael Godfrey, to whose exertions, with those of William Paterson, may be traced the successful establishment of the Bank, met with a somewhat singular fate, on the 17th of July, 1695. At that time the transmission of specie was difficult and full of hazard, and Mr. Godfrey left his peaceful avocations to visit Namur, then vigorously besieged by the English monarch. The deputy-governor, willing to flatter the King, anxious to forward his mission, or possibly imagining the vicinity of the Sovereign to be the safest place he could choose, ventured into the trenches. "As you are no adventurer in the trade of war, Mr. Godfrey," said William, "I think you should not expose yourself to the hazard of it." "Not being more exposed than your Majesty," was the courtly reply, "should I be excusable if I showed more concern?" "Yes," returned William; "I am in my duty, and therefore have a more reasonable claim to preservation." A cannon-ball at this moment answered the "reasonable claim to preservation" by killing Mr. Godfrey; and it requires no great stretch of imagination to fancy a saturnine smile passing over the countenance of the monarch, as he beheld the fate of the citizen who paid so heavy a penalty for playing the courtier in the trenches of Namur.

On the 31st of August, 1731, a ~~man~~ was pre-

sented which strongly marks the infatuation and ignorance of lottery adventurers. The tickets for the State lottery were delivered out to the subscribers at the Bank of England; when the crowd becoming so great as to obstruct the clerks, they told them, "We deliver blanks to-day, but to-morrow we shall deliver the prizes;" upon which many, who were by no means for blanks, retired, and, by this bold stratagem the clerks obtained room to proceed in their business. In this lottery, we read, "Her Majesty presented his Royal Highness the Duke with ten tickets."

In 1738 the roads were so infested by highwaymen, and mails were so frequently stopped by the gentlemen in the black masks, that the post-master made a representation to the Bank upon the subject, and the directors in consequence advertised an issue of bills payable at "seven days' sight," that, in case of the mail being robbed, the proprietor of stolen bills might have time to give notice.

The effect of the arrival, in 1745, of Charles Edward at Derby, upon the National Bank, was alarming indeed. Its interests were involved in those of the State, and the creditors flocked in crowds to obtain payment for their notes. The directors, unprepared for such a casualty, had recourse to a justifiable stratagem; and it was only by this that they escaped bankruptcy. Payment was not refused, but the corporation retained its specie, by employing agents to enter with notes, who, to gain time, were paid in sixpences; and as those who came first were entitled to priority of payment, the agents went out at one door with the specie they had received, and brought it back by another, so that the *bona-fide* holders of notes could never get near enough to present them. "By this artifice," says our authority, somewhat quaintly, "the Bank preserved its credit, and literally faced its creditors."

An extraordinary affair happened about the year 1740. One of the directors, a very rich man, had occasion for £30,000, which he was to pay as the price of an estate he had just bought. To facilitate the matter, he carried the sum with him to the Bank, and obtained for it a bank-note. On his return home he was suddenly called out upon particular business; he threw the note carelessly on the chimney, but when he came back a few minutes afterwards to lock it up, it was not to be found. No one had entered the room; he could not, therefore, suspect any person. At last, after much ineffectual search, he was persuaded that it had fallen from the chimney into the fire. The director went to acquaint his colleagues with the misfortune that had happened to him; and as he



was known to be a perfectly honourable man, he was readily believed. It was only about twenty-four hours from the time that he had deposited the money; they thought, therefore, that it would be hard to refuse his request for a second bill. He received it upon giving an obligation to restore the first bill, if it should ever be found, or to pay the money himself, if it should be presented by any stranger. About thirty years afterwards (the director having been long dead, and his heirs in possession of his fortune) an unknown person presented the lost bill at the Bank, and demanded payment. It was in vain that they mentioned to this person the transaction by which that bill was annulled; he would not listen to it. He maintained that it came to him from abroad, and insisted upon immediate payment. The note was payable to bearer, and the £30,000 were paid him. The heirs of the director would not listen to any demands of restitution, and the Bank was obliged to sustain the loss. It was discovered afterwards that an architect having purchased the director's house, and taken it down, in order to build another upon the same spot, had found the note in a crevice of the chimney, and made his discovery an engine for robbing the Bank.

In the early part of last century, the practice of bankers was to deliver in exchange for money deposited a receipt, which might be circulated like a modern cheque. Bank-notes were then at a discount; and the Bank of England, jealous of Childs' reputation, secretly collected the receipts of their rivals, determined, when they had procured a very large number, suddenly to demand money for them, hoping that Childs' would not be able to meet their liabilities. Fortunately for the latter, they got scent of this plot; and in great alarm applied to the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough, who gave them a single cheque of £700,000 on their opponents. Thus armed, Childs' waited the arrival of the enemy. It was arranged that this business should be transacted by one of the partners, and that a confidential clerk, on a given signal, should proceed with all speed to the Bank to get the cheque cashed. At last a clerk from the Bank of England appeared, with a full bag, and demanded money for a large number of receipts. The partner was called, who desired him to present them singly. The signal was given; the confidential clerk hurried on his mission; the partner was very deliberate in his movements, and long before he had taken an account of all the receipts, his emissary returned with £700,000; and the whole amount of £500,000 or £600,000 was paid by Childs' in Bank of England notes. In

addition to the triumph of this manoeuvre, Childs' must have made a large sum, from Bank paper being at a considerable discount.

The day on which a forged note was first presented at the Bank of England forms a remarkable era in its history; and to Richard William Vaughan, a Stafford linendraper, belongs the melancholy celebrity of having led the van in this new phase of crime, in the year 1758. The records of his life do not show want, beggary, or starvation urging him, but a simple desire to seem greater than he was. By one of the artists employed—and there were several engaged on different parts of the notes—the discovery was made. The criminal had filled up to the number of twenty, and deposited them in the hands of a young lady, to whom he was attached, as a proof of his wealth. There is no calculating how much longer Bank notes might have been free from imitation, had this man not shown with what ease they might be counterfeited. (Francis.)

The circulation of £1 notes led to much forgery, and to a melancholy waste of human life. Considering the advances made in the mechanical arts, small notes were rough, and even rude in their execution. Easily imitated, they were also easily circulated, and from 1797 the executions for forgery augmented to an extent which bore no proportion to any other class of crime. During six years prior to their issue there was but one capital conviction; during the four following years eighty-five occurred. The great increase produced inquiry, which resulted in an Act "For the better prevention of the forgery of the notes and bills of exchange of persons carrying on the business of banker."

In the year 1758 a judgment was given by the Lord Chief Justice in connection with some notes which were stolen from one of the mails. The robber, after stopping the coach and taking out all the money contained in the letters, went boldly to a Mr. Miller, at the Hatfield post-office, who unhesitatingly exchanged one of them. Here he ordered a post-chaise, with four horses, and at several stages passed off the remainder. They were, however, stopped at the Bank, and an action was brought by the possessor to recover the money. The question was an important one, and it was decided by the law authorities, "that any person paying a valuable consideration for a Bank note, payable to bearer, in a fair course of business, has an undoubted right to recover the money of the Bank." The action was maintained upon the plea that the figure 11, denoting the date, had been converted by the robber to a 4.

A new crime was discovered in 1767. The notice of the clerks at the Bank had been attracted by the habit of William Guest, a teller, of picking new from old guineas without assigning any reason. An indefinite suspicion—increased by the knowledge that an ingot of gold had been seen in Guest's possession—arose, and although he asserted that it came from Holland, it was very unlike the regular bars of gold, and had a large quantity of copper at the back. Attention being thus drawn

was the greatest improvement he had ever seen, is said to be yet in the Mint.

In 1772 an action interesting to the public was brought against the Bank. It appeared from the evidence that some stock stood in the joint names of a man and his wife; and by the rules of the corporation the signatures of both were required before it could be transferred. To this the husband objected, and claimed the right of selling without his wife's signature or consent. The Court of

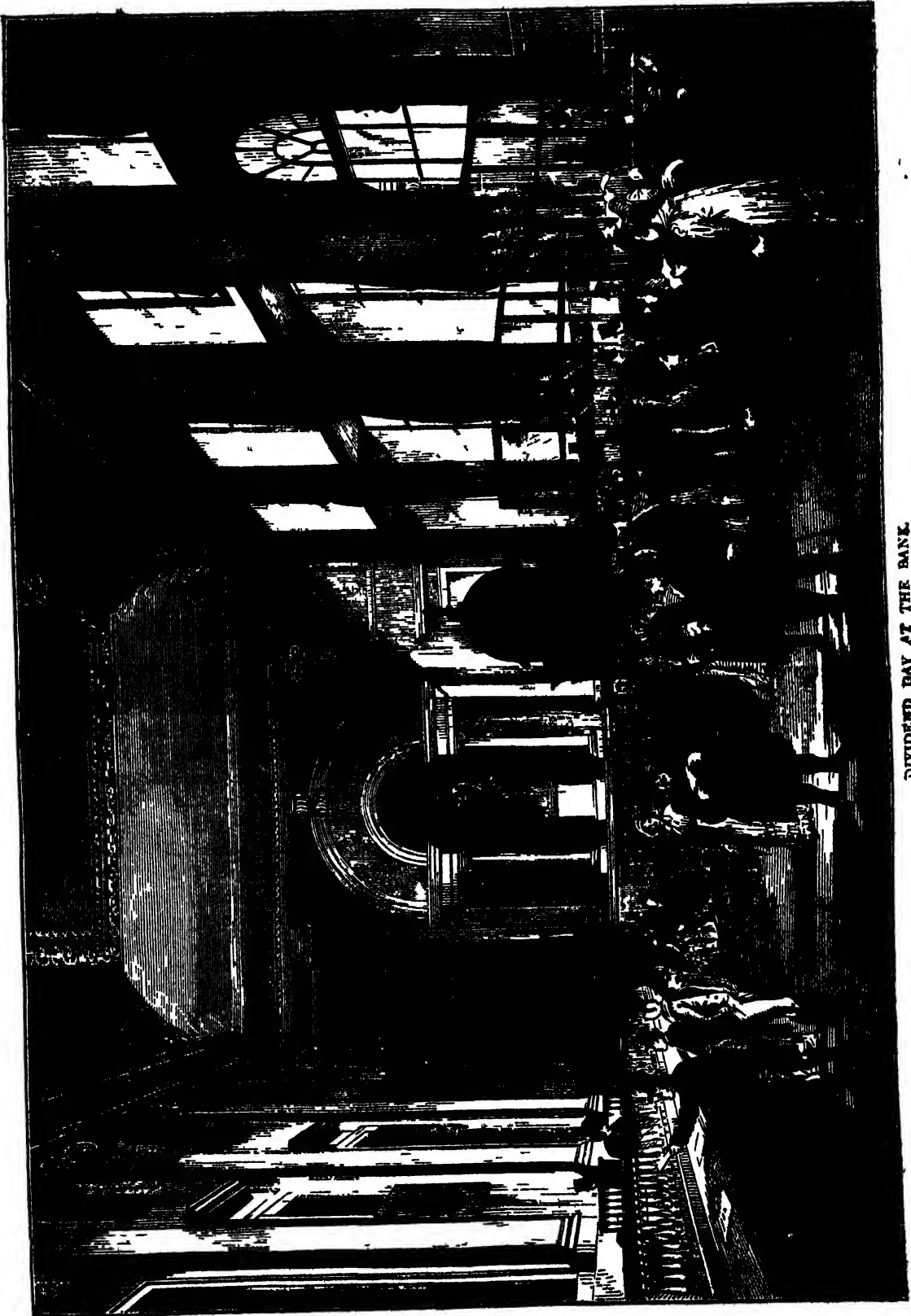


THE BANK PARLOUR, EXTERIOR VIEW.

to the behaviour of Guest, he was observed to hand one Richard Still some guineas, which he took from a private drawer, and placed with the others on the table. Still was immediately followed, and on the examination of his money three of the guineas in his possession were deficient in weight. An inquiry was immediately instituted. Forty of the guineas in the charge of Guest looked fresher than the others upon the edges, and weighed much less than the legitimate amount. On searching his house some gold filings were found, with instruments calculated to produce artificial edges. Proofs soon multiplied, and the prisoner was found guilty. The instrument with which he had effected his fraud, of which one of the witnesses asserted it

King's Bench decided in favour of the plaintiff, with full costs of suit, Lord Mansfield believing that "it was highly *crud and oppressive* to withhold from the husband his right of transferring."

On the 10th of June, 1772, Neale and Co., bankers, in Threadneedle Street, stopped payment; other failures resulted in consequence, and throughout the City there was a general consternation. The timely interposition of the Bank, and the generous assistance of the merchants, prevented many of the expected stoppages, and trade appeared restored to its former security. It was, however, only an appearance; for on Monday, the 22nd of the same month, may be read, in a contemporary authority, a description of the prevailing agitation, which



DIVIDEND DAY AT THE BANK.

forcibly reminds us of a few years ago. "It is beyond the power of words to describe the general consternation of the metropolis at this instant. No event for fifty years has been remembered to give so fatal a blow to trade and public credit. A universal bankruptcy was expected; the stoppage of almost every banker's house in London was looked for; the whole city was in an uproar; many of the first families were in tears. This melancholy scene began with a rumour that one of the greatest bankers in London had stopped, which afterwards proved true. A report at the same time was propagated that an immediate stoppage of the greatest Bank of all must take place. Happily this proved groundless; the principal merchants assembled, and means were concocted to revive trade and preserve the national credit."

The desire of the directors to discover the makers of forged notes produced a considerable amount of anxiety to one whose name is indelibly associated with British art. George Morland—a name rarely mentioned but with feelings of pity and regret—had, in his eagerness to avoid incarceration for debt, retired to an obscure hiding-place in the suburbs of London. "On one occasion," says Allan Cunningham, "he hid himself in Hackney, where his anxious looks and secluded manner of life induced some of his charitable neighbours to believe him a maker of forged notes. The directors of the Bank dispatched two of their most dexterous emissaries to inquire, reconnoitre, search and seize. The men arrived, and began to draw lines of circumvallation round the painter's retreat. He was not, however, to be surprised: mistaking those agents of evil mien for bailiffs, he escaped from behind as they approached in front, fled into Hoxton, and never halted till he had hid himself in London. Nothing was found to justify suspicion; and when Mrs. Morland, who was his companion in this retreat, told them who her husband was, and showed them some unfinished pictures, they made such a report at the Bank, that the directors presented him with a couple of Bank notes of £20 each, by way of compensation for the alarm they had given him."

The proclamation of peace in 1783, says Francis, was indirectly an expense to the Bank, although hailed with enthusiasm by the populace. The war, with America had assumed an aspect which, with all thinking men, crushed every hope of conquest. It was therefore amid a general shout of joy that on Monday, the 1st of October, 1783, the ceremonial took place. A vast multitude attended, and the people were delighted with the suspension of war. The concourse was so great that Temple Bar was

opened with difficulty, and the Lord Mayor's coachman was kept one hour before he was able to turn his vehicle. The Bank only had reason to regret, or at least not to sympathise so freely with the public joy. During the hurry attendant on the proclamation at the Royal Exchange, when it may be supposed the sound of the music and the noise of the trumpet occupied the attention of the clerk more than was beneficial for the interests of his employers, fourteen notes of £50 each were presented at the office and cash paid for them. The next day they were found to be forged.

In 1783 Mathison's celebrated forgeries were committed. John Mathison was a man of great mechanical capacity, who, becoming acquainted with an engraver, unhappily, acquired that art which ultimately proved his ruin. A yet more dangerous qualification was his of imitating signatures with remarkable accuracy. Tempted by the hope of sudden wealth, his first forgeries were the notes of the Darlington Bank. This fraud was soon discovered, and a reward being offered, with a description of his person, he escaped to Scotland. There, scorning to let his talents lie idle, he counterfeited the notes of the Royal Bank of Edinburgh, amused himself by negotiating them during a pleasure excursion through the country, and reached London, supported by his imitative talent. Here a fine sphere opened for his genius, which was so active, that in twelve days he had bought the copper, engraved it, fabricated notes, forged the water-mark, printed and negotiated several. When he had a sufficient number, he travelled from one end of the kingdom to the other, disposing of them. Having been in the habit of procuring notes from the Bank (the more accurately to copy them), he chanced to be there when a clerk from the Excise Office paid in 7,000 guineas, one of which was scrupled. Mathison, from a distance, said it was a good one; "then," said the Bank clerk, on the trial, "I recollected him." The frequent visits of Mathison, who was very incautious, together with other circumstances, created some suspicion that he might be connected with those notes, which, since his first appearance, had been presented at the Bank. On another occasion, when Mathison was there, a forged note of his own was presented, and the teller, half in jest and half in earnest, charged Maxwell, the name by which he was known, with some knowledge of the forgeries. Further suspicion was excited, and directions were given to detain him at some future period. The following day the teller was informed that "his friend Maxwell," as he was styled ironically, was in Cornhill. The clerk

instantly went, and under pretence of having paid Mathison a guinea too much on a previous occasion, and of losing his situation if the mistake were not rectified in the books, induced him to return with him to the hall; from which place he was taken before the directors, and afterwards to Sir John Fielding. To all the inquiries he replied, "He had a reason for declining to answer. He was a citizen of the world, and knew not how he had come into it, or how he should go out of it." Being detained during a consultation with the Bank solicitor, he suddenly lifted up the sash and jumped out of the window. On being taken and asked his motive, if innocent, he said, "It was his humour."

In the progress of the inquiry, the Darlington paper, containing his description, was read to him, when he turned pale, burst into tears, and saying he was a dead man, added, "Now I will confess all." He was, indeed, found guilty only on his own acknowledgment which stated he could accomplish the whole of a note in one day. It was asserted at the time, that had it not been for his confession, he could not have been convicted. He offered to explain the secret of his discovery of the method of imitating the water-mark, on the condition that the corporation would spare his life; but his proposal was rejected, and he subsequently paid the full penalty of his crime.

The conviction that some check was necessary grew more and more peremptory as the evils of the system were exposed. In fourteen years from the first issue of small notes, the number of convictions had been centupled. In the first ten years of the present century, £101,061 were refused payment, on the plea of forgery. In the two years preceding the appointment of the commission directed by Government to inquire into the facts connected with forging notes, nearly £60,000 were presented, being an increase of 300 per cent. In 1797, the entire cost of prosecutions for forgeries was £1,500, and in the last three months of 1818 it was near £20,000. Sir Samuel Romilly said that "pardons were sometimes found necessary; but few were granted except under circumstances of peculiar qualification and mitigation. He believed the sense and feeling of the people of England were against the punishment of death for forgery. It was clear the severity of the punishment had not prevented the crimes."

The first instance of fraud, to a great amount, was perpetrated by one of the confidential servants of the corporation. In the year 1803, Mr. Bish, a member of the Stock Exchange, was applied to by Mr. Robert Astlett, cashier of the Bank of England,

to dispose of some Exchequer bills. When they were delivered into Mr. Bish's hands, he was greatly astonished to find not only that these bills had been previously in his possession, but that they had been also delivered to the Bank. Surprised at this, he immediately opened a communication with the directors, which led to the discovery of the fraud and the apprehension of Robert Astlett. By the evidence produced on the trial, it appeared that the prisoner had been placed in charge of all the Exchequer bills brought into the Bank, and when a certain number were collected, it was his duty to arrange them in bundles, and deliver them to the directors in the parlour, where they were counted and a receipt given to the cashier. This practice had been strictly adhered to; but the prisoner, from his acquaintance with business, had induced the directors to believe that he had handed them bills to the amount of £700,000, when they were only in possession of £500,000. So completely had he deceived these gentlemen, that two of the body vouched by their signatures for the delivery of the larger amount.

He was tried for the felonious embezzlement of three bills of exchange of £1,000 each. He escaped hanging, but remained a miserable prisoner in Newgate for many years.

In 1808 Vincent Alessi, a native of one of the Italian States, went to Birmingham, to choose some manufactures likely to return a sufficient profit in Spain. Amongst others he sought a brass-founder, who showed him that which he required, and then drew his attention to "another article," which he said he could sell cheaper than any other person in the trade. Mr. Alessi declined purchasing this, as it appeared to be a forged bank-note; upon which he was shown some dollars, as fitter for the Spanish market. These also were declined, though it is not much to the credit of the Italian that he did not at once denounce the dishonesty of the Birmingham brass-founder. It would seem, however, from what followed, that Mr. Alessi was not quite unprepared, as, in the evening, he was called on by one John Nicholls, and after some conversation, he agreed to take a certain quantity of notes, of different values, which were to be paid for at the rate of six shillings in the pound.

Alessi thought this a very profitable business, while it lasted, as he could always procure as many as he liked, by writing for so many dozen candlesticks, calling them Nos. 5, 2, or 1, according to the amount of the note required. The vigilance of the English police, however, was too much even for the subtlety of an Italian; he was taken by them, and allowed to turn king's evidence, it being



thought very desirable to discover the manufactory whence the notes emanated.

In December John Nicholls received a letter from Alessi, stating that he was going to America; that he wanted to see Nicholls in London; that he required twenty dozen candlesticks, No. 5; twenty-four dozen, No. 1; and four dozen, No. 2. Mr. Nicholls, unsuspecting of his correspondent's captivity, and consequent frailty, came forthwith to town, to fulfil so important an order. Here an interview was planned, within hearing of the police officers. Nicholls came with the forged notes. Alessi counted up the whole sum he was to pay, at six shillings in the pound, saying, "Well, Mr. Nicholls, you will take all my money from me." "Never mind, sir," was the reply; "it will all be returned in the way of business." Alessi then remarked that it was cold, and put on his hat. This was the signal for the officers. To the dealer's surprise and indignation, he found himself entrapped with the counterfeit notes in his possession, to the precise amount in number and value that had been ordered in the letter.

A curious scene took place in May, 1818, at the Bank. On the 26th of that month, a notice had been posted, stating that books would be opened on the 31st of May, and two following days, for receiving subscriptions to the amount of £7,000,000 from persons desirous of funding Exchequer bills. It was generally thought that the whole of the sum would be immediately subscribed, and great anxiety was shown to obtain an early admission to the office of the chief cashier. Ten o'clock is the usual time for public business; but at two in the morning many persons were assembled outside the building, where they remained for several hours, their numbers gradually augmenting. The opening of the outer door was the signal for a general rush, and the crowd, for it now deserved that name, next established themselves in the passage leading to the chief cashier's office, where they had to wait another hour or two, to cool their collective impatience. When the time arrived, a further contest arose, and they strove lustily for an entrance. The struggle for preference was tremendous; and the door separating them from the chief cashier's room, and which is of a most substantial size, was forced off its hinges. By far the greater part of those who made this effort failed, the whole £7,000,000 being subscribed by the first ten persons who gained admission.

In 1820 a very extraordinary appeal was made to the French tribunals by a man named J. Costel, who was a merchant of Hamburg, while the free city was in the hands of the French. He accused

the general commanding there of employing him to get £5,000 worth of English bank-notes changed, which proved to be forged, and he was, in consequence of this discovery, obliged to fly from Hamburg. He also said that Savary, Duke of Rovigo, and Desnouettes, were the fabricators, and that they employed persons to pass them into England, one of whom was seized by the London police, and hanged. Mr. Doubleday asserts that some one had caused a large quantity of French assignats to be forged at Birmingham, with the view of depreciating the credit of the French Republic.

Merchants and bankers now began to declare that they would rather lose their entire fortunes than pour forth the life which it was not theirs to give. A general feeling pervaded the whole interest, that it would be better to peril a great wrong than to suffer an unavailing remorse. One petition against the penalty of death was presented, which bore three names only; but those were an honourable proof of the prevalent feeling. The name of Nathan Meyer Rothschild was the first, "through whose hands," said Mr. Smith, on presenting the petition, "more bills pass than through those of any twenty firms in London." The second was that of Overend, Gurney, and Co., through whom thirty millions passed the preceding year; and the third was that of Mr. Sanderson, ranking among the first in the same profession, and a member of the Legislature.

A principal clerk of one of our bankers having robbed his employer of Bank of England notes to the amount of £20,000, made his escape to Holland. Unable to present them himself, he sold them to a Jew. The price which he received does not appear; but there is no doubt that, under the circumstances, a good bargain was made by the purchaser. In the meantime every plan was exhausted to give publicity to the loss. The numbers of the notes were advertised in the newspapers, with a request that they might be refused, and for about six months no information was received of the lost property. At the end of that period the Jew appeared with the whole of his spoil, and demanded payment, which was at once refused on the plea that the bills had been stolen, and that payment had been stopped.

The owner insisted upon gold, and the Bank persisted in refusing. But the Jew was an energetic man, and was aware of the credit of the corporation. He was known to be possessed of immense wealth, and he went deliberately to the Exchange, where, to the assembled merchants of London, in the presence of her citizens, he related publicly that the Bank had refused to honour their own



bills for £30,000; that their credit was gone, their affairs in confusion; and that they had stopped payment. The Exchange wore every appearance of alarm; the Hebrew showed the notes to corroborate his assertion. He declared that they had been remitted to him from Holland, and as his transactions were known to be extensive, there appeared every reason to credit his statement. He then avowed his intention of advertising this refusal of the Bank, and the citizens thought there must be some truth in his bold announcement. Information reached the directors, who grew anxious, and a messenger was sent to inform the holder that he might receive cash in exchange for his notes.

In 1843 the light sovereigns were called in. The total amount of light coin received from the 11th of June to the 28th of July was £4,285,837, and 2½d was the loss on each, taking an average of 35,000. The large sum of £1,400, in £1 notes, was paid into the Bank this year. They had probably been the hoard of some eccentric person, who evinced his attachment to the obsolete paper at the expense of his interest. A few years afterwards a £20 note came in which had been outstanding for about a century and a quarter, and the loss of interest on which amounted to some thousands.

And now a few anecdotes about bank-notes. An eccentric gentleman in Portland Street, says Mr. Grant, in his "Great Metropolis," framed and exhibited for five years in one of his sitting-rooms a Bank post bill for £30,000. The fifth year he died, and down came the picture double quick, and was cashed by his heirs. Some years ago, at a nobleman's house near the Park, a dispute arose about a certain text, and a dean present denying there was any such text at all, a Bible was called for. A dusty old Bible was produced, which had never been removed from its shelf since the nobleman's mother had died some years before. When it was opened a mark was found in it, which, on examination, turned out to be a Bank post bill for £40,000. It might, it strikes us, have been placed there as a reproof to the son, who perhaps did not consult his Bible as often as his mother could have wished. The author of "The American in England" describes, in 1835, one of the servants of the Bank putting into his hand Bank post bills, which, before being cancelled by having the signatures torn off, had represented the sum of five millions sterling. The whole made a parcel that could with ease be put into the waistcoat pocket.

The largest amount of a bank-note in current circulation in 1827 was £1,000. It is said that

two notes for £100,000 each, and two for £50,000, were once engraved and issued. A butcher who had amassed an immense fortune in the war time, went one day with one of these £50,000 notes to a private bank, asking the loan of £5,000, and wishing to deposit the big note as security in the banker's hands, saying that he had kept it for years. The £5,000 were at once handed over, but the banker hinted at the same time to the butcher the folly of hoarding such a sum and losing the interest. "Werry true, sir," replied the butcher, "but I likes the look on't so wery well that I keeps t'other one of the same kind at home."

As the Bank of England pays an annual average sum of £70,000 to the Stamp Office for their notes, while other banks pay a certain sum on every note is stamped, the Bank of England never re-issues its notes, but destroys them on return. A visitor to the Bank was one day shown a heap of cinders, which was the ashes of £40,000,000 of notes recently burned. The letters could here and there be seen. It looked like a piece of laminated larva, and was about three inches long and two inches broad, weighing probably from ten to twelve ounces.

The losses of the Bank are considerable. In 1820 no fewer than 352 persons were convicted, at a great expense, of forging small notes. In 1832 the yearly losses of the Bank from forgeries on the public funds were upwards of £40,000.

It is said that in the large room of the Bank a quarter of a million sovereigns will sometimes change hands in the course of the day. The entire amount of money turned over on an average in the day has been estimated as low as £2,000,000, and as high as £2,500,000. At a rough guess, the number of persons who receive dividends on the first day of every half year exceeds 100,000, and the sum paid away has been estimated at £500,000.

The number of clerks in the Bank of England was computed, in 1837, at 900; the engravers and bank-note printers at thirty-eight. The salaries vary from £700 per annum to £75, and the amount paid to the servants of the entire establishment, about 1,000, upwards of £200,000. Some years ago the proprietors met four times a year. Three directors sat daily in the Bank parlour. On Wednesday a Court of Directors sat to decide on London applications for discount, and on Thursday the whole court met to consider all notes exceeding £2,000. The directors, twenty-four, exclusive of the Governor and Deputy-Governor, decide by majority all matters of importance.

The Bank of England (says Dodder's excellent

and well-written "Guide to London," 1761) is a noble edifice situated at the east of St. Christopher's Church, near the west end of Threadneedle Street. The front next the street is about 80 feet in length, and is of the Ionic order, raised

which is in this last building, is 79 feet in length and 40 in breadth; it is wainscoted about 8 feet high, has a fine fretwork ceiling, and is adorned with a statue of King William III., which stands in a niche at the upper end, on the pedestal of



THE CHURCH OF ST BENET FINK.

on a rustic basement, and is of a good style. Through this you pass into the court-yard, in which is the hall. This is one of the Corinthian order, and in the middle is a pediment. The top of the building is adorned with a balustrade and handsome vases, and in the face of the above pediment is engraved in relievo the Company's seal, Britannia sitting with her shield and spear, and at her feet a cornucopia pouring out fruit. The hall,

which is the following inscription in Latin—in English, thus :—

“ For restoring efficiency to the Law,  
 Authority to the Courts of Justice,  
 Dignity to the Parliament,  
 To all his subjects their Religion and Liberties,  
 And confirming them to Posterity,  
 By the succession of the Illustrious House of Hanover  
 To the British Throne :  
 To the best of Princes, William the Third,



such memory, as might adorn and beautify the name of another famous batchelor, Mr. John Kendrick; and found none, but only his hatchments and banners." Many of the Houblons were buried in this church.

"The court-room of the Bank," says Francis, "is a noble apartment, by Sir Robert Taylor, of the Composite order, about 60 feet long and 31 feet 6 inches wide, with large Venetian windows on the south, overlooking that which was formerly the churchyard of St. Christopher. The north side is remarkable for three exquisite chimney-pieces of statuary marble, the centre being the most magnificent. The east and west are distinguished by columns detached from the walls, supporting beautiful arches, which again support a ceiling rich with ornament. The west leads by folding doors to an elegant octagonal committee-room, with a fine marble chimney-piece. The Governor's room is square, with various paintings, one of which is a portrait of William III. in armour, an intersected ceiling, and semi-circular windows. This chimney-piece is also of statuary marble; and on the wall is a fine painting, by Marlow, of the Bank, Bank Buildings, Cornhill, and Royal Exchange. An adjacent room contains portraits of Mr. Abraham Newcomen and another of the old cashiers, taken as a trophy of the appreciation of the directors. In the waiting-room are two busts, by Nollekens, of James Fox and William Pitt. The original building, by Sir Robert Taylor, was roofed in with wood, but when a survey was made, in 1794, it was found advisable to take it down; and in the year the present Rotunda was built, under the superintendence of Sir John Soane. It measures 100 feet in diameter and about the same in height, and is covered with the same materials. It is formed of the same materials, as are all the offices erected under the care of Sir John Soane. For many years this place was a scene of constant confusion, caused by the presence of the stockbrokers and jobbers. In 1838 this annoyance was abolished, the occupants were ejected from the Rotunda, and the space employed in cashing the dividend-warrants of the fundholders. The offices appropriated to the management of the various stocks are all close to each other out from the Rotunda. The dividends are paid in two rooms devoted to that purpose, and the transfers are kept separate. They are arranged in books, under the various letters of the alphabet, containing the names of the proprietors and the particulars of their property. Some of the stock-offices were originally constructed by Sir Robert Taylor, but it has been found necessary to make great alterations, and most of the buildings

signed from some classical model; thus the Three per Cent. Consol office, which, however, was built by Sir John Soane, is taken from the ancient Roman baths, and is 89 feet 9 inches in length and 50 feet in breadth. The chief cashier's office, an elegant and spacious apartment, is built after the style of the Temple of the Sun and Moon at Rome, and measures 45 feet by 30.

"The fine court which leads into Lothbury presents a magnificent display of Greek and Roman architecture. The buildings on the east and west sides are nearly hidden by open screens of stone, consisting of a lofty entablature, surmounted by vases, and resting on columns of the Corinthian order, the bases of which rest on a double flight of steps. This part of the edifice was copied from the beautiful temple of the Sybils, near Tivoli. A noble arch, after the model of the triumphal arch of Constantine, at Rome, forms the entrance into the bullion yard."

The old Clearing House of 1821 is thus described:—"In a large room is a table, with as numerous drawers as there are City bankers, with the name of each banker on his drawer; having an aperture to introduce the cheque upon him, whereof he retains the key.

"A clerk going with a charge of £99,000, perhaps, upon all the other bankers, puts the cheques through their respective apertures into their drawers at three o'clock. He returns at four, unlocks his own drawer, and finds the others have collectively put into his drawer drafts upon him to the amount, say, of £100,000; consequently he has £1,000, the difference, to pay. He searches for a banker, who has a larger balance to receive, and gives him a memorandum for this £1,000; he, for another; so that it settles with two, who frequently give a very few thousands in bank notes, which are bought and sold daily in London, without the immense repetition of receipts and payments that would otherwise ensue, or the immense increase of circulating medium that would be otherwise necessary."

The illustration on page 475 represents the appearance of the present Clearing House. The business done at this establishment daily is enormous, amounting to something like £150,000,000 each day.

"All the sovereigns," says Mr. Wills, "received from the banking-houses are consigned to a secreted cellar; and, when you enter it, you will probably fancy yourself on the premises of a wine-merchant who works by steam. Your attention is quickly attracted to a small building, and you are then

pelled by steam. This is a self-acting weighing machine, which, with unerring precision, tells which sovereigns are of standard weight, and which are light, and of its own accord separates the one from the other. Imagine a long trough or spout—half a tube that has been split into two sections—of such a semi-circumference as holds sovereigns edgewise, and of sufficient length to allow of two hundred of them to rest in that position one against another. The trough thus charged is fixed slopingly upon the machine, over a little table, as big as the plate of an ordinary sovereign-balance. The coin nearest to the Lilliputian platform drops upon it, being pushed forward by the weight of those behind. Its own weight presses the table down, but how far down? Upon that hangs the whole merit and discriminating power of the machine. At the back and on each side of this small table, two little hammers move by steam backwards and forwards at different elevations. If the sovereign be full weight, down sinks the table too low for the higher hammer to hit it, but the lower one strikes the edge, and off the sovereign tumbles into a receiver to the left. The table pops up again, receiving, perhaps, a light sovereign, and the higher hammer, having always first strike, knocks it into a receiver to the right, time enough to escape its colleague, which, when it comes forward, has nothing to hit, and returns, to allow the table to be elevated again. In this way the reputation of thirty-three sovereigns is established or destroyed every minute. The light weights are taken to a clipping machine, slit at the rate of two hundred a minute, weighed in a lump, the balance of deficiency charged to the banker from whom they were received, and sent to the Mint to be re-coined. Those which have passed muster are re-issued to the public. The inventor of this beautiful little detector was Mr. Cotton, a former Governor. The comparatively few sovereigns brought in by the general public are weighed in ordinary scales by the tellers."

The Bank water-mark—or, more properly, the wire-mark—is obtained by twisting wires to the desired form or design, and sticking them on the face of the mould; therefore the design is above the level face of the mould by the thickness of the wires it is composed of. Hence the pulp, in settling down on the mould, must of necessity be thinner on the wire design than on the other parts of the sheet. When the water has run off through the sieve-like face of the mould, the new-born sheet of paper is "cooked," the mould gently but firmly pressed upon a blanket, so that the water shall drain off, and the sheet be pressed into the form of the mould.

transparent where the substance is thicker. The paper is then dried, and made up into reams of 500 sheets each, ready for press. The water-mark in the notes of the Bank of England is obtained at that establishment by virtue of a special Act of Parliament. It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that imitation of anything whatever connected with a bank-note is an extremely criminal experiment.

This curious sort of paper is unique. There is nothing like it in the world of sheets. Tested by the touch, it gives out a crisp, crackling, sharp music, which resounds from no other quires. To the eye it shows a colour belonging neither to blue-wove, nor yellow-wove, nor cream-laid, but a white, like no other white, either in paper and pulp. The three rough fringed edges are called the "deckled" edges, being the natural boundary of the pulp when first moulded, the fourth is left smooth by the knife, which eventually cuts the two notes in two. This paper is so thin that, when printed, there is much difficulty in making erasures; yet it is so strong, that "a water-leaf" (a leaf before the application of size) will support thirty-six pounds, and with the addition of one grain of size, will hold half a hundredweight, without tearing. Yet the quantity of fibre of which it consists is no more than eighteen grains and a half.

Dividend day at the Bank has been admirably described, in the wittiest manner, by a modern essayist in *Household Words*:—"Another public creditor," says the writer, "appears in the shape of a drover, with a goad, who has run up to present his claim during his short visit to Essex. Near him are a lime-coloured labourer from some wharf at Bankside, and a painter who has left his scaffolding in the neighbourhood during his dinner hour. Next come several widows—some florid, stout, and young; some lean, yellow, and careworn, followed by a gay-looking lady, in a showy dress, who may have obtained her share of the national debt in another way. An old man, attired in a stained, rusty, black suit, creaks on, supported by a long staff, like a weary pilgrim who has at last reached the golden Mecca. These are drawing money from the accounts of their hard industry, or their patient self-denial, to be distinguished at a glance from those who are receiving the proceeds of unexpected and unexpected legacies. The first have a faded, disappointed look, while the second are laughing, and observing of their share of the dividend."

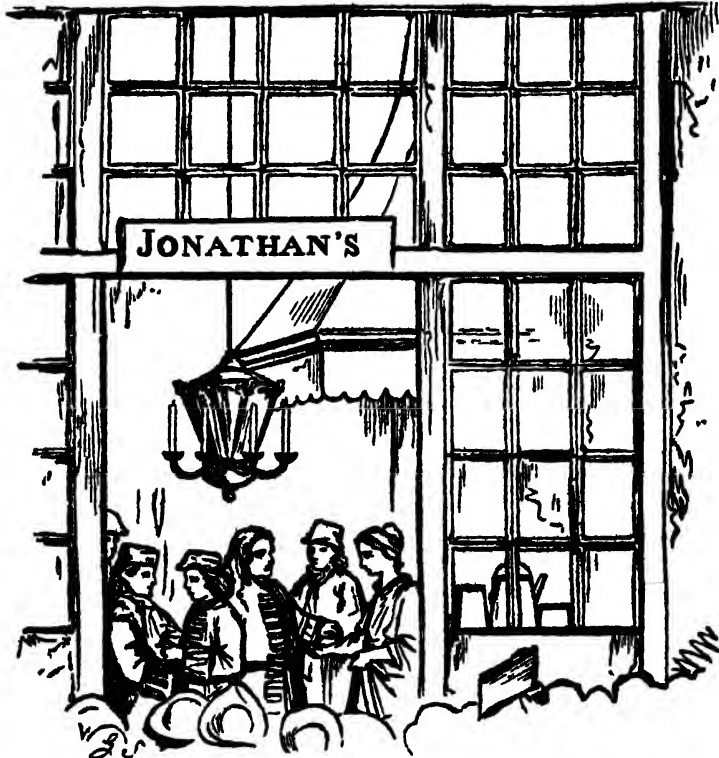
Towards the close of each year, the Bank of England publishes a statement of its affairs, and of the results of its operations during the year.



capitalists in high check neckties, double-breasted waistcoats, curly-crimped hats, narrow trousers, and round-toed boots. Parties of this, damp-smelling women, come in with mouldy umbrellas and long, chimney-cowl-shaped bonnets, made of greasy black silk, or threadbare black velvet—the worn-out fashions of a past generation. Some go about their business in confidential pairs; some in company with a trusted maid-servant as disguised as themselves; some under the guidance

the Rotunda, where there are two high-backed leather chairs, behind the shelter of which, with a needle and thread, they stitch the money into some secret part of their antiquated garments. The two private detective officers on duty generally watch these careful proceedings with amusement and interest, and are looked upon by the old fund-holders and annuitants as highly dangerous and suspicious characters."

Among the curiosities shown to visitors are the



"JONATHAN'S." From an Old Sketch.

of eager, ancient-looking girl-children; while some stand alone in corners, suspicious of help or observation. One national creditor is unwilling, not only that the visitors shall know what amount her country owes her, but also what particular funds she holds as security. She stands carelessly in the centre of the Warrant Office, privately scanning the letters and figures nailed all round the walls, which direct the applicant at what desk to apply; her long tunnel of a bonnet, while it conceals her face, moves with the guarded action of her head, like the tube of a telescope when the astronomer is searching for a lost planet. Some of these timid female creditors, when their little claims have been registered for £1,000 in the Bank-note library, are

Bank parlour, the counting-room, and the printing-room; the albums containing original £1,000 notes, signed by various illustrious persons; and the Bank-note library, now containing ninety million notes that have been cancelled during the last seven years. There is one note for a million sterling, and a note for £25 that had been out 111 years.

In the early part of the century, when "the Green Man," "the Lady in Black," and other oddities notorious for some peculiarity of dress, were well known in the City, the "White Lady of Threadneedle Street" was a daily visitor to the Bank of England. She was a woman of high rank, and her appearance was a great curiosity to the public.



question was, "Is my brother, Mr. Felt, here to-day?" The invariable answer was, "No, not to-day." She seldom remained absent more than a few minutes, and her last words always were, "I will see you to-morrow."

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE

Sir Henry Furness, a Bank director, was the Reuter of those times. He paid for constant despatches from Holland, Flanders, France, and Germany. His early intelligence of every battle, and especially of the fall of Namur, swelled his profits amazingly. King William gave him a diamond ring as a reward for early information; yet he condescended to fabricate news, and his plans for influencing the funds were probably the types of similar modern tricks. If Furness wished to buy, his brokers looked gloomy; and, the alarm spread, completed their bargains. In this manner prices were lowered four or five per cent. in a few hours. The Jew Medina, we are assured, granted Marlborough an annuity of £6,000 for permission to attend his campaigns, and amply repaid himself by the use of the early intelligence he obtained.

The following extracts from Cibber's play of *The Refusal; or, the Ladies' Philosophy*, produced 1720, show the antiquity of the terms "bull" and "bear." This comedy abounds in allusions to the doings in 'Change Alley, and one of the characters, Sir Gilbert Wrangle, is a South Sea director.

*Wittling*: Every shilling, sir; all out of stocks, shams, bears and bubbles.

There (in the Alley) you'll see a duke's  
disorder; here a peer and a 'peevish head'—  
there a 'peer' and a 'peer'—

The following is from an old paper, dated July 17th, 1773: "Yesterday the brokers and others at 'New Jonathan's' came to a resolution, that instead of its being called 'New Jonathan's,' it should be called 'The Stock Exchange,' which is to be wrote over the door. The brokers then

to excellent account, and soon led him to a far more profitable traffic in those tickets with which, from the time of Charles II., our seamen were remunerated. They were paid in paper, not readily convertible, and were forced to part with their wages at any discount which it pleased the money-



CAPEL COURT.

collected sixpence each, and christened the House with punch."

One of the great stockbrokers of Queen Anne's reign was Thomas Guy, the founder of one of the noblest hospitals in the world, who died in 1724. He was the son of a lighterman, and for many years stood behind a counter and sold stock. Acquiring a small amount of ready money, he was tempted to employ it in 'Change, and he was

lenders to fix. Guy made large purchases in these tickets at an immense reduction, and by such not very creditable means, with some windfalls during the South Sea agitation, he realised a fortune of £500,000. Half a million was then a fabulous sum, and it was certainly well worth buying to his penurious habits. He died at the age of eighty-one, leaving a large fortune, which he bequeathed to his hospital.

state at Mercers' Chapel, and was interred in the asylum he raised, where, ten years after his death, a statue was erected to his memory.

Sir John Barnard, a great opponent of stock-brokers, proposed, in 1737, to reduce the interest on the National Debt from four to three per cent., the public being at liberty to receive their principal

money denominated the "great corporation." Of the stock-jobbers he always spoke with contempt; in return, they hated him with equal vigour. On the money market it was not unusual to hear the merchants inquire, "What does Sir John say to this? What is Sir John's opinion?" He refused the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer.



THE CLEARING HOUSE.

in full if they preferred. This anticipation of a modern financial change was not adopted. At this period, £10,000,000 were held by foreigners in British funds. In 1750, the reduction from four to three per cent. interest on the funded debt was effected, and though much clamour followed, no resistance could be carried out. The reduction was carried out, and the interest was reduced to three per cent. In 1746, and from the moment his statue was placed in Gresham's Exchange he would have been in the building, but carried on his money market side. The Barnard blood still runs in the veins of some of our wealthiest commercial men. His son married the daughter of one of the City's great merchants.

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The author of "The Bank Mirror" (circa 1795) gives a graphic description of the Stock Exchange of that period. "The scene opens," he says, "about twelve, with the call of the prices of stock, the shouting out of names, the recital of news, &c., much in the following manner—'A mail comes in—What news? what news?—Steady, steady—Consols for to-morrow—Here, Consols!—You old Timber-toe, have you got any scrip?—Private orders from—A wicked old peer in disguise sold—What do you do?—Here, Consols!—Options!—Letters!—A great house has sold—Payment of the Five per Cent. annuities—Cross the Rhine—The Austrians routed—The French pursuing!—Four per Cent. for the opening—Four per Cent.—Sixty days South exchange for—Short Annuities—Shorts! shorts! Shorts!—A messenger extraordinary sent to—Gibraltar fortifying against—A Spanish vessel in—Reduced Annuities for to-morrow—In a seller of—Lame ducks waiting—Under a cloud hanging over—The Cape of Good Hope retaken by—Lottery tickets!—Here, tickets! tickets! tickets!—The Archduke Charles of Austria fed into—India Stock!—Clear the way, there Moses!—Reduced Annuities for money!—I'm a buyer—Reduced! Reduced! (Rattle, rattle, rattle)—What a—d noise you make there with the bells!—Five per Cent!—I'm a seller!—Five per Cent!—Five per Cent!—The French at the battle of the Nile!—

Spoke the old girl in silk shoes there! Madam, do you want a broker?—Four per Cents!—The Dutch fleet skulked into—Short Annuities!—The French army retreating!—The Austrians pursuing!—Consols! Consols! Bravo!—Who's afraid?—Up they go! up they go!—'De Empress de Russia dead!'—You lie, Mordecai! I'll stuff your mouth with pork, you dog!—Long Annuities! Long Annuities! Knock that fellow's hat off, there!—He'll waddle, to-morrow—Here, Long Annuities! Short Annuities!—Longs and Shorts!—The Prince of Condé fled!—Consols!—The French bombarding Frankfurt!—Reduced Annuities—Down they go! down they go!—You, Levi, you're a thief, and I'm a gentleman—Step to Garraway's, and bid Isaacs come here—Bank Stock!—Consols!—Give me thy hand, Solomon!—Didst thou not hear the guns fire?—Noble news! great news!—Here, Consols! St. Lucia taken!—St. Vincent taken!—French fleets blocked up! English fleets triumphant! Bravo! Up we go! up, up, up!—Imperial Annuities! Imperial! Imperial!—Get out of my sunshine, Moses, you d—d little Israelite!—Consols! Consols! &c.' . . . The noise of the screech-owl, the howling of the wolf, the barking of the mastiff, the grunting of the hog, the braying of the ass, the nocturnal wooing of the cat, the hissing of the snake, the croaking of toads, frogs, and grasshoppers—all these in unison could not be more hideous than the noise which these beings make in the Stock Exchange. And as several of them get into the Bank, the beadles are provided with rattles, which they occasionally spring, to drown their noise and give the fair purchaser or seller room and opportunity to transact their business; for that part of the Rotunda to which the avenue from Bartholomew Lane leads is often so crowded with them that people cannot enter."

About 1799, the shares of this old Stock Exchange having fallen into few hands, they boldly attempted, instead of a sixpenny diurnal admission to every person presenting himself at the bar, to make it a close subscription-room of ten guineas per annum for each member, and thereby to shut out all petty or irregular traffickers, to increase the revenues of this their monopolised market. A violent democracy revolted at this imposition and invasion of the rights, privileges, and immunities of a public market for the public stock. They proposed to raise 263 shares of £50 each, creating a fund of £13,150 wherewith to build a new, unimpaired, unaristocratised, free, open market. These shares were to be in the old constitution, to be taken up by the public, and to be sold at a price

debating forum up Capel Court, and buildings contiguous with the freehold site, were purchased, and the foundation-stone was laid for this temple, to be when completed, consecrated to free, open traffic.

In 1805 Ambrose Charles, a Bank clerk, maliciously charged the Earl of Moira, a cabinet minister, with using official intelligence to aid him in speculating in the funds. The Premier was compelled to investigate the charge, but no truthful evidence could be adduced, and the falsehood of his allegations was made apparent.

Mark Sprat, a remarkable speculator, died in 1800. He came to London with small means, but, by means of an introduction to the Stock Exchange, was wonderfully successful. In 1799 he contracted for the Lottery; and in 1800 and the three following years he was foremost among those who contracted for loans. During Lord Melville's trial, he was asked whether he did not act as banker for members of both houses. "I never do business with privileged persons!" was his reply, which might have referred to the following fact:—A broker came to Sprat in great distress. He had acted as agent for a principal who, the prices going against him, refused to make up his losses. "Who was the scoundrel?" "A nobleman of immense property," Sprat volunteered to go with him to his debtor. The great man coolly answered, it was not convenient to pay. The broker departed, and unless the account was settled by a fixed day, his lordship would be posted as a bankrupt. Long before the time appointed the matter was arranged, and Sprat's friend rescued from ruin.

The history of the money articles in the London papers is thus given by the author of "The Stock Exchange." In 1809 and 1810 (says the writer), the papers had commenced regularly to publish the prices of Consols and the other securities then in the market, but the list was merely furnished by a stockbroker who was allowed, as a privilege for his services, to append his name and address, thereby reaping the advantages of an advertisement without having to pay for it. A further improvement was effected by inserting small paragraphs, giving an outline of events occurring in relation to City affairs, which these occupied no acknowledged position, but only existed as ordinary intelligence. From 1810 up to 1817, considerable changes took place in the arrangements of the money market, and a new era almost commenced in the life with the numerous corporations and the joint-stock principle at the time, and then it was that the money market began to have a more regular and systematic character.



The description of matter comprised in City articles has not been known in its present form more than fifty years. There seems a doubt whether they first originated with the *Times* or the *Herald*. Opinion is by some parties given in favour of the last-mentioned paper. Whichever establishment may be entitled to the praise for commencing so useful a compendium of City news, one thing appears very certain—viz., that no sooner was it adopted by the one paper, than the other followed, closely in the line chalked out. The regular City article appears only to have had existence since 1824–25, when the first effect of that over-speculating period was felt in the insolvency of public companies, and the breakage of banks. Contributions of this description had been made and published, as already noticed, in separate paragraphs throughout the papers as early as 1811 and 1812; but these took no very prominent position till the more important period of the close of the war, and the declaration of peace with Europe.

In 1811, the case of Benjamin Walsh, M.P., a member of the Stock Exchange, occasioned a prodigious sensation. Sir Thomas Plomer employed him as his broker, and, buying an estate, found it necessary to sell stock. Walsh advised him not to sell directly, as the funds were rising; the deeds were not prepared, and the advice was accepted. Soon after, Walsh said the time to sell was come, for the funds would quickly fall. The money being realised, Walsh recommended the purchase of exchequer bills as a good investment. Till the day was wanted, Sir Thomas gave a cheque for £6,000 to Walsh, who undertook to lodge the money at Gosling's. In the evening he brought an acknowledgment for £6,000, promising to make up the amount next day. Sir Thomas called at his bankers, and found that a cheque for £16,000 had been sent, but too late for presentation, and in the morning the cheque was refused. In fact, Walsh had disposed of the whole; giving £1,000 to his broker, purchasing £11,000 of American stock, and buying £4,000 worth of Portuguese doubloons. He was seized, and declared guilty; but certain legal difficulties were interposed; the judges gave a favourable decision; he was released from Newgate, and formally expelled from the House of Commons. Such crimes seem almost incredible, for such culprits can have no chance of escape; as, even when the verdict of a jury is favourable, their character and position must be absolutely and hopelessly lost.

In these comparatively steady-going times, the funds often remain for months with but a slight variation; but during the last years of the

war, a difference of eight or even ten per cent. might happen in an hour, and scripholders might realise eighteen or twenty per cent. by the change in the loans they so eagerly sought. From what a fearful load of ever-increasing expenditure the nation was relieved by the peace resulting from the battle of Waterloo, may be judged from the fact that the decrease of Government charges was at once declared to exceed £2,000,000 per month.

One of the most extraordinary Stock Exchange conspiracies ever devised was that carried out by De Berenger and Cochrane Johnstone in 1814. It was a time when Bonaparte's military operations against the allies had depressed the funds, and great national anxiety prevailed. The conspiracy was dramatically carried out. On the 21st of February, 1814, about one a.m., a violent knocking was heard at the door of the "Ship Inn," then the principal hotel of Dover. On the door being opened, a person in richly embroidered scarlet uniform, wet with spray, announced himself as Lieutenant-Colonel De Bourg, aide-de-camp of Lord Cathcart. He had a star and silver medals on his breast, and wore a dark fur travelling cap, banded with gold. He said he had been brought over by a French vessel from Calais, the master of which, afraid of touching at Dover, had landed him about two miles off, along the coast. He was the bearer of important news—the allies had gained a great victory and had entered Paris. Bonaparte had been overtaken by a detachment of Sacken's Cossacks, who had slain and cut him into a thousand pieces. General Platoff had saved Paris from being reduced to ashes. The white cockade was worn everywhere, and an immediate peace was now certain. He immediately ordered out a post-chaise and four, but first wrote the news to Admiral Foley, the port-admiral at Deal. The letter reached the admiral about four a.m., but the morning proving foggy, the telegraph would not work. Off dashed De Bourg (really De Berenger, an adventurer, afterwards a livery-stable keeper), throwing napoleons to the post-boys every time he changed horses. At Bexley Heath, finding the telegraph could not have worked, he moderated his pace and spread the news of the Cossacks fighting for Napoleon's body. At the Marsh Gate, Lambeth, he entered a hackney coach, telling the post-boys to spread the news on their return. By a little after ten, the rumour reached the Stock Exchange, and the funds rose; but on his being found that the Lord Mayor had had no intelligence, they soon went down again. The morning after, the funds were again at work. The same day, when the news of the



daylight, two men, dressed as foreigners, landed from a six-oar galley, and called on a gentleman of Northfleet, and handed him a letter from an old friend, begging him to take the bearers to London, as they had great public news to communicate; they were accordingly taken. About twelve or one the same afternoon, three persons (two of whom were dressed as French officers) drove slowly over London Bridge in a post-chaise, the horses of which were bedecked with laurel. The officers scattered billets to the crowd, announcing the death of Napoleon and the fall of Paris. They then paraded through Cheapside and Fleet Street, passed over Blackfriars Bridge, drove rapidly to the Marsh Gate, Lambeth, got out, changed their cocked hats for round ones, and disappeared as De Boring had done.

The funds once more rose, and long bargains were made; but still some doubt was felt by the less sanguine, as the ministers as yet denied all knowledge of the news. Hour after hour passed by, and the certainty of the falsity of the news gradually developed itself. "To these scenes of joy," says a witness, "and of greedy expectations of gain, succeeded, in a few hours, disappointment and shame at having been gulled, the clenching of fists, the grinding of teeth, the tearing of hair, all the outward and visible signs of those inward commotions of disappointed avarice in some, consciousness of ruin in others, and in all boiling revenge." A committee was appointed by the Stock Exchange to track out the conspiracy, as on the two days before Consols and Omnium, to the amount of £826,000, had been purchased by persons implicated. Because one of the gang had for a blind called on the celebrated Lord Cochrane, and because a relation of his engaged in the affair had purchased Consols for him, that he might unconsciously benefit by the fraud, the Tories, eager to destroy a bitter political enemy, concentrated all their rage on as high-minded, pure, and chivalrous a man as ever trod a frigate's deck. He was tried June 21, 1817, at the Court of Queen's Bench, fined £1,000, and sentenced ignominiously to stand one hour in the pillory. This latter part of his sentence the Government was, however, afraid to carry out, as Sir Francis Burdett had declared that if it was done, he would stand beside his friend on the scaffold of shame. To crown all, Cochrane's political enemies had him stripped of his knighthood, and the executioner of his order disgracefully kicked down the steps of the chapel in Westminster Abbey. For some years this true tale of a brave man's life and a branded exile, who died in poverty in his native

of universal liberty, lost to the country, which he loved so much. In his old age tardy justice restored to him his unsoiled coronet, and finally awarded him a grave among her heroes.

The ticket pocketing of 1821 is thus described by the author of "An Exposé of the Mysteries of the Stock Exchange:"—"Of all the tricks," he says, "practised against Goldschmidt, the ticket pocketing scheme was, perhaps, the most ingenious; it was to prevent the buying in on a settling day, the balance of the account, and to defeat the consequent rise, thereby making the real bear a fictitious bull account. To give the reader a conception of this, and of the practices as well as the interior of the Stock Exchange, the following attempted delineation is submitted:—The doors open before ten, and at the minute of ten the spirit-stirring rattle comes to action. Consols are, suppose, 69 to 69½; that is, buyers at the lower and sellers at the higher price. Trifling manœuvres and puffing up till twelve, as neither party wish the Government broker to buy under the highest price; the sinking-fund purchaser being the point of diurnal alking, as the period before a loan is the annually expressed point of price, when the Stock Exchange have the orbit of these revolutions under their own control.

"At twelve the broker mounts the rostrum and opens: 'Gentlemen, I am a buyer of Consols for Government, at 69.' 'At 69, the jobbers resound; 'ten thousand of me—two of me—two of me,' holding up as many fingers. Nathan, Goldschmidt's agent, says, 'You have them all of me at your own bidding. In ten minutes this commission is earned from the public, and this state sinking-fund joint jobbed. Nathan is hustled, his hat and wig upon the commissioner's sounding-board, and he must stand bare-headed until the porter can get a ladder to get it down. Out squalls a carrier, 'Done at 7; again, 'At 7, all agree, and the contractors must go, too; they have the commissioners at 69, when the market was one-eighth. All must come to market for omnium payment; they cannot keep it (the operation might have suited the position of the market). Nathan cries out, 'Where does it go?' 'Here—there, there, there!' Mr. Nathan going out at the door, meets Mr. Nathan's brother bear, with a wink, 'Sir, they believe, sellers; you may have £10,000 at 7½. This is called a commission allowable to jobbers with to keep the market or a 3 cent, but not to be taken as a profit, would not be allowed to be taken as a profit.

"I would not take them at 44," replied the broker. "Offered at 45 and 46," said the merchant about, holding up his face to the ceiling, that by the re-echo of his voice they not be discovered."

The system of business at the Stock Exchange is thus described by an accomplished writer of the subject: "Bargains are made in the presence of a third person. The terms are simply entered in a ledger-book, but are checked the next day; and the jobber's clerk (also a member of the house) pays or receives the money, and sees that the securities are correct. There are but three or four dealers in Exchequer bills. Most members of the Stock Exchange keep their money in convertible securities, so that it can be changed from hand to hand almost at a moment's notice. The brokers execute the orders of bankers, merchants, and private individuals; and the jobbers are the persons with whom they deal. When the broker appears in the market, he is at once surrounded by eager jobbers. One of the cries of the Stock Exchange is, 'Borrow money? borrow money?'—a singular cry to general apprehension, but it of course implies that the credit of the borrower must be first-rate, or his security of the most satisfactory nature, and that it is not the principal who goes into the market, but only the principal's broker. 'Have you money to lend to-day?' is a starting question often asked with perfect nonchalance in the Stock Exchange. If the answer is 'Yes,' the borrower says, 'I want £10,000 at 42.'—'At what security?' is the vital question that soon follows.

Another mode of doing business is to conceal the object of the borrower or lender, who asks, 'What are Exchequer?' The answer may be, 'Forty and forty-two.' That is, the party addressed will buy £1,000 at 40 shillings, and sell £1,000 at 42 shillings. The jobbers cluster round the broker, who perhaps says, 'I must have a price in £5,000.' If it suits them, they will say, 'Five with me, five with me,' 'Five with me,' making fifteen; they will say, 'Ten with me;' and it is the broker's business to get these parties pledged to buy of him at 40, or to sell to him at 42, they not knowing whether he is a buyer or a seller. The broker then declares his purpose, saying, for example, 'Gentlemen, I sell to you £20,000 at 40;' and the sum is then apportioned among them. If the money were wanted only for a month, and the Exchequer market remained the same during the time, the buyer would have to give 42 in the market for what he sold at 40, being the difference between the

buying and the selling price, besides which he would have to pay the broker 1s. per cent. commission on the sale, and 1s. per cent. on the purchase, again on the sale, which would make altogether 4s. per cent. If the object of the broker be to buy Consols, the jobber offers to buy his £10,000 at 96, or to sell him that amount at 96½, without being at all aware which he is engaging himself to do. The same person may not know on any particular day whether he will be a borrower or a lender. If he has sold stock, and has not re-purchased about one or two o'clock in the day, he would be a lender of money; but if he has bought stock, and not sold, he would be a borrower. Immense sums are lent on condition of being recalled on the short notice of a few hours."

The uninitiated wonder that any man should borrow £10,000 or £20,000 for a day, or at most a fortnight, when it is liable to be called for at the shortest notice. The directors of a railway company, instead of locking up their money, send the £12,000 or £14,000 a week to a broker, to be lent on proper securities. Persons who pay large duties to Government at fixed periods, lend the sums for a week or two. A person intending to lay out his capital in mortgage or real property, lends out the sum till he meets with a suitable offer. The great bankers lend their surplus cash on the Stock Exchange. A jobber, at the close of the day, will lend his money at 1 per cent., rather than not employ it at all. The extraordinary fluctuations in the rate of interest even in a single day are a great temptation to the money-lender to resort to the Stock Exchange. "Instances have occurred," says our authority, "when in the morning everybody has been anxious to lend money at 4 per cent., when about two o'clock money has become so scarce that it could with difficulty be borrowed at 10 per cent. If the price of Consols be low, persons who are desirous of raising money will give a high rate of interest rather than sell stock."

The famous Pop-gun Plot was generally supposed to have been a Stock Exchange trick. A writer on stockbroking says: "The Pop-gun Plot, in Palace Yard, on a memorable occasion of the House going to the Parliament House, was never understood or traced home. It is said to have originated in a Stock Exchange hoax. 'Popgun John' was at the time a low republican in the Stock Exchange, and had a house in or near Palace Yard, from which a missile had been projected. He subsequently grew rich." The journals of that day described the hot





pursuit by the myrmidons being cooled by a well-got-up story that the fugitive suspected had been unfortunately drowned; and in proof, a hat picked up by a waterman at the place was brought wet to the police office, and proved to have belonged to

account; if sufficient to trip up the contractor, the better.

While the dupes of the Cato Street conspiracy were dangling before the "debtor's door," the surviving adept of the former plot, from his villa not



THE PRESENT STOCK EXCHANGE.

the person pursued The plotter disappeared after this "drowning" for some months, while the hush-money and sinister manoeuvres were baffling the pursuers. Afterwards, the affair dying away, he reappeared, resuscitated, in the Stock Exchange, making very little secret of this extraordinary story, and would relate it in ordinary conversation at the Stock Exchange benches, as a philosophical experiment, not intended to endanger the king's life, but certainly planned to frighten the public, so as to effect a fall, and realise a profitable "bear"

ten miles from London, was mounting his carriage to drive to the Stock Exchange, to operate with the effect this example might produce in the public mind, and, consequently, realising his portion of funded property.

If there are any members now of that standing in the Stock Exchange, they must remember how artlessly the tale of this philosophical experiment was used to be told by the contriver of it in a year or two afterwards, in reliance upon Stock Exchange men's honour and conscience.

In the year 1798, Nathan, the third son of Meyer Anselm Rothschild, of Frankfort, intimated to his father that he would go to England, and there commence business. The father knew the intrepidity of Nathan, and had great confidence in his financial skill: he interposed, therefore, no difficulties. The plan was proposed on Tuesday, and on Thursday it was put into execution.

Nathan was entrusted with £20,000, and though perfectly ignorant of the English language, he commenced a most gigantic career, so that in a brief period the above sum increased to the amount of £60,000. Manchester was his starting-point. He took a comprehensive survey of its products, and observed that by proper management a treble harvest might be reaped from them. He secured the three profitable trades in his grasp—viz., the raw material, the dyeing, and the manufacturing—and was consequently able to sell goods cheaper than any one else. His profits were immense, and Manchester soon became too little for his speculative mind. Nevertheless, he would not have left it were it not a private pique against one of his co-religionists, which originated by the dishonouring of a bill which was made payable to him, disgusted him with the Manchester community. In 1800, therefore, he quitted Manchester for the metropolis. With giant strides he progressed in prosperity. The confused and insecure state of the Continent added to his fortune, and contributed to his fame.

The Prince of Hesse Cassel, in flying from the grasp of the republican armies, desired, as he passed through Frankfort, to store a vast amount of money in such a manner as might leave him a secure recovery after the storm had passed by. He put Meyer Anselm Rothschild, and consequently his worldly possessions to the keeping of the Frankfort banker. Meyer Anselm, either from love or hope of gain, sent the money to his son Nathan, settled in London, and the latter thus alluded to this circumstance: "The Prince of Hesse Cassel gave my father his money; there was no time to be lost; he sent it to me. I had £600,000 arrive by post unexpectedly; and I put it to so good use, that the prince made me a present of all his wine and linen."

"When the late Mr. Rothschild was alive, if business," says the author of "The City," "ever became flat and unprofitable in the Stock Exchange, the brokers and jobbers generally complained, and threw the blame upon this leviathan of the money market. Whatever was wrong, was always alleged to be the effects of Mr. Rothschild's operations, and, according to the views of these parties, he

was either bolstering up, or unnecessarily depressing, prices for his own object. An anecdote is related of this great speculator, that hearing on one occasion that a broker had given very strong expression to his feelings in the open market on this subject, dealing out the most deadly anathemas against the Jews, and consigning them to the most horrible torments, he sent the broker, through the medium of another party, an order to sell £600,000 Consols, saying, 'As he always so abuses me, they will never suspect he is bearing the market on my account.' Mr. Rothschild employed several brokers to do his business, and hence there was no ascertaining what in reality was the tendency of his operations. While perchance one broker was buying a certain quantity of stock on the order of his principal in the market, another at the same moment would be instructed to sell; so that it was only in the breast of the principal to know the probable result. It is said that Mrs. Rothschild tried her hand in speculating, and endeavoured by all her influence to get at the secret of her husband's dealings. She, however, failed, and was therefore not very successful in her ventures. Long before Mr. Rothschild's death, it was prophesied by many of the brokers that, when the event occurred, the public would be less alarmed at the influence of the firm, and come forward more boldly to engage in stock business. They have, notwithstanding, been very much mistaken."

The chronicler of the "Stock Exchange" says: "One cause of Rothschild's success, was the secrecy with which he shrouded all his transactions, and the tortuous policy with which he misled those the most who watched him the keenest. If, he possessed news calculated to make the funds rise, he would commission the broker who acted on his behalf to sell half a million. The shoal of men who usually follow the movements of others, sold with him. The news soon passed through Capel Court that Rothschild was 'bearing' the market, and the funds fell. Men looked doubtfully at one another; a general panic spread; bad news was looked for; and these united agencies sunk the price two or three per cent. This was the result expected; other brokers, not usually employed by him, bought all they could at the reduced rate. By the time this was accomplished the good news had arrived; the pressure ceased, the funds arose instantly, and Mr. Rothschild reaped his reward."

It sometimes happened that notwithstanding Rothschild's profound secrecy, he was overcome by stratagem. The following circumstance, which was related to Mr. Margulies by a person who



knew Rothschild well, will illustrate the above statement. When the Hebrew financier lived at Stamford Hill, there resided opposite to him another very wealthy dealer in the Stock Exchange, Lucas by name. The latter returning home one night at a late hour from a convivial party, observed a carriage and four standing before Rothschild's gate, upon which he ordered his own carriage out of the way, and commanded his coachman to await in readiness his return. Lucas went stealthily and watched, unobserved, the movements at Rothschild's gate. He did not lie long in ambush before he heard some one leaving the Hebrew millionaire's mansion, and going towards the carriage. He saw Rothschild, accompanied by two muffled figures, step into the carriage, and heard the word of command, "To the City." He followed Rothschild's carriage very closely, but when he reached the top of the street in which Rothschild's office was situated, Lucas ordered his carriage to stop, from which he stepped out, and proceeded, reeling to and fro through the street, feigning to be mortally drunk. He made his way in the same mood as far as Rothschild's office, and *sans ceremonie* opened the door, to the great consternation and terror of the housekeeper, uttering sundry ejaculations in the broken accents of Bacchus' votaries. Heedless of the affrighted housekeeper's remonstrances, he opened Rothschild's private office, in the same staggering attitude, and fell down flat on the floor.

Rothschild and his friends became very much alarmed. Efforts were made to restore and remove the would-be drunkard, but Lucas was too good an actor, and was therefore in such a fit as to be unable to be moved hither or thither. "Should a physician be sent for?" asked Rothschild. But the housekeeper threw some cold water into Lucas's face, and the patient began to breathe a little more naturally, and fell into a sound snoring sleep. He was covered over, and Rothschild and the strangers proceeded unsuspectingly to business. The strangers brought the good intelligence that the affairs in Spain were all right, respecting which the members of the Exchange were, for a few days previous, very apprehensive, and the funds were therefore in a rapidly sinking condition. The good news could not, however, in the common course of despatch, be publicly known for another day. Rothschild therefore planned to order his brokers to buy up, cautiously, all the stock that should be in the market by twelve o'clock the following day. He sent for his principal broker thus early, in order to entrust him with the important instruction.

The broker was rather tardier than Rothschild's patience could brook; he therefore determined to

go himself. As soon as Rothschild was gone, Lucas began to recover, and by degrees was able to get up, though distracted, as he said, "with a violent headache," and insisted, in spite of the housekeeper's expostulations, upon going home. But Lucas went to his broker, and instructed him to buy up all the stock he could get by ten o'clock the following morning. About eleven o'clock Lucas met Rothschild, and inquired satirically how Mr. Rothschild was off for stock. Lucas won the day, and Rothschild is said never to have forgiven "the base, dishonest, and nefarious stratagem."

Yet, with all his hoardings, says Mr. Margoliouth, Rothschild was by no means a happy man. Dangers and assassinations seemed to haunt his imagination by day and by night, and not without grounds. Many a time, as he himself said, just before he sat down to dinner, a note would be put into his hand, running thus:—"If you do not send me immediately the sum of five hundred pounds, I will blow your brains out." He affected to despise such threats; they, nevertheless, exercised a direful effect upon the millionaire. He loaded his pistols every night before he went to bed, and put them beside him. He did not think himself more secure in his country house than he did in his bed. One day, while busily engaged in his golden occupation, two foreign gentlemen were announced as desirous to see Baron Rothschild *in propria persona*. The strangers had not the foresight to have the letters of introduction in readiness. They stood, therefore, before the Baron in the ludicrous attitude of having their eyes fixed upon the Hebrew Croesus, and with their hands rummaging in large European coat-pockets. The fervid and excited imagination of the Baron conjured up a multitudinous array of conspiracies. Fancy eclipsed his reason, and, in a fit of excitement, he seized a huge ledger, which he aimed and hurled at the mustachioed strangers, calling out, at the same time, for additional physical force. The astonished Italians, however, were not long, after that, in finding the important documents they looked for, which explained all. The Baron begged the strangers' pardon for the unintentional insult, and was heard to articulate to himself, "Poor unhappy me! a victim to nervousness and financial terrors! and all because of my money!"

Rothschild's mode of doing business when engaging in large transactions (says Mr. Grant) was this. Supposing he possessed exclusively, as he often did, a day or two before it could be generally known, intelligence of some event, which occurred in any part of the Continent, and was important to cause a rise in the English funds, he would

power the brokers he usually employed to sell out stock, say to the amount of £500,000. The news spread in a moment that Rothschild was selling out, and a general alarm followed. Every one apprehended that he had received intelligence from some foreign part of some important event which would produce a fall in prices. As might, under such circumstances, be expected, all became sellers at once. This, of necessity, caused the funds, to use Stock Exchange phraseology, "to tumble down at a fearful rate." Next day, when they had fallen, perhaps, one or two per cent, he would make purchases, say to the amount of £1,500,000, taking care, however, to employ a number of brokers whom he was not in the habit of employing, and commissioning each to purchase to a certain extent, and giving all of them strict orders to preserve secrecy in the matter. Each of the persons so employed was, by this means, ignorant of the commission given to the others. Had it been known the purchases were made by him, there would have been as great and sudden a rise in the prices as there had been in the fall, so that he could not purchase to the intended extent on such advantageous terms. On the third day, perhaps, the intelligence which had been expected by the jobbers to be unfavourable arrived, but, instead of being so, turned out to be highly favourable. Prices instantaneously rise again, and possibly they may get one and a-half or even two per cent. higher than they were when he sold out his £500,000. He now sells out, at the advanced price, the entire £1,500,000 he had purchased at the reduced prices. The gains by such extensive transactions, when so skilfully managed, will be at once seen to be enormous. By the supposed transaction, assuming the rise to be two per cent., the gain would be £35,000. But this is not the greatest gain which the late leviathan of modern capitalists made by such transactions. He, on more than one occasion, made upwards of £100,000 on one account.

But though no person during the last twelve or fifteen years of Rothschild's life (says Grant) was ever able, for any length of time, to compete with him in the money market, he on several occasions was, in single transactions, outwitted by the superior tactics of others. The gentleman to whom I allude was then and is now the head of one of the largest private banking establishments in town. Abraham Montefiore, Rothschild's brother-in-law, was the principal broker to the great capitalist, and in that capacity was commissioned by the latter to negotiate with Mr. — a loan of £1,500,000. The security offered by Rothschild was a proportionate amount of stock in Consols, which were, at that

time 84. This stock was, of course, to be transferred to the name of the party advancing the money, Rothschild's object being to raise the price of Consols by carrying so large a quantity out of the market. The money was lent, and the conditions of the loan were these—that the interest on the sum advanced should be at the rate of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and that if the price of Consols should chance to go down to 74, Mr. — should have the right of claiming the stock at 70. The Jew, no doubt, laughed at what he conceived his own commercial dexterity in the transaction; but, ere long, he had abundant reason to laugh on the wrong side of his mouth; for, no sooner was the stock poured into the hand of the banker, than the latter sold it, along with an immensely large sum which had been previously standing in his name, amounting altogether to little short of £3,000,000. But even this was not all. Mr. — also held powers of attorney from several of the leading Scotch and English banks, as well as from various private individuals, who had large property in the funds, to sell stock on their account. On these powers of attorney he acted, and at the same time advised his friends to follow his example. They at once did so, and the consequence was that the aggregate amount of stock sold by himself and his friends conjointly exceeded £10,000,000. So unusual an extent of sales, all effected in the shortest possible time, necessarily drove down the prices. In an incredibly short time they fell to 74; immediately on which, Mr. — claimed of Rothschild his stock at 70. The Jew could not refuse: it was in the bond. This climax being reached, the banker bought in again all the stock he had previously sold out, and advised his friends to re-purchase also. They did so; and the result was, that in a few weeks Consols reached 84 again, their original price, and from that to 86. Rothschild's losses were very great by this transaction; but they were by no means equal to the banker's gains, which could not have been less than £300,000 or £400,000.

The following grotesque sketch of the great Rothschild is from the pen of a clever anonymous writer:—"The thing before you," says the author quoted, "stands cold, motionless, and apparently speculationless, as the pillar of salt into which the avaricious spouse of the patriarch was turned; and while you start with wonder at what it can be or mean, you pursue the association, and think upon the fire and brimstone that were rained down. It is a human being of no very Apollo-like form or face: short, squat, with its shoulders drawn up to its ears, and its hands delved into its

breeches'-pockets. The hue of its face is a mixture of brick-dust and saffron; and the texture seems that of the skin of a dead frog. There is a rigidity and tension in the features, too, which would make you fancy, if you did not see that that were not the fact, that some one from behind was pinching it with a pair of hot tongs, and that it were either afraid or ashamed to tell. Eyes are usually denominated the windows of the soul; but here you would conclude that the windows are false ones, or that there is no soul to look out at them. There comes not one pencil of light from the interior, neither is there one scintillation of that which comes from without reflected in any direction. The whole puts you in mind of 'a skin to let,' and you wonder why it stands upright without at least something within. By-and-by another figure comes up to it. It then steps two paces aside, and the most inquisitive glance that ever you saw, and a glance more inquisitive than you would ever have thought of, is drawn out of the crevice fixed and leaden eye, as if one were drawing a sword from a scabbard. The visiting figure, which has the appearance of coming by accident, and not by design, stops but a second or two, in the course of which looks are exchanged which, though you cannot translate, you feel must be of most important meaning. After these, the eyes are sheathed up again, and the figure resumes its stony posture. During the morning numbers of visitors come, all of whom meet with a similar reception, and vanish in a similar manner; and last of all the figure itself vanishes, leaving you utterly at a loss as to what can be its nature and functions."

Abraham Goldsmid, a liberal and honourable man, who almost rivalled Rothschild as a speculator, was ruined at last by a conspiracy. Goldsmid, in conjunction with a banking establishment, had taken a large Government loan. The leaguers contrived to produce from the collectors and receivers of the revenue so large an amount of floating securities—Exchequer Bills and India Bonds—that the omnium fell to 18 discount. The result was Goldsmid's failure, and eventually his suicide. The conspirators purchased omnium when at its greatest discount, and on the following day it went up to 3 premium, being then a profit of about £2,000,000.

Goldsmid was a most kind-hearted and generous man, not so wholly absorbed in speculation and self as some of the more greedy and vulgar members of the commercial world. One day Mr. Goldsmid observed his favourite waiter at the City of London Tavern very melancholy and abstracted. On being pressed, John confessed that he had just

been arrested for a debt of £55, and that he was thinking over the misery of his wife and five children. Goldsmid instantly drew out his cheque-book, and wrote a cheque for £100, the sight of which gladdened poor John's heart and brought tears into his eyes. On one occasion, after a carriage accident in Somersetshire, Goldsmid was carried to the house of a poor curate, and there attended for a fortnight with unremitting kindness. Six weeks after the millionaire's departure a letter came from Goldsmid to the curate, saying that, having contracted for a large Government loan, he (the writer) had put down the curate's name for £20,000 omnium. The poor curate, supposing some great outlay was expected from him for this share in the loan, wrote back to say that he had not £20,000, or even £20, in the world. By the next post came a letter enclosing the curate £1,500, the profit on selling out the £20,000 omnium, the premium having risen since the curate's name had been put down.

Some terrible failures occurred in the Stock Exchange during the Spanish panic of 1835. A few facts connected with this disastrous time will serve excellently to illustrate the effects of such reactions among the speculators in stocks. A decline of 20 or 30 per cent in the Peninsular securities within a week or ten days ruined many of the members. They, like card houses in a puff of wind, brought down others; so that in one short month the greater part of the Stock Exchange had fallen into difficulties. The failure of principals out of doors, who had large differences to pay, caused much of this trouble to the brokers. Men with limited means had plunged into what they considered a certain speculation, and when pay-day arrived and the account was against them, they were obliged to confess their inability to scrape together the required funds. For instance, at the time when Zumalacarrgui was expected to die, a principal, a person who could not command more than £1,000, "stood," as the Stock Exchange phrase runs, to make a "pot of money" by the event. He speculated heavily, and had the Spanish partisan general good-naturedly died during the account, the commercial gambler would have certainly netted nearly £40,000. The general, however, obstinately delayed his death till the next week, and by that time the speculator was ruined, and all he had sold. Many of the distinguished speculators whose names figured on the black board in 1835 had been "bulls" of Spanish stock. When the market gave way and prices fell, the panic-stricken attempted to put off the evil day, saying, "wait till the period, by 'carrying over' instead of settling their accounts." The weather, however, grew more

the more stormy, and at last when payment could no longer be evaded, they coolly turned round, and with brazen faces refused, although some of them were able to adjust the balances which their luckless brokers exhibited against them. Now a broker is obliged either to make good his principal's losses from his own pocket, or be declared a defaulter, and expelled the Stock Exchange. This rule often presses heavily, says an authority on the subject, on honest but not over opulent brokers, who transact business for other persons, and become liable if they turn out either insolvent or rogues. Brokers are in most cases careful in the choice of principals if they speculate largely, and often adopt the prudent and very justifiable plan of having a certain amount of stock deposited in their "strong box" as security before any important business is undertaken. Every principal who dabbles in rickety stock without a certain reserve as a security is set down by most men as little better than a swindler.

During the rumours of war which prevailed in October, 1840, shortly before the fall of the Thiers administration in France, the fluctuations in Consols were as much as 4 per cent. The result was great ruin to speculators. The speculators for the rise—the "bulls," in fact—of £400,000 Consols sustained a loss of from £10,000 to £15,000, for which more than one broker found it necessary, for sustaining his credit, to pay.

The railway mania produced many changes in the Stock Exchange. The share market, which previously had been occupied by only four or five brokers and a number of small jobbers, now became a focus of vast business. Certain brokers, it is said, made £3,000 to £4,000 a day by their business. One fortunate man outside the house, who held largely of Churnet Valley scrip before the sanction of the Board of Trade was procured, sold at the best price directly the announcement was made, and netted by that *coup* £27,000. The "Alley men" wrote letters for shares, and when the allotments were obtained made some 10s. on each share. Some of these "dabblers" are known to have made only fifty farthings of fifty shares of a railway now the first in the kingdom. The sellers of letters used to meet in the Royal Exchange before business hours, till the beadle had at last to drive them away to make room for the merchants. There is a story told of an "Alley man" during the mania contriving to sell some rotten shares by bowing to Sir Isaac Goldsmid in the presence of his victim. Sir Isaac returned the bow, and the victim at once believed in the respectability of the gay deceiver.

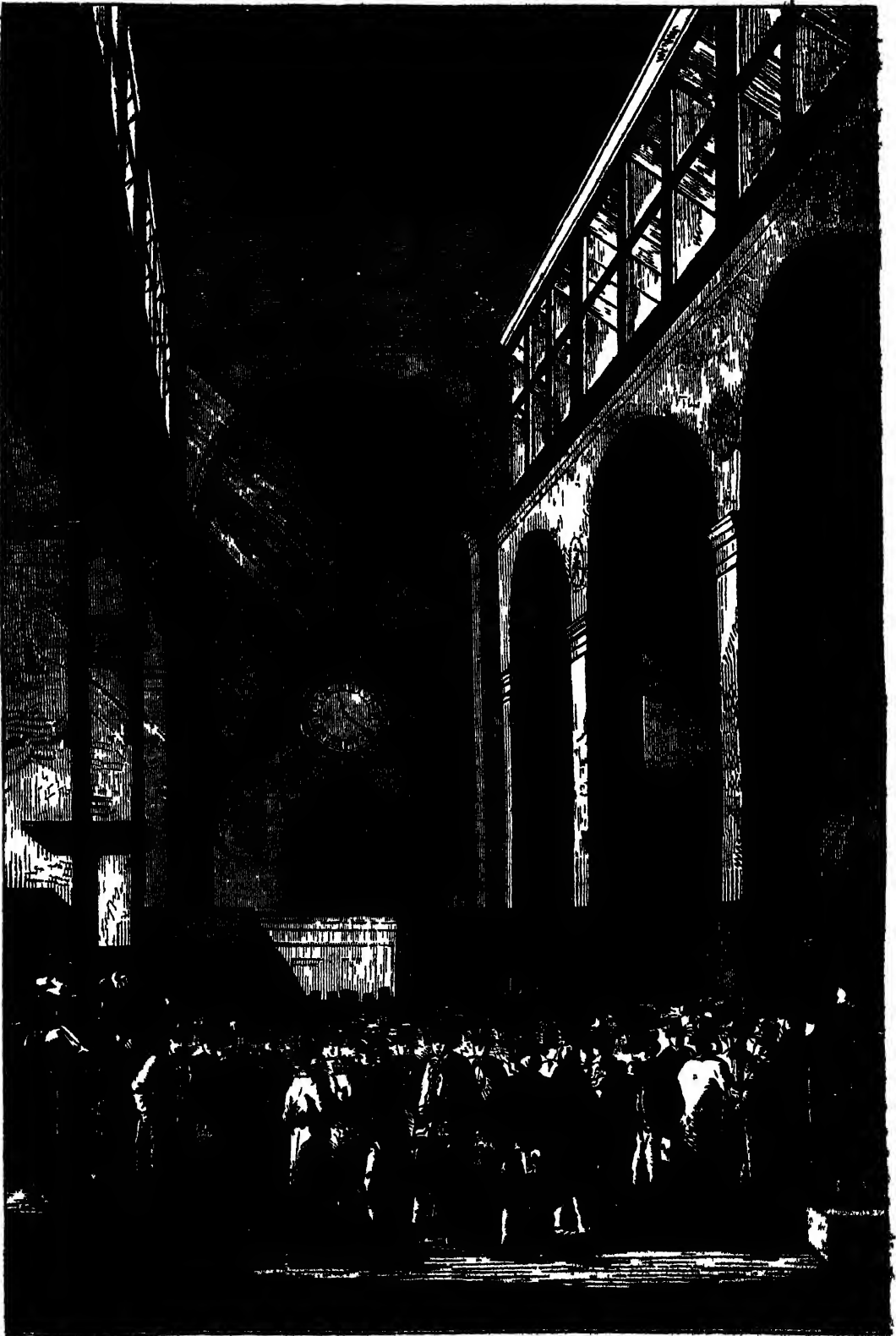
With the single exception of Mr. David Ricardo, the celebrated political economist, says Mr. Grant,

there are few names of any literary distinction connected with the Stock Exchange. Mr. Ricardo is said to have amassed his immense fortune by a scrupulous attention to his own golden rules:—

"Never refuse an option when you can get it;  
Cut short your losses;  
Let your profits run on."

By the second rule, which, like the rest, is strictly technical, Mr. Ricardo meant that purchasers of stock ought to re-sell immediately prices fell. By the third he meant that when a person held stock and prices were rising, he ought not to sell until prices had reached their highest, and were beginning to fall.

The amount of business done at the Stock Exchange in a day is enormous. In a few hours property, including time bargains, to the amount of £10,000,000 has changed hands. Rothschild is known in one day to have made purchases to the extent of £4,000,000. This great speculator never appeared on the Stock Exchange himself, and on special occasions he always employed a new set of brokers to buy or sell. The boldest attempt ever made to overthrow the power of Rothschild in the money market was that made by a Mr. H. He was the son of a wealthy country banker, with money-stock in his own name, though it was really his father's, to the extent of £50,000. He began by buying as openly as possible, and selling out again to a very large amount in a very short period of time. About this time Consols were as high as 96 or 97, and there were signs of a coming panic. Mr. H. determined to depress the market, and carry on war against Rothschild, the leader of the "bulls." He now struck out a bold game. He bought £200,000 in Consols at 96, and at once offered any part of £100,000 at 94, and at once found purchasers. He then offered more at 93, 92, and eventually as low as 90. The next day he brought them down to 74; a run on the Bank of England began, which almost exhausted it of its specie. He then purchased to a large extent, so that when the reaction took place the daring adventurer found his gains had exceeded £100,000. Two years after he had another "operation," but Rothschild, guessing his plan, laid a trap, into which he fell, and the day after his name was posted on the black board. It was then discovered that the original £50,000 money-stock had been in reality his father's. A deputation from the committee waited upon Mr. H. immediately after his failure, and quietly suggested to him an immediate sale of his furniture, and the mortgage of an annuity settled on his wife. He, furious at this, rang the bell for his footman, and ordered him to show the



ON CHANGE (From an Old Print, about 1800. The Figures by Rowlandson; Architecture by Nash.)



deputation down stairs. He swore at the treatment that he had received, and said, "As for you, you vagabond, 'My son Jack' (the nickname of the spokesman), who has had the audacity to make me such a proposal, if you don't hurry down stairs, I'll pitch you out of window."

Nicknames are of frequent occurrence on the Stock Exchange. "My son Jack" we have just mentioned. Another was known as "The Lady's Broker," in consequence of being employed in an unfortunate speculation by a lady who had ventured without the knowledge of her husband. The husband refused to pay a farthing, and the broker, to save himself from the black board, divulged the name of the lady who was unable to meet her obligations.

It is a fact not generally known, says a writer on the subject, that by one of the regulations of the Stock Exchange, any person purchasing stock in the funds, or any of the public companies, has a right to demand of the seller as many transfers as there are even thousand pounds in the amount bought. Suppose, for instance, that any person were to purchase £10,000 stock, then, instead of having the whole made over to him by one ticket of transfer, he has a right to demand, if he so pleases, ten separate transfers from the party or parties of whom he purchased.

The descriptions of English stock which are least generally understood are "scrip" and "omnium." "Scrip" means the receipt for any instalment or instalments which may have been paid on any given amount which has been purchased on any Government loan. This receipt, or "scrip" is marketable, the party purchasing it, either at a premium or discount, as the case chances to be, becoming of course bound to pay up the remainder of the instalments, on pain of forfeiting the money he has given for it. "Omnium" means the various kinds of stock in which a loan is absorbed; or, to make the thing still more intelligible, a person purchasing a certain quantity of omnium purchases given proportions of the various descriptions of Government securities.

Bargains made one day are always checked the following day, by the parties themselves or their clerks. This is done by calling over their respective books one against another. In most transactions what is called an option is given, by mutual consent, to each party. This is often of great importance to the speculator. It is said that the business at the Stock Exchange is in theory illegal, since an unrepealed Act of Parliament exists which directs all buying and selling of Bank securities shall take place in the Rotunda of the Bank.

The following particulars concerning the London Stock Exchange are gleaned from the official report of the commissions appointed, in 1878, to inquire into the origin, objects, constitution, customs, and usages of that institution, and the mode of transacting business therein. The Stock Exchange, then, is a voluntary association of those who deal in the various securities which pass by the common name of "stocks and shares." The association, as at present constituted, had at the date above mentioned been in existence about three-quarters of a century. It has been the result of a natural growth, arising in a great measure from the enormous increase in number and variety of foreign stocks, and of the stocks, shares, and debentures, &c., connected with industrial undertakings in modern times; and whereas its members in the year 1864 did not number more than about 1,100, in 1878 they numbered more than 2,000.

The main objects with which this body of persons have associated themselves together appear to have been the easy and expeditious transaction of business, and the enforcement among themselves of fair dealing. To these ends a building has been provided for their exclusive use, and a set of rules formed for the admission and expulsion of members, and the control of their conduct both between individual members and towards the public.

The Stock Exchange, as at present constituted, consists in a certain sense of two distinct bodies, composed in some degree of the same members, but having different interests. These are, first, the shareholders or proprietors, and, secondly, the subscribers; these latter being the persons generally described as members of the Stock Exchange, or members of the House. To the shareholders the Stock Exchange is a joint-stock undertaking, the profit arising from the management of which accrues to them as dividend. They have, apart from their being in most cases members, no privileges whatever, not even the right of entry into the building. To the subscribers or members of the House, the Stock Exchange is a place for the transaction of business, to which they alone (and their clerks) have a right of entry on payment of the admission fee and annual subscription fixed by the representatives of the shareholders. The distinction between the two constituent bodies of members and shareholders leads to a corresponding distinction between the two governing bodies—namely, the Managers, who are elected by, and who represent the shareholders, and the Committee for General Purposes, who are elected by and represent the members. The managers



are nine in number; three go out of office once in five years. They are the trustees of the property, and have exclusive control over the income and expenditure of the Stock Exchange, but no control over the business transacted by the members. They appoint all officials except the secretary to the Committee for General Purposes and the official assignees, and they superintend all matters connected with the building and its arrangements. The Committee for General Purposes, on the other hand, thirty in number, annually elect or re-elect the members; they appoint their own secretary and the official assignees, and exercise a general control over the mode in which the business is transacted in the House, and the conduct of its members. Those members who have not been clerks pay an admission fee of 100 guineas, and an annual subscription of 20 guineas. Those who have previously served as clerks pay an admission fee of 60 guineas, and an annual subscription of 12 guineas. The Committee for General Purposes have no funds of any kind at their disposal, the entrance fees and subscriptions of members being substantially a rent paid to the shareholders for the use of the building.

Objections to the twofold character of the institution and its dual government were brought under the notice of the commissioners above mentioned, and suggestions were made for its alteration. The question seems also to have attracted the attention of the Stock Exchange itself, and the provisions of the new deed of settlement of 1876 appear to have been framed with a view to the ultimate amalgamation of the two bodies. By these provisions the original number of 400 shares has been increased by subdivision to 4,000; the maximum number of shares to be held by any new shareholder has been limited to ten, and no new shareholder can be admitted unless he be also a member of the Stock Exchange. The tendency of these changes, says the report, would appear to be in the right direction; but for the present the two bodies are distinct, and joint action can only be undertaken by a committee of consultation, formed by a sub-committee of the Committee for General Purposes, and a committee of the trustees and managers. A foreigner must have been resident in the United Kingdom for five years previous, unless he is recommended by five members of the Stock Exchange, each of whom becomes security for £300. The candidate must not enter into partnership with any of his recommenders for two years after his admission, unless additional security be provided, and one partner cannot recommend another. Bill and dis-

count brokers are excluded from the Stock Exchange, says the same writer, and no applicant's wife can be engaged in any sort of business. No applicant who has been a bankrupt is eligible until two years after he has obtained his certificate, or fulfilled the conditions of his deed of composition, or unless he has paid 6s. 8d. in the pound. No one who has been twice bankrupt is eligible, unless on the same very improbable condition.

In the management of the Stock Exchange as a joint-stock undertaking, the public has no direct interest; but it would appear to have been conducted with considerable profit to the shareholders. The gross income arising from admission fees and subscriptions has been stated to be from £60,000 to £66,000 per annum, and the surplus accruing as dividend, after the payment of expenses, about £45,000 per annum. Calls have been made upon the shareholders from time to time, and the average dividend for the last seventy-five years on the paid-up value of the shares has been from twenty to twenty-one per cent.

With the constitution and management of the Stock Exchange as a place for the transaction of business the public is more directly interested. It is practically the only market in London for the buying and selling of stocks and shares; and bargains entered into upon it on behalf of the public are made subject to the rules and regulations of the institution itself. These rules and regulations are made and altered from time to time by the Committee for General Purposes; they are entered at Stationers' Hall, and can be bought by any person for a shilling.

The right of entry into the building itself is strictly confined to members and their clerks, any person, speaking generally, being eligible for membership unless engaged in any business other than that of the Stock Exchange. Candidates for admission have originally to be recommended by three members, who guarantee the sum of £750 apiece, in case the new member be declared a defaulter within two years. They are balloted for by the Committee for General Purposes, and they are in theory subject to re-election at the hands of the committee each year. In practice, however, the committee are not in the habit of acting inquisitorially, and the annual re-election is in the great majority of cases a mere matter of form. Persons intending to object to the admission of a new member or the re-election of an existing member are required to communicate the grounds of their objection to the committee by letter previously to the ballot or re-election. The committee having re-elected the members for the ensuing year, then

selves go out of office; but as a general rule the same committee, subject to some individuals withdrawing, is re-elected. All members of the Stock Exchange as between themselves stand in the position of principals; there is no formal distinction between dealers and brokers, and nothing to prevent a member acting as a dealer in one month and a broker the next. In numbers, these two classes, dealers and brokers, are said to be about equal, the preponderance, however, being in favour of the brokers. The interest of the two classes, which may in some cases be at variance, are said to be pretty equally represented on the committee. The dealer remains in the House ready to deal with any one who comes to him; the broker comes into the House only when he has business to transact. This difference is said to be sufficient to make a change from one class of business to the other a matter of notoriety, and such changes, though not forbidden by the rules of the House, as a matter of fact occur but seldom. It follows as a natural corollary from the Stock Exchange making no formal distinction between dealers and brokers, and treating all members as principals between themselves, that they pay no regard to the necessity of a broker's licence being granted by the Corporation of the City of London. There does not appear to be any evidence that the members of the Stock Exchange practise as brokers without a licence from the City, but there are undoubtedly persons practising as stockbrokers under a licence from the City without being members of the Stock Exchange; and yet the two authorities do not stand in any relation to one another.

If a member makes any bargains before or after the regular business hours—ten to four—the bargain is not recognised by the committee. No bonds can be returned as imperfect after three days' detention. If a member comes to private terms with his creditors, he is put upon the black board of the Exchange as a defaulter, and expelled. A further failure can be condoned for, after six months' exile, provided the member pays at least one-third of any loss that may have occurred on his speculations. For dishonourable conduct the committee can also chalk up a member's name.

It is said that a member of the Stock Exchange who fails, and gives up his last farthing to his creditors, is never thought as well of as the man who takes care to keep a reserve, in order to step back again into business. For instance, a stockbroker once lost on one account £10,000, and paid the whole without a murmur. Being, however, what is called on the Stock Exchange "a little man," he never again recovered his credit, it

being suspected that his back was irretrievably broken.

But a still more striking and very interesting illustration of the estimation in which sterling integrity is held among a large proportion of the members was afforded (says Mr. Grant) in the case of the late Mr. L. A. de la Chaumette, a gentleman of foreign extraction. He had previously been in the Manchester trade, but had been unfortunate. Being a man much respected, and extensively known, his friends advised him to go on the Stock Exchange. He adopted their advice, and became a member. He at once established an excellent business as a broker. Not only did he make large sums, in the shape of commissions on the transactions in which he was employed by others, but one of the largest mercantile houses in London, having the highest possible opinion of his judgment and integrity, entrusted him with the sole disposal of an immense sum of money belonging to the French refugees, which was in their hands at the time. He contrived to employ this money so advantageously, both to his constituents and himself, that he acquired a handsome fortune. Before he had been a member three years, he invited his creditors to dine with him on a particular day at the London Tavern, but concealed from them the particular object he had in view in so doing. On entering the room, they severally found their own names on the different plates, which were reversed, and on turning them up, each found a cheque for the amount due to him with interest. The entire sum which Mr. L. A. de la Chaumette paid away on this occasion, and in this manner, was upwards of £30,000. Next day he went into the House as usual, and such was the feeling entertained of his conduct, that many members refused to do a bargain with him to the extent of a single thousand. They looked on his payment of the claims of his former creditors as a foolish affair, and fancied that he might have exhausted his resources, never dreaming that, even if he had, a man of such honourable feeling and upright principle was worthy of credit to any amount. He eventually died worth upwards of £500,000.

The locality of the Stock Exchange (says the author of "The Great Babylon," probably the Rev. Dr. Croly) is well chosen, being at a point where intelligence from the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, and the different coffee-houses where private letters from abroad are received, may be obtained in a few minutes, and thus "news from all nations" may be very speedily manufactured with an air of authenticity. One wide portal gapes toward the Bank, in Bartholomew Lane; and there

is a sally-port into Threadneedle Street, for those who do not wish to be seen entering or emerging the other way. From the dull and dingy aspect of these approaches, which, it seems, cannot be whitened, one could form no guess at the mighty deeds of the place; and when the hourly quotations of the price of stocks are the same, the place is silent, and only a few individuals, with faces which grin but cannot smile, are seen crawling in and out, or standing yawning in the court with their hands in their breeches' pockets. If, however, the quotations fluctuate, and the Royal Exchange, where most of the leading men of the money-market lounge, be full of bustling and rumours, and especially if characters, with eyes like basilisks and faces lined and surfaced like an asparagus-bed ere the plants come up, be ever and anon darting in at the north door of the Royal Exchange, bounding toward the chief priests of Mammon, like pith balls to the conductor of an electric machine, and, when they have "got their charge," bounding away again, then you may be sure that the Stock Exchange is worth seeing, if it could be seen with comfort, or even with safety.

Among the various plans adopted for securing early intelligence for Stock Exchange purposes before the invention of the telegraph, none proved more successful than that of "pigeon expresses." Till about the beginning of the century the ordinary courier brought the news from the Continent; and it was only the Rothschilds, and one or two other important firms, that "ran" intelligence, in anticipation of the regular French mail. However, many years ago, the project was conceived of establishing a communication between London and Paris by means of pigeons, and in the course of two years it was in complete operation. The training of the birds took considerable time before they could be relied on; and the relays and organisation required to perfect the scheme not only involved a vast expenditure of time, but also of money. In the first place, to make the communication of use on both sides of the Channel, it was necessary to get two distinct establishments for the flight of the pigeons—one in England, and another in France. It was then necessary that persons in whom reliance could be placed should be stationed in the two capitals, to be in readiness to receive or despatch the birds that might bring or carry the intelligence, and make it available for the parties interested. Hence it became almost evident that one speculator, without he was a very wealthy man, could not hope to support a pigeon "express." The consequence was, that, the project being mooted, two or three of the speculators, including brokers of the House, them-

selves joined and worked it for their own benefit. Through this medium several of the dealers rapidly made large sums of money.

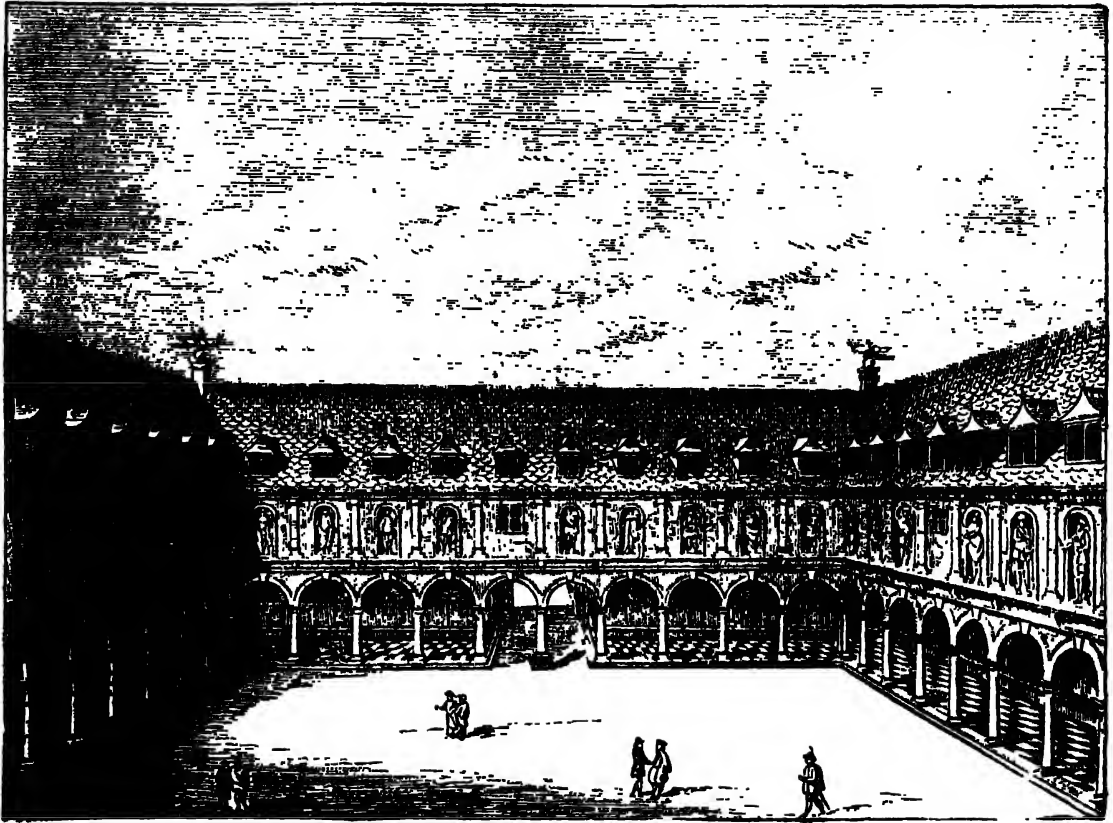
In 1837-38-39, and 1840, a great deal of money was made by the "pigeon men," as the speculators supposed to have possession of such intelligence were familiarly termed; and their appearance in the market was always indicative of a rise or fall, according to the tendency of their operations. Having the first chance of buying or selling, they, of course, had the market for a while in their own hands; but as time progressed, and it was found that the papers, by their "second editions," would communicate the news, the general brokers refused to do business till the papers reached the City. The pigeons bringing the news occasionally got shot on their passage, but, as a flock of some eight or a dozen were usually started at a time, miscarriage was not of frequent occurrence. At the time of the death of Mr. Rothschild, one was caught at Brighton, having been disabled by a gun-shot wound, and beneath the shoulder-feathers of the left wing was discovered a small note, with the words "Il est mort," followed by a number of hieroglyphics. Each pigeon man had a method of communication entirely his own; and if one fancied the key to it was in another person's power, he immediately varied it. A case of this description occurred worth noting. The parties interested in the scheme fancied that however soon they received intelligence, there were others in the market who were quite equal with them. In order to arrive at the real state of affairs, the chief proprietor consented at the advice of a friend, to pay £10 for the early perusal of a supposed rival's "pigeon express." The "express" came to hand, he read it, and was not a little surprised to find that he was in reality paying for the perusal of his own news! The truth soon came out. Somebody had bribed the keepers of his pigeons, who were thus not only making a profit by the sale of his intelligence, but also on the speculations they in consequence conducted. The defect was soon remedied by changing the style of characters employed, and all went right as before.

When a defalcation takes place in the Stock Exchange (says a City writer of 1845), the course pursued is as follows:—At the commencement of the "settling day," should a broker or jobber—the one through the default of his principals, and the other in consequence of unsuccessful speculations—find a heavy balance on the wrong side of his accounts, which he is unfortunately unable to settle, and should the attempt to get assistance from friends prove unavailing, he must fall, and that case it is publicly announced by the press.

the House that Mr. — is unable to fulfil his "bargains."

Visit Bartholomew Lane at any time of the year, says a City writer, and you will be sure to find several people of shabby exterior holding converse at the entrance of Capel Court, or on the steps of the auction mart. These are the "Alley men." You will see one, perhaps, take from his pocket a good-sized parcel of dirty-backed letters, all arranged, and tied round with string or red tape, which he sorts

will suppose the price to be 80½, that is, £80 2s. 6d. sterling for £100 stock. Upon my asking the price of the Four per Cents, the answer probably is, "Buyers at an eighth, and sellers at a quarter;" that is, the jobbers who either buy or sell will have the *turn*, or ½. Now if I leave the purchase to a broker, he probably gives, without the least hesitation, 80½, because he may have a friendly turn to make to his brother broker, for a similar act of kindness the preceding day. Well, but I do



INNER COURT OF THE FIRST ROYAL EXCHANGE. (See page 495).

with as much care and attention as if they were bank-notes. That parcel is his stock-in-trade. Perhaps those letters contain the allotment of shares, in various companies, to an amount, if the capital subscribed was paid, of many thousands of pounds.

The purchase of stock is thus described by an *habitué*. "Suppose I went," he says, "to buy £100 stock in the Four per Cents. I soon know whether the funds are better, or worse, or steady; for this is the language of the place. If they are *better*, they are on the rise from the preceding day; if *worse*, they are lower than on that day; if *steady*, they have not fluctuated at all, or very little. To render the matter as intelligible as possible, we

not leave the purchase to a broker; I manage it myself. I direct my broker to buy me £100 stock at 80½. He takes my name, profession, and place of residence; he then makes a purchase, and the seller of the stock transfers it to me, my heirs, assigns, &c., and makes his signature. On the same leaf of the same book in which the *transfer* is made to me, there is a form of acceptance of the stock transferred to me, and to which I also put my signature; the clerk then witnesses the receipt, and the whole business is done. The seller of the stock gives me the receipt, with his signature to it, which I may keep till I receive a dividend, when it is no longer any use. The

payment of the dividend is an acknowledgment of my right to the stock; and therefore the receipt then becomes useless."

The usual commission charged by a broker is one-eighth (2s. 6d.) per cent. upon the stock sold or purchased; although of late years the charge has often been reduced fifty per cent., especially in speculators' charges, a reduction ascribed to the

The Stock Exchange has numbered amongst its subscribers some valuable members of society, including David Ricardo and several of his descendants, Francis Baily the astronomer, and many others, down to Charles Stokes, F.R.S., not long ago deceased. Horace Smith and the author of the "Last of the Plantagenets"—himself in his prosperity a munificent patron of literature—also for a



SIR THOMAS GRESHAM.

influx into the market of a body of brokers who will "do business" almost for nothing, provided they can procure customers. The broker deals with the "jobbers," a class of members, or "middle-men," who remain stationary in the stock market, ready to act upon the orders received from brokers.

There is, moreover, a fund subscribed by the members for their decayed associates, the invested capital of which, exclusive of annual contributions, amounts to upwards of £30,000.

long time enlivened its precincts. The writer of the successful play of "The Templar," and other elegant productions, was one of the body.

The managers, in 1854, expended about £6,000 in securing additional space for the Stock Exchange prior to the commencement of the works, and the contract was taken at £10,400, some subsequent alterations respecting ventilation having caused the amount to be already exceeded.

The fabric belongs to a private company, con-



sisting of 400 shareholders, and the shares were originally of £50 each, but are now of uncertain amount, the last addition being a call of £25 per share, made for the construction of the new edifice. The affairs of this company are conducted under a cumbersome and restrictive deed of settlement, by nine "managers," elected for life by the shareholders, no election taking place till there are four vacancies. The members or subscribers, however, entirely conduct their own affairs by a committee of thirty of their own body. Neither members nor committee are elected for more than one year.

The number of members at present exceeds 1,700. The subscription is paid to the "managers," who liquidate all expenses, and adopt alterations in the building, upon the representations of the committee of the members, or even on the application

of the subscribers. Of the 400 shares mentioned above, the whole, with scarcely an exception, are held by the members themselves. No one person is allowed to hold, directly or indirectly, more than four.

The present building stands in the centre of the block of buildings fronting Bartholomew Lane, Threadneedle Street, Old Broad Street, and Throgmorton Street. The principal entrance is from Bartholomew Lane through Capel Court. There are also three entrances from Throgmorton Street, and one from Threadneedle Street. The area of the new house is about 75 square yards, and it would contain 1,100 or 1,200 members. There are, however, seldom more than half that number present. The site is very irregular, and has enforced some peculiar construction in covering it, into which iron enters largely.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

*The Greshams—Important Negotiations—Building of the Old Exchange—Queen Elizabeth visits it—Its Milliners' Shops—A Resort for Idlers—Access of Nuisances—The various Walks in the Exchange—Shakespeare's Visits to it—Precautions against Fire—Lady Gresham and the Council—The "Eye of London"—Contemporary Allusions—The Royal Exchange during the Plague and the Great Fire—Wren's Design for a New Royal Exchange—The Plan which was ultimately accepted—Addison and Steele upon the Exchange—The Shops of the Second Exchange.*

In the year 1563 Sir Thomas Gresham, a munificent merchant of Lombard Street, who traded largely with Antwerp, carrying out a scheme of his father, offered the City to erect a Bourse at his own expense, if they would provide a suitable plot of ground; the great merchant's local pride having been hurt at seeing Antwerp provided with a stately Exchange, and London without one.

A short sketch of the Gresham family is here necessary, to enable us to understand the antecedents of this great benefactor of London. The family derived its name from Gresham, a little village in Norfolk; and one of the early Greshams appears to have been clerk to Sir William Paston, a judge. The family afterwards removed to Holt, near the sea. John Gresham married an heiress, by whom he had four sons, William, Thomas, Richard, and John. Thomas became Chancellor of Lichfield, the other three brothers turned merchants, and two of them were knighted by Henry VIII. Sir Richard, the father of Sir Thomas Gresham, was an eminent London merchant, elected Lord Mayor in 1537. Being a trusty foreign agent of Henry VII., and a friend of Cromwell and Wolsey, he received from the king five several

gifts of church lands. Sir Richard died at Bethnal Green, 1548-9. He was buried in the church of St. Lawrence Jewry. Thomas Gresham was sent to Gonville College, Cambridge, and apprenticed probably before that to his uncle Sir John, a Levant merchant, for eight years. In 1543 we find the young merchant applying to Margaret, Regent of the Low Countries, for leave to export gunpowder to England for King Henry, who was then preparing for his attack on France, and the siege of Boulogne. In 1554 Gresham married the daughter of a Suffolk gentleman, and the widow of a London mercer. By her he had several children, none of whom, however, reached maturity.

It was in 1551 or 1552 that Gresham's real fortune commenced, by his appointment as king's merchant factor, or agent, at Antwerp, to raise private loans from German and Low Country merchants to meet the royal necessities, and to keep the privy council informed in the local news. The wise factor borrowed in his own name, and soon raised the exchange from 16s. Flemish for the pound sterling to 22s., at which rate he discharged all the king's debts, and made money plentiful. He says, in a letter to the Duke of Northumberland, that



he hoped in one year to save England £20,000. It being forbidden to export further from Antwerp, Gresham had to resort to various stratagems, and in 1553 (Queen Mary) we find him writing to the Privy Council, proposing to send £200 (in heavy Spanish rials), in bags of pepper, four at a time, and the English ambassador at Brussels was to bring over with him £20,000 or £30,000, but he afterwards changed his mind, and sent the money packed up in bales with suits of armour and £3,000 in each, rewarding the searcher at Gravelines with new year presents of black velvet and black cloth. About the time of the Queen's marriage to Philip Gresham went to Spain, to start from Puerto Real fifty cases, each containing 22,000 Spanish ducats. All the time Gresham resided at Antwerp, carrying out these sagacious and important negotiations, he was rewarded with the paltry remuneration of £1 a day, of which we often find him seriously complaining. It was in Antwerp, that vast centre of commerce, that Gresham must have gained that great knowledge of business by which he afterwards enriched himself. Antwerp exported to England at this time, says Mr. Burgon, in his excellent life of Gresham, almost every article of luxury required by English people.

Later in Queen Mary's reign Gresham was frequently displaced by rivals. He made trips to England, sharing largely in the dealings of the Mercers' Company, of which he was a member, and shipping vast quantities of cloth to sell to the Italian merchants at Antwerp, in exchange for silks. A few years later the Mercers are described as sending forth, twice a year, a fleet of 50 or 60 ships, laden with cloth, for the Low Countries. Gresham is mentioned, in 1555, as presenting Queen Mary, as a new year's gift, with "a bolt of fine Holland," receiving in return a gilt jug, weighing 16½ ounces. That the Queen considered Gresham a faithful and useful servant there can be no doubt, for she gave him, at different times, a priory, a rectory, and several manors and advowsons.

Gresham, like a prudent courtier, seems to have been one of the first persons of celebrity who visited Queen Elizabeth on her accession. She gave the wise merchant her hand to kiss, and told him that she would always keep one ear ready to hear him; "which," says Gresham, "made me a young man again, and caused me to enter on my present charge with heart and courage."

The young Queen also promised him on her faith that if he served her as well as he had done her brother Edward, and Queen Mary, her sister, she would give him as much land as ever they both had. This gracious promise Gresham re-

mined the Queen of years after, when he had to complain to his friend Cecil that the Marquis of Winchester had tried to injure him with the Queen.

Gresham soon resumed his visits to Flanders, to procure money, and send over powder, armour, and weapons. He was present at the funeral of Charles V., seems to have foreseen the coming troubles in the Low Countries, and commented on the rash courage of Count Egmont.

The death of Gresham's only son Richard, in the year 1564, was the cause, Mr. Burgon thinks, of Gresham's determining to devote his money to the benefit of his fellow-citizens. Lombard Street had long become too small for the business of London. Men of business were exposed there to all weathers, and had to crowd into small shops, or jostle under the pent-houses. As early as 1534 or 1535 the citizens had deliberated in common council on the necessity of a new place of resort, and Leadenhall Street had been proposed. In the year 1565 certain houses in Cornhill, in the ward of Broad Street, and three alleys—Swan Alley, Cornhill; New Alley, Cornhill, near St. Bartholomew's Lane; and St. Christopher's Alley, comprising in all fourscore householders—were purchased for £3,737 6s. 6d., and the materials sold for £478. The amount was subscribed for in small sums by about 750 citizens, the Ironmongers' Company giving £75. The first brick was laid by Sir Thomas, June 7, 1566. A Flemish architect superintended the sawing of the timber, at Gresham's estate at Ringshall, near Ipswich, and on Battisford Tye (common) traces of the old sawpits can still be seen. The slates were bought at Dort, the wainscoting and glass at Amsterdam, and other materials in Flanders. The building, pushed on too fast for final solidity, was slated in by November, 1567, and shortly after finished. The Bourse, when erected, was thought to resemble that of Antwerp, but there is also reason to believe that Gresham's architect closely followed the Bourse of Venice.

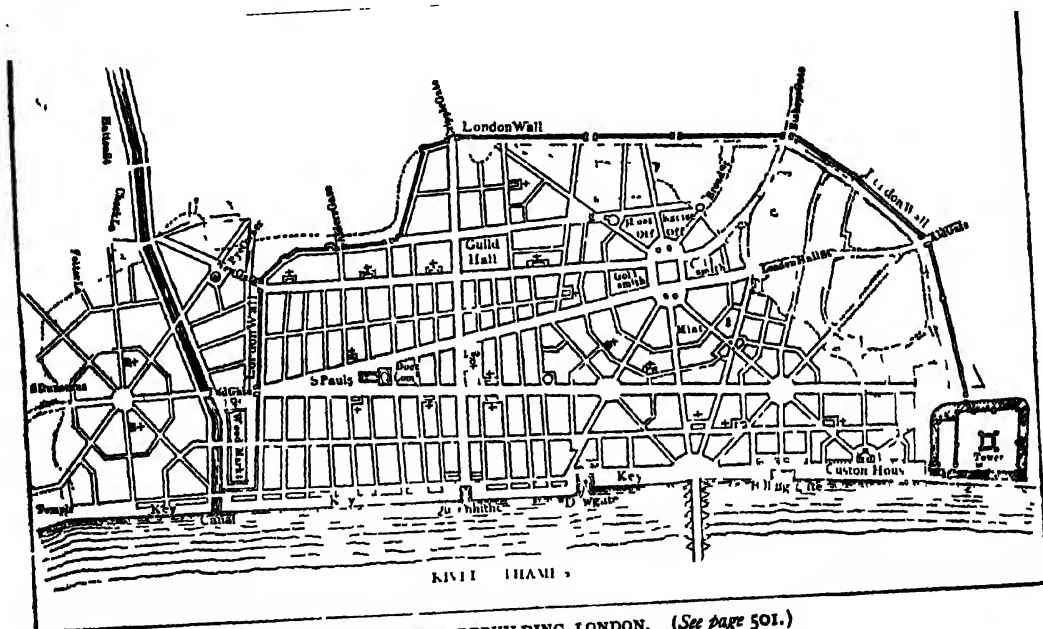
The new Bourse, Flemish in character, was a long four-storeyed building, with a high double balcony. A bell-tower, crowned by a huge grasshopper, stood on one side of the chief entrance. The bell in this tower summoned merchants to the spot at twelve o'clock at noon and six o'clock in the evening. A lofty Corinthian column, crested with a grasshopper, apparently stood outside the north entrance, overlooking the quadrangle. The brick building was afterwards stuccoed over, to imitate stone. Each corner of the building, and the peak of every dormer window, was crowned by a grasshopper. Within Gresham's Bourse were piazzas for wet weather, and the covered walks

were adorned with statues of English kings. A statue of Gresham stood near the north end of the western piazza. At the Great Fire of 1666 this statue alone remained there uninjured, as Pepys and Evelyn particularly record. The piazzas were supported by marble pillars, and above were 100 small shops. The vaults dug below, for merchandise, proved dark and damp, and were comparatively valueless. Hentzner, a German traveller who visited England in the year 1598, particularly mentions the stateliness of the building, the assemblage of different nations, and the quantities of merchandise.

Many of the shops in the Bourse remained unlet

on January 23, 1570, Queen Elizabeth came from Somerset House through Fleet Street past the north side of the Bourse to Sir Thomas Gresham's house in Bishopsgate Street, and there dined. After the banquet she entered the Bourse on the south side, viewed every part; especially she caused the building, by herald's trumpet, to be proclaimed 'the Royal Exchange,' so to be called from henceforth, and not otherwise."

Such was the vulgar opinion of Gresham's wealth, that Thomas Heywood, in his old play, *If You know not Me, You know Nobody*, makes Gresham crush an invaluable pearl into the wine-cup in which he drinks his queen's health—



WREN'S PLAN FOR REBUILDING LONDON. (See page 501.)

till Queen Elizabeth's visit, in 1570, which gave them a lustre that tended to make the new building fashionable. Gresham, anxious to have the Bourse worthy of such a visitor, went round twice in one day to all the shopkeepers in "the upper pawn," and offered them all the shops they would furnish and light up with wax rent free for a whole year. The result of this liberality was that in two years Gresham was able to raise the rent from 40s. a year to four marks, and a short time after to £4 10s. The milliners' shops at the Bourse, in Gresham's time, sold mousetraps, birdcages, shoeing-horns, lanterns, and Jews' trumps. There were also sellers of armour, apothecaries, book-sellers, goldsmiths, and glass-sellers; but the shops soon grew richer and more fashionable, so that in 1631 the editor of Stow says, "Unto which place,

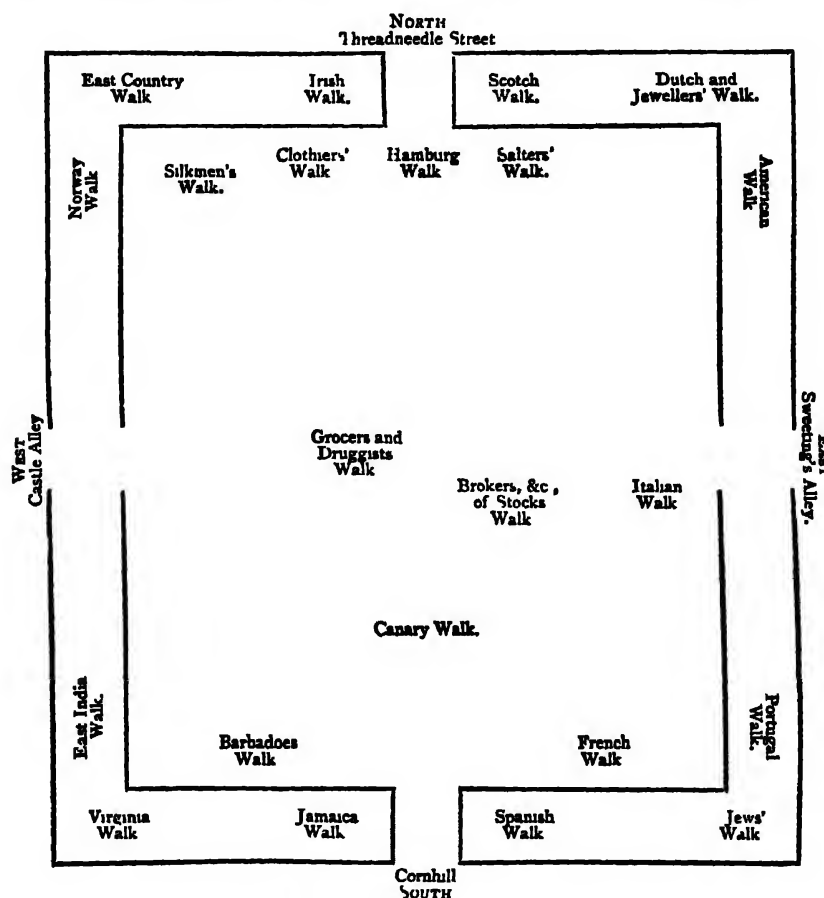
"Here fifteen hundred pounds at one clap goes.  
Instead of sugar, Gresham drinks the pearl  
Unto his queen and mistress. Pledge it, lords!"

The new Exchange, like the nave of St. Paul's, soon became a resort for idlers. In the Inquest Book of Cornhill Ward, 1574 (says Mr. Burgon), there is a presentment against the Exchange, because on Sundays and holidays great numbers of boys, children, and "young rogues," meet there, and shout and holloa, so that honest citizens cannot quietly walk there for their recreation, and the parishioners of St. Bartholomew could not hear the sermon. In 1590 we find certain women prosecuted for selling apples and oranges at the Exchange gate in Cornhill, and "amusing themselves in cursing and swearing, to the great annoyance and grief of the inhabitants and passers-by." In 1592 a tavern-keeper,

who had vaults under the Exchange, was fined for allowing tippling, and for broiling herrings, sprats, and bacon, to the vexation of worshipful merchants resorting to the Exchange. In 1602 we find that oranges and lemons were allowed to be sold at the gates and passages of the Exchange. In 1622 complaint was made of the rat-catchers, and sellers of dogs, birds, plants, &c., who hung about the south gate of the Bourse, especially at exchange

p.m. in summer, and nine p.m. in winter. Bishop Hall, in his Satires (1598), sketching the idlers of his day, describes "Tattellius, the new-come traveller, with his disguised coat and new-ringed ear [Shakespeare wore earrings], tramping the Bourse's marble twice a day."

And Hayman, in his "Quodlibet" (1628), has the following epigram on a "loafer" of the day, whom he dubs "Sir Pierce Penniless," from Naish's clever



PLAN OF THE EXCHANGE IN 1837.

time. It was also seriously complained of that the bear-wards, Shakespeare's noisy neighbours in Southwark, before special bull or bear baitings, used to parade before the Exchange, generally in business hours, and there make proclamation of their entertainments, which caused tumult, and drew together mobs. It was usual on these occasions to have a monkey riding on the bear's back, and several discordant minstrels fiddling, to give additional publicity to the coming festival.

No person frequenting the Bourse was allowed to wear any weapon, and in 1579 it was ordered that no one should walk in the Exchange after ten

pamphlet, and ranks with the moneyless loungers of St. Paul's —

"Though little coin thy purseless pockets line,  
Yet with great company thou'rt taken up;  
For often with Duke Humfray thou dost dine,  
And often with Sir Thomas Gresham sup."

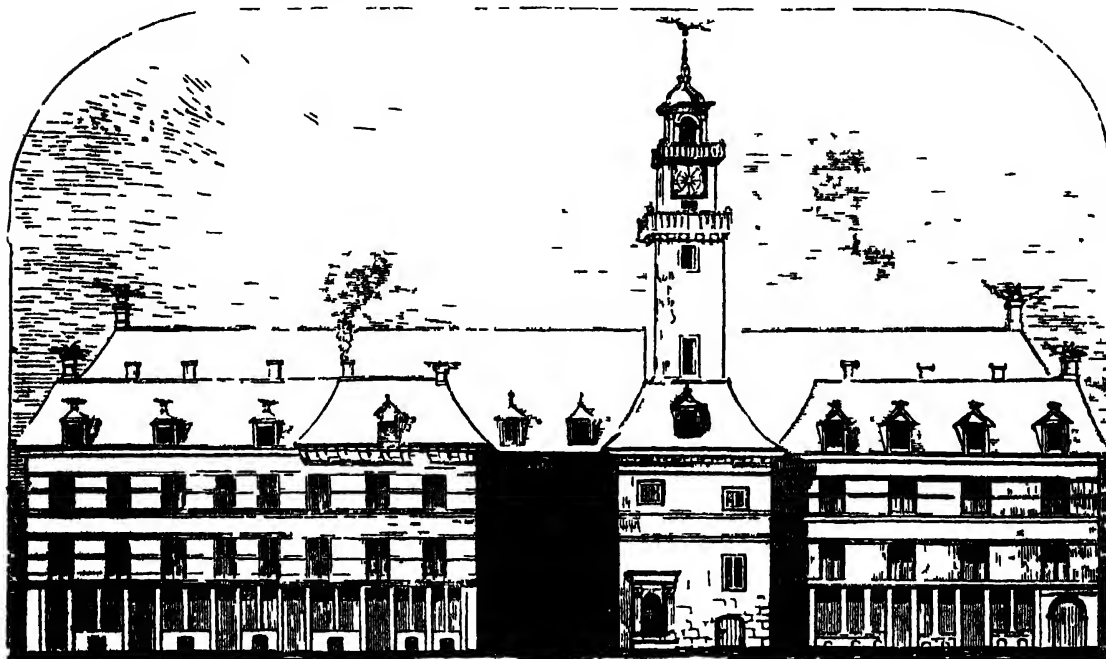
Here, too, above all, the monarch of English poetry must have often paced, watching the Antonios and Shylocks of his day, the anxious, watchful faces of the debtors or the embarrassed, and the greedy anger of the creditors. In the Bourse he may first have thought over to himself the beautiful lines in the "Merchant of Venice" (act i.), where

he so wonderfully epitomises the vicissitudes of a merchant's life :—

"My wind, cooling my broth,  
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.  
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,  
But I should think of shallows and of flats,  
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,  
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,  
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,  
And see the holy edifice of stone,  
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks?  
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,  
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;  
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;

In Gresham's Exchange great precautions were taken against fire. Feather-makers and others were forbidden to keep pans of fire in their shops. Some care was also taken to maintain honesty among the shopkeepers, for they were forbidden to use blinds to their windows, which might obscure the shops, or throw false lights on the articles vended.

On the sudden death of Sir Thomas Gresham, in 1579, it was found that he had left, in accordance with his promise, the Royal Exchange jointly to the City of London and the Mercers' Company after the decease of his wife. Lady Gresham appears not to have been as generous, single-



THE FIRST ROYAL EXCHANGE.

And, in a word, but even now worth this,  
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought  
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,  
That such a thing, bechanced, would make me sad?"

Gresham seems to have died before the Exchange was thoroughly furnished, for in 1610 (James I) Mr. Nicholas Leete, Ironmonger, preferred a petition to the Court of Aldermen, lugubriously setting forth that thirty pictures of English kings and queens had been intended to have been placed in the Exchange rooms, and praying that a fine, in future, should be put on every citizen, when elected an alderman, to furnish a portrait of some king or queen at an expense of not exceeding one hundred nobles. The pictures were "to be graven on wood, covered with lead, and then gilded and varnished in oil colours."

minded, and large-hearted as her husband. She contested the will, and was always repining at the thought of the property passing away from her at death. She received £751 7s. per annum from the rent of the Exchange, but tried hard to be allowed to grant leases for twenty-one years, or three lives, keeping the fines to herself; and this was pronounced by the Council as utterly against both her husband's will and the 23rd Elizabeth, to which she had been privy. She complained querulously that the City did not act well. The City then began to complain with more justice of Lady Gresham's parsimony. The House, badly and hastily built, began to fall out of repair, and the south door gave way in 1580, and the clock was always out of order. Concluding Lady Gresham had been left £1,500 a year, she



THE SECOND ROYAL EXCHANGE, CORNHILL.

neglects were unworthy of her, but they nevertheless continued till her death, in 1596. As the same lady contributed £100 in 1588 for the defence of the country against the Armada, let us hope that she was influenced not so much by her own love of money as the importunities of some relatives of her first husband's family.

"The Eye of London," as Stow affectionately calls the first Royal Exchange, rapidly became a vast bazaar, where fashionable ladies went to shop, and sometimes to meet their lovers.

Contemporary allusions to Gresham's Exchange are innumerable in old writers. Donald Lupton, in a little work called "London and the Country Carboadoed and Quartered into Severall Characters," published in 1632, says of the Exchange:—

"Here are usually more coaches attendant than at church doors. The merchants should keep their wives from visiting the upper rooms too often, lest they tire their purses by attiring themselves. . . . There's many gentlewomen come hither that, to help their faces and complexion, break their husbands' backs; who play foul in the country with their land, to be fair and play false in the city."

"I do not look upon the structure of this Exchange to be comparable to that of Sir Thomas Gresham in our City of London," says Evelyn, writing from Amsterdam in 1641; "yet in one respect it exceeds—that ships of considerable burthen ride at the very key contiguous to it." He writes from Paris in the same strain: "I went to the Exchange; the late addition to the buildings is very noble; but the galleries, where they sell their proper merchandize, are nothing so stately as ours in London, no more than the place is where they walk being only a low vault." Even the association with the Rialto must have awakened feelings of jealousy in him from his allegiance to the City of London. He writes from Venice, in June, 1660, "I went to their Exchange—a place like ours, frequented by merchants, but nothing so magnificent."

During the Civil War the Exchange statue of Charles I. was thrown down, on the 30th of May, 1648, and the premature inscription, "Exit tyrannical monarchy," put up in its place, which of course was removed immediately after the Restoration, when a new statue was ordered. The Acts for converting the Monarchy into a Commonwealth were burnt at the Royal Exchange, May 28, 1661, by the hands of the common hangman.

Samuel Rolle, a distinguished lawyer, as the Great Fire has left the Exchange without a statue, has written a little book, "The History of the Royal Exchange," in which he explains, "that Royal Exchange,"

Rich men in the midst of it, rich goods both above and beneath! There men walked upon the top of a wealthy mine, considering what Eastern treasures, costly spices, and such-like things were laid up in the bowels (I mean the cellars) of that place. As for the upper part of it, was it not the great store-house whence the nobility and gentry of England were furnished with most of those costly things wherewith they did adorn either their closets or themselves? Here, if anywhere, might a man have seen the glory of the world in a moment. What artificial thing could entertain the senses, the fantasies of men, that was not there to be had? Such was the delight that many gallants took in that magazine of all curious varieties, that they could almost have dwelt there (going from shop to shop like bee from flower to flower), if they had but had a fountain of money that could not have been drawn dry. I doubt not but a Mohamedan (who never expects other than sensual delights) would gladly have availed himself of that place, and the treasures of it, for his heaven, and have thought there was none like it."

In 1665, during the Plague, great fires were made at the north and south entrances of the Exchange, to purify the air. The stoppage of public business was so complete that grass grew within the area of the Royal Exchange. The strange desertion thus indicated is mentioned in Pepys' "Notes." Having visited the Exchange, where he had not been for a good while, the writer exclaims: "How sad a sight it is to see the streets empty of people, and very few upon the 'Change, jealous of every door that one sees shut up, lest it should be the Plague, and about us two shops in three, if not more, generally shut up."

At the Great Fire the King and the Duke of York, afterwards James II., attended to give directions for arresting the calamity. They could think of nothing calculated to be so effectual as blowing up or pulling down houses that stood in its expected way. Such precautions were used in Cornhill, but in the confusion that prevailed, the timbers which they had contained were not removed, and when the flames reached them, "they," says Vincent, who wrote a sermon on the Fire, "quickly cross the way, and so they lick the whole street up as they go; they mount up to the top of the highest houses; they descend down to the bottom of the lowest vaults and cellars, and march along on both sides of the way with such a roaring noise as never was heard in the City of London: no body holding as great as to resist their fury; the Royal Exchange itself, the glory of the City, is now involved with much violence."



When the fire was entered, how quickly did it run around the galleries, filling them with flames; then descending the stairs, compasseth the walks, giving forth flaming volleys, and filling the court with sheets of fire. By and by the kings fell all down upon their faces, and the greater part of the stone building after them (the founder's statue alone remaining), with such a noise as was dreadful and astonishing."

In Wren's great scheme for rebuilding London, he proposed to make the Royal Exchange the centre nave of London, from whence the great sixty-foot wide streets should radiate like spokes in a huge wheel. The Exchange was to stand free, in the middle of a great piazza, and was to have double porticoes, as the Forum at Rome had. Evelyn wished the new building to be at Queenhithe, to be nearer the water-side, but eventually both his and Wren's plan fell through, and Mr Jerman, one of the City surveyors, undertook the design for the new Bourse.

For the east end of the new building the City required to purchase 700 or 900 fresh superficial feet of ground from a Mr Sweeting, and 1,400 more for a passage. It was afterwards found that the City only required 627 feet, and the improvement of the property would benefit Mr. Sweeting, who, however, resolutely demanded £1,000. The refractory, greedy Sweeting declared that his tenants paid him £246 a year, and in fines £620; and that if the new street cut near St Benet Fink Church, another £1,000 would not satisfy him for his damage. It is supposed that he eventually took £700 for the 783 feet 4 inches of ground, and for an area 25 feet long by 12 wide.

Jerman's design for the new building being completed, and the royal approbation of it obtained, together with permission to extend the south-west angle of the new Exchange into the street, the building (of which the need was severely felt) was immediately proceeded with; and the foundation was laid on the 6th of May, 1667. On the 23rd of October, Charles II. laid the base of the column on the west side of the north entrance; after which he was plentifully regaled "with a chine of beef, grand dish of fowle, gammons of bacon, dried tongues, anchovies, caviare, &c., and plenty of several sorts of wine. He gave twenty pounds in gold to the workmen. The entertainment was in a shed, built and adorned on purpose, upon the Scotch Walk." Pepys has given some account of this interesting ceremony in his Diary, where we read, "Sir W. Pen said I back to London, and there saw the King with his household, and trumpets, going to the Exchange, where, the gates

being shut, I could not get in to see. So, with Sir W. Pen to Captain Cockes, and thence again towards Westminster; but, in my way, stopped at the Exchange, and got in, the King being nearly gone, and there find the bottom of the first pillar laid. And here was a shed set up, and hung with tapestry, and a canopy of state, and some good victuals, and wine for the King, who, it seems, did it."

James II., then Duke of York, laid the first stone of the eastern column on the 31st of October. He was regaled in the same manner as the King had been; and on the 18th of November following, Prince Rupert laid the first stone of the east side of the south entrance, and was entertained by the City and company in the same place." (*Vide "Journals of the House of Commons."*)

The ground plan of Jerman's Exchange, we read in Britton and Pugin's "Public Buildings," presented nearly a regular quadrangle, including a spacious open court with porticoes round it, and also on the north and south sides of the building. The front towards Cornhill was 210 feet in extent. The central part was composed of a lofty archway, opening from the middle intercolumniation of four Corinthian three-quarter columns, supporting a bold entablature, over the centre of which were the royal arms, and on the east side a balustrade, &c., surmounted by statues emblematical of the four quarters of the globe. Within the lateral intercolumniations, over the lesser entrance to the arcade, were niches, containing the statues of Charles I. and II., in Roman habits, by *Kneller*. The tower, which rose from the centre of the portico, consisted of three storeys. In front of the lower storey was a niche, containing a statue of Sir Thomas Gresham; and over the cornice, facing each of the cardinal points, a bust of Queen Elizabeth; at the angles were colossal griffins, bearing shields of the City arms. Within the second storey, which was of an octagonal form with trusses at the angles, was an excellent clock, with four dials; there were also four wind-dials. The upper storey (which contained the bell) was circular, with eight Corinthian columns supporting an entablature, surmounted by a dome, on which was a lofty vane of gilt brass, shaped like a griffin, the crest of the Gresham family. The capitals of the columns, in a line with the base of the tower, was sculptured with two atlantes in panels, one representing Queen Elizabeth, and attendant figures and heralds, and the other the original building, and the clock tower, amidst the emblems of commerce, and supported by the polite arts, manufactures, and sciences.

The height from the basement line to the top of the dome was 128 feet 6 inches.

Within the quadrangle there was a spacious area, measuring 144 feet by 117 feet, surrounded by a wide arcade, which, as well as the area itself, was, for the general accommodation, arranged into several distinct parts, called "walks," where foreign and domestic merchants, and other persons engaged in commercial pursuits, daily met. The area was paved with real Turkey stones, of a small size, the gift, as tradition reports, of a merchant who traded to that country.

In the centre, on a pedestal, surrounded by an iron railing, was a statue of Charles II., in a Roman habit, by Spiller. At the intersections of the groining was a large ornamented shield, displaying either the City arms, the arms of the Mercers' Company, viz., a maiden's head, crowned, with dishevelled hair; or those of Gresham, viz., a chervon, ermine, between three mullets.

On the centre of each cross-rib, also in alternate succession, was a maiden's head, a grasshopper, and a dragon. The piazza was formed by a series of semi-circular arches, springing from columns. In the spandrils were tablets surrounded by festoons, scrolls, and other enrichments. In the wall of the back of the arcade were twenty-eight niches, only two of which were occupied by statues, viz., that toward the north-west, in which was Sir Thomas Gresham, by Cibber; and that toward the south-west, in which was Sir John Barnard, whose figure was placed here, whilst he was yet living, at the expense of his fellow-citizens, "in testimony of his merits as a merchant, a magistrate, and a faithful representative of the City in Parliament."

Over the arches of the portico of the piazza were twenty-five large niches with enrichments, in which were the statues of our sovereigns. Many of these statues were formerly gilt, but the whole were latterly of a plain stone colour. Walpole says that the major part were sculptured by Cibber.

We append a few allusions to the second 'Change in Addison's works, and elsewhere.

In 1683, the following idle verses appeared, forming part of Robin Conscience's "Progress through Court, City, and Country:"—

"Now I being thus abused below,  
Did walk up-stairs, where on a row,  
Brave shops of ware did make a shew  
Most sumptuous.

"The gallant girls that there sold knacks,  
Which ladies and brave women lacks,  
When they did see me, they did wax  
In choler.

"Quoth they, We ne'er knew Conscience yet,  
And, if he comes our gains to get,  
We'll banish him; he'll here not get  
One scholar."

"There is no place in the town," says that rambling philosopher, Addison, "which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and in some measure gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon High 'Change to be a great council in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London; or to see a subject of the great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman at different times; or rather, fancy myself like the old philosopher, who, upon being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was a citizen of the world."

"When I have been upon the 'Change" (such are the concluding words of the paper), "I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating, like princes, for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury! Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire. It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the land themselves." (*Spectator*, No. 69.)

It appears, from one of Steele's contributions to the *Spectator*, that so late as the year 1712 the shops continued to present undiminished attraction. They were then 160 in number, and, letting at £20 or £30 each, formed, in all, a yearly rent of £4,000: so, at least, it is stated on a print published in 1712, of which a copy may be seen in Mr. Crowle's "Pennant." Steele, in describing the adventures of a day, relates that, in the course of his rambles, he went to divert himself on 'Change. "It was not the least of my satisfaction in my survey," says he, "to go up-stairs and pass the shops of agreeable females; to observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins, and wires, on each side of the counters, was an amusement in which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me, to ask what I wanted."

"On evening 'Change," says Steele, "the mumpers, the halt, the blind, and the lame; your vendors of trash, apples, plums; your ragamuffins, rake-shames, and wenches—have jostled the greater number of honourable merchants, substantial tradesmen, and knowing masters of ships, out of that place. So that, what with the din of squallings, oaths, and cries of beggars, men of the greatest consequence in our City absent themselves from the Royal Exchange."

The cost of the second Exchange to the City and Mercers' Company is estimated by Strype at £80,000, but Mr. Burgon calculates it at only £69,979 11s. The shops in the Exchange, leading to a loss, were forsaken about 1739, and eventually done away with some time after by the unwise Act of 1768, which enabled the City authorities to pull down Gresham College. From time to time frequent repairs were made in Jerman's building. Those effected between the years 1819 and 1824 cost £34,390. This sum included the cost of a handsome gate tower and cupola, erected in 1821,

from the design of George Smith, Esq., surveyor to the Mercers' Company, in lieu of Jerman's dilapidated wooden tower.

The clock of the second Exchange, set up by Edward Stanton, under the direction of Dr. Hodge, had chimes with four bells, playing six, and latterly seven tunes. The sound and tunable bells were bought for £6 5s. per cwt. The balconies from the inner pawn into the quadrangle cost about £300. The signs over the shops were not being, but were over the doors.

Caius Gabriel Cibber, the celebrated Danish sculptor, was appointed carver of the royal statues of the piazza, but Gibbons executed the statue of Charles II. for the quadrangle. Bushnell, the great sculptor of the fantastic statues on Temple Bar, carved statues for the Cornhill front, as we have before mentioned. The statue of Gresham in the arcade was by Cibber; George III., in the piazza, was sculptured by Wilton; George I. and II. were by Rysbrach.

The old clock had four dials, and chimed four times daily. The chimes played at three, six, nine, and twelve o'clock—on Sunday, "The 10th Psalm;" Monday, "God save the King;" Tuesday, "The Waterloo March;" Wednesday, "There's nae Luck about the Hoose;" Thursday, "See the Conquering Hero comes;" Friday, "Life is but a cherish;" Saturday, "Foot Guards' March."

The outside shops of the second Exchange were lottery offices, newspaper offices, watchmen, notaries, stock-brokers, &c. The shops and galleries were superseded by the Royal Exchange Assurance Offices, Lloyd's Coffee-house, the Merchant Seamen's Offices, the Gresham Coffee Room, and the Lord Mayor's Court Office. "The latter," says Timbs, "was a row of offices, divided by glazed partitions, the name of each attorney being inscribed in large capitals upon a projecting board. The vaults were let to bankers, and to the East India Company for the stowage of pepper."

## CHAPTER XLIII.

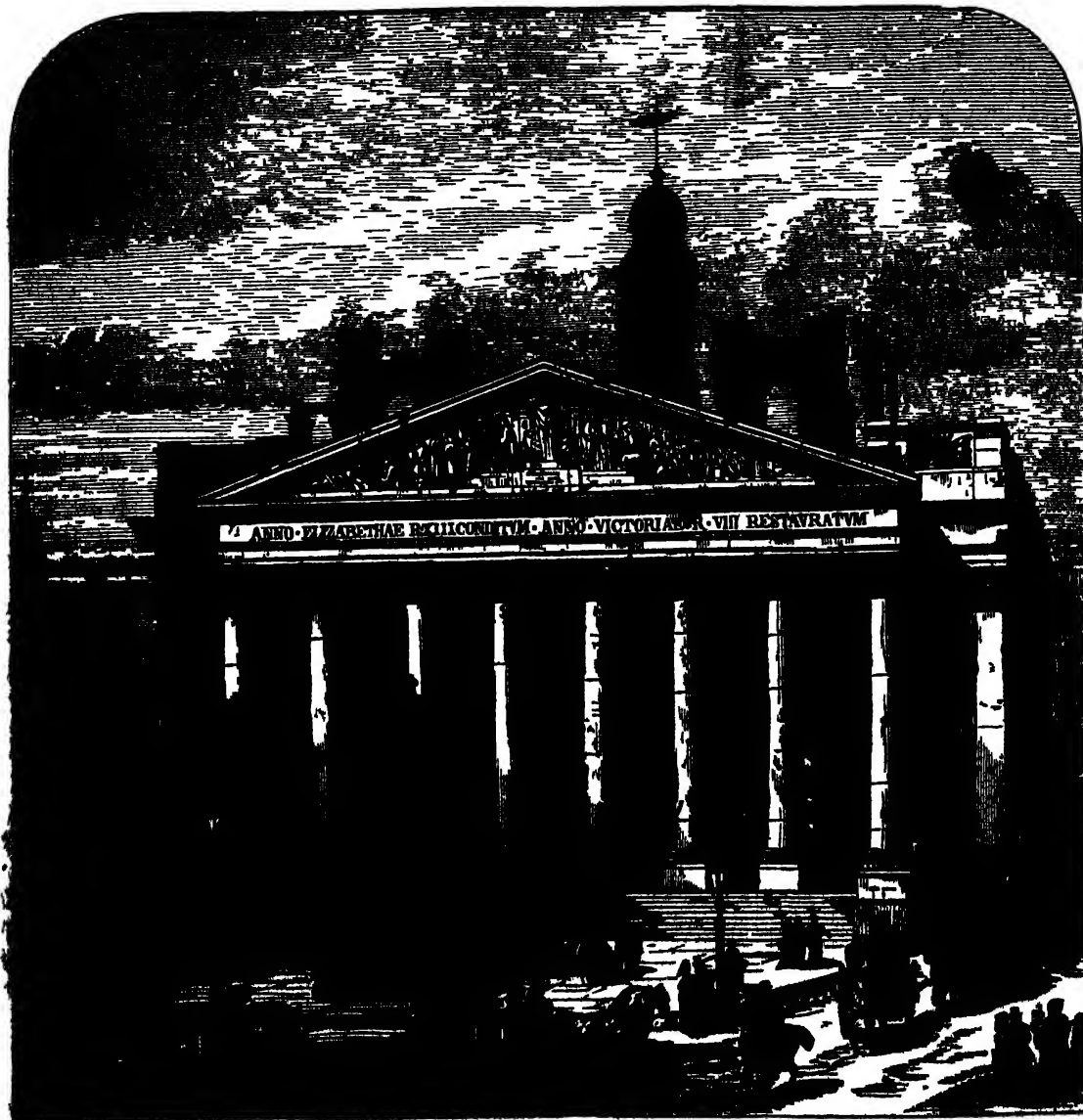
The Second Exchange on Fire—Chimes Extraordinary—Incidents of the Fire—Sale of Salvage—Designs for the New Building—Details of the Present Exchange—The Ambulatory, or Merchant's Walk—Royal Exchange Assurance Company—"Lloyd's"—Origin of "Lloyd's" Marine Assurance—Benevolent Contributions of "Lloyd's"—A "Good" and "Bad" Book.

THE second Exchange was destroyed by fire on the 10th of January, 1838. The flames, which broke out probably from an over-heated stove in Lloyd's Coffee-house, were first seen by two of the Bank

watchmen about half-past ten. The gates had to be forced before entrance could be effected, and then the hose of the fire-engine was found to be frozen and unworkable. About one o'clock the

fire reached the new tower. The bells chimed "Life let us cherish," "God save the Queen," and one of the last tunes heard, appropriately enough, was "There's nae Luck about the Hoose." The eight bells finally fell, crushing in the roof of the

of Gresham was entirely destroyed. In the ruins of the Lord Mayor's Court Office the great City Seal, and two bags, each containing £200 in gold, were found uninjured. The flames were clearly seen at Windsor (twenty-four miles from London),



THE PRESENT ROYAL EXCHANGE.

entrance arch. The east side of Sweeting's Alley was destroyed, and all the royal statues but that of Charles II. perished. One of Lloyd's safes, containing bank-notes for £2,500, was discovered after the fire, with the notes reduced to a cinder, but the numbers still traceable. A bag of twenty sovereigns, thrown from a window, burst, and some of the mob benefited by the gold. The statue

and at Roydon Mount, near Epping (eighteen miles). Troops from the Tower kept Cobhill clear, and assisted the sufferers to remove their property. If the wind had been from the south, the Bank and St. Bartholomew's Church would also have perished.

An Act of Parliament was passed in 1838, giving power to purchase and remove all the buildings

(called Bank Buildings) west of the Exchange, and also the old buildings to the eastward, nearly as far as Finch Lane. The Treasury at first claimed the direction of the whole building, but eventually gave way, retaining only a veto on the design. The cost of the building was, from the first, limited to £150,000, to be raised on the credit of the London Bridge Fund. Thirty designs were sent in by the rival architects, and exhibited in Mercers' Hall, but none could be decided upon; and so the judges themselves had to compete. Eventually the com-

perhaps the fountain of a grand Roman court-yard, were found heaps of rubbish, coins of copper, yellow brass, silver, and silver-plated brass of Augustus, Tiberius, Claudius, Nero, Vespasian, Domitian, &c., Henry IV. of England, Elizabeth, &c., and stores of Flemish, German, Prussian, Danish, and Dutch money. They also discovered fragments of Roman stucco, painted shards of delicate Samian ware, an amphora, and terra-cotta lamps, seventeen feet below the surface, glass, bricks and tiles, jars, urns, vases, and potters' stamps. In the Corporation



BLACKWELL HALL IN 1812.

petition lay between Mr. Tite and Mr. Cockerell, and the former was appointed by the Committee. Mr. Tite was a classical man, and the result was a *quasi*-Greek, Roman, and Composite building. Mr. Tite at once resolved to design the new building with simple and unbroken lines, like the Paris Bourse, and, as much as possible, to take the Pantheon at Rome as his guide. The portico was to be at the west end, the tower at the east. The first Exchange had been built on piles; the foundations of the third cost £8,124. In excavating for it, the workmen came on what had evidently been the very centre of Roman London. In a gravel-pit, which afterwards seemed to have been a pond,

Museum at the Guildhall, where Mr. Tite deposited these interesting relics, are also fine wood tablets, and styles (for writing on wax) of iron, brass, bone, and wood. There are also in the same collection, from the same source, artificers' tools and leather-work, soldiers' sandals and shoes, and a series of horns, shells, bones, and vegetable remains. Related pavements have been found in Throgmorton Street, and other spots near the Exchange.

The cost of enlarging the site of the Exchange, including improvements, and the widening of Cornhill, Freeman's Court, and Roper Street, the demolition of the French Protestant Church, and the rebuilding of St. Benet Fink, Bank Buildings, and Sweeting's



Alley, was, according to the City Chamberlain's return of 1851, £223,578 1s. 10d. The cost of the building was £150,000.

The portico, one of the finest of its kind, is ninety-six feet wide, and seventy-four feet high. That of St. Martin's Church is only sixty-four wide, and the Post Office seventy-six. The whole building was rapidly completed. The foundation-stone was laid by Prince Albert, January 17th, 1842, Sir John Pirie being Lord Mayor. A huge red-striped pavilion had been raised for the ceremonial, and the Duke of Wellington and all the members of the Peel Cabinet were present. A bottle full of gold, silver, and copper coins was placed in a hollow of the huge stone, and the following inscription (in Latin), written by the Bishop of London, and engraved on a zinc plate :—

SIR THOMAS GRESHAM, Knight,  
Erected at his own charge  
A Building and Colonnade  
For the convenience of those Persons  
Who, in this renowned Mart,  
Might carry on the Commerce of the World ;  
Adding thereto, for the relief of Indigence,  
And for the advancement of Literature and Science,  
An Almshouse and a College of Lecturers ;  
The City of London aiding him ;  
Queen Elizabeth favouring the design,  
And, when the work was complete,  
Opening it in person, with a solemn Procession.  
Having been reduced to ashes,  
Together with almost the entire City,  
By a calamitous and widely-spreading Conflagration,  
They were Rebuilt in a more splendid form  
By the City of London  
And the ancient Company of Mercers,  
King Charles the Second commencing the building  
On the 23rd October, A.D. 1667 ;  
And when they had been again destroyed by Fire,  
On the 10th January, A.D. 1838,  
The same Bodies, undertaking the work,  
Determined to restore them, at their own cost,  
On an enlarged and more ornamental Plan,  
The munificence of Parliament providing the means  
Of extending the Site,  
And of widening the Approaches and Crooked Streets  
In every direction,  
In order that there might at length arise,  
Under the auspices of Queen Victoria,  
Built a third time from the ground,  
An Exchange  
Worthy of this great Nation and City,  
And suited to the vastness of a Commerce  
Extended to the circumference  
Of the habitable Globe.  
His Royal Highness  
Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha,  
Consort of Her Sacred Majesty,  
Laid the First Stone  
On the 17th January, 1842,  
In the Mayoralty of the Right Hon. John Pirie.  
Architect, William Tite, F.R.S.

May God our Preserver  
Ward off destruction  
From this Building,  
And from the whole City.

At the sale of the salvage, the porter's large hand-bell, rung daily before closing the 'Change (with the handle burnt), fetched £3 3s. ; City griffins, £30 and £35 the pair ; busts of Queen Elizabeth, £10 15s. and £18 the pair ; figures of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, £110 ; the statue of Anne, £10 5s. ; George II., £9 5s. ; George III. and Elizabeth, £11 15s. each ; Charles II., £9 ; and the sixteen other royal statues similar sums. The copper-gilt grasshopper vane was reserved.

The present Royal Exchange was opened by Queen Victoria on October 28, 1844. The procession walked round the ambulatory, the Queen especially admiring Lang's (of Munich) encaustic paintings, and proceeded to Lloyd's Reading-room, which was fitted up as a throne-room. Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Sale, and other celebrities, were present. There the City address was read. After a sumptuous *déjeuner* in the Underwriters' room, the Queen went to the quadrangle, and there repeated the formula, "It is my royal will and pleasure that this building be hereafter called 'The Royal Exchange.'" The mayor, Alderman William Magnay, was afterwards made a baronet, in commemoration of the day.

A curious fact connected with the second Exchange should not be omitted. On the 16th of September, 1787, a deserted child was found on the stone steps of the Royal Exchange that led from Cornhill to Lloyd's Coffee-house. The then churchwarden, Mr. Samuel Birch, the well-known confectioner, had the child taken care of and respectably brought up. He was named Gresham, and christened Michael, after the patron saint of the parish in which he was found. The lad grew up shrewd and industrious, eventually became rich, and established the celebrated Gresham Hotel in Sackville Street, Dublin. About 1836 he sold the hotel for £30,000, and retired to his estate, Raheny Park, near Dublin. He was a most liberal and benevolent man, and took an especial interest in the Irish orphan societies.

The tower at the east end of the Exchange is 177 feet to the top of the vane. The inner area of the building is 170 feet by 112, of which 111 feet by 53 are open to the sky.

The south front is one unbroken line of pilasters, with rusticated arches on the ground floor for shops and entrances, the three middle spaces being



simple recesses. Over these are richly-decorated windows, and above the cornice there are a balustrade and attic. On the north side the centre projects, and the pilasters are fewer. The arches on the ground floor are rusticated, and there are two niches. In one of them stands a statue of Sir Hugh Myddelton, who brought the New River to London in 1614; and another of Sir Richard Whittington, by Carew. Whittington was, it must be remembered, a Mercer, and the Exchange is specially connected with the Mercers' Company.

On the east front of the tower is a niche where a statue of Gresham, by Behnes, keeps watch and ward. The vane is Gresham's former grasshopper, saved from the fire. It is eleven feet long. The various parts of the Exchange are divided by party walls and brick arches of such great strength as to be almost fire-proof—a compartment system which confines any fire that may break out into a small and restricted area.

West of the Exchange stands Chantrey's bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington. It was Chantrey's last work; and he died before it was completed. The sculptor received £9,000 for this figure; and the French cannon from which it was cast, and valued at £1,500, were given by Government for the purpose. The inauguration took place on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, 1844, the King of Saxony being present.

On the frieze of the portico is inscribed, "ANNO XIII. ELIZABETHÆ R. CONDITVM; ANNO VIII. VICTORIA R. RESTAVRATVM." Over the central doorway are the royal arms, by Carew. The key-stone has the merchant's mark of Gresham, and the key-stones of the side arches the arms of the merchant adventurers of his day, and the staple of Calais. North and south of the portico, and in the attic, are the City sword and mace, with the date of Queen Elizabeth's reign and 1844, and in the lower panels mantles bearing the initials of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria respectively. The imperial crown is twelve inches in relief, and seven feet high. The tympanum of the pediment of the portico is filled with sculpture, by Richard Westmacott, R.A., consisting of seventeen figures carved in limestone, nearly all entire and detached. The centre figure, ten feet high, is Commerce, with her mural crown, upon two dolphins and a shell. She holds the charter of the Exchange. On her right is a group of three British merchants—as Lord Mayor, Alderman, and Common Councilman—a Hindoo, a Mohammedan, a Greek bearing a jar, and a Turkish merchant. On the left are two British merchants and a Persian, a Chinese, a Levant sailor, a negro, a British sailor, and a

supercargo. The opposite angles are filled with anchors, jars, packages, &c. Upon the pedestal of Commerce is this inscription, selected by Prince Albert: "THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S, AND THE FULLNESS THEREOF."—Psalm xxiv. 1. The ascent to the portico is by thirteen granite steps. It was discussed at the time whether a figure of Gresham himself should not have been substituted for that of Commerce; but perhaps the abstract figure is more suitable for a composition which is, after all, essentially allegorical.

The clock, constructed by Dent, with the assistance of the Astronomer Royal, is true to a second of time, and has a compensation pendulum. The chimes consist of a set of fifteen bells, by Mears, and cost £500, the largest being also the hour-bell of the clock. In the chime-work, by Dent, there are two hammers to several of the bells, so as to play rapid passages; and three and five hammers strike different bells simultaneously. All irregularity of force is avoided by driving the chime-barrel through wheels and pinions. There are no wheels between the weight that pulls and the hammer to be raised. The lifts on the chime-barrel are all epicycloidal curves; and there are 6,000 holes pierced upon the barrel for the lifts, so as to allow the tunes to be varied. The present airs are "God save the Queen," "The Roast Beef of Old England," "Rule Britannia," and the 104th Psalm. The bells, in substance, form, dimensions, &c., are from the Bow bells' patterns; still, they are thought to be too large for the tower. The chime-work is stated to be the first instance in England of producing harmony in bells.

The interior of the Exchange is an open courtyard, resembling the *cortile* of Italian palaces. It was almost unanimously decided by the London merchants (in spite of the caprices of our charming climate) to have no covering overhead, a decision probably long ago regretted. The ground floor consists of Doric columns and rusticated arches. Above these runs a series of Ionic columns, with arches and windows surmounted by a highly-ornamented pierced parapet. The keystones of the arches of the upper storey are decorated with the arms of all the principal nations of the world, in the order determined by the Congress of Vienna. In the centre of the eastern side are the arms of England.

The ambulatory, or Merchants' Walk, is spacious and well sheltered. The arching is divided by beams and panelling, highly painted and decorated in encaustic. In the centre of each panel, on the four sides, the arms of the nations are repeated,

emblazoned in their proper colours; and in the four angles are the arms of Edward the Confessor, who granted the first and most important charter to the City, Edward III., in whose reign London first grew powerful and wealthy, Queen Elizabeth, who opened the first Exchange, and Charles II., in whose reign the second was built. In the south-east angle is a statue of Queen Elizabeth, by Watson, and in the south-west a marble statue of Charles II., which formerly stood in the centre of the second Exchange, and which escaped the last fire unscathed.

In eight small circular panels of the ambulatory are emblazoned the arms of the three mayors (Pirie, Humphrey, and Magnay), and of the three masters of the Mercers' Company in whose years of office the Exchange was erected. The arms of the chairman of the Gresham Committee, Mr. R. L. Jones, and of the architect, Mr. Tite, complete the heraldic illustrations. The Yorkshire pavement of the ambulatory is panelled and bordered with black stone, and squares of red granite at the intersections. The open area is paved with the traditional "Turkey stones," from the old Exchange, which are arranged in Roman patterns, with squares of red Aberdeen granite at the intersections.

On the side-wall panels are the names of the walks, inscribed upon chocolate tablets. In each of the larger compartments are the arms of the "walk," corresponding with the merchants'. As you enter the colonnade by the west are the arms of the British Empire, with those of Austria on the right, and Bavaria on the reverse side; then, in rotation, are the arms of Belgium, France, Hanover, Holland, Prussia, Sardinia, the Two Sicilies, Sweden and Norway, the United States of America, the initials of the Sultan of Turkey, Spain, Saxony, Russia, Portugal, Hanseatic Towns, Greece, and Denmark. On a marble panel in the Merchants' Area are inscribed the dates of the building and opening of the three Exchanges.

"Here are the same old-favoured spots, changed though they be in appearance," says the author of the "City" (1845); "and notwithstanding we have lost the great Rothschild, Jeremiah Harman, Daniel Hardcastle, the younger Rothschilds occupy a pillar on the south side of the Exchange, much in the same place as their father; and the Barings, the Bateses, the Salomons, the Doxats, the Durrants, the Crawshays, the Curries, and the Wilsons, and other influential merchants, still come and go as in olden days. Many sea-captains and brokers still go on 'Change; but the 'walks' are disregarded. The hour at High 'Change is from 3.30 to 4.30

p.m., the two great days being Tuesday and Friday for foreign exchanges."

A City writer of 1842 has sketched the chief celebrities of the Exchange of an earlier date. Mr. Salomon, with his old clothes-man attire, his close-cut grey beard, and his crutch-stick, toddling towards his offices in Shooter's Court, Throgmorton Street; "Jemmy" Wilkinson, with his old-fashioned manner, and his long-tailed blue coat with gilt buttons.

On the south and east sides of the Exchange are the arms of Gresham, the City, and the Mercers' Company, for heraldry has not even yet died out. Over the three centre arches of the north front are the three following mottoes:—Gresham's (in old French), "Fortun—à my;" the City, "Domine dirige nos;" the Mercers', "Honor Deo."

Surely old heraldry was more religious than modern trade, for the shoddy maker, or the owner of overladen vessels, could hardly inscribe their vessels or their wares with the motto "Honor Deo;" nor could the director of a bubble company with strict propriety head the columns of his ledger with the solemn words, "Domine dirige nos." But these are cynical thoughts, for no doubt trade ranks as many generous, honourable, and pious people among its followers as any other profession; and we have surely every reason to hope that the moral standard is still rising, and that "the honour of an Englishman" will for ever remain a proverb in the East.

The whole of the west end of the Exchange is taken up by the offices and board-rooms of the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, first organised in 1717, at meetings in Mercers' Hall. It was an amalgamation of two separate plans. The petition for the royal sanction made, it seems, but slow way through the Council and the Attorney-General's department, for the South Sea Bubble mania was raging, and many of the Ministers, including the Attorney-General himself (and who was indeed afterwards prosecuted), had shares in the great bubble scheme, and wished as far as possible to secure for it the exclusive attention of the company. The petitioners, therefore, under high legal authority, at once commenced business under the temporary title of the Mining, Royal Mineral, and Batteries Works, and in three-quarters of a year insured property to the amount of nearly two millions sterling. After the lapse of two years, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, eager for the money to be paid for the charter, and a select committee having made a rigid inquiry into the project, and the cash being lodged at the Bank to meet losses, recommended the grant to the House of

Commons. The Act of the 6th George I., cap. 18, authorised the king to grant a charter, which was accordingly done, June 22nd, 1720. The "London Assurance," which is also lodged in the Exchange, obtained its charter at the same time. Each of these companies paid £300,000 to the Exchequer. They were both allowed to assure on ships at sea, and going to sea, and to lend money on bottomry; and each was to have "perpetual succession" and a common seal. To prevent a monopoly, however, no person holding stock in either of the companies was allowed to purchase stock in the other. In 1721, the "Royal Exchange Assurance" obtained another charter for assurances on lives, and also of houses and goods from fire. In consequence of the depression of the times, the company was released from the payment of £150,000 of the £300,000 originally demanded by Government.

At the close of the last, and commencement of the present century, the monopolies of the two companies in Marine Assurance were sharply assailed. Their enemies at last, however, agreed to an armistice, on their surrendering their special privileges, which, in spite of Earl Grey's exertions, were at last annulled, and any joint-stock company can now effect marine assurances. The loss of the monopoly did not, however, injure either excellent body of underwriters.

"Lloyd's," at the east end of the north side of the Royal Exchange, contains some magnificent apartments, and the steps of the staircase leading to them are of Craigleath stone, fourteen feet wide. The subscribers' room (for underwriting) is 100 feet long, by 48 feet wide, and runs from north to south, on the east side of the Merchants' Quadrangle. This noble chamber has a library attached to it, with a gallery round for maps and charts, which many a shipowner, sick at heart, with fears for his rich argosy, has conned and traced. The captains' room, the board-room, and the clerks' offices, occupy the eastern end; and along the north front is the great commercial room, 80 feet long, a sort of club-room for strangers and foreign merchants visiting London. The rooms are lit from the ceilings, and also from windows opening into the quadrangle. They are all highly decorated, well warmed and ventilated, and worthy, as Mr. Effingham Wilson, in his book on the Exchange, justly observes, of a great commercial city like London.

The system of marine assurance seems to have been of great antiquity, and probably began with the Italian merchants in Lombard Street. The first mention of marine insurance in England, says an excellent author. Dean Burgen, in his "Life of

Gresham," is in a letter from the Protector Somerset to the Lord Admiral, in 1548 (Edward VI.), still preserved. Gresham, writing from Antwerp to Sir Thomas Parry, in May, 1560 (Elizabeth), speaks of armour, ordered by Queen Elizabeth, bought by him at Antwerp, and sent by him to Hamburg for shipment, though only about twelve ships a year came from thence to London. He had also adventured at his own risk, one thousand pounds' worth in a ship which, as he says, "I have caused to be assured upon the Burse at Antwerp."

The following preamble to the Statute, 43rd Elizabeth, proves that marine assurance was even then an old institution in England:—

"Whereas it has been, time out of mind, an usage among merchants, both of this realm and of foreign nations, when they make any great adventures (specially to remote parts), to give some considerable money to other persons (which commonly are no small number) to have from them assurance made of their goods, merchandize, ships, and things adventured, or some part thereof, at such rates, and in such sorts as the parties assurers and the parties assured can agree, which course of dealing is commonly termed a policy of assurance, by means of which it cometh to pass upon the loss or perishing of any ship, there followeth not the undoing of any man, but the loss lighteth rather easily upon many, than heavy upon few; and rather upon them that adventure not, than upon them that adventure; whereby all merchants, specially the younger sort, are allowed to venture more willingly and more freely."

In 1622, Malynes, in his "Lex Mercatoria," says that all policies of insurance at Antwerp, and other places in the Low Countries, then and formerly always made, mention that it should be in all things concerning the said assurances, as it was accustomed to be done in Lombard Street, London.

In 1627 (Charles I.), the marine assurers had rooms in the Royal Exchange, as appears by a law passed in that year, "for the sole making and registering of all manners of assurances, intimations, and renunciations made upon any ship or ships, goods or merchandise in the Royal Exchange, or any other place within the City of London;" and the Rev. Samuel Rolle, in his "CX. Discourses on the Fire of London," mentions an assurance office in the Royal Exchange, "which undertook for those ships and goods that were hazarded at sea, either by boistrous winds, or dangerous enemies, yet could not secure them when sin, like Samson, took hold of the pillars of it, and went about to pull it down."

After the Fire of London the underwriters then

in a room near Cornhill; and from thence they removed to a coffee-house in Lombard Street, kept by a person named Lloyd, where intelligence of vessels was collected and made public. In a copy of *Lloyd's List*, No. 996, still extant, dated Friday, June 7th, 1745, and quoted by Mr. Effingham Wilson, it is stated: "This List, which was formerly published once a week, will now continue to be published every Tuesday and Friday, with the addition of the Stocks, course of Exchange, &c. Subscriptions are taken in at three shillings per

1740.—Mr. Baker, master of Lloyd's Coffee-house, in Lombard Street, waited on Sir Robert Walpole with the news of Admiral Vernon's taking Porto bello. This was the first account received thereof, and, proving true, Sir Robert was pleased to order him a handsome present." (*Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1740.)

The author of "The City" (1845) says: "The affairs of Lloyd's are now managed by a committee of underwriters, who have a secretary and five or six clerks, besides a number of writers to attend



INTERIOR OF LLOYD'S.

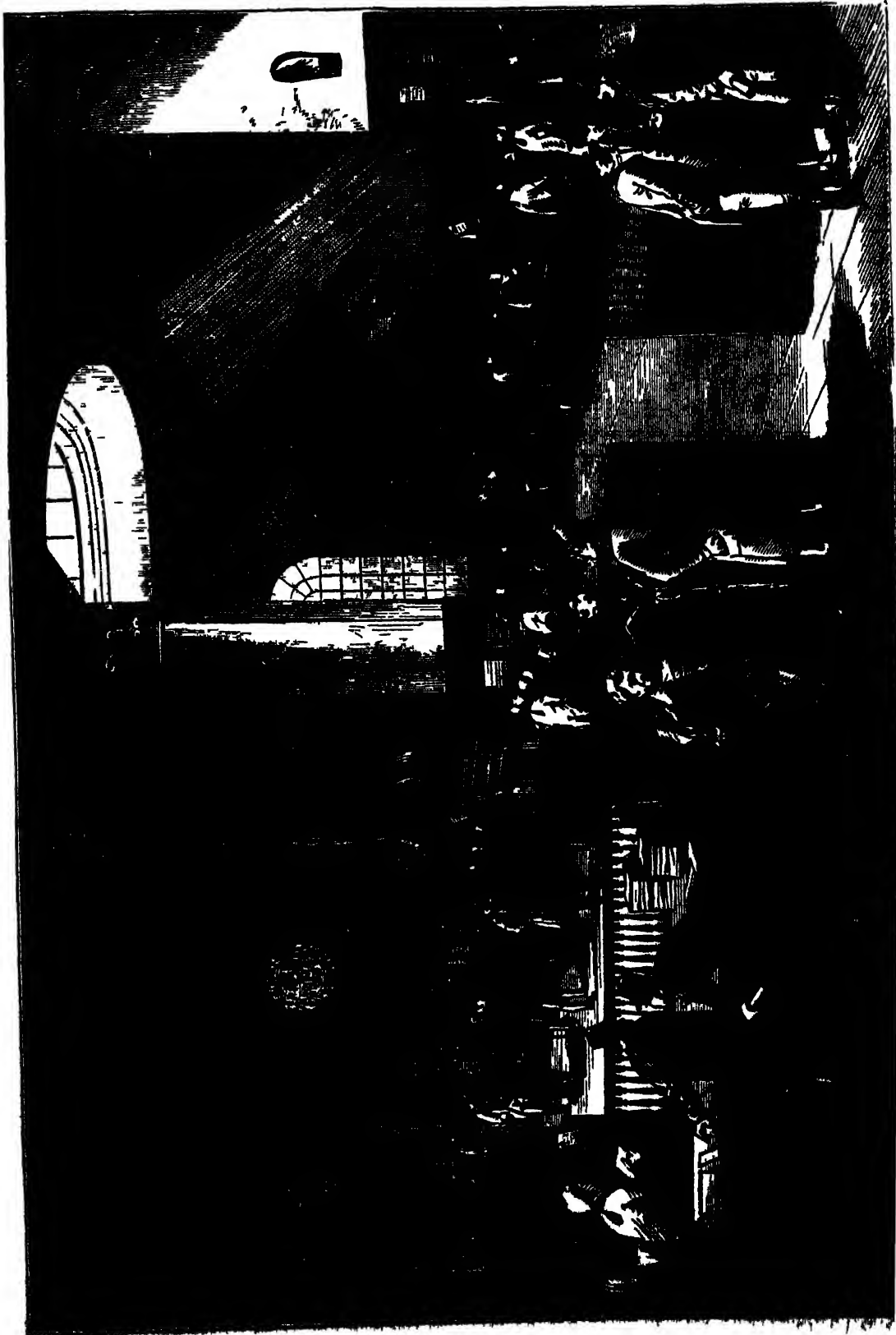
quarter, at the bar of Lloyd's coffee-house in Lombard Street." *Lloyd's List* must therefore have begun about 1726.

In the *Tatler* of December 26th, 1710, is the following:—"This coffee-house being provided with a pulpit for the benefit of such auctions that are frequently made in this place, it is our custom, upon the first coming in of the news, to order a youth, who officiates as the Kidney of the coffee-house, to get into the pulpit, and read every paper, with a loud and distinct voice, while the whole audience are sipping their respective liquors."

The following note is curious:—"11th March,

upon the rooms. The rooms, three in number, are called respectively the Subscribers' Room, the Merchants' Room, and the Captains' Room, each of which is frequented by various classes of persons connected with shipping and mercantile life. Since the opening of the Merchants' Room, which event took place when business was re-commenced at the Royal Exchange, at the beginning of this year, an increase has occurred in the number of visitors, and in which numbers the subscribers to Lloyd's are estimated at 1,600 individuals.

"Taking the three rooms in the order they stand, under the rules and regulations of the establishment.



THE SUBSCRIPTION-ROOM AT "LLOYD'S." From an Old Print

we shall first describe the business and appearance of the Subscribers' Room. Members to the Subscribers' Room, if they follow the business of underwriter or insurance broker, pay an entrance fee of twenty-five guineas, and an annual subscription of four guineas. If a person is a subscriber only, without practising the craft of underwriting, the payment is limited to the annual subscription fee of four guineas. The Subscribers' Room numbers about 1,000 or 1,100 members, the great majority of whom follow the business of underwriters and insurance brokers. The most scrupulous attention is paid to the admission of members, and the ballot is put into requisition to determine all matters brought before the committee, or the meeting of the house.

"The Underwriters' Room, as at present existing, is a fine spacious room, having seats to accommodate the subscribers and their friends, with drawers and boxes for their books, and an abundant supply of blotting and plain paper, and pens and ink. The underwriters usually fix their seats in one place, and, like the brokers on the Stock Exchange, have their particular as well as casual customers.

"*"Lloyd's Books,"* which are two enormous ledger-looking volumes, elevated on desks at the right and left of the entrance to the room, give the principal arrivals, extracted from the lists so received at the chief outposts, English and foreign, and of all losses by wreck or fire, or other accidents at sea, written in a fine Roman hand, sufficiently legible that 'he who runs may read.' Losses or accidents, which, in the technicality of the room, are denominated 'double lines,' are almost the first read by the subscribers, who get to the books as fast as possible, immediately the doors are opened for business.

"All these rooms are thrown open to the public as the Change clock strikes ten, when there is an immediate rush to all parts of the establishment, the object of many of the subscribers being to seize their favourite newspaper, and of others to ascertain the fate of their speculation, as revealed in the double lines before mentioned."

Not only has Lloyd's—a mere body of merchants—without Government interference or patronage, done much to give stability to our commerce, but it has distinguished itself at critical times by the most princely generosity and benevolence. In the great French war, when we were pushed so hard by the genius of Napoleon, which we had unwisely provoked, Lloyd's opened a subscription for the relief of soldiers' widows and orphans, and commenced an appeal to the general public by the gift of *£25,000* Three per Cent.

*Copied.* In three months only the sum subscribed at Lloyd's amounted to more than *£70,000*. In 1809 they gave *£5,000* more, and in 1813 *£10,000*. This was the commencement of the Patriotic Fund, placed under three trustees, Sir Francis Baring, Bart., John Julius Angerstein, Esq., and Thomson Bonar, Esq., and the subscriptions soon amounted to more than *£700,000*. In other charities Lloyd's were equally munificent. They gave *£5,000* to the London Hospital, for the admission of London merchant-seamen; *£1,000* for suffering inhabitants of Russia, in 1813; *£1,000* for the relief of the North American Militia (1813); *£10,000* to the Waterloo subscription of 1815; *£2,000* for the establishment of lifeboats on the English coast. They also instituted rewards for those brave men who save, or attempt to save, life from shipwreck; and to those who do not require money a medal is given. This medal was executed by W. Wyon, Esq., R.A. The subject of the obverse is the sea-nymph Leucothea appearing to Ulysses on the raft; the moment of the subject chosen is found in the following lines:—

"This heavenly scarf beneath thy bosom bind,  
And live; give all thy terrors to the wind."

The reverse is from a medal of the time of Augustus—a crown of fretted oak-leaves, the reward given by the Romans to him who saved the life of a citizen; and the motto, "*Ob cives servatos.*"

By the system on which business is conducted in Lloyd's, information is given to the insurers and the insured; there are registers of almost every ship which floats upon the ocean, the places where they were built, the materials and description of timber used in their construction, their age, state of repair, and general character. An index is kept, showing the voyages in which they have been and are engaged, so that merchants may know the vessel in which they entrust their property, and assurers may ascertain the nature and value of the risk they undertake. Agents are appointed for Lloyd's in almost every seaport in the globe, who send information of arrivals, casualties, and other matters interesting to merchants, shipowners, and underwriters, which information is published daily in *Lloyd's List*, and transmitted to all parts of the world. The collection of charts and maps is one of the most correct and comprehensive in the world. The Lords of the Admiralty presented Lloyd's with copies of all the charts made from actual surveys, and the East India Company was equally generous. The King of Prussia presented Lloyd's with copies of the charts of the Baltic, all made from surveys, and printed by the Prussian Government. *Mapes*



of all ships, and of whatever nation, frequenting the port of London, have access to this collection.

Before the last fire at the Exchange there was, on the stairs leading to Lloyd's, a monument to Captain Lydekker, the great benefactor to the London Seamen's Hospital. This worthy man was a shipowner engaged in the South Sea trade, and some of his sick sailors having been kindly treated in the "Dreadnought" hospital ship, in 1830, he gave a donation of £100 to the Society. On his death, in 1833, he left four ships and their stores, and the residue of his estate, after the payment of certain legacies. The legacy amounted to £48,431 16s. 11d. in the Three per Cents, and £10,295 11s. 4d. in cash was eventually received. The monument being destroyed by the fire in 1838, a new monument, by Mr. Sanders, sculptor, was executed for the entrance to Lloyd's rooms.

The remark of "a good book" or "a bad book" among the subscribers to Lloyd's is a sure index to the prospects of the day, the one being indicative of premium to be received, the other of losses to be paid. The life of the underwriter, like the stock speculator, is one of great anxiety, the events of the day often raising his expectations to the highest, or depressing them to the lowest pitch;

and years are often spent in the hope for acquisition of that which he never obtains. Among the old stagers of the room there is often strong antipathy expressed against the insurance of certain ships, but we never recollect its being carried out to such an extent as in the case of one vessel. She was a steady trader, named after one of the most venerable members of the room, and it was a most curious coincidence that he invariably refused to "write her" for "a single line." Often he was joked upon the subject, and pressed "to do a little" for his namesake, but he as frequently denied, shaking his head in a doubtful manner. One morning the subscribers were reading the "double lines," or the losses, and among them was the total wreck of this identical ship.

There seems to have been a regret on the first opening of the Exchange for the coziness and quiet comfort of the old building. Old frequenters missed the firm oak benches in the old ambulatoria, the walls covered with placards of ships about to sail, the amusing advertisements and lists of the sworn brokers of London, and could not acquire a rapid friendship for the encaustic flowers and gay colours of the new design. They missed the old sonorous bell, and the names of the old walks.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE BANK:—LOTHBURY.

Lothbury—Its Former Inhabitant—St Margaret's Church—Tokenhouse Yard—Origin of the Name—Farthings and Tokens—Silver Halfpence and Pennies—Queen Anne's Farthings—Sir William Petty—Defoe's Account of the Plague in Tokenhouse Yard.

OF Lothbury, a street on the north side of the Bank of England, Stow says: "The Street of Lothberie, Lathberie, or Loadberie (for by all those names have I read it), took the name as it seemeth of *berie*, or *court*, of old time there kept, but by whom is grown out of memory. This street is possessed for the most part by founders that cast candlesticks, chafing dishes, spice mortars, and such-like copper or laton works, and do afterwards turn them with the foot and not with the wheel, to make them smooth and bright with turning and scratching (as some do term it), making a loathsome noise to the by-passers that have not been used to the like, and therefore by them disdainfully called Lothberie."

"Lothbury," says Hutton (Queen Anne), "was in Stow's time much inhabited by founders, but now by merchants and warehouse-keepers, though it is not without such-like trades as he mentions."

Ben Jonson brings in an allusion to once noise

Lothbury in the "Alchemist." In this play Sir Epicure Mammon says:—

This night I'll change  
All that is metal in my house to gold;  
And early in the morning will I send  
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,  
And buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury  
For all the copper.

*Sirly.* What, and turn that too? [Cornwall,

*Mammon.* Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and  
And make them perfect Indies.

And again in his mask of "The Gipsies Metamorphosed"—

Bless the sovereign and his seeing.

From a fiddle out of tune,  
As the cuckoo is in June,  
From the candlesticks of Lothbury  
And the loud pure wives of Banbury.

Stow says of St. Margaret's, Lothbury  
it called the Chappel of St. Margaret's, in the reign of Edward II. when in the year

of that king's reign, license was granted to found a chauntry there. There be monuments in this church of Reginald Coleman, son to Robert Coleman, buried there 1383. This said Robert Coleman may be supposed the first builder or owner of Coleman Street; and that St. Stephen's Church, there builded in Coleman Street, was but a chappel belonging to the parish church of St. Olave, in the Jewry." In niches on either side of the altar-piece are two flat figures, cut out of wood, and painted to represent Moses and Aaron. These were originally in the Church of St. Christopher le Stocks, but when that church was pulled down to make way for the west end of the Bank of England, and the parish was united by Act of Parliament to that of St. Margaret, Lothbury (in 1781), they were removed to the place they now occupy. At the west end of the church is a metal bust inscribed to Petrus le Maire, 1631; this originally stood in St. Christopher's, and was brought here after the fire.

This church, which is a rectory, seated over the ancient course of Walbrook, on the north side of Lothbury, in the Ward of Coleman Street, says Maitland, owes its name to its being dedicated to St. Margaret, a virgin saint of Antioch, who suffered in the reign of Decius.

Maitland also gives the following epitaph on Sir John Leigh, 1564:—

"No wealth, no praise, no bright renowne, no skill,  
No force, no fame, no prince's love, no toyle,  
Though forraine lands by travel search you will,  
No faithful service of thy country soile,  
Can life prolong one minute of an houre;  
But Death at length will execute his power.  
For Sir John Leigh, to sundry countries knowne,  
A worthy knight, well of his prince esteemed,  
By seeing much to great experience growne,  
Though safe on seas, though sure on land he seemed,  
Yet here he lyes, too soone by Death opprest;  
His fame yet lives, his soule in Heaven hath rest."

The bowl of the font, attributed to Grinling Gibbons, is sculptured with representations of Adam and Eve in Paradise, the return of the dove to the ark, Christ baptised by St. John, and Philip baptising the eunuch.

In the reign of Henry VIII. a conduit (of which no trace now exists) was erected in Lothbury. It was supplied with water from the spring of Dame Anne's, the "Clear," mentioned by Ben Jonson in his "Bartholomew Fair."

Tokenhouse Yard, leading out of Lothbury, derived its name from an old house which was once the office for the delivery of farthing pocket-pieces, or tokens, issued for several centuries by many London tradesmen. Copper coinage, with very few exceptions, was unauthorised in England

till 1672. Edward VI. coined silver farthings, but Queen Elizabeth conceived a great prejudice to copper coins, from the spurious "black money," or copper coins washed with silver, which had got into circulation. The silver halfpenny, though inconveniently small, continued down to the time of the Commonwealth. In the time of Elizabeth, besides the Nuremberg tokens which are often found in Elizabethan ruins, many provincial cities issued tokens for provincial circulation, which were ultimately called in. In London no less than 3,000 persons, tradesmen and others, issued tokens, for which the issuer and his friends gave current coin on delivery. In 1594 the Government struck a small copper coin, "the pledge of a halfpenny," about the size of a silver twopence, but Queen Elizabeth could never be prevailed upon to sanction the issue. Sir Robert Cotton, writing in 1607 on the means whereby the kings of England have supported and repaired their estates, says there were then 3,000 London tradesmen who cast annually each about £5 worth of lead tokens, their store amounting to some £15,000. London having then about 800,000 inhabitants, this amounted to about 2d. a person; and he urged the King to restrain tradesmen from issuing these tokens. In consequence of this representation, James, in 1613, issued royal farthing tokens (two sceptres in saltire and a crown on one side, and a harp on the other), so that if the English took a dislike to them they might be ordered to pass in Ireland. They were not made a legal tender, and had but a narrow circulation. In 1635 Charles I. struck more of these, and in 1636 granted a patent for the coinage of farthings to Henry Lord Maltravers and Sir Francis Crane. During the Civil War tradesmen again issued heaps of tokens, the want of copper money being greatly felt. Charles II. had halfpence and farthings struck at the Tower in 1670, and two years afterwards they were made a legal tender, by proclamation; they were of pure Swedish copper. In 1685 there was a coinage of tin farthings, with a copper centre, and the inscription, "*Nummorum famulus*." The following year halfpence of the same description were issued, and the use of copper was not resumed till 1693, when all the tin money was called in. Speaking of the supposed mythical Queen Anne's farthing, Mr. Pinkerton says:—"All the farthings of the following reign of Anne are trial pieces, since that of 1712, her last year. They are of most exquisite workmanship, exceeding most copper coins of ancient or modern times, and will do honour to the engraver, Mr. Croker, to the end of time. The one whose reverse is Peace in a car, *Pax missa per*

*orbem*, is the most esteemed; and next to it the Britannia under a portal; the other farthings are not so valuable." We possess a complete series of silver pennies, from the reign of Egbert to the present day, with the exception of the reigns of Richard and John, the former coining in France, the latter in Ireland.

Tokenhouse Yard was built in the reign of Charles I., on the site of a house and garden of the Earl of Arundel (removed to the Strand), by Sir William Petty, an early writer on political economy, and a lineal ancestor of the present Marquis of Lansdowne. This extraordinary genius, the son of a Hampshire clothier, was one of the earliest members of the Royal Society. He studied anatomy with Hobbes in Paris, wrote numerous philosophical works, suggested improvements for the navy, and, in fact, explored almost every path of science. Aubrey says that, being challenged by Sir Hierom Sankey, one of Cromwell's knights, Petty, being short-sighted, chose for the place of his duel a dark cellar, and for weapon, a carpenter's axe. Petty's house was destroyed in the Fire of London. John Grant, says Peter Cunningham, also had property in Tokenhouse Yard. It was for Grant that Petty is said to have compiled the bills of mortality which bear his name.

Defoe, who, however, was only three years old when the Plague broke out, has laid one of the most terrible scenes in his "History of the Plague" in Tokenhouse Yard. "In my walks," he says, "I had many dismal scenes before my eyes, as particularly of persons falling dead in the streets, terrible shrieks and screeching of women, who in their agonies would throw open their chamber windows,

and cry out in a dismal surprising manner. Passing through Tokenhouse Yard, in Lothbury, of a sudden a casement violently opened just over my head, and a woman gave three frightful screeches, and then cried, 'Oh! death, death, death!' in a most inimitable tone, which struck me with horror, and a chilliness in my very blood. There was nobody to be seen in the whole street, neither did any other window open, for people had no curiosity now in any case, nor could anybody help one another. Just in Bell Alley, on the right hand of the passage, there was a more terrible cry than that, though it was not so directed out at the window; but the whole family was in a terrible fright, and I could hear women and children run screaming about the rooms like distracted, when a garret window opened, and somebody from a window on the other side the alley called and asked, 'What is the matter?' upon which, from the first window it was answered, 'Ay, ay, quite dead and cold!' This person was a merchant, and a deputy-alderman, and very rich. But this is but one. It is scarce credible what dreadful cases happened in particular families every day. People in the rage of the distemper, or in the torment of their swellings, which was, indeed, intolerable, running out of their own government, raving and distracted, oftentimes laid violent hands upon themselves, throwing themselves out at their windows, shooting themselves, &c.; mothers murdering their own children in their lunacy; some dying of mere grief, as a passion; some of mere fright and surprise, without any infection at all; others frightened into idiotism and foolish distractions, some into despair and lunacy, others into melancholy madness."

## CHAPTER XLV.

### THROGMORTON STREET.—THE DRAPERS' COMPANY.

Halls of the Drapers' Company—Throgmorton Street and its many Fair Houses—Drapers and Wool Merchants—The Drapers in Olden Times—Milborne's Charity—Dress and Livery—Election Dinner of the Drapers' Company—A Draper's Funeral—Ordinances and Penances—Fifty-three Draper Mayors—Pageants and Processions of the Drapers—Charters—Details of the present Drapers' Hall—Arms of the Drapers' Company.

THROGMORTON STREET is at the north-east corner of the Bank of England, and was so called after Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who is said to have been poisoned by Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's favourite. There is a monument to his memory in the Church of St. Catherine Cree.

The Drapers' first Hall, according to Herbert, was in Cornhill; the second was in Throgmorton

Street, to which they came in 1541 (Henry VIII.), on the beheading of Cromwell, Earl of Essex, its previous owner; and the present structure was re-erected on its site, after the Great Fire of London.

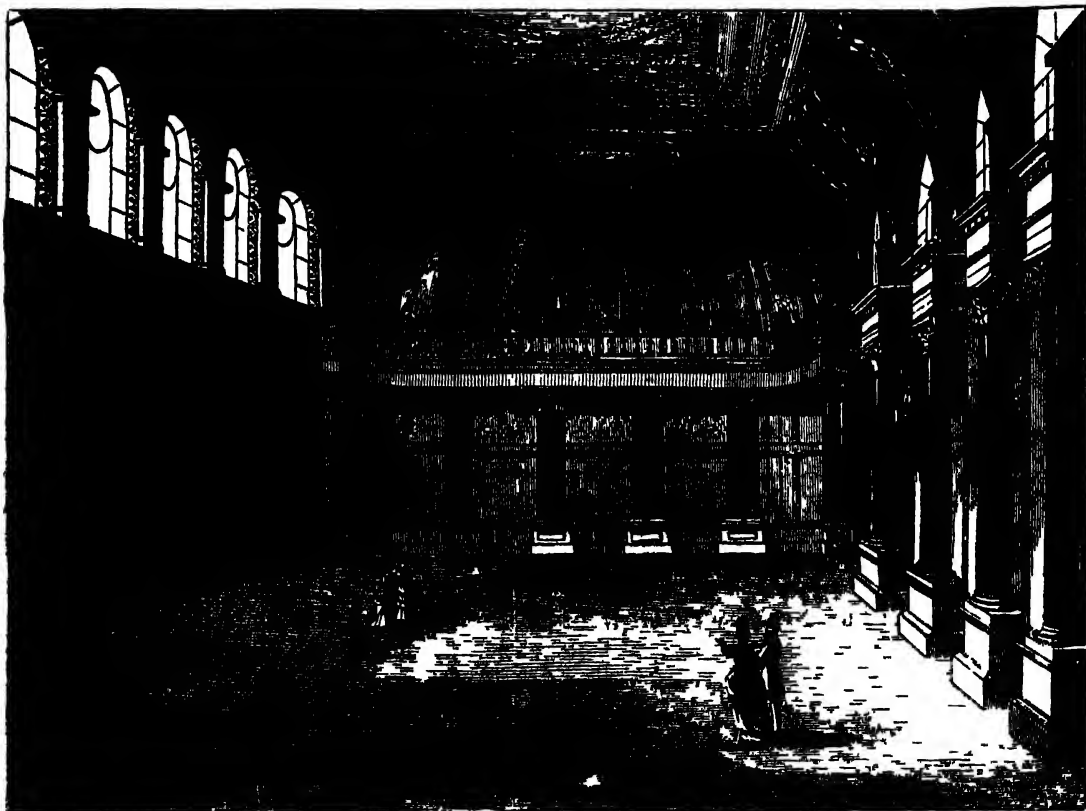
Stow, describing the Augustine Friars' Church, says there have been built at its west end "many feyre houses, namely, in Throgmorton Streets;" and among the rest, "one very large and spacious,"

builded, he says, "in place of olde and small tenements, by Thomas Cromwell, minister of the King's jewell-house, after that Maister of the Rolls, then Lord Cromwell, Knight, Lord Privie Seale, Vicker-Generall, Earle of Essex, High Chamberlain of England, &c.;" and he then tells the following story respecting it:—

"This house being finished, and having some reasonable plot of ground left for a garden, hee caused the pales of the gardens adjoining to the north parte thereof, on a sodaine, to bee taken

vj<sup>a</sup> viij<sup>d</sup> the yeare, for that halfe which was left. Thus much of mine owne knowledge have I thought goode to note, that the sodaine rising of some men causeth them to forget themselves." ("Survaie of London," 1598.)

The Company was incorporated in 1439 (Henry VI.), but it also possesses a charter granted them by Edward III., that they might regulate the sale of cloths according to the statute. Drapers were originally makers, not merely, as now, dealers in cloth. (Herbert) The country drapers were called



INTERIOR OF DRAPERS' HALL

down, twenty-two foote to be measured forth right into the north of every man's ground, a line there to be drawne, a trench to be cast, a foundation laid, and a high bricke wall to be builded. My father had a garden there, and an house standing close to his south pale; this house they loosed from the ground, and bore upon rollers into my father's garden, twenty-two foot, ere my father heard thereof. No warning was given him, nor other answere, when hee spoke to the surveyors of that worke, but that their mayster, Sir Thomas, commanded them so to doe; no man durst go to argue the matter, but each man lost his land, and my father payde his whole rent, whiche was

clothiers; the wool-merchants, staplers. The Britons and Saxons were both, according to the best authorities, familiar with the art of cloth-making; but the greater part of English wool, from the earliest times, seems to have been sent to the Netherlands, and from thence returned in the shape of fine cloth, since we find King Ethelred, as early as 967, exacting from the Easterling merchants of the Steel Yard, in Thames Street, tolls of cloth, which were paid at Billingsgate.

The width of woollen cloth is prescribed in Magna Charta. There was a weavers' guild in the reign of Henry I., and the drapers are mentioned soon after as flourishing in all the large provincial

cities. It is supposed that the cloths sold by such drapers were red, green, and scarlet cloths, made in Flanders. In the next reign English cloths, made of Spanish wool, are spoken of. Drapers are recorded in the reign of Henry II. as paying fines to the king for permission to sell dyed cloths. In the same reign, English cloths made of Spanish wool are mentioned. In the reign of Edward I., the cloth of Candlewick Street (Cannon Street) was famous. The guild paid the king two marks of gold every year at the feast of Michaelmas.

the London drapers at first opposing the right of the country clothiers to sell in gross.

The drapers for a long time lingered about Cornhill, where they had first settled, living in Burchin Lane, and spreading as far as the Stocks' Market, but in the reign of Henry VI. the drapers had all removed to Cannon Street, where we find them tempting Lydgate's "London Lick-penny" with their wares. In this reign arms were granted to the Company, and the grant is still preserved in the British Museum.

The books of the Company commence in the



DRAPERS' HALL GARDEN.

But Edward III., jealous of the Netherlands, set to work to establish the English cloth manufacture. He forbade the exportation of English wool, and invited over seventy Walloon weaver families, who settled in Cannon Street. The Flemings had their meeting-place in St. Lawrence Poultry churchyard, and the Brabanters in the churchyard of St. Mary Somerset. In 1361 the king removed the wool staple from Calais to Westminster and nine English towns. In 1378 Richard II. again changed the wool staple from Westminster to Staples' Inn, Holborn; and in 1397 a weekly cloth-market was established at Blackwell Hall, Basinghall Street;

reign of Edward IV., and are full of curious details relating to dress, observances, government, and trade. Edward IV., it must be remembered, in 1479, when he had invited the mayor and aldermen to a great hunt at Waltham Forest, not to forget the City ladies, sent them two harts, six bucks, and a tun of wine, with which noble present the lady mayoress (wife of Sir Bartholomew James, Draper) entertained the aldermen's wives at Drapers' Hall, St. Swithin's Lane, Cannon Street. The chief extracts from the Drapers' records made by Herbert are the following:—

In 1476 forty of the Company rode to

Edward IV. on his return from France, at a cost of £20. In 1483 they sent six persons to welcome the unhappy Edward V., whom the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, preparatory to his murder, had brought to London; and in the following November, the Company dispatched twenty-two of the livery, in many-coloured coats, to attend the coronation procession of Edward's wicked hunchback uncle, Richard III. Presently they mustered 200 men, on the rising of the Kentish rebels; and again, in Finsbury Fields, at "the coming of the Northern men." They paid 9s. for boat hire to Westminster, to attend the funeral of Queen Anne (Richard's queen).

In Henry VII.'s reign, we find the Drapers again boating to Westminster, to present their bill for the reformation of cloth-making. The barge seems to have been well supplied with ribs of beef, wine, and pippins. We find the ubiquitous Company at many other ceremonies of this reign, such as the coronation of the queen, &c.

In 1491 the Merchant Taylors came to a conference at Drapers' Hall, about some disputes in the cloth trade, and were hospitably entertained with bread and wine. In the great riots at the Steel Yard, when the London 'prentices tried to sack the Flemish warehouses, the Drapers helped to guard the depôt, with weapons, cressets, and banners. They probably also mustered for the king at Blackheath against the Cornish insurgents. We meet them again at the procession that welcomed Princess Katherine of Spain, who married Prince Arthur; then, in the Lady Chapel at St. Paul's, listening to Prince Arthur's requiem; and, again, bearing twelve enormous torches of wax at the burial of Henry VII., the prince's father.

In 1514 (Henry VIII.) Sir William Capell left the Drapers' Company houses in various parts of London, on condition of certain prayers being read for his soul, and certain doles being given. In 1521 the Company, sorely against its will, was compelled by the arbitrary king to help fit out five ships of discovery for Sebastian Cabot, whose father had discovered Newfoundland. They called it "a sore adventure to jeopard ships with men and goods unto the said island, upon the singular trust of one man, called, as they understood, Sebastian." But Wolsey and the King would have no nay, and the Company had to comply. The same year, Sir John Brugge, Mayor and Draper, being invited to the Serjeants' Feast at Ely House, Holborn, the masters of the Drapers and seven other crafts attended in their best livery gowns and hoods; the Mayor presiding at the high board, the Master of the Rolls at the second, the Master of

the Drapers at the third. Another entry in the same year records a sum of £22 15s. spent on thirty-two yards of crimson satin, given as a present to win the good graces of "my Lord Cardinal," the proud Wolsey, and also twenty marks given him, "as a pleasure," to obtain for the Company more power in the management of the Blackwell Hall trade.

In 1527 great disputes arose between the Drapers and the Crutched Friars. Sir John Milborne, who was several times master of the Company, and mayor in 1521, had built thirteen almshouses, near the friars' church, for thirteen old men, who were daily at his tomb to say prayers for his soul. There was also to be an anniversary obit. The Drapers' complaint was that the religious services were neglected, and that the friars had encroached on the ground of Milborne's charity. Henry VIII. afterwards gave Crutched Friars to Sir Thomas Wyat, the poetical friend of the Earl of Surrey, who built a mansion there, which was afterwards Lumley House. At the dissolution of monasteries, the Company paid £1,402 6s. for their chantries and obits.

The dress or livery of the Company seems to have varied more than that of any other—from violet, crimson, murrey, blue, blue and crimson, to brown, puce. In the reign of James I. a uniform garb was finally adopted. The observances of the Company at elections, funerals, obits, and pageants were quaint, friendly, and clubable enough. Every year, at Lady Day, the whole body of the fellowship in new livery went to Bow Church (afterwards to St. Michael's, Cornhill), there heard the Lady Mass, and offered each a silver penny on the altar. At evensong they again attended, and heard dirges chanted for deceased members. On the following day they came and heard the Mass of Requiem, and offered another silver penny. On the day of the feast they walked two and two in livery to the dining-place, each member paying three shillings the year that no clothes were supplied, and two shillings only when they were. The year's quarterage was sevenpence. In 1522 the election dinner consisted of fowls, swans, geese, pike, half a buck, pasties, conies, pigeons, tarts, pears, and filberts. The guests all washed after dinner, standing. At the side-tables ale and claret were served in wooden cups; but at the high table they gave pots and wooden cups for ale and wine, but for red wine and hippocras gilt cups. After being served with wafers and spiced wine, the masters went among the guests and gathered the quarterage. The old master then rose and went into the parlour, with a garland on his head



and his cupbearer before him, and, going straight to the upper end of the high board, without minstrels, chose the new master, and then sat down. Then the masters went into the parlour, and took their garlands and four cupbearers, and crossed the great parlour till they came to the upper end of the high board; and there the chief warden delivered his garland to the warden he chose, and the three other wardens did likewise, proffering the garlands to divers persons, and at last delivering them to the real persons selected. After this all the company rose and greeted the new master and wardens, and the dessert began. At some of these great feasts some 230 people sat down. The lady members and guests sometimes dined with the brothers, and sometimes in separate rooms. At the Midsummer dinner, or dinners, of 1515, six bucks seem to have been eaten, besides three boars, a barrelled sturgeon, twenty-four dozen quails; three hogsheads of wine, twenty-one gallons of muscadell, and thirteen and a half barrels of ale. It was usual at these generous banquets to have players and minstrels.

The funerals of the Company generally ended with a dinner, at which the chaplains and a chosen few of the Company feasted. The Company's pall was always used; and on one occasion, in 1518, we find a silver spoon given to each of the six bearers. Spiced bread, bread and cheese, fruit, and ale were also partaken of at these obits, sometimes at the church, sometimes at a neighbouring tavern. At the funeral of Sir Roger Achilley, Lord Mayor in 1513, there seem to have been twenty-four torchbearers. The pews were apparently hung with black, and children holding torches stood by the hearse. The Company maintained two priests at St. Michael's, Cornhill. The funeral of Sir William Roche, Mayor in 1523, was singularly splendid. First came two branches of white wax, borne before the priests and clerks, who paced in surplices, singing as they paced. Then followed a standard, blazoned with the dead man's crest—a red deer's head, with gilt horns, and gold and green wings. Next followed mourners, and after them the herald, with the dead man's coat armour, checkered silver and azure. Then followed the corpse, attended by clerks and the livery. After the corpse came the son, the chief mourner, and two other couples of mourners. The sword-bearer and Lord Mayor, in state, walked next; then the aldermen, sheriffs, and the Drapery livery, followed by all the ladies, gentlewomen, and aldermen's wives. After the dirge, they all went to the dead man's house, and partook of spiced bread and comfits, with ale and beer. The next

day the mourners had a collection at the church. Then the chief mourners presented the target, sword, helmet, and banners to the priests, and a collection was made for the poor. Directly after the sacrament, the mourners went to Mrs. Roche's house, and dined, the livery dining at the Drapers' Hall, the deceased having left £6 15s. 4d. for that purpose. The record concludes thus: "And my Lady Roche, of her gentylness, sent them moreover four gallons of French wine, and also a box of wafers, and a pottell of ipocras. For whose soul let us pray, and all Christian souls. Amen." The Company maintained priests, altars, and lights at St. Mary Woolnoth's, St. Michael's, Cornhill, St. Thomas of Acon, Austin Friars, and the Priory of St. Bartholomew.

The Drapers' ordinances are of great interest. Every apprentice, on being enrolled, paid fees, which went to a fund called "spoon silver." The mode of correcting these wayward lads was sometimes singular. Thus we find one Needswell in the parlour, on court day, flogged by two tall men, disguised in canvas frocks, hoods, and vizors, twopennyworth of birchen rods being expended on his moral improvement. The Drapers had a special ordinance, in the reign of Henry IV., to visit the fairs of Westminster, St. Bartholomew, Spitalfields, and Southwark, to make a trade search; and to measure doubtful goods by the "Drapers' ell," a standard said to have been granted them by King Edward III. Bread, wine, and pears seem to have been the frugal entertainment of the searchers.

Decayed brothers were always pensioned; thus we find, in 1526, Sir Laurence Aylmer, who had actually been mayor in 1507, applying for alms, and relieved, we regret to state, somewhat grudgingly. In 1834 Mr. Lawford, clerk of the Company, stated to the Commissioners of Municipal Inquiry that there were then sixty poor freemen on the charity roll, who received £10 a year each. The master and wardens also gave from the Company's bounty quarterly sums of money to about fifty or sixty other poor persons. In cases where members of the court fell into decay, they received pensions during the court's pleasure. One person of high repute, then recently deceased, had received the sum of £200 per annum, and on this occasion the City had given him back his sheriff's fine. The attendance fee given to members of the court was two guineas.

From 1531 to 1714, Strype reckons fifty-three Draper mayors. Eight of these were the heads of noble families, forty-three were knights or baronets, fifteen represented the City in Parliament, and

were founders of churches and public institutions. The Earls of Bath and Essex, the Barons Wotton, and the Dukes of Chandos are among the noble families which derive their descent from members of this illustrious Company. That great citizen, Henry Fitz-Alwin, the son of Leofstan, Goldsmith, and provost of London, was a Draper, and held the office of mayor for twenty-four successive years.

In the Drapers' Lord Mayors' shows the barges seem to have been covered with blue or red cloth. The trumpeters wore crimson hats; and the banners, pennons, and streamers were fringed with silk, and "beaten with gold." The favourite pageants were those of the Assumption and St. Ursula. The Drapers' procession on the mayoralty of one of their members, Sir Robert Clayton, is thus described by Jordan in his "London Industrie :"—

*"In proper habits, orderly arrayed,  
The movements of the morning are displayed.  
Selected citizens i' th' morning all,  
At seven a clock, do meet at Drapers' Hall.  
The master, wardens, and assistants joyn  
For the first rank, in their gowns fac'd with Foyn.  
The second order do, in merry moods,  
March in gowns fac'd with Budge and livery hoods.  
In gowns and scarlet hoods thirdly appears  
A youthful number of Foyn's Batchellors;  
Forty Budge Batchellors the triumph crowns,  
Gravely attird in scarlet hoods and gowns.  
Gentlemen Ushers which white staves do hold  
Sixty, in velvet coats and chains of gold.  
Next, thirty more in plush and buff there are,  
That several colours wear, and banners bear.  
The Serjeant Trumpet thirty-six more brings  
(Twenty the Duke of York's, sixteen the King's).  
The Serjeant wears two scarfs, whose colours be  
One the Lord Mayor's, t'other's the Company.  
The King's Drum Major, follow'd by four more  
Of the King's drums and fifes, make London roar."*

"What gives the festivities of this Company an unique zest," says Herbert, "however, is the visitors at them, and which included a now extinct race. We here suddenly find ourselves in company with abbots, priors, and other heads of monastic establishments, and become so familiarised with the abbot of Tower Hill, the prior of St. Mary Ovary, Christ Church, St. Bartholomew's, the provincial and the prior of 'Freres Austyn's,' the master of St. Thomas Acon's and St. Laurence Pulteney, and others of the metropolitan conventual clergy, most of whom we find amongst their constant yearly visitors, that we almost fancy ourselves living in their times, and of their acquaintance."

The last public procession of the Drapers' Company was in 1761, when the master wardens and court of assistants walked in rank to hear a sermon

at St. Peter's, Cornhill; a number of them each carried a pair of shoes, stockings, and a suit of clothes, the annual legacy to the poor of this Company.

The Drapers possess seven original charters, all of them with the Great Seal attached, finely written, and in excellent preservation. These charters comprise those of Edward I., Henry VI., Edward IV., Philip and Mary, Elizabeth, and two of James I. The latter is the acting charter of the company. In 4 James I., the company is entitled "The Master and Wardens and Brothers and Sisters of the Guild or Fraternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, of the Mystery of Drapers of the City of London." In Maitland's time (1756), the Company devoted £4,000 a year to charitable uses.



CROMWELL'S HOUSE, FROM AGGAS'S MAP.  
(Taken from Herbert's "City Companies.")

Aggas's drawing represents Cromwell House almost windowless, on the street side, and with three small embattled turrets; and there was a footway through the garden of Winchester House, which forms the present passage (says Herbert) from the east end of Throgmorton Street, through Austin Friars to Great Winchester Street. The Great Fire stopped northwards at Drapers' Hall. The renter warden lost £446 of the Company's money, but the Company's plate was buried safely in a sewer in the garden. Till the hall could be rebuilt, Sir Robert Clayton lent the Drapers a large room in Austin Friars. The hall was rebuilt by Jarman, who built the second Exchange and Fishmongers' Hall. The hall had a very narrow escape (says Herbert) in 1774 from a fire, which

broke out in the vaults beneath the hall (let out as a store-cellar), and destroyed a considerable part of the building, together with a number of houses on the west side of Austin Friars.

The present Drapers' Hall is Mr. Jarman's structure, but altered, and partly rebuilt after the fire in 1774, and partly rebuilt again in 1870. It principally consists of a spacious quadrangle, surrounded by a fine piazza or ambulatory of arches, supported by columns. The quiet old garden greatly improves the hall, which, from this appendage, and its own elegance, might be readily supposed the mansion of a person of high rank.

The present Throgmorton Street front of the building is of stone and marble, and was built by Mr. Herbert Williams, who also erected the splendid new hall, removing the old gallery, adding a marble staircase fit for an emperor's palace, and new facing the court-room, the ceiling of which was at the same time raised. Marble pillars, stained glass windows, carved marble mantelpieces, gilt panelled ceilings—everything that is rich and tasteful—the architect has used with lavish profusion.

The buildings of the former interior were of fine red brick, but the front and entrance, in Throgmorton Street, was of a yellow brick; both interior and exterior were highly enriched with stone ornaments. Over the gateway was a large sculpture of the Drapers' arms, a cornice and frieze, the latter displaying lions' heads, rams' heads, &c., in small circles, and various other architectural decorations.

The old hall, properly so called, occupied the eastern side of the quadrangle, the ascent to it being by a noble stone staircase, covered, and highly embellished by stucco-work, gilding, &c. The stately screen of this magnificent apartment was curiously decorated with carved pillars, pilasters, arches, &c. The ceiling was divided into numerous compartments, chiefly circular, displaying, in the centre, Phaeton in his car, and round him the signs of the zodiac, and various other enrichments. In the wainscoting was a neat recess, with shelves, whereon the Company's plate, which, both for quality and workmanship, is of great value, was displayed at their feasts. Above the screen, at the end opposite the master's chair, hung a portrait of Lord Nelson, by Sir William Beechey, for which the Company paid four hundred guineas, together with the portrait of Fitz-Alwin, the great Draper, already mentioned. "In denominating this portrait *curious*," says Herbert, "we give as high praise as can be afforded it. Oil-painting was totally unknown to England in Fitz-Alwin's time; the style of dress,

and its execution as a work of art, are also too modern."

In the gallery, between the old hall and the livery-room, were full-length portraits of the English sovereigns, from William III. to George III., together with a full-length portrait of George IV., by Lawrence, and the celebrated picture of Mary Queen of Scots, and her son, James I., by Zuccherò. The portrait of the latter king is a fine specimen of the master, and is said to have cost the Company between £600 and £700. "It has a fault, however," says Herbert, "observable in other portraits of this monarch, that of the likeness being flattered. If it was not uncourteous so to say, we should call it George IV. with the face of the Prince of Wales. Respecting the portrait of Mary and her son, there has been much discussion. Its genuineness has been doubted, from the circumstance of James having been only a twelvemonth old when this picture is thought to have been painted, and his being here represented of the age of four or five; but the anachronism might have arisen from the whole being a composition of the artist, executed, not from the life, but from other authorities furnished to him." It was cleaned and copied by Spiridione Roma, for Boydell's print, who took off a mask of dirt from it, and is certainly a very interesting picture. There is another tradition of this picture: that Sir Anthony Babington, confidential secretary to Queen Mary, had her portrait, which he deposited, for safety, either at Merchant Taylors' Hall or Drapers' Hall, and that it had never come back to Sir Anthony or his family. It has been insinuated that Sir William Boreman, clerk to the Board of Green Cloth in the reign of Charles II., purloined this picture from one of the royal palaces. Some absurdly suggest that it is the portrait of Lady Dulcibella Boreman, the wife of Sir William. There is a tradition that this valuable picture was thrown over the wall into Drapers' Garden during the Great Fire, and never reclaimed.

The old court-room adjoined the hall, and formed the north side of the quadrangle. It was wainscoted, and elegantly fitted up, like the last. The fire-place was very handsome, and had over the centre a small oblong compartment in white marble, with a representation of the Company receiving their charter. The ceiling was stuccoed, somewhat similarly to the hall, with various subjects allusive to the Drapers' trade and to the heraldic bearings of the Company. Both the (dining) hall and this apartment were rebuilt after the fire in 1774.

The old gallery led to the ladies' chamber and livery-room. In the former, balls, &c., were occasionally held. This was also a very elegant room.

The livery-room was a fine lofty apartment, and next in size to the hall. Here were portraits of Sir Joseph Sheldon, Lord Mayor, 1677, by Gerard Soest, and a three-quarter length of Sir Robert Clayton, by Kneller, 1680, seated in a chair—a great benefactor to Christ's Hospital, and to that of St. Thomas, in Southwark; and two benefactors—Sir William Boreman, an officer of the Board of Green Cloth in the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II., who endowed a free school at Greenwich; and Henry Dixon, of Enfield, who left land in that parish for apprenticing boys of the same parish, and giving a sum to such as were bound to freemen of London at the end of their apprenticeship. Here was also a fine portrait of Mr. Smith, late clerk of the Company (three-quarters); a smaller portrait of Thomas Bagshaw, who died in 1794, having been beadle to the Company forty years, and who for his long and faithful services has been thus honoured. The windows of the livery-room overlook the private garden, in the midst of which is a small basin of water, with a fountain and statue. The large garden, which adjoins this, is constantly open to the public, from morning till night, excepting Saturdays, Sundays, and the Company's festival days. This is a pleasant and extensive plot of ground, neatly laid out with gravelled walks, a grass-plot, flowering shrubs, lime-trees, pavilions, &c. Beneath what was formerly the ladies' chamber is the record-room,

which is constructed of stone and iron, and made fire-proof, for the more effectually securing of the Company's archives, books, plate, and other valuable and important documents.

Howell, in his "Letters," has the following anecdote about Drapers' Hall. "When I went," he says, "to bind my brother Ned apprentice, in Drapers' Hall, casting my eyes upon the chimney-piece of the great room, I spied a picture of an ancient gentleman, and underneath, 'Thomas Howell;' I asked the clerk about him, and he told me that he had been a Spanish merchant in Henry VIII.'s time, and coming home rich, and dying a bachelor, he gave that hall to the Company of Drapers, with other things, so that he is accounted one of the chiefest benefactors. I told the clerk that one of the sons of Thomas Howell came now thither to be bound; he answered that, if he be a right Howell, he may have, when he is free, three hundred pounds to help to set him up, and pay no interest for five years. It may be, hereafter, we will make use of this."

The Drapers' list of livery states their modern arms to be thus emblazoned, viz.—Azure, three clouds radiated *proper*, each adorned with a triple crown *or*. Supporters—two lions *or*, pelleted. Crest—on a wreath, a ram couchant *or*, armed *sables*, on a mount *vert*. Motto—"Unto God only be honour and glory."

## CHAPTER XLV.

### BARTHOLOMEW LANE AND LOMBARD STREET.

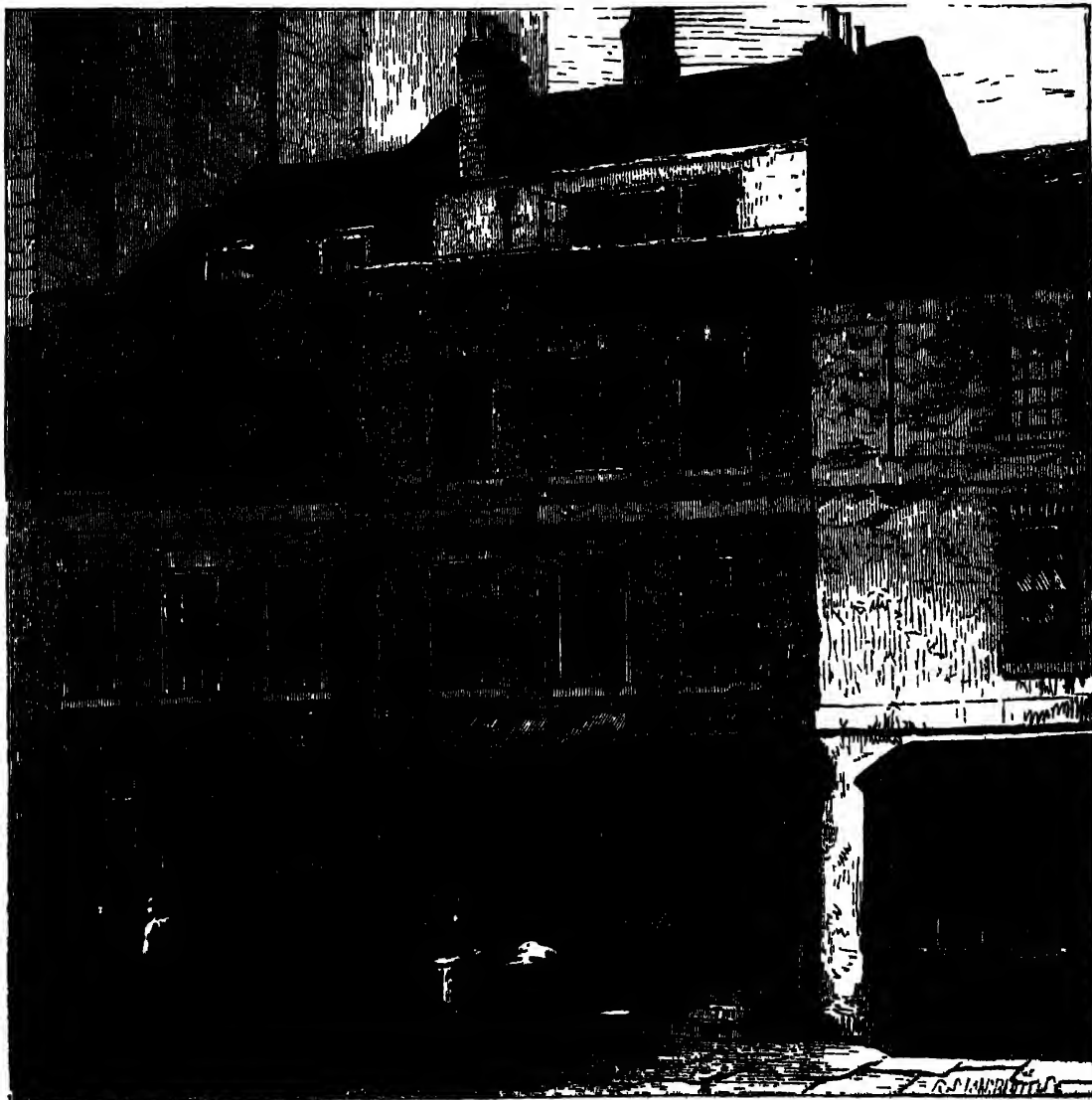
George Robins—His Sale of the Lease of the Olympic—St. Bartholomew's Church—The Lombards and Lombard Street—William de la Pole—Gresham—The Post Office, Lombard Street—Alexander Pope's Father in Plough Court—Lombard Street Tributaries—St. Mary Woolnoth—St. Clement's—Dr. Benjamin Stone—Discovery of Roman Remains—St. Mary Abchurch.

BARTHOLOMEW LANE is associated with the memory of Mr. George Robins, one of the most eloquent auctioneers who ever wielded an ivory hammer. The Auction Mart stood opposite the Rotunda of the Bank. It is said that Robins was once offered £2,000 and all his expenses to go and dispose of a valuable property in New York. His annual income was guessed at £12,000. It is said that half the landed property in England had passed under his hammer. Robins, with incomparable powers of blarney and soft sawder, wrote poetical and alluring advertisements (attributed by some to eminent literary men), which were irresistibly attractive. His notice of the sale of the twenty-seven years' lease of the Olympic, at the death of Mr. Scott, in 1840, was a marvel of adroitness:—

"Mr. George Robins is desired to announce To the Public, and more especially to the Theatrical World, that he is authorised to sell By Public Auction, at the Mart, On Thursday next, the twentieth of June, at twelve, The Olympic Theatre, which for so many years Possessed a kindly feeling with the Public, And has, for many seasons past, assumed An unparalleled altitude in theatricals, since It was fortunately demised to Madame Vestris; Who, albeit, not content to move at the slow rate Of bygone time, gave to it a spirit and a Consequence, that the march of improvement And her own consummate taste and judgment Had conceived. To crown her laudable effort: With unquestionable success, she has caused To be completed (with the exception of St. James's) THE MOST SPLENDID LITTLE THEATRE IN EUROPE; Has given to the entertainments a new life;

Has infused so much of her own special tact,  
That it now claims to be one of the most  
FAMED OF THE METROPOLITAN THEATRES. Indeed,  
It is a fact that will always remain on record,  
That amid the vicissitudes of all other theatrical  
Establishments, with Madame at its head, success has  
Never been equivocal for a moment, and the

made it as clear as any proposition in Euclid that  
Madame Vestris could not possibly succeed in  
Covent Garden ; that, in fact, she could succeed  
in no other house than the Olympic ; and that con-  
sequently the purchaser was quite sure of her as a  
tenant as long as he chose to let the theatre to her.



POPE'S HOUSE, PLOUGH COURT, LOMBARD STREET.

Receipts have for years past averaged nearly  
As much as the patent theatres. The boxes are  
In such high repute, that double the present low  
Rental is available by this means alone. Madame  
Vestris has a lease for three more seasons at only one  
Thousand pounds a year," &c.

The sale itself is thus described by Mr. Grant,  
who, writes as if he had been present:—"Mr.  
Robins," says Grant, "had exhausted the English  
language in commendation of that theatre ; he

He proved to demonstration that the theatre would  
always fill, no matter who should be the lessee ;  
and that consequently it would prove a perfect  
mine of wealth to the lucky gentleman who was  
sufficiently alive to his own interests to become  
the purchaser. By means of such representations,  
made in a way and with an ingenuity peculiar to  
himself, Mr. Robins had got the biddings up to  
the starting sum, which was £3,000, to £4,000.



There, however, the aspirants to the property came to what Mr. Robins called a dead stop. For at least three or four minutes he put his ingenuity to the rack in lavishing encomiums on the property, without his zeal and eloquence being rewarded by a single new bidding. It was at this extremity—and he never resorts to the expedient until the bidders have reached what they themselves at the time conceive to be the highest point—it was at this crisis of the Olympic, Mr. Robins, causing the hammer to descend in the manner I have described, and accompanying the slow and solemn movement with a 'Going—going—go——,' that the then highest bidder exclaimed, 'The theatre is mine!' and at which Mr. Robins, apostrophising him in his own bland and fascinating manner, remarked, 'I don't wonder, my friend, that your anxiety to possess the property at such a price should anticipate my decision; but,' looking round the audience and smiling, as if he congratulated them on the circumstance, 'it is still in the market, gentlemen: you have still an opportunity of making your fortunes without risk or trouble.' The bidding that instant recommenced, and proceeded more briskly than ever. It eventually reached £5,850, at which sum the theatre was 'knocked down.'"

St. Bartholomew's behind the Exchange was built in 1438. Stow gives the following strange epitaph, date 1615:—

Here lyes a Margarite that most excell'd  
(Her father Wyts, her mother Lichterveld,  
Rematcht with Metkerke) of remarke for birth,  
But much more gentle for her genuine worth;  
Wyts (sister) Jewell (so her name bespeakes)  
A most prudent, peaceful, praise-full life,  
Fitting a Sabe and a Sacred's wife,  
Such as Sarcina and (her second) Hill,  
Whose joy of life, Death in her death did kill.

Quam pie obiit, Puerpera, Die 29, Junii,  
Anno Salutis 1615. Ætatis 39.

From my and cradle to my sable chest,  
Poore Pilgrim, I did find few months of rest.  
In Flanders, Holland; Zeland, England, all,  
To Parents, troubles, and to me did fall.  
These made me pious, patient, modest, wise;  
And, though well borne, to shun the gallants' guise;  
But now I rest my soule, where rest is found,  
My body here, in a small piece of ground,  
And from my Hill, that hill I have ascended,  
From whence (for me) my Saviour once descended.

Margarita, a Jewell.

I, like a Jewell, tost by sea to land,  
Am bought by him, who weares me on his hand.

Margarita, Margareta.

One night, two dreames  
Made two propheticals,  
Thine of thy coffin,  
Mine of thy funerals.

If women all were like to thee,  
We men for wives should happy be.

The first stone of the Gresham Club House, No. 1, King William Street, corner of St. Swithin's Lane, was laid in 1844, the event being celebrated by a dinner at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate Street, the Lord Mayor, Sir William Magnay, in the chair. The club was at first under the presidency of John Abel Smith, Esq., M.P. The building was erected from the design of Mr. Henry Flower, architect.

After the expulsion of the Jews, the Lombards (or merchants of Genoa, Lucca, Florence, and Venice) succeeded them as the money-lenders and bankers of England. About the middle of the thirteenth century these Italians established themselves in Lombard Street, remitting money to Italy by bills of exchange, and transmitting to the Pope and Italian prelates their fees, and the incomes of their English benefices. Mr. Burgon has shown that to these industrious strangers we owe many of our commercial terms, such, for instance, as *debtor, creditor, cash, usance, bank, bankrupt, journal, diary, ditto*, and even our *£ s. d.*, which originally stood for *libri, soldi, and denari*. In the early part of the fifteenth century we find these swarthy merchants advancing loans to the State, and having the customs mortgaged to them by way of security. Pardons and holy wafers were also sold in this street before the Reformation.

One of the celebrated dwellers in mediæval Lombard Street was William de la Pole, father of Michael, Earl of Suffolk. He was king's merchant or factor to Edward III., and in 1338, at Antwerp, lent that warlike and extravagant monarch a sum equivalent to £400,000 of our current money. He received several munificent grants of Crown land, and was created chief baron of the exchequer and a knight banneret. He is always styled in public instruments "*dilectus mercator et valectus noster*." His son Michael, who died at the siege of Harfleur in 1415, succeeded to his father's public duties and his house in Lombard Street, near Birchin Lane. Michael's son fell at Agincourt. The last De la Pole was beheaded during the wars of the Roses.

About the date 1559, when Gresham was honoured by being sent as English ambassador to the court of the Duchess of Parma, he resided in Lombard Street. His shop (about the present No. 18) was distinguished by his father's crest—viz., a grasshopper. The original sign was seen by Pennant; and Mr. Burgon assures us that it continued in existence as late as 1795, being removed or stolen on the erection of the present



building. Gresham was not only a mercer and merchant adventurer, but a banker—a term which in those days of 10 or 12 per cent. interest meant also, “a usurer, a pawnbroker, a money scrivener, a goldsmith, and a dealer in bullion” (Burgon). After his knighthood, Gresham seems to have thought it undignified to reside at his shop, so left it to his apprentice, and removed to Bishopsgate, where he built Gresham House. It was a vulgar tradition of Elizabeth’s time, according to Lodge, that Gresham was a foundling, and that an old woman who found him was attracted to the spot by the increased chirping of the grasshoppers. This story was invented, no doubt, to account for his crest.

During the first two years of Gresham’s acting as the king’s factor, he posted from Antwerp no fewer than forty times. Between the 1st of March, 1552, and the 27th of July his payments amounted to £106,301 4s. 4d.; his travelling expenses for riding in and out eight times, £102 10s., including a supper and a banquet to the Schetz and the Fuggers, the great banks with whom he had to transact business, £26 being equal, Mr. Burgon calculates, to £250 of the present value of money. The last-named feast must have been one of great magnificence, as the guests appear to have been not more than twenty. On such occasions Gresham deemed it policy to “make as good chere as he could.”

He was living in Lombard Street, no doubt, at that eventful day when, being at the house of Mr. John Byvers, alderman, he promised that “within one month after the founding of the Burse he would make over the whole of the profits, in equal moities, to the City and the Mercers’ Company, in case he should die childless;” and “for the sewer performance of the premisses, the said Sir Thomas, in the presens of the persons afore named, did give his house to Sir William Garrard, and drank a carouse to Thomas Rowe.” This mirthful affair was considered of so much importance as to be entered on the books of the Corporation, solemnly commencing with the words, “Be it remembered, that the ixth day of February, in Anno Domini 1565,” &c.

Gresham’s wealth was made chiefly by trade with Antwerp. “The exports from Antwerp,” says Burgon, “at that time consisted of jewels and precious stones, bullion, quicksilver, wrought silks, cloth of gold and silver, gold and silver thread, camblets, grograms, spices, drugs, sugar, cotton, cummin, galls, linen, serges, tapestry, madder, hops in great quantities, glass, salt-fish, small wares (or, as they were then called, merceries), made of

metal and other materials, to a considerable amount; arms, ammunition, and household furniture. From England Antwerp imported immense quantities of fine and coarse woollen goods; as canvas, frieze, &c., the finest wool, excellent stuffs in small quantities, a great quantity of lead and tin, sheep and rabbit-skins, together with other kinds of peltry and leather; beer, cheese, and other provisions in great quantities, also Malmsey wines, which the English at that time obtained from Candia. Cloth was, however, by far the most important article of traffic between the two countries. The annual importation into Antwerp about the year 1568, including every description of cloth, was estimated at more than 200,000 pieces, amounting in value to upwards of 4,000,000 escus d’or, or about £1,200,000 sterling.”

In the reign of Charles II. we find the “Grasshopper” in Lombard Street the sign of another wealthy goldsmith, Sir Charles Duncombe, the founder of the Feversham family, and the purchaser of Helmsley, in Yorkshire, the princely seat of George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham:

“Helmsley, once proud Buckingham’s delight,  
Yields to a scrivener and a City knight.”

Here also resided Sir Robert Viner, the Lord Mayor of London in 1675, and apparently an especial favourite with Charles II.

The Post Office, Lombard Street, formerly the General Post Office, was originally built by “the great banquer,” Sir Robert Viner, on the site of a noted tavern destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. Here Sir Robert kept his mayoralty in 1675. Strype describes it as a very large and curious dwelling, with a handsome paved court, and behind it “a yard for stabling and coaches.” The St. Martin’s-le-Grand General Post Office was not opened till 1829.

“I have,” says “Aleph,” in the *City Press*, “a vivid recollection of Lombard Street in 1805. More than half a century has rolled away since then, yet there, sharply and clearly defined, before the eye of memory, stand the phantom shadows of the past. I walked through the street a few weeks ago. It is changed in many particulars; yet enough remains to identify it with the tortuous, dark vista of lofty houses which I remember so well. Then there were no pretentious, stucco-faced banks or offices; the whole wall-surface was of smoke-blackened brick; its colour seemed to imitate the mud in the road, and as coach, or wagon, or mail-cart toiled or rattled along, the business storeys were bespattered freely from the gutters.

The glories of gas were yet to be. After three o'clock p.m. miserable oil lamps tried to enliven the foggy street with their 'ineffectual light,' while through dingy, greenish squares of glass you might observe tall tallow candles dimly disclosing the mysteries of bank or counting-house. Passengers needed to walk with extreme caution; if you lingered on the pavement, woe to your corns; if you sought to cross the road, you had to beware of the flying postmen or the letter-bag express. As six o'clock drew near, every court, alley, and blind thoroughfare in the neighbourhood echoed to the incessant din of letter-bells. Men, women, and children were hurrying to the chief office, while the fiery-red battalion of postmen, as they neared the same point, were apparently well pleased to balk the diligence of the public, anxious to spare their coppers. The mother post-office for the United Kingdom and the Colonies was then in Lombard Street, and folks thought it was a model establishment. Such armies of clerks, such sacks of letters, and countless consignments of newspapers! How could those hard-worked officials ever get through their work? The entrance, barring paint and stucco, remains exactly as it was fifty years ago. What crowds used to besiege it! What a strange confusion of news-boys! The struggling public, with late letters; the bustling red-coats, with their leather bags, a scene of anxious life and interest seldom exceeded. And now the letter-boxes are all closed; you weary your knuckles in vain against the sliding door in the wall. No response. Every hand within is fully occupied in letter-sorting for the mails; they must be freighted in less than half an hour. Yet, on payment of a shilling for each, letters were received till ten minutes to eight, and not unfrequently a post-chaise, with the horses in a positive lather, tore into the street, just in time to forward some important despatch. Hark! The horn! the horn! The mail-guards are the soloists, and very pleasant music they discourse; not a few of them are first-rate performers. A long train of gaily got-up coaches, remarkable for their light weight, horsed by splendid-looking animals, impatient at the curb, and eager to commence their journey of ten miles (at least) an hour; stout 'gents,' in heavy coats, buttoned to the throat, esconce themselves in 'reserved seats.' Commercial men contest the right of a seat with the guard or coachman; some careful mother helps her pale, timid daughter up the steps; while a fat old lady already occupies two-thirds of the seat—what will be done? Bags of epistles, innumerable stuff the boots; formidable bales of the daily journals are trampled small by the guard's

heels. The clock will strike in less than five minutes; the clamour deepens, the hubbub seems increasing; but ere the last sixty seconds expire, a sharp winding of warning bugles begins. Coachee flourishes his whip, greys and chestnuts prepare for a run, the reins move, but very gently, there is a parting crack from the whipcord, and the brilliant cavalcade is gone—*exeunt omnes!* Lombard Street is a different place now, far more imposing, though still narrow and dark; the clean-swept roadway is paved with wood, cabs pass noiselessly—a capital thing, only take care you are not run over. Most of the banks and assurance offices have been converted into stone."

In Plough Court (No. 1), Lombard Street, Pope's father carried on the business of a linen merchant. "He was an honest merchant, and dealt in Hollands wholesale," as his widow informed Mr. Spence. His son claimed for him the honour of being sprung from gentle blood. When that gallant baron, Lord Hervey, vice-chamberlain in the court of George II., and his ally, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, disgraced themselves by imitating the verses containing this couplet—

"Whilst none thy crabbed numbers can endure,  
Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure;"

Pope indignantly repelled the accusation as to his descent.

"I am sorry (he said) to be obliged to such a presumption as to name my family in the same leaf with your lordship's; but my father had the honour in one instance to resemble you, for he was a younger brother. He did not indeed think it a happiness to bury his elder brother, though he had one, who wanted some of those good qualities which yours possessed. How sincerely glad should I be to pay to that young nobleman's memory the debt I owed to his friendship, whose early death deprived your family of as much wit and honour as he left behind him in any branch of it. But as to my father, I could assure you, my lord, that he was no mechanic (neither a hatter, nor, which might please your lordship yet better, a cobbler), but, in truth, of a very tolerable family, and my mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that lady whom your lordship made use of to educate your own children, whose merit, beauty, and vivacity (if transmitted to your posterity) will be a better present than even the noble blood they derive from you. A mother, on whom I was never obliged so far to reflect as to say, she spoiled me; and a father, who never found himself obliged to say of me, that he disapproved my conduct. In a word, my lord, I think it enough,

that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a blush; and that their son, such as he is, never cost them a tear."

The house of Pope's father was afterwards occupied by the well-known chemists, Allen, Hanbury, and Barry, a descendant of which firm still occupies it. Mr. William Allen was the son of a Quaker silk manufacturer in Spitalfields. He became chemical lecturer at Guy's Hospital, and an eminent experimentalist—discovering, among other things, the proportion of carbon in carbonic acid, and proving that the diamond was pure carbon. He was mainly instrumental in founding the Pharmaceutical Society, and distinguished himself by his zeal against slavery, and his interest in all benevolent objects. He died in 1843, at Landfield, in Sussex, where he had founded agricultural schools of a thoroughly practical kind.

The church of St. Edmund King and Martyr (and St. Nicholas Acons), on the north side of Lombard Street, stands on the site of the old Grass Market. The only remarkable monument is that of Dr. Jeremiah Mil's, who died in 1784, and had been President of the Society of Antiquaries many years. The local authorities have, with great good sense, written the duplex name of this church in clear letters over the chief entrance.

The date of the first building of St. Mary Woolnoth of the Nativity, in Lombard Street, seems to be very doubtful; nor does Stow help us to the origin of the name. By some antiquaries it has been suggested that the church was so called from being beneath or nigh to the wool staple. Mr. Gwilt suggests that it may have been called "Wool-nough," in order to distinguish it from the other church of St. Mary, where the wool-beam actually stood.

The first rector mentioned by Newcourt was John de Norton, presented previous to 1368. Sir Martin Bowes had the presentation of this church given him by Henry V., it having anciently belonged to the convent of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. From the Bowes's the presentation passed to the Goldsmiths' Company. Sir Martin Bowes was buried here, and so were many of the Houlblons, a great mercantile family, on one of whom Pepys wrote an epitaph. Munday particularly mentions that the wills of several benefactors of St. Mary's were carefully preserved and exhibited in the church. Strype also mentions a monument to Sir William Phipps, that lucky speculator who, in 1687, extracted £300,000 from the wreck of a Spanish plate-vessel off the Bahama bank. Simon Eyre, the old founder of Leadenhall Market, was buried in this church in 1549.

Sir Hugh Brice, goldsmith and mayor, governor of the Mint in the reign of Henry VII., built or rebuilt part of the church, and raised a steeple. The church was almost totally destroyed in the Great Fire, and repaired by Wren. Sir Robert Viner, the famous goldsmith, contributed largely towards the rebuilding, "a memorial whereof," says Strype, "are the vines that adorn and spread about that part of the church that fronts his house and the street; insomuch, that the church was used to be called Sir Robert Viner's church." Wren's repairs having proved ineffectual, the church was rebuilt in 1727. The workmen, twenty feet under the ruins of the steeple, discovered bones, tusks, Roman coins, and a vast number of broken Roman pottery. It is generally thought by antiquaries that a temple dedicated to Concord once stood here. Hawksmoor, the architect of St. Mary Woolnoth, was born the year of the Great Fire, and died in 1736. He acted as Wren's deputy during the erection of the Hospitals at Chelsea and Greenwich, and also in the building of most of the City churches. The principal works of his own design are Christ Church, Spitalfields, St. Anne's, Limehouse, and St. George's, Bloomsbury. Mr. J. Godwin, an excellent authority, calls St. Mary Woolnoth "one of the most striking and original, although not the most beautiful, churches in the metropolis."

On the north side of the communion-table is a plain tablet in memory of that excellent man, the Rev. John Newton, who was curate of Olney, Bucks, for sixteen years, and rector of the united parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth and St. Mary Woolchurch twenty-eight years. He died on the 21st of December, 1807, aged eighty-two years, and was buried in a vault in this church.

On the stone is the following inscription, full of Christian humility:—

"John Newton, clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long laboured to destroy."

Newton's father was master of a merchant-ship, and Newton's youth was spent in prosecuting the African slave-trade, a career of which he afterwards bitterly repented. He is best known as the writer (in conjunction with the poet Cowper) of the "Olney Hymns."

The exterior of this church is praised by competent authorities for its boldness and originality, though some critic says that the details are "so derisive enough for a fortress or a prison." The elongated tower, from the arrangement of the

small chimney-like turrets at the top, has the appearance of being two towers united. Dallaway calls it an imitation of St. Sulpice, at Paris; but unfortunately Servandoni built St. Sulpice some time after St. Mary Woolnoth was completed. Mr. The parish seem to have been pleased with Wren's exertions in rebuilding, for in their register books for 1685 there is the following item:—"To one-third of a hogshead of wine, given to Sir Christopher Wren, £4 2s."



ST. MARY WOOLNETH

Godwin seems to think Hawksmoor followed Vanbrugh's manner in the heaviness of his design.

St. Clement's Church, Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, sometimes called St. Clement's, Eastcheap, is noted by Newcourt as existing as early as 1309. The rectory belonged to Westminster Abbey, but was given by Queen Mary to the Bishop of London and his successors for ever. After the Great Fire, when the church was destroyed, the parish of St. Martin Orgar was united to that of St. Clement's.

One of the rectors of St. Clement's, Dr. Benjamin Stone, who had been presented to the living by Bishop Juxon, being deemed too Popish by Cromwell, was imprisoned for some time at Crosby Hall. From thence he was sent to Plymouth, where, after paying a fine of £60, he obtained his liberty. On the restoration of Charles II., Stone recovered his benefice, but died five years after. In this church Bishop Pearson, then rector, delivered his celebrated sermons on the Creed, which

he afterwards turned into his excellent Exposition, a text-book of English divinity, which he dedicated "to the right worshipful and well-beloved, the parishioners of St. Clement's, Eastcheap."

The interior is a parallelogram, with the addition of a south aisle, introduced in order to disguise the

erected at the cost of the parishioners, commemorative of the Rev. Thomas Green, curate twenty-seven years, who died in 1734; the Rev. John Farrer, rector (1820); and the Rev. W. Valentine Ireson, who was lecturer of the united parishes thirty years, and died in 1822.



INTERIOR OF MERCHANT TAYLORS' HALL.

intrusion of the tower, which stands at the south-west angle of the building. The ceiling is divided into panels, the centre one being a large oval band of fruit and flowers.

The pulpit and desk, as well as the large sounding-board above them, are very elaborately carved; and a marble font standing in the south aisle has an oak cover of curious design. Among many mural tablets are three which have been

"In digging a new sewer in Lombard Street a few years ago," writes the learned Pennant in 1790, "the remains of a Roman road were discovered, with numbers of coins, and several antique curiosities, some of great elegance. The beds through which the workmen sunk were four. The first consisted of factitious earth, about thirteen feet six inches thick, all accumulated since the destruction of the ancient street; the second of brick, two feet



thick, the ruins of the buildings; the third of ashes, only three inches; the fourth of Roman pavement, both common and tessellated, over which the coins and other antiquities were discovered. Beneath that was the original soil. The predominant articles were earthenware, and several were ornamented in the most elegant manner. A vase of red earth had on its surface a representation of a fight of men, some on horseback, others on foot; or perhaps a show of gladiators, as they all fought in pairs, and many of them naked. The combatants were armed with falchions and small round shields, in the manner of the Thracians, the most esteemed of the gladiators. Some had spears, and others a kind of mace. A beautiful running foliage encompassed the bottom of this vessel. On the fragment of another were several figures. Among them appears Pan with his *pedum*, or crook; and near to him one of the *lascivi Satyri*, both in beautiful skipping attitudes. On the same piece are two tripods; round each is a serpent regularly twisted, and bringing its head over a bowl which fills the top. These seem (by the serpent) to have been dedicated to Apollo, who, as well as his son Æsculapius, presided over medicine. On the top of one of the tripods stands a man in full armour. Might not this vessel have been votive, made by order of a soldier restored to health by favour of the god, and to his active powers and enjoyment of rural pleasures, typified under the form of Pan and his nimble attendants? A plant extends along part of another compartment, possibly allusive to their medical virtues; and, to show that Bacchus was not forgotten, beneath lies a *thyrsus* with a double head."

On another bowl was a free pattern of foliage. On others, or fragments, were objects of the chase, such as hares, part of a deer, and a boar, with human figures, dogs, and horses; all these pieces prettily ornamented. There were, besides, some beads, made of earthenware, of the same form as those called the *otum anguinum*, and, by the Welsh, *glain naidr*; and numbers of coins in gold, silver, and brass, of Claudius, Nero, Galba, and other emperors down to Constantine.

St. Mary Abchurch was destroyed by the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren in 1686. Maitland says, "And as to this additional appellation of *Ab*, or *Up-church*, I am at as great a loss in respect to its meaning, as I am to the time when the church was at first founded; but, as it appears to have anciently stood on an eminence, probably that epithet was conferred upon it in regard to the church of St. Lawrence Pulteney, situate below."

Stow gives one record of St. Mary Abchurch,

which we feel a pleasure in chronicling:—"This dame Helen Branch, buried here, widow of Sir John Branch, Knt., Lord Mayor of London, an. 1580, gave £50 to be lent to young men of the Company of Drapers, from four years to four years, for ever, £50. Which lady gave also to poor maids' marriages, £10. To the poor of Abchurch, £10. To the poor prisoners in and about London, £20. Besides, for twenty-six gowns to poor men and women, £26. And many other worthy legacies to the Universities."

The pulpit and sounding-board are of oak, and the font has a cover of the same material, presenting carved figures of the four Evangelists within niches. On the south side of the church is an elaborate monument of marble, part of which is gilt, consisting of twisted columns supporting a circular pediment, drapery, cherubim, &c., to Mr. Edward Sherwood, who died January 5th, 1690; and near it is a second, in memory of Sir Patience Ward, Knt., Alderman, and Lord Mayor of London in 1681. He died on the 10th of July, 1696. The east end of the church is in Abchurch Lane, and the south side faces an open paved space, divided from the lane by posts. This was formerly enclosed as a burial-ground, but was thrown open for the convenience of the neighbourhood.

The present church was completed from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren in 1686. In the interior it is nearly square, being about sixty-five feet long, and sixty feet wide. The walls are plain, having windows in the south side and at the east end to light the church. The area of the church is covered by a large and handsome cupola, supported on a modillion cornice, and adorned with paintings which were executed by Sir James Thornhill; and in the lower part of this also are introduced other lights. "The altar-piece," says Mr. G. Godwin, "presents four Corinthian columns, with entablature and pediment, grained to imitate oak, and has a carved figure of a pelican over the centre compartment. It is further adorned by a number of carved festoons of fruit and flowers, which are so exquisitely executed, that if they were a hundred miles distant, we will venture to say they would have many admiring visitants from London. These carvings, by Grinling Gibbons, were originally painted after nature by Sir James. They were afterwards covered with white paint, and at this time they are, in common with the rest of the screen, of the colour of oak. Fortunately, however, these proceedings, which must have tended to fill up the more delicately carved parts, and to destroy the original sharpness of the lines, have not materially injured their general effect."



## CHAPTER XLVII.

## THREADNEEDLE STREET.

The Centre of Roman London—St Benet Fink—The Monks of St Anthony—The Merchant Taylors—Stow, Antiquary and Tailor—A Magnificent Roll—The Good Deeds of the Merchant Taylors—The Old and the Modern Merchant Taylors' Hall—"Concordia parva res crescent"—Henry VII enrolled as a Member of the Taylors' Company—A Cavalcade of Archers—The Hall of Commerce in Threadneedle Street—A Painful Reminiscence—The Baltic Coffee house—St Anthony's School—The North and South American Coffee-house—The South Sea House—History of the South Sea Bubble—Bubble Companies of the Period—Singular Infatuation of the Public—Bursting of the Bubble—Parliamentary Inquiry into the Company's Affairs—Punishment of the Chief Delinquents—Restoration of Public Credit—The Poets during the Excitement—Charles Lamb's Reverse.

IN Threadneedle Street we stand near the centre of Roman London. In 1805 a tessellated pavement, now in the British Museum, was found at Lothbury. The Exchange stands, as we have already mentioned, on a mine of Roman remains. In 1840-41 tessellated pavements were found, about twelve or fourteen feet deep, beneath the old French Protestant Church, with coins of Agrippa, Claudius, Domitian, Marcus Aurelius, and the Constantines, together with fragments of frescoes, and much charcoal and charred barley. These pavements are also preserved in the British Museum. In 1854, in excavating the site of the church of St. Benet Fink, there was found a large deposit of Roman *débris*, consisting of Roman tiles, glass, and fragments of black, pale, and red Samian pottery.

The church of St. Benet Fink, of which a representation is given at page 468, was so called from one Robert Finck, or Finch, who built on the same site a previous church, destroyed by the Fire of 1666. It was completed by Sir Christopher Wren, in 1673, at the expense of £4,130, but was taken down in 1844. The tower was square, surmounted by a cupola of four sides, with a small turret on the top. There was a large recessed doorway on the north side, of very good design.

The arrangement of the body of the church was very peculiar, we may say unique; and although far from beautiful, afforded a striking instance of Wren's wonderful skill. The plan of the church was a decagon, within which six composite columns in the centre supported six semi-circular vaults. Wren's power of arranging a plan to suit the site was shown in numerous buildings, but in none more forcibly than in this small church.

"St. Benedict's," says Maitland, "is vulgarly Bennet Fink. Though this church is at present a donative, it was anciently a rectory, in the gift of the noble family of Nevil, who probably conferred the name upon the neighbouring hospital of St. Anthony."

Newcourt, who lived near St. Benet Fink, says the monks of the Order of St. Anthony hard by were so importunate in their requests for alms that they would threaten those who refused them with "St. Anthony's fire;" and that timid people were

in the habit of presenting them with fat pigs, in order to retain their good-will. Their pigs thus became numerous, and, as they were allowed to roam about for food, led to the proverb, "He will follow you like a St. Anthony's pig." Stow accounts for the number of these pigs in another way, by saying that when pigs were seized in the markets by the City officers, as ill-fed or unwholesome, the monks took possession of them, and tying a bell about their neck, allowed them to stroll about on the dunghills, until they became fit for food, when they were claimed for the convent.

The Merchant Taylors, whose hall is very appropriately situated in Threadneedle Street, had their first licence as "Linen Armourers" granted by Edward I. Their first master, Henry de Ryall, was called their "pilgrim," as one that travelled for the whole company, and their wardens "purveyors of dress." Their first charter is dated 1 Edward III. Richard II. confirmed his grandfather's grants. From Henry IV. they obtained a confirmatory charter by the name of the "Master and Wardens of the Fraternity of St. John the Baptist of London." Henry VI. gave them the right of search and correction of abuses. The society was incorporated in the reign of Edward IV., who gave them arms; and Henry VII., being a member of the Company, for their greater honour transformed them from Tailors and Linen Armourers to Merchant Taylors, giving them their present acting charter, which afterwards received the confirmation and *inspeximus* of five sovereigns—Henry VIII., Edward VI., Philip and Mary, Elizabeth, and James I.

There is no doubt (says Herbert) that Merchant Taylors were originally *bonâ fide* cutters-out and makers-up of clothes, or dealers in and importers of cloth, having tenter-grounds in Moorfields. The ancient London tailors made both men's and women's apparel, also soldiers' quilted *surocots*, the padded lining of armour, and probably the trappings of war-horses. In the 27th year of Edward III. the Taylors contributed £20 towards the French wars, and in 1377 they sent six members to the Common Council, a number equaling, says Herbert) the largest guilds, and they were afterwards

the seventh company in precedence. In 1483 we find the Merchant Taylors and Skinners disputing for precedence. The Lord Mayor decided they should take precedence alternately; and, further, most wisely and worshipfully decreed that each Company should dine in the other's hall twice a year, on the vigil of Corpus Christi and the feast of St. John Baptist—a laudable custom, which soon restored concord. In 1571 there is a precept from the Mayor ordering that ten men of this Company and ten men of the Vintners' should ward each of the City gates every tenth day. In 1579 the Company was required to provide and train 200 men for arms. In 1586 the master and wardens are threatened by the Mayor for not making the provision of gunpowder required of all the London companies. In 1588 the Company had to furnish thirty-five armed men, as its quota for the Queen's service against the dreaded Spanish Armada.

In 1592 an interesting entry records Stow (a tailor and member of the Company) presenting his famous "Annals" to the house, and receiving in consequence an annuity of £4 per annum, eventually raised to £10. The Company afterwards restored John Stow's monument in the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft. Speed, also a tailor and member of the Company, on the same principle, seems to have presented the society with valuable maps, for which, in 1600, curtains were provided. In 1594 the Company subscribed £50 towards a pest-house, the plague then raging in the City, and the same year contributed £296 10s. towards six ships and a pinnace fitted out for her Majesty's service.

In 1603 the Company contributed £234 towards the £2,500 required from the London companies to welcome James I. and his Danish queen to England. Six triumphal arches were erected between Fenchurch Street and Temple Bar, that in Fleet Street being ninety feet high and fifty broad. Decker and Ben Jonson furnished the speeches and songs for this pageant. June 7, 1607, was one of the grandest days the Company has ever known; for James I. and his son, Prince Henry, dined with the Merchant Taylors. It had been at first proposed to train some boys of Merchant Taylors' School to welcome the king, but Ben Jonson was finally invited to write an entertainment. The king and prince dined separately. The master presented the king with a purse of £100. "Richard Langley shewed him a role, wherein was registered the names of seaven kinges, one queene, seventene princes and dukes, two dutchesses, one archbishoppe, one and thirtie earles, five countesses, one viscount, fourtene byshoppes, sixtie and six

barons, two ladies, seaven abbots, seaven priors, and one sub-prior, omitting a great number of knights, esquires, &c., who had been free of that companie." The prince was then made a freeman, and put on the garland. There were twelve lutes (six in one window and six in another).

"In the ayr betweene them" (or swung up above their heads) "was a gallant shippe triumphant, wherein was three menne like saylers, being eminent for voyce and skill, who in their severall songes were assisted and seconded by the cunning lutanists. There was also in the hall the musique of the cittie, and in the upper chamber the children of His Majestie's Chappell sang grace at the King's table; and also whilst the King sate at dinner John Bull, Doctor of Musique, one of the organists of His Majestie's Chapell Royall, being in a citizen's cap and gowne, cappe and hood (*i.e.*, as a liveryman), played most excellent melodie uppon a small payre of organes, placed there for that purpose onely."

The king seems at this time to have scarcely recovered the alarm of the Gunpowder Plot; for the entries in the Company's books show that there was great searching of rooms and inspection of walls, "to prevent villanie and danger to His Majestie." The cost of this feast was more than £1,000. The king's chamber was made by cutting a hole in the wall of the hall, and building a small room behind it.

In 1607 (James I.), before a Company's dinner, the names of the livery were called, and notice taken of the absent. Then prayer was said, every one kneeling, after which the names of benefactors and their "charitable and godly devices" were read, also the ordinances, and the orders for the grammar-school in St. Laurence Pountney. Then followed the dinner, to which were invited the assistants and the ladies, and old masters' wives and wardens' wives, the preacher, the schoolmaster, the wardens' substitutes, and the humble almsmen of the livery. Sometimes, as in 1645, the whole livery was invited.

The kindness and charity of the Company are strongly shown in an entry of May 23, 1610, when John Churchman, a past master, received a pension of £20 per annum. With true consideration, they allowed him to wear his bedesman's gown without a badge, and did not require him to appear in the hall with the other pensioners. All that was required was that he should attend Divine service and pray for the prosperity of the Company, and share his house with Roger Silverwood, clerk of the Bachelors' Company. Gifts to the Company seem to have been numerous. Thus we have

(1604) Richard Dove's gift of twenty gilt spoons, marked with a dove; (1605) a basin and ewer, value £59 12s., gift of Thomas Medlicott; (1614) a standing cup, value 100 marks, from Murphy Corbett; same year, seven pictures for the parlour, from Mr. John Vernon.

In 1640 the Civil War was brewing, and the Mayor ordered the Company to provide in their garden forty barrels of powder and 300 hundred-weight of metal and bullets. They had at this time in their armoury forty muskets and rests, forty muskets and headpieces, twelve round muskets, forty corselets with headpieces, seventy pikes, 123 swords, and twenty-three halberts. The same year they lent £5,000 towards the maintenance of the king's northern army. In the procession on the return of Charles I. from Scotland, the Merchant Taylors seem to have taken a very conspicuous part. Thirty-four of the gravest, tallest, and most comely of the Company, apparelled in velvet plush or satin, with chains of gold, each with a footman with two staff-torches, met the Lord Mayor and aldermen outside the City wall, near Moorfields, and accompanied them to Guildhall, and afterwards escorted the king from Guildhall to his palace. The footmen wore ribands of the colour of the Company, and pendants with the Company's coat-of-arms. The Company's standing extended 252 feet. There stood the livery in their best gowns and hoods, with their banners and streamers. "Eight handsome, tall, and able men" attended the king at dinner. This was the last honour shown the faithless king by the citizens of London.

The next entries are about arms, powder, and fire-engines, the defacing superstitious pictures, and the setting up the arms of the Commonwealth. In 1654 the Company was so impoverished by the frequent forced loans, that they had been obliged to sell part of their rental (£180 per annum); yet at the same date the generous Company seem to have given the poet Ogilvy £13 6s. 8d., he having presented them with bound copies of his translations of Virgil and Æsop into English metre. In 1664 the boys of Merchant Taylors' School acted in the Company's hall Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of *Love's Pilgrimage*.

In 1679 the Duke of York, as Captain-general of the Artillery, was entertained by the artillerymen at Merchant Taylors' Hall. It was supposed that the banquet was given to test the duke's popularity and to discomfit the Protestants and exclusionists. After a sermon at Bow Church, the artillerymen (128) mustered at dinner. Many zealous Protestants, rather than dine with a Popish duke, tore

up their tickets or gave them to porters and mechanics; and as the duke returned along Cheap-side, the people shouted, "No Pope, no Pope! No Papist, no Papist!"

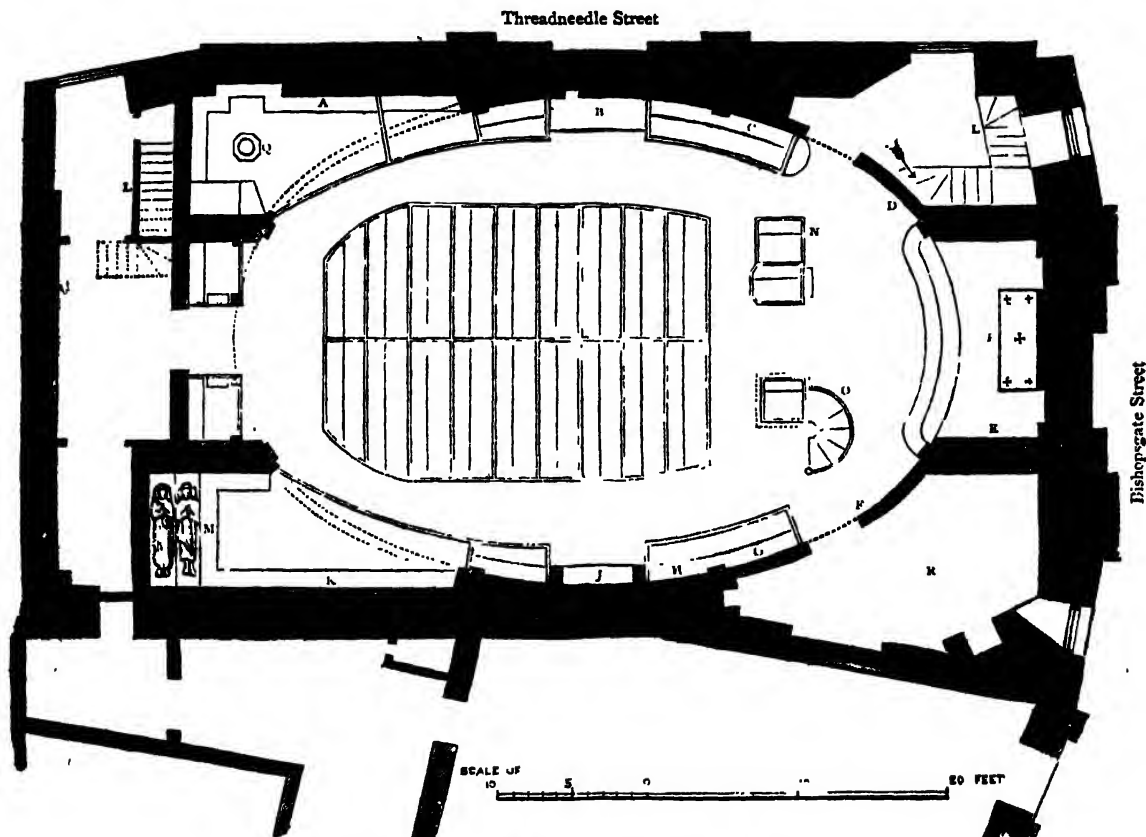
In 1696 the Company ordered a portrait of Mr. Vernon, one of their benefactors, to be hung up in St. Michael's Church, Cornhill. In 1702 they let their hall and rooms to the East India Company for a meeting; and in 1721 they let a room to the South Sea Company for the same purpose. In 1768, when the Lord Mayor visited the King of Denmark, the Company's committee decided, "there should be no breakfast at the hall, *nor pipes nor tobacco in the barge* as usual, on Lord Mayor's Day." Mr. Herbert thinks that this is the last instance of a Lord Mayor sending a precept to a City company, though this is by no means certain. In 1778, Mr. Clarkson, an assistant, for having given the Company the picture, still extant, of Henry VII. delivering his charter to the Merchant Taylors, was presented with a silver waiter, value £25.

For the searching and measuring cloth, the Company kept a "silver yard," that weighed thirty six ounces, and was graven with the Company's arms. With this measure they attended Bartholomew Fair yearly, and an annual dinner took place on the occasion. The livery hoods seem finally, in 1568, to have settled down to scarlet and purple, the gowns to blue. The Merchant Taylors' Company though not the first in City precedence, ranks more royal and noble personages amongst its members than any other company. At King James's visit before mentioned, no fewer than twenty-two earls and lords, besides knights, esquires, and foreign ambassadors, were enrolled. Before 1708, the Company had granted the freedom to ten kings, three princes, twenty-seven bishops, twenty-six dukes forty-seven earls, and sixteen lord mayors. The Company is specially proud of three illustrious members—Sir John Hawkwood, a great leader of Italian Condottieri, who fought for the Dukes of Milan, and was buried with honour in the Duomo at Florence; Sir Ralph Blackwell, the supposed founder of Blackwell Hall, and one of Hawkwood's companions at arms; and Sir William Fitzwilliam, Lord High Admiral to Henry VIII., and Earl of Southampton. He left to the Merchant Taylors his best standing cup, "in friendly remembrance of him for ever." They also boast of Sir William Craven, ancestor of the Earls of Craven, who came up to London a poor West-shire lad, and was bound apprentice to a draper. His eldest son fought for Gustavus Adolphus, and is supposed to have secretly married the daughter

nate Queen of Bohemia, whom he had so faithfully served.

The hall in Threadneedle Street originally belonged to a worshipful gentleman named Edmund Crepin. The Company moved there in 1331 (Edward III.) from the old hall, which was behind the "Red Lion," in Basing Lane, Cheapside, an executor of the Outwich family leaving them the

arched gate of entrance, and is lighted in front by nine large windows, exclusive of three smaller attic windows, and at the east end by seven. The roof is lofty and pointed, and is surmounted by a louvre or lantern, with a vane. The almshouses form a small range of cottage-like buildings, and are situate between the hall and a second large building, which adjoins the church, and bears some resem-



GROUND PLAN OF THE MODERN CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN OUTWICH.  
(From a measured Drawing by Mr. W. G. Smith, 1873.)

A. Monument: Edward Edwards, 1870.  
B. Ancient Canopied Monument: "Pemberton," no date.  
C. Monument: Cruickshank, 1826.  
D. Monuments: Simpson, 1849; Ellis, 1838.  
E. Monument: Ellis, 1855.

F. Monument: Simpson, 1837.  
G. Monument: Rose, 1871.  
H. Monuments: Atkinson, 1847; Ellis, 1838.  
J. Monument: Richard Stapler.  
K. Monument: Teesdale, 1804.  
L, L. Stairs to Gallery above.

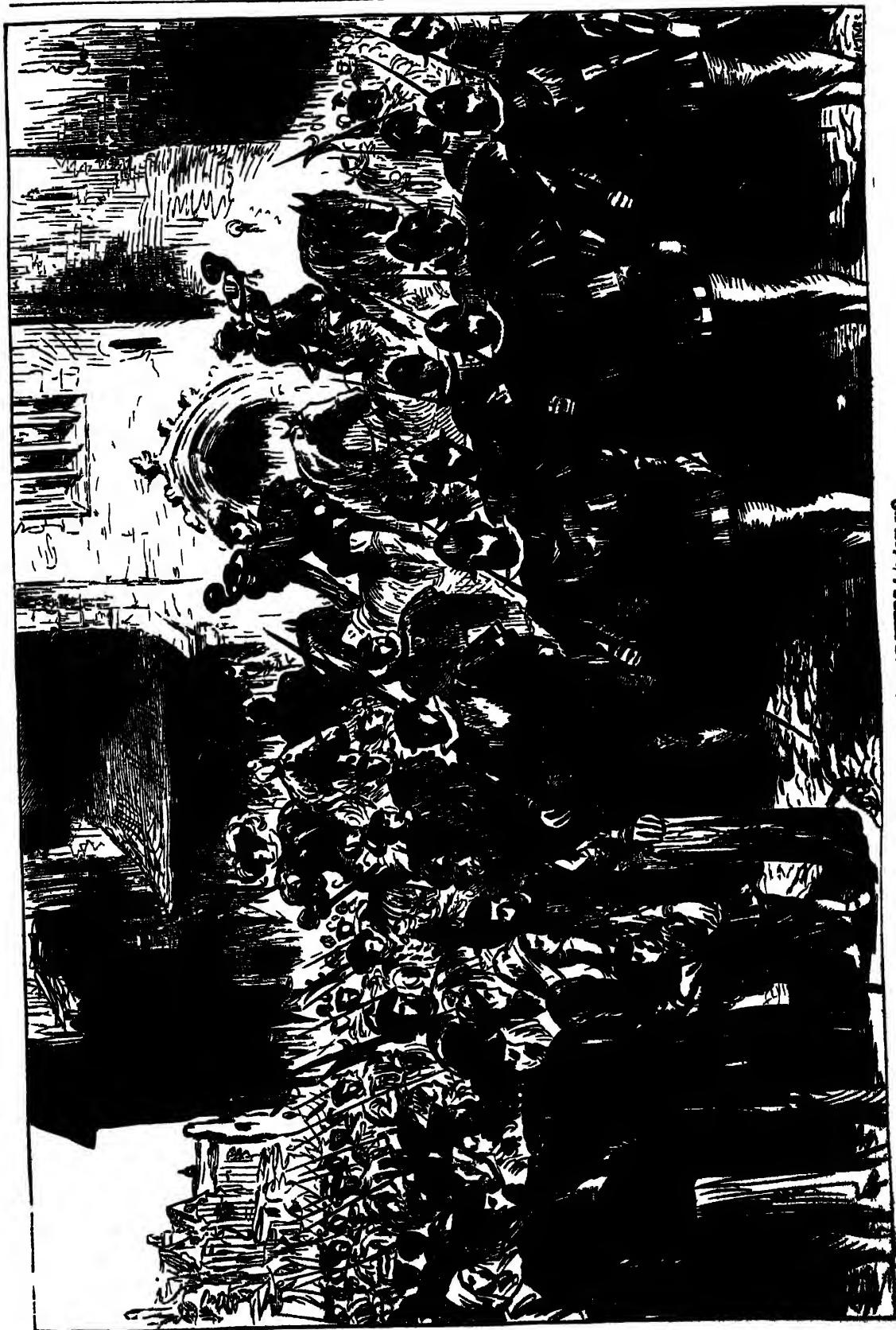
M. Very Ancient Effigy of Founder, St. Martin de Oteswich.  
N. Reading Desk.  
O. Pulpit.  
P. Altar.  
Q. Font.  
R. Vestry.

advowson of St. Martin Outwich, and seventeen shops. The Company built seven almshouses near the hall in the reign of Henry IV. The original mansion of Crepin probably at this time gave way to a new hall, and to which now, for the first time, were attached the almshouses mentioned. Both these piles of building are shown in the ancient plan of St. Martin Outwich, preserved in the church vestry, and which was taken by William Goodman in 1599. The hall, as there drawn, is a high building, consisting of a ground floor and three upper storeys. It has a central pointed-

blance to an additional hall or chapel. It appears to rise alternately from one to two storeys high.

In 1620 the hall was wainscoted instead of whitewashed; and in 1646 it was paved with red tile, rushes or earthen floors having "been found inconvenient, and oftentimes noisome." At the Great Fire the Company's plate was melted into a lump of two hundred pounds' weight.

In the reign of Edward VI., when there was an inquiry into property devoted to superstitious uses, it was found that the Company had been maintaining twenty-three chantry priests.



MARCH OF THE ARCHERS (see page 536).



The modern Merchant Taylors' Hall (says Herbert) is a spacious but irregular edifice of brick. The front exhibits an arched portal, consisting of an arched pediment, supported on columns of the Composite order, with an ornamental niche above; in the pediment are the Company's arms. The hall itself is a spacious and handsome apartment, having at the lower end a stately screen of the Corinthian order, and in the upper part a very large mahogany table thirty feet long. The sides of the hall have numerous emblazoned shields of masters' arms, and behind the master's seat are inscribed in golden letters the names of the different sovereigns, dukes, earls, lords spiritual and temporal, &c., who have been free of this community. In the drawing-room are full-length portraits of King William and Queen Mary, and other sovereigns; and in the court and other rooms are half-lengths of Henry VIII. and Charles II., of tolerable execution, besides various other portraits, amongst which are those of Sir Thomas White, Lord Mayor in 1553, the estimable founder of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Sir Thomas Rowe, Lord Mayor in 1568, and Mr. Clarkson's picture of Henry VII. presenting the Company with their incorporation charter. In this painting the king is represented seated on his throne, and delivering the charter to the Master, Wardens, and Court of Assistants of the Company. His attendants are Archbishop Warham, the Chancellor, and Fox, Bishop of Winchester, Lord Privy Seal, on his right hand; and on his left, Robert Willoughby, Lord Broke, then Lord Steward of the Household. In niches are shown the statues of Edward III. and John of Gaunt, the king's ancestors. In the foreground the clerk of the Company is exhibiting the roll with the names of the kings, &c., who were free of this Company. In the background are represented the banners of the Company and of the City of London. The Yeomen of the Guard, at the entrance of the palace, close the view. On the staircase are likewise pictures of the following Lord Mayors, Merchant Taylors:—Sir William Turner, 1669; Sir P. Ward, 1681; Sir William Pritchard, 1683; and Sir John Salter, 1741.

The interior of the "New Hall, or Taylors' Inne," was adorned with costly tapestry, or arras, representing the history of St. John the Baptist. It had a screen, supporting a silver image of that saint in a tabernacle, or, according to an entry of 1512, "an ymage of St. John gilt, in a tabernacle gilt." The hall windows were painted with armorial bearings; the floor was regularly strewn with clean rushes; from the ceiling hung silk flags and streamers; and the hall itself was furnished, when

needful, with tables on tressels, covered on feast days with splendid table linen, and glittering with plate.

The Merchant Taylors have for their armorial ensigns—Argent, a tent royal between two parliament robes; gules, lined ermine, on a chief azure, a lion of England. Crest—a Holy Lamb, in glory proper. Supporters—two camels, or. Motto—"Concordia parvæ res crescunt."

The stained glass windows of the old St. Martin Outwich, as engraven in Wilkinson's history of that church, contain a representation of the original arms, granted by Clarencieux in 1480. They differ from the present (granted in 1586), the latter having a lion instead of the Holy Lamb (which is in the body of the first arms), and which latter is now their crest.

One of the most splendid sights at this hall in the earlier times would have been (says Herbert), of course, when the Company received the high honour of enrolling King Henry VII. amongst their members; and subsequently to which, "he sat openly among them in a gown of crimson velvet on his shoulders," says Strype, "*à la mode de Londres*, upon their solemn feast day, in the hall of the said Company."

From Merchant Taylors' Hall began the famous cavalcade of the archers, under their leader, as "Duke of Shoreditch," in 1530, consisting of 3,000 archers, sumptuously apparelled, 942 whereof wore chains of gold about their necks. This splendid company was guarded by whiffers and billmen, to the number of 4,000, besides pages and footmen, who marched through Broad Street, the residence of the duke, their captain. They continued their march through Moorfields, by Finsbury, to Smithfield, where, after having performed their several evolutions, they shot at the target for glory.

The Hall of Commerce, existing some years ago in Threadneedle Street, was begun in 1830 by Mr. Edward Moxhay, a speculative biscuit-baker, on the site of the old French church. Mr. Moxhay had been a shoemaker, but he suddenly started as a rival to the celebrated Leman, in Gracechurch Street. He was an amateur architect of talent, and it was said at the time, probably unjustly, that the building originated in Moxhay's vexation at the Gresham committee rejecting his design for a new Royal Exchange. He opened his great commercial news-room two years before the Exchange was finished, and while merchants were fretting at the delay, intending to make the hall a mercantile centre, to the annihilation of Lloyd's, the Baltic, Garraway's, the Jerusalem, and the North and South American Coffee-houses. £70,000 were laid out.



There was a grand bas-relief on the front by Mr. Watson, a young sculptor of promise, and there was an inaugurating banquet. The annual subscription of £5 5s. soon dwindled to £1 10s. 6d. There was a reading-room, and a room where commission agents could exhibit their samples. Wool sales were held there, and there was an auction for railway shares. There were also rooms for meetings of creditors and private arbitrations, and rooms for the deposit of deeds.

A describer of Threadneedle Street in 1845 particularly mentions amongst the few beggars the Creole flower-girls, the decayed ticket-porters, and cripples on go-carts who haunted the neighbourhood, a poor, shrivelled old woman, who sold fruit on a stall at a corner of one of the courts. She was the wife of Daniel Good, the murderer.

The Baltic Coffee House, in Threadneedle Street, used to be the rendezvous of tallow, oil, hemp, and seed merchants; indeed, of all merchants and brokers connected with the Russian trade. There was a time when there was as much gambling in tallow as in Consols, but the breaking down of the Russian monopoly by the increased introduction of South American and Australian tallow has done away with this. Mr. Richard Thornton and Mr. Jeremiah Harman were the two monarchs of the Russian trade forty years ago. The public sale-room was in the upper part of the house. The Baltic was superintended by a committee of management.

That famous free school of the City, St. Anthony's, stood in Threadneedle Street, where the French church afterwards stood, and where the Bank of London now stands. It was originally a Jewish synagogue, granted by Henry V. to the brotherhood of St. Anthony of Vienna. A hospital was afterwards built there for a master, two priests, a schoolmaster, and twelve poor men. The Free School seems to have been built in the reign of Henry VI., who gave five presentations to Eton and five Oxford scholarships, at the rate of ten francs a week each, to the institution. Henry VIII., that arch spoliator, annexed the school to the collegiate church of St. George's, Windsor. The proctors of St. Anthony's used to wander about London collecting "the benevolence of charitable persons towards the building." The school had great credit in Elizabeth's reign, and was a rival of St. Paul's. That inimitable coxcomb, Laneham, in his description of the great visit of Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Leicester, at Kenilworth Castle, 1575, a book which Sir Walter Scott has largely availed himself of, says—"Yee mervail perchance," saith he, "to see me so bookish. Let me tel you

in few words. I went to school, forsooth, both at Polle's and also at St. Antonie's; (was) in the fifth forme, past Esop's Fables, I read Terence, *Vos isthac intro auferite*; and began with my Virgil, *Tityre tu patula*. I could say my rules, could construe and pars with the best of them," &c.

In Elizabeth's reign "the Anthony's pigs," as the "Paul's pigeons" used to call the Threadneedle boys, used to have an annual breaking-up day procession, with streamers, flags, and beating drums, from Mile End to Austin Friars. The French or Walloon church established here by Edward VI. seems, in 1652, to have been the scene of constant wrangling among the pastors, as to whether their disputes about celebrating holidays should be settled by "colloquies" of the foreign churches in London, or the French churches of all England. At this school were educated the great Sir Thomas More, and that excellent Archbishop of Canterbury, the zealous Whitgift (the friend of Beza, the Reformer), whose only fault seems to have been his persecutions of the Genevese clergy whom Elizabeth disliked.

Next in importance to Lloyd's for the general information afforded to the public, was certainly the North and South American Coffee House (formerly situated in Threadneedle Street), fronting the thoroughfare leading to the entrance of the Royal Exchange. This establishment was the complete centre for American intelligence. There was in this, as in the whole of the leading City coffee-houses, a subscription room devoted to the use of merchants and others frequenting the house, who, by paying an annual sum, had the right of attendance to read the general news of the day, and make reference to the several files of papers, which were from every quarter of the globe. It was here also that first information could be obtained of the arrival and departure of the fleet of steamers, packets, and masters engaged in the commerce of America, whether in relation to the minor ports of Montreal and Quebec, or the larger ones of Boston, Halifax, and New York. The room which the subscribers occupied had a separate entrance to that which was common to the frequenters of the eating and drinking part of the house, and was most comfortably and neatly kept, being well and in some degree elegantly furnished. The heads of the chief American and Continental firms were on the subscription list; and the representatives of Baring's, Rothschild's, and the other large establishments celebrated for their wealth and extensive mercantile operations, attended the rooms as regularly as 'Change, to see and hear what was going on, and gossip over points of business.

At the north-east extremity of Threadneedle Street is the once famous South Sea House. The back, formerly the Excise Office, afterwards the South Sea Company's office, thence called the Old South Sea House, was consumed by fire in 1826. The building in Threadneedle Street, in which the Company's affairs were formerly transacted, is a magnificent structure of brick and stone, about a quadrangle, supported by stone pillars of the Tuscan order, which form a fine piazza. The front looks into Threadneedle Street, the walls being well built and of great thickness. The several offices were admirably disposed; the great hall for sales, the dining-room, galleries, and chambers, were equally beautiful and convenient. Under these were capacious arched vaults, to guard what was valuable from the chances of fire.

The South Sea Company was originated by Swift's friend, Harley, Earl of Oxford, in the year 1711. The new Tory Government was less popular than the Whig one it had displaced, and public credit had fallen. Harley wishing to provide for the discharge of ten millions of the floating debt, guaranteed six per cent. to a company who agreed to take it on themselves. The £600,000 due for the annual interest was raised by duties on wines, silks, tobacco, &c.; and the monopoly of the trade to the South Seas granted to the ambitious new Company, which was incorporated by Act of Parliament.

To the enthusiastic Company the gold of Mexico and the silver of Peru seemed now obtainable by the ship-load. It was reported that Spain was willing to open four ports in Chili and Peru. The negotiations, however, with Philip V. of Spain led to little. The Company obtained only the privilege of supplying the Spanish colonies with negro slaves for thirty years, and sending an annual vessel to trade; but even of this vessel the Spanish king was to have one-fourth of the profits, and a tax of five per cent. on the residue. The first vessel did not sail till 1717, and the year after a rupture with Spain closed the trade.

In 1717, the King alluding to his wish to reduce the National Debt, the South Sea Company at once petitioned Parliament (in rivalry with the Bank) that their capital stock might be increased from ten millions to twelve, and offered to accept five, instead of six per cent. upon the whole amount. Their proposals were accepted.

The success of Law's Mississippi scheme, in 1720, roused the South Sea directors to emulation. They proposed to liquidate the public debt by reducing the various funds into one. January 22, 1720, a committee met on the subject. The South

Sea Company offered to melt every kind of stock into a single security. The debt amounted to £30,981,712 at five per cent. for seven years, and afterwards at four per cent, for which they would pay £3,500,000. The Government approved of the scheme, but the Bank of England opposed it, and offered £5,000,000 for the privilege. The South Sea shareholders were not to be outdone, and ultimately increased their terms to £7,500,000. In the end they remained the sole bidders; though some idea prevailed of sharing the advantage between the two companies, till Sir John Blount exclaimed, "No, sirs, we'll never divide the child!" The preference thus given excited a positive frenzy in town and country. On the 2nd of June their stock rose to 89c; it quickly reached 1,000, and several of the principal managers were dubbed baronets for their "great services." Mysterious rumours of vast treasures to be acquired in the South Seas got abroad, and 50 per cent. was boldly promised.

"The scheme," says Smollett, "was first projected by Sir John Blount, who had been bred a scrivener, and was possessed of all the cunning, plausibility, and boldness requisite for such an undertaking. He communicated his plan to Mr. Aislebie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a Secretary of State. He answered every objection, and the project was adopted."

Sir Robert Walpole alone opposed the bill in the House, and with clear-sighted sense (though the stock had risen from 130 to 300 in one day) denounced "the dangerous practice of stock-jobbing, and the general infatuation, which must," he said, "end in general ruin." Rumours of free trade with Spain pushed the shares up to 400, and the bill passed the Commons by a majority of 172 against 55. In the other House, 17 peers were against it, and 83 for it. Then the madness fairly began. Stars and garters mingled with squabbling Jews, and great ladies pawned their jewels in order to gamble in the Alley. The shares sinking a little, they were revived by lying rumours that Gibraltar and Port Mahon were going to be exchanged for Peruvian sea-ports, so that the Company would be allowed to send out whole fleets of ships.

Government, at last alarmed, began too late to act. On July 18 the King published a proclamation denouncing eighteen petitions for letters patent and eighty-six bubble companies, of which the following are samples:—

For sinking pits and smelting lead ore in Derbyshire.  
For making glass bottles and other glass.  
For a wheel for perpetual motion. Capital £1,000,000.  
For improving of gardens.

For insuring and increasing children's fortunes.

For entering and loading goods at the Custom House; and for negotiating business for merchants.

For carrying on a woollen manufacture in the North of England.

For importing walnut-trees from Virginia. Capital £2,000,000.

For making Manchester stuffs of thread and cotton.

For making Joppa and Castile soap.

For improving the wrought iron and steel manufactures of this kingdom. Capital £4,000,000.

For dealing in lace, Hollands, cambrics, lawns, &c. Capital £2,000,000.

For trading in and improving certain commodities of the produce of this kingdom, &c. Capital £3,000,000.

For supplying the London markets with cattle.

For making looking-glasses, coach-glasses, &c. Capital £2,000,000.

For taking up ballast.

For buying and fitting out ships to suppress pirates.

For the importation of timber from Wales. Capital £2,000,000.

For rock-salt.

For the transmutation of quicksilver into a malleable, fine metal.

One of the most famous bubbles was "Puckle's Machine Company," for discharging round and square cannon-balls and bullets, and making a total revolution in the art of war. "But the most absurd and preposterous of all," says Charles Mackay, in his "History of the Delusion," "and which showed more completely than any other the utter madness of the people, was one started by an unknown adventurer, entitled, '*A Company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is.*' Were not the fact stated by scores of credible witnesses, it would be impossible to believe that any person could have been duped by such a project. The man of genius who essayed this bold and successful inroad upon public credulity merely stated in his prospectus that the required capital was £500,000, in 5,000 shares of £100 each, deposit £2 per share. Each subscriber paying his deposit would be entitled to £100 per annum per share. How this immense profit was to be obtained he did not condescend to inform them at the time, but promised that in a month full particulars should be duly announced, and a call made for the remaining £98 of the subscription." Next morning, at nine o'clock, this great man opened an office in Cornhill. Crowds of people beset his door; and when he shut up at three o'clock he found that no less than 1,000 shares had been subscribed for, and the deposits paid. He was thus in five hours the winner of £2,000. He was philosopher enough to be contented with his venture, and set off the same evening for the Continent. He was never heard of again."

Another fraud that was very successful was that

of the "Globe Permits," as they were called. They were nothing more than square pieces of playing cards, on which was the impression of a seal, in wax, bearing the sign of the "Globe Tavern," in the neighbourhood of Exchange Alley, with the inscription of "Sail-cloth Permits." The possessors enjoyed no other advantage from them than permission to subscribe at some future time to a new sail-cloth manufactory, projected by one who was then known to be a man of fortune, but who was afterwards involved in the speculation and punishment of the South Sea directors. These permits sold for as much as sixty guineas in the Alley.

During the infatuation (says Smollett), luxury, vice, and profligacy increased to a shocking degree; the adventurers, intoxicated by their imaginary wealth, pampered themselves with the rarest dainties and the most costly wines. They purchased the most sumptuous furniture, equipage, and apparel, though with no taste or discernment. Their criminal passions were indulged to a scandalous excess, and their discourse evinced the most disgusting pride, insolence, and ostentation. They affected to scoff at religion and morality, and even to set Heaven at defiance.

A journalist of the time writes: "Our South Sea equipages increase daily; the City ladies buy South Sea jewels, hire South Sea maids, take new country South Sea houses; the gentlemen set up South Sea coaches, and buy South Sea estates. They neither examine the situation, the nature or quality of the soil, or price of the purchase, only the annual rent and title; for the rest, they take all by the lump, and pay forty or fifty years' purchase!"

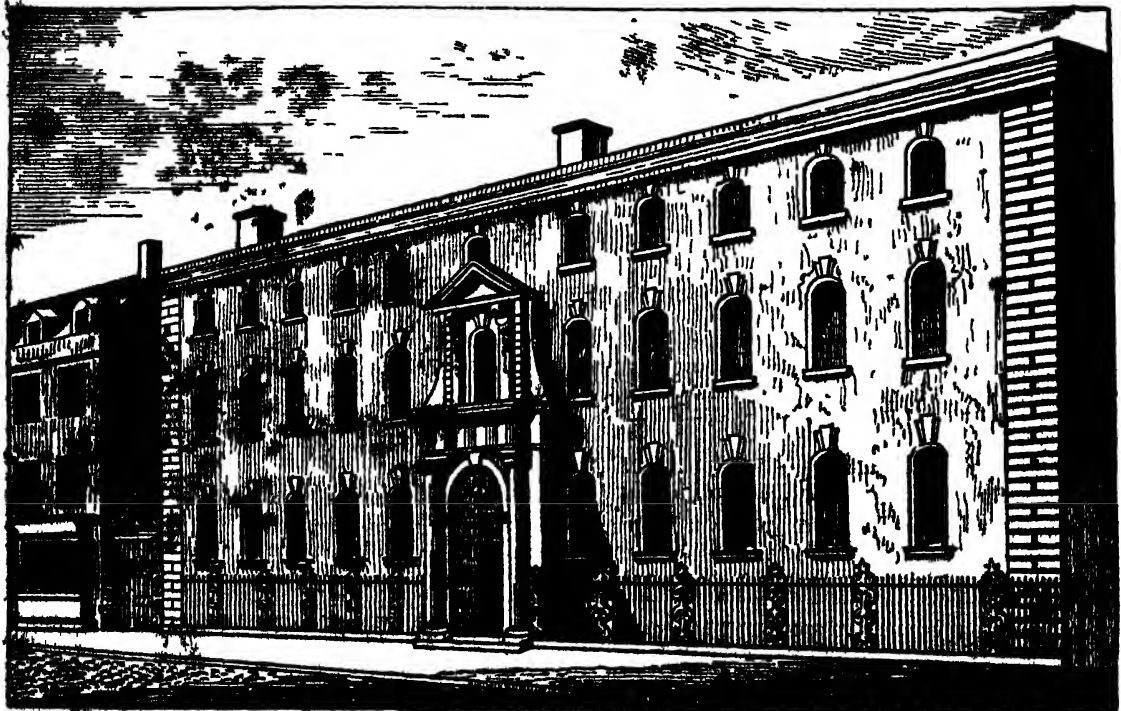
By the end of May, the whole stock had risen to 550. It then, in four days, made a tremendous leap, and rose to 890. It was now thought impossible that it could rise higher, and many prudent persons sold out to make sure of their spoil. Many of these were noblemen about to accompany the king to Hanover. The buyers were so few on June 3rd, that stock fell at once, like a plummet, from 890 to 640. The directors ordering their agents to still buy, confidence was restored, and the stock rose to 750. By August, the stock culminated at 1,000 per cent., or, as Dr. Mackay observes, "the bubble was then full blown."

The reaction soon commenced. Many government annuitants complained of the directors' partiality in making out the subscription lists. It was soon reported that Sir John Blount, the chairman, and several directors had sold out. The stock fell all through August, and on September was quoted at 700 only. Things grew alarming. The directors, to restore confidence, summoned a meet-

ing of the corporation at Merchant Taylors' Hall, Cheapside was blocked by the crowd. Mr. Secretary Craggs urged the necessity of union; and Mr. Hungerford said the Company had done more for the nation than Crown, pulpit, and bench. It had enriched the whole nation. The Duke of Portland gravely expressed his wonder that any one could be dissatisfied. But the public were not to be galled; that same evening the stock fell to 640, and the next day to 540. It soon got so low as 400. The ebb tide was running fast. "Thousands of families," wrote Mr. Broderick to

Craggs' face, said "there were other men in high station who were no less guilty than the directors." Mr. Craggs, rising in wrath, declared he was ready to give satisfaction to any one in the House, or out of it, and this unparliamentary language he had afterwards to explain away. Ultimately a second committee was appointed, with power to send for persons, papers, and records. The directors were ordered to lay before the house a full account of all their proceedings, and were forbidden to leave the kingdom for a twelvemonth.

Mr. Walpole laid before a committee of the

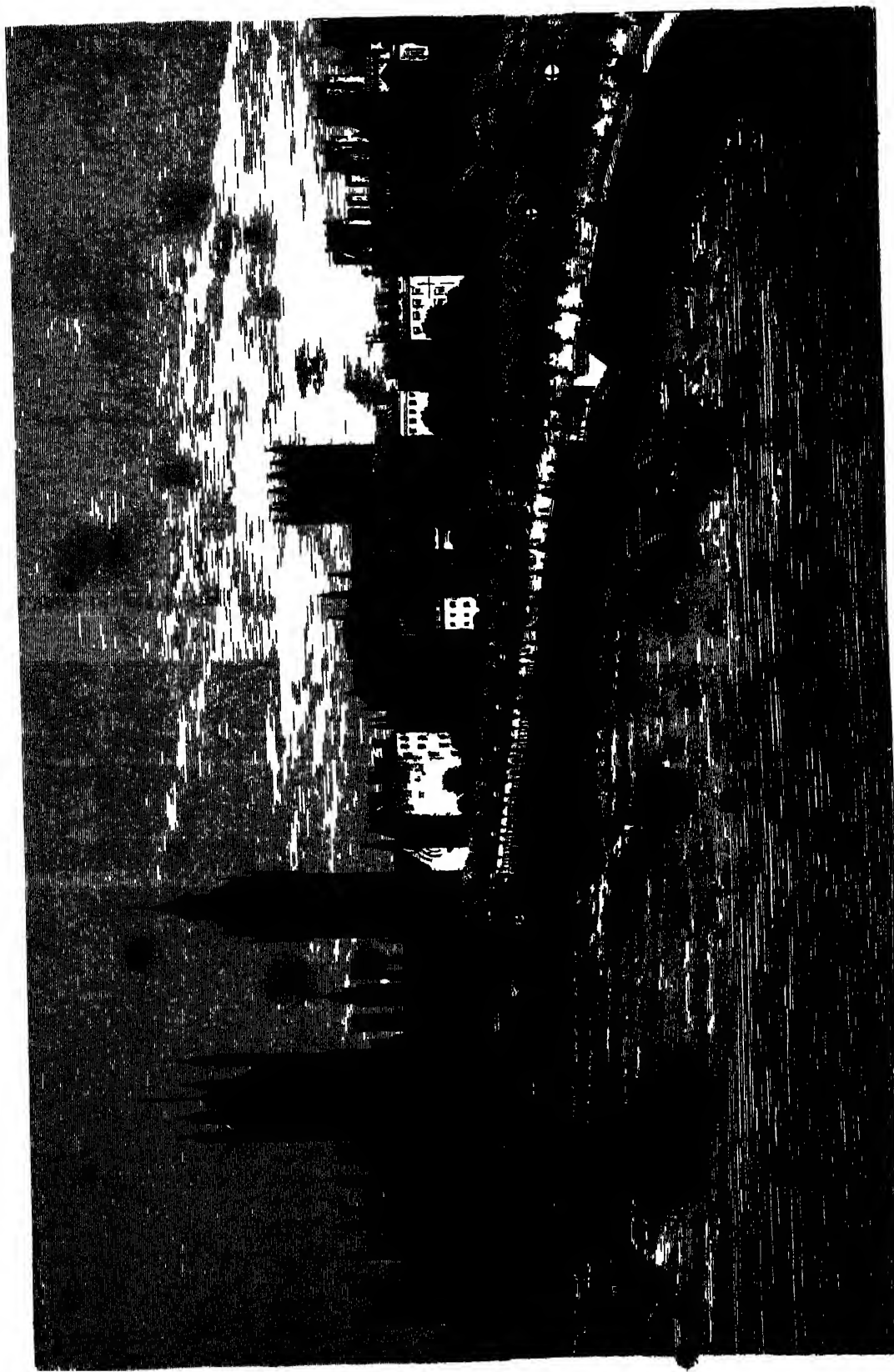


THE OLD SOUTH SEA HOUSE (see page 538) from a Print of the Period.

Lord Chancellor Middleton, "will be reduced to beggary. The consternation is inexpressible, the rage beyond description." The Bank was pressed to circulate the South Sea bonds, but as the panic increased they fought off. Several goldsmiths and bankers fled. The South Sea Company, the chief cashiers of the South Sea Company, stopped payment. King George returned in haste from Hanover, and Parliament was summoned to meet in December.

In the first debate the enemies of the South Sea Company were most violent. Lord Molesworth said he should be satisfied to see the contrivance of the scheme tied in knots and thrown into the Thames. Honest Shippen, whom even Walpole could not bribe, looking fiercely at Mr. Secretary

whole house his scheme for the restoration of public credit, which was, in substance, to ingraft nine millions of South Sea stock into the Bank of England, and the same sum into the East India Company, upon certain conditions. The plan was favourably received by the House. After some few objections it was ordered that proposals should be received from the two great corporations. They were both unwilling to lend their aid, and the plan met with a warm but fruitless opposition at the general courts summoned for the purpose of deliberating upon it. They, however, ultimately agreed upon the terms on which they would consent to circulate the South Sea bonds, and their report being presented to the committee, a bill was then brought in, under the name of an







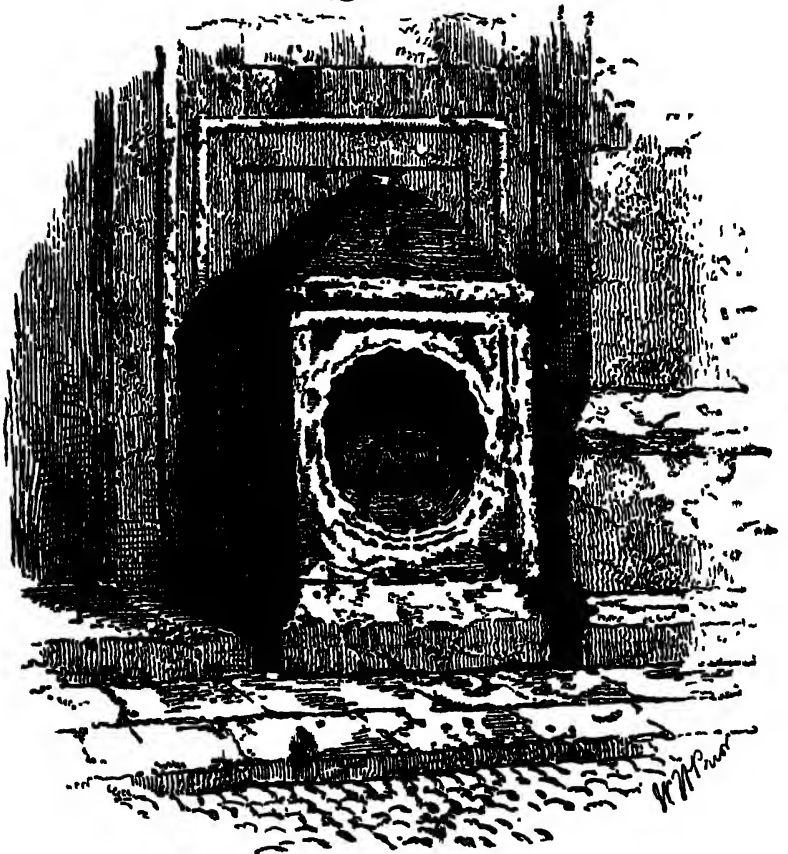
Walpole, and safely carried through both Houses of Parliament.

In the House of Lords, Lord Stanhope said that every farthing possessed by the criminals, whether directors or not, ought to be confiscated, to make good the public losses.

The wrath of the House of Commons soon fell quick and terrible as lightning on two members of the Ministry, Craggs, and Mr. Aislalie, Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was ordered, on the 21st of January, that all South Sea brokers should lay

the Commons ordered the doors of the House to be locked, and the keys laid on the table.

General Ross, one of the members of the Select Committee, then informed the House that there had been already discovered a plot of the deepest villany and fraud that Hell had ever contrived to ruin a nation. Four directors, members of the House—i.e., Sir Robert Chaplin, Sir Theodore Janssen, Mr. Sawbridge, and Mr. F. Eyles—were expelled the House, and taken into the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms. Sir John Blunt, another



LONDON STONE. (See page 544.)

before the House a full account of all stock bought or sold by them to any officers of the Treasury or Exchequer since Michaelmas, 1719. Aislalie instantly resigned his office, and absented himself from Parliament, and five of the South Sea directors (including Mr. Gibbon, the grandfather of the historian) were ordered into the custody of the Black Rod.

The next excitement was the flight of Knight, the treasurer of the Company, with all his books and implicating documents, and a reward of £1,000 was offered for his apprehension. The same night

director, was also taken into custody. This man, mentioned by Pope in his "Epistle to Lord Bathurst," had been a scrivener, famed for his religious observances and his horror of avarice. He was examined at the bar of the House of Lords, but refused to criminate himself. The Duke of Wharton, vexed at this prudent silence of the criminal, accused Earl Stanhope of encouraging the taciturnity of the witness. The Earl became so excited in his return speech, that it brought on an apoplectic fit, of which he died the next day, to the great grief of his royal master, George I.

Committee of Secrecy stated that in some of the books produced before them, false and fictitious entries had been made; in others there were entries of money, with blanks for the names of the stockholders. There were frequent erasures and alterations, and in some of the books leaves had been torn out. They also found that some books of great importance had been destroyed altogether, and that some had been taken away or secreted. They discovered, moreover, that before the South Sea Act was passed there was an entry in the Company's books of the sum of £1,259,325 upon account of stock stated to have been sold to the amount of £574,500. This stock was all fictitious, and had been disposed of with a view to promote the passing of the bill. It was noted as sold on various days, and at various prices, from 150 to 325 per cent.

Being surprised to see so large an amount disposed of, at a time when the Company were not empowered to increase their capital, the committee determined to investigate most carefully the whole transaction. The governor, sub-governor, and several directors were brought before them and examined rigidly. They found that at the time these entries were made the Company were not in possession of such a quantity of stock, having in their own right only a small quantity, not exceeding £30,000 at the utmost. They further discovered that this amount of stock was to be esteemed as taken or holden by the Company for the benefit of the pretended purchasers, although no mutual agreement was made for its delivery or acceptance at any certain time. No money was paid down, nor any deposit or security whatever given to the Company by the supposed purchasers; so that if the stock had fallen, as might have been expected had the act not passed, they would have sustained no loss. If, on the contrary, the price of stock advanced (as it actually did by the success of the scheme), the difference by the advanced price was to be made good by them. Accordingly, after the passing of the act, the account of stock was made up and adjusted with Mr. Knight, and the pretended purchasers were paid the difference out of the Company's cash. This fictitious stock, which had chiefly been at the disposal of Sir John Blunt, Mr. Gibbon, and Mr. Knight, was distributed among several members of the Government and their connections, by way of bribe, to facilitate the passing of the bill. To the Earl of Sunderland was assigned £50,000 of this stock; to the Duchess of Kendal, £10,000; to the Countess of Platen, £10,000; to her two nieces, £10,000; to Mr. Secretary Craggs, £30,000; to Mr. Charles Stan-

hope (one of the Secretaries of the Treasury), £10,000; to the Sword Blade Company, £50,000. It also appeared that Mr. Stanhope had received the enormous sum of £250,000, as the difference in the price of some stock, through the hands of Turner, Caswall, and Co., but that his name had been partly erased from their books, and altered to Stangape.

The punishment fell heavy on the chief offenders, who, after all, had only shared in the general lust for gold. Mr. Charles Stanhope, a great gainer, managed to escape by the influence of the Chesterfield family, and the mob threatened vengeance. Aislable, who had made some £800,000, was expelled the House, sent to the Tower, and compelled to devote his estate to the relief of the sufferers. Sir George Caswall was expelled the House, and ordered to refund £250,000. The day he went to the Tower, the mob lit bonfires and danced round them for joy. When by a general whip of the Whigs the Earl of Sunderland was acquitted, the mob grew menacing again. That same day the elder Craggs died of apoplexy. The report was that he had poisoned himself, but excitement and the death of a son, one of the secretaries of the Treasury, were the real causes. His enormous fortune of a million and a half was scattered among the sufferers. Eventually the directors were fined £2,014,000, each man being allowed a small modicum of his fortune. Sir John Blunt was allowed only £5,000 out of his fortune of £183,000; Sir John Fellows was allowed £10,000 out of £243,000; Sir Theodore Janssen, £50,000 out of £243,000; Sir John Lambert, £5,000 out of £72,000. One director, named Gregsley, was treated with especial severity, because he was reported to have once declared he would feed his carriage-horses off gold; another, because years before he had been mixed up with some harmless but unsuccessful speculation. According to Gibbon the historian, it was the Tory directors who were stripped the most unmercifully.

"The next consideration of the Legislature," says Charles Mackay, "after the punishment of the directors, was to restore public credit. The scheme of Walpole had been found insufficient, and had fallen into disrepute. A computation was made of the whole capital stock of the South Sea Company at the end of the year 1720. It was found to amount to £37,800,000, of which the stock allotted to all the proprietors reached only £24,500,000. The remainder of £13,300,000 belonged to the Company in their corporate capacity, and was the profit they had made by the national delusion. Upwards of £8,000,000 of this was taken from

the Company, and divided among the proprietors and subscribers generally, making a dividend of about £33 6s. 8d. per cent. This was a great relief. It was further ordered that such persons as had borrowed money from the South Sea Company upon stock actually transferred and pledged, at the time of borrowing, to or for the use of the Company, should be free from all demands upon payment of ten per cent. of the sums so borrowed. They had lent about £11,000,000 in this manner, at a time when prices were unnaturally raised; and they now received back £1,100,000, when prices had sunk to their ordinary level."

A volume (says another writer) might be collected of anecdotes connected with this fatal speculation. A tradesman at Bath, who had invested his only remaining fortune in this stock, finding it had fallen from 1,000 to 900, left Bath with an intention to sell out; on his arrival in London it had fallen to 250. He thought the price too low, sanguinely hoped that it would re-ascend, still deferred his purpose, and lost his all.

The Duke of Chandos had embarked £300,000 in this project; the Duke of Newcastle strongly advised his selling the whole, or at least a part, with as little delay as possible; but this salutary advice he delayed to take, confidently anticipating the gain of at least half a million, and through rejecting his friend's counsel, he lost the whole. Some were, however, more fortunate. The guardians of Sir Gregory Page Turner, then a minor, had purchased stock for him very low, and sold it out when it had reached its maximum, to the amount of £200,000. With this large sum Sir Gregory built a fine mansion at Blackheath, and purchased 300 acres of land for a park. Two maiden sisters, whose stock had accumulated to £90,000, sold out when the South Sea stock was at 790. The broker whom they employed advised them to re-invest in navy bills, which were at the time at a discount of twenty-five per cent.; they took his advice, and two years afterwards received their money at par.

Even the poets did not escape. Gay (says Dr. Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets") had a present from young Craggs of some South Sea stock, and once supposed himself to be the master of £20,000. His friends, especially Arbuthnot, persuaded him to sell his share, but he dreamed of dignity and splendour, and could not bear to obstruct his own fortune. He was then importuned to sell as much as would purchase a hundred a year for life, "which," said Fenton, "will make you sure of a clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton every day." This counsel was rejected; the profit

and principal were both lost, and Gay sunk so low under the calamity that his life for a time became in danger.

Pope, always eager for money, was also dabbling in the scheme, but it is uncertain whether he made money or lost by it. Lady Mary Wortley Montague was a loser. When Sir Isaac Newton was asked when the bubble would break, he said, "with all his calculations he had never learned to calculate the madness of the people."

Prior declared, "I am lost in the South Sea. The roaring of the waves and the madness of the people are justly put together. It is all wilder than St. Anthony's dream, and the bagatelle is more solid than anything that has been endeavoured here this year."

In the full heat of it, the Duchess of Ormond wrote to Swift: "The king adopts the South Sea, and calls it his beloved child; though perhaps, you may say, if he loves it no better than his son, it may not be saying much; but he loves it as much as he loves the Duchess of Kendal, and that is saying a good deal. I wish it may thrive, for some of my friends are deep in it. I wish you were too."

Swift, cold and stern, escaped the madness, and even denounced in the following verses the insanity that had seized the times:—

"There is a gulf where thousands fell,  
Here all the bold adventurers came;  
A narrow sound, though deep as hell—  
Change Alley is the dreadful name.  
"Subscribers here by thousands float,  
And jostle one another down;  
Each paddling in his leaky boat,  
And here they fish for gold and drow.  
"Now buried in the depths below,  
Now mounted up to heaven again,  
They reel and stagger to and fro,  
At their wit's end, like drunken men."

Budgell, Pope's barking enemy, destroyed himself after his losses in this South Sea scheme, and a well-known man of the day called "Tom of Ten Thousand" lost his reason.

Charles Lamb, in his "Elia," has described the South Sea House in his own delightful way. "Reader," says the poet clerk, "in thy passage from the Bank—where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividends (supposing thou art lean annuitant like myself)—to the 'Flower Pot' to secure a place for Dalston, or Shacklemill, or some other shy suburban retreat northward—thou never observe a melancholy-looking, old, some brick and stone edifice, to the left of Threadneedle Street about upon Babbington's

dare say thou hast often admired its magnificent portals, ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out—a desolation something like Balclutha's.\* This was once a house of trade—a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain—and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul has long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticoes; imposing staircases; offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces—deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of court and committee rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, door-keepers; directors seated in form on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend), at long worn-eaten tables, that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt-leather coverings, supporting many silver inkstands, long since dry; the oaken wainscots hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-governors, of Queen Anne, and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty; huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated; dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams; and soundings of the Bay of Panama! The long passages

hung with buckets, appended, in idle row to walls, whose substance might defy any, short of the last conflagration; with vast ranges of cellarage under all, where dollars and pieces-of-eight once lay, 'an unsunned heap,' for Mammon to have solaced his solitary heart withal—long since dissipated, or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous Bubble.

"Peace to the manes of the Bubble! Silence and destitution are upon thy walls, proud house, for a memorial! Situated as thou art in the very heart of stirring and living commerce, amid the fret and fever of speculation—with the Bank, and the 'Change, and the India House about thee, in the hey-day of present prosperity, with their important faces, as it were, insulting thee, their *poor neighbour out of business*—to the idle and merely contemplative—to such as me, Old House! there is a charm in thy quiet, a cessation, a coolness from business, an indolence almost cloistral, which is delightful! With what reverence have I paced thy great bare rooms and courts at eventide! They spake of the past; the shade of some dead accountant, with visionary pen in ear, would flit by me, stiff as in life."

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### CANNON STREET.

London Stone and Jack Cade—Southwark Bridge—Old City Churches—The Salters' Company's Hall, and the Salter's Company's History—Oxford House—Salters' Banquets—Salters' Hall Chapel—A Mysterious Murder in Cannon Street—St. Martin Orgar—King William's Statue—Cannon Street Station.

CANNON STREET was originally called Candlewick Street, from the candle-makers who lived there.

London Stone, the old Roman *milliarium*, or milestone, is now a mere rounded boulder, set in a stone case built into the outer southern wall of the church of St. Swithin, Cannon Street. Camden, in his "Britannia," says—"The stone called London Stone, from its situation in the centre of the longest diameter of the City, I take to have been a miliary, like that in the Forum at Rome, from whence all the distances were measured."

Camden's opinion, that from this stone the Roman roads radiated, and that by it the distances were reckoned, seems now generally received. Stow, who thinks that there was some legend of the early Christians connected with it, says:—"On the south side of this high street (Candlewick or Cannon Street), near unto the channel, is pitched

upright a great stone, called London Stone, fixed in the ground very deep, fastened with bars of iron, and otherwise so strongly set, that if carts do run against it through negligence, the wheels be broken and the stone itself unshaken. The cause why this stone was set there, the time when, or other memory is none." In order to show the stone more distinctly in our view on p. 541, it is given without the bars.

Styrie describes it in his day as already set in its case. "This stone, before the Fire of London, was much worn away, and, as it were, but a stump remaining. But it is now, for the preservation of it, cased over with a new stone, handsomely wrought, cut hollow underneath, so as the old stone may be seen, the new one being over it, to shelter and defend the old venerable one."

It stood formerly on the south side of Cannon Street, but was removed to the north, December 13th, 1742. In 1798 it was again removed, as an obstruction, and put for the picturesque interpretation

\* "I passed by the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate." (Osian.)

of a local antiquary, Mr. Thomas Malden, a printer in Sherborne Lane, it would have been destroyed.

This most interesting relic of Roman London is that very stone which the arch-rebel Jack Cade struck with his bloody sword when he had stormed London Bridge, and "Now is Mortimer lord of this city" were the words he uttered too confidently as he gave the blow. Shakespeare, who perhaps wrote from tradition, makes him strike London Stone with his staff :—

"*Cade.* Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command that the conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me Lord Mortimer."—*Shakespeare, Second Part of Henry VI., act iv., sc. 6.*

Dryden, too, mentions this stone in a very fine passage of his Fable of the "Cock and the Fox :—

"The bees in arms  
Drive headlong from the waxen cells in swarms.  
Jack Straw at London Stone, with all his rout,  
Struck not the city with so loud a shout."

Of the old denizens of this neighbourhood in Henry VIII.'s days, Stow gives a very picturesque sketch in the following passage, where he says :—  
"The late Earl of Oxford, father to him that now liveth, hath been noted within these forty years to have ridden into this city, and so to his house by London Stone, with eighty gentlemen in a livery of Reading tawny, and chains of gold about their necks, before him, and one hundred tall yeomen in the like livery to follow him, without chains, but all having his cognizance of the blue boar embroidered on their left shoulder."

A turning from Cannon Street leads us to Southwark Bridge. The cost of this bridge was computed at £300,000, and the annual revenue was estimated at £90,000. Blackfriars Bridge tolls amounted to a large annual sum ; and it was supposed Southwark might fairly claim about a third of it. Great stress also was laid on the improvements that would ensue in the miserable streets about Bankside and along the road to the King's Bench by its erection. This hope was not realised ; the bridge never answered, and was almost disused till the tolls were removed and it was thrown open to general traffic.

"Southwark Bridge," says Mr. Timbs, "designed by John Rennie, F.R.S., was built by a public company, and cost about £800,000. It consists of three cast-iron arches ; the centre 240 feet span, and the two side arches 210 feet each, about forty-two feet above the highest spring-tides ; the ribs forming, as it were, a series of hollow masses, or *vauzouirs*, similar to those of stone, a principle new in the construction of cast-iron bridges, and very

successful. The whole of the segmental pieces and the braces are kept in their places by dovetailed sockets and long cast-iron wedges, so that bolts are unnecessary, although they were used during the construction of the bridge to keep the pieces in their places until the wedges had been driven. The spandrels are similarly connected, and upon them rests the roadway, of solid plates of cast iron, joined by iron cement. The piers and abutments are of stone, founded upon timber platforms resting upon piles driven below the bed of the river. The masonry is tied throughout by vertical and horizontal bond-stones, so that the whole rests as one mass in the best position to resist the horizontal thrust. The first stone was laid by Admiral Lord Keith, May 23rd, 1815, the bill for erecting the bridge having been passed May 16th, 1811. The iron-work (weight 5,700 tons) had been put together by the Walkers of Rotherham, the founders, and the masonry by the contractors, Jolliffe and Banks, that, when the work was finished, scarcely any sinking was discernible in the arches. From experiments made to ascertain the expansion and contraction between the extreme range of winter and summer temperature, it was found that the arch rose in the summer about one inch to one and a half inch. The works were commenced in 1813, and the bridge was opened by lamp-light, March 24th, 1819, as the clock of St. Paul's Cathedral tolled midnight. Towards the middle of the western side of the bridge used to be a descent from the pavement to a steam-boat pier."

Mr. Charles Dickens, in one of the chapters of his "Uncommercial Traveller," has sketched, in his most exquisite manner, just such old City churches as we have in Cannon Street and its turnings. The dusty oblivion into which they are sinking, their past glory, their mouldy old tombs—everything he paints with the correctness of Teniers and the finish of Gerard Dow.

"There is," he says, "a pale heap of books in the corner of my pew, and while the organ, which is hoarse and sleepy, plays in such fashion that I can hear more of the rusty working of the stops than of any music, I look at the books, which are mostly bound in faded baize and stuff. They belonged, in 1754, to the Dowgate family. And who were they? Jane Comfort must have married young Dowgate, and come into the family that way. Young Dowgate was courting Jane Comfort when he gave her her prayer-book, and recorded the presentation in the fly-leaf. If Jane were dead, young Dowgate, why did she die and leave her book here? Perhaps at the richety altar, and before the damp Commandments, she, Comfort,



had taken him, Dowgate, in a flush of youthful hope and joy; and perhaps it had not turned out in the long run as great a success as was expected.

"The opening of the service recalls my wandering thoughts. I then find to my astonishment that I have been, and still am, taking a strong kind

is! Not only in the cold damp February day do we cough and sneeze dead citizens, all through the service, but dead citizens have got into the very bellows of the organ, and half-choked the same. We stamp our feet to warm them, and dead citizens arise in heavy clouds. Dead citizens stick upon



THE FOURTH SALTERS' HALL. (See page 548.)

of invisible snuff up my nose, into my eyes, and down my throat. I wink, sneeze, and cough. The clerk sneezes: the clergyman winks; the unseen organist sneezes and coughs (and probably winks); all our little party wink, sneeze, and cough. The snuff seems to be made of the decay of matting, wood, cloth, stone, iron, earth, and something else. Is the something else the decay of dead citizens in the vaults below? As sure as death it

the walls, and lie pulverised on the sounding-board over the clergyman's head, and when a gust of air comes, tumble down upon him.

\* \* \* \* \*

"In the churches about Mark Lane there was a dry whiff of wheat; and I accidentally struck an airy sample of barley out of an aged hassock in one of them. From Rood Lane to Tower Street, and thereabouts, there was sometimes a



subtle flavour of wine; sometimes of tea. One church, near Mincing Lane, smelt like a druggist's drawer. Behind the Monument, the service had a flavour of damaged oranges, which, a little further down the river, tempered into herrings, and gradually toned into a cosmopolitan blast of fish. . In one

on my memory as distinct and quaint as any it has that way received. In all those dusty registers that the worms are eating, there is not a line but made some hearts leap, or some tears flow, in their day. Still and dry now, still and dry! And the old tree at the window, with no room for its



CORDWAINERS' HALL. (See page 550.)

church, the exact counterpart of the church in the 'Rake's Progress,' where the hero is being married to the horrible old lady, there was no speciality of atmosphere, until the organ shook a perfume of hides all over us from some adjacent warehouse.

"The dark vestries and registries into which I have peeped, and the little hemmed-in churchyards that have echoed to my feet, have left impressions

branches, has seen them all out. So with the tomb of the old master of the old company, in which it drips. His son restored it and died, his daughter restored it and died, and then his name has been remembered long enough, and the tree of his possession of him, and his name cracked out of it.

The Salters, who have anchored in Cannon Street, have had at least four halls before the present one. The first was in Broad Street, in the

near their kinsmen, the Fishmongers, in the old fish market of London, Knight-riding Street. It is noticed, apparently as a new building, in the will of Thomas Beaumont, Salter, 1451, who devised to "Henry Bell and Robert Bassett, wardens of the fraternity and gild of the Salters, of the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Church of All Saints, of Bread Street, London, and to the brothers and sisters of the same fraternity and gild, and their successors for ever, the land and ground where there was then lately erected a hall called Salters' Hall, and six mansions by him then newly erected upon the same ground, in Bread Street, in the parish of All Saints." The last named were the Company's almshouses.

This hall was destroyed by fire in 1533. The second hall, in Bread Street, had an almshouse adjoining, as Stow tells us, "for poore decayed brethren." It was destroyed by fire in 1598. This hall was afterwards used by Parliamentary committees. There the means of raising new regiments was discussed, and there, in 1654, the judges for a time sat. The third hall (and these records furnish interesting facts to the London topographer) was a mansion of the prior of Tortington, Sussex near the east end of St. Swithin's Church, London Stone. The Salters purchased it, in 1641, of Captain George Smith, and it was then called Oxford House, or Oxford Place. It had been the residence of Maister Stapylton, a wealthy alderman. The house is a marked one in history, as at the back of it, according to Stow, resided those bad guiding ministers of the miser king Henry VII., Empson and Dudley, who, having cut a door into Oxford House garden, used to meet there, like the two towers in Quintin Matsys' picture, and suggest war taxes to each other under the leafy limes of the old garden. Sir Ambrose Nicholas and Sir John Hare, both Salters, kept their mayoralties here.

The fourth hall, built after the Great Fire had made clear work of Oxford House, was a small brick building, the entrance opening within an arcade of three arches springing from square fluted pillars. A large garden adjoined it, and next that was the Salters' Hall Meeting House. The parlour was handsome, and there were a few original portraits. This hall, the clerk's house, and another at the gate of St. Swithin's Lane, were pulled down and sold in 1821. The present hall was designed by Mr. Henry Carr, and completed in 1827.

As a chartered company there is no record of the Salters before the 37th year of Edward III., when liberties were granted them. In the 50th of Edward III. they sent members to the common council. Richard II. granted them a livery, but

they were first incorporated in 1358 by Elizabeth. Henry VIII. had granted them arms, and Elizabeth a crest and supporters. The arms are:—Chevron azure and gules, three covered salts, or, springing salt proper. On a helmet and torse, issuing out of a cloud argent, a sinister arm proper, holding a salt as the former. Supporters, two otters argent plattée, gorged with ducal coronets, thereto a chain affixed and reflected, or; motto, "Sal sapit Omnia." "A Short Account of the Salters' Company," printed for private distribution, rejects the otters as supporters, in favour of ounces or small leopards, which latter, it states, have been adopted by the assistants in the arms put up in their new hall; and it gives the following, "furnished by a London antiquary," as the Salters' real supporters:—Two ounces sable besante, gorged with crowns and chased gold. The Salters claim to have received eight charters.

The Romans worked salt-pits in England, and salt-works are frequently mentioned in Domesday Book. Rock or fossil salt, says Herbert, was never worked in England till 1670, when it was discovered in Cheshire. The enormous use of salt fish in the Catholic households of the Middle Ages brought wealth to the Salters.

In a pageant of 1591, written by the poet Peele, one clad like a sea-nymph presented the Salter mayor (Webb) with a rigged and manned pinnace, as he took barge to go to Westminster.

In the Drapers' pageant of 1684, when each of the twelve companies were represented by allegorical figures, the Salters were figured by Salina in a sky-coloured robe and coronation mantle, and crowned with white and yellow roses. Among the citizens nominated by the common council to attend the mayor as chief butler, at the coronation of Richard III., occurs the name of a Salter.

The following bill of fare for fifty people of the Company of Salters, A.D. 1506, is still preserved:—

	s.	d.		s.	d.
36 chickens . . .	4	6	4 breasts of veal . . .	1	5
1 swan and 4 geese . . .	7	0	Bacon . . .	0	6
9 rabbits . . .	1	4	Quarter of a load of coals . . .	0	4
2 rumps of beef tails . . .	0	2	Faggots . . .	0	2
6 quails . . .	1	6	3½ gallons of Gascoyne wine . . .	2	4
2 ounces of pepper . . .	0	2	1 bottle muscadina . . .	0	8
2 ounces of cloves and mace . . .	0	4	Cherries and tarts . . .	0	8
1½ ounces of saffron . . .	0	6	Salt . . .	0	1
3 lb. sugar . . .	0	8	Verjuice and vinegar . . .	0	2
2 lb. raisins . . .	0	4	Paid the cook . . .	3	4
1 lb. dates . . .	0	4	Perfume . . .	0	2
1½ lb. comfits . . .	0	2	1½ bushels of meal . . .	0	8
Half hundred eggs . . .	0	2½	Water . . .	0	3
4 gallons of curds . . .	0	4	Carrying the vessels . . .	0	3
1 ditto gooseberries . . .	0	2			
2 dishes of butter . . .	0	4			

In the Company's books (says Herbert) is a receipt "For to make a moost choyce Paaste of Gamys to be eten at y<sup>e</sup> Feste of Chrystemasse" (17th Richard II, A.D. 1394). A pie so made by the Company's cook in 1836 was found excellent. It consisted of a pheasant, hare, and capon, two partridges, two pigeons, and two rabbits, all boned and put into paste in the shape of a bird, with the livers and hearts, two mutton kidneys, forced meats, and egg balls, seasoning, spice, catsup, and pickled mushrooms.

Salters' Hall was long one of the head-quarters of Nonconformity; the original congregation assembled at Buckingham House, College Hill. The first minister was Richard Mayo, who died in 1695. He was so eloquent, that it is said even the windows were crowded when he preached. He was one of the seceders of 1662. Nathaniel Taylor, who died in 1702, was latterly so infirm that he used to crawl into the pulpit upon his knees. "He was a man," says Matthew Henry, "of great wit, worth, and courage," and Doddridge compared his writings to those of South for wit and strength. Tong succeeded Taylor at Salters' Hall in 1702. He wrote the notes on the Hebrews and Revelations for Matthew Henry's "Commentary," and left memoirs of Henry, and of Shower, of the Old Jewry. The writer of his funeral sermon called him "the prince of preachers." In 1719 Arianism began to prevail at Salters' Hall, where a synod on the subject was at last held. The meetings ended by the non-subscribers calling out, "You that are against persecution come up stairs:" and Thomas Bradbury, of New Court, the leader of the orthodox, replying, "You that are for declaring your faith in the doctrine of the Trinity stay below." The subscribers proved to be fifty-three; the "scandalous majorty," fifty-seven. During this controversy Arianism became the subject of coffee-house talk. John Newman, who died in 1741, was buried at Bunhill Fields, Dr. Doddridge delivering a funeral oration over his grave. Francis Spillsbury, another Salters' Hall minister, worked there for twenty years with John Barker, who resigned in 1762. Hugh Farmer, another of this brotherhood, was Doddridge's first pupil at the Northampton College. He wrote an exposition on demonology and miracles, which aroused controversy. His manuscripts were destroyed at his death, according to the strict directions of his will.

When the Presbyterians forsook Salters' Hall, some people came there who called the hall "the Areopagus," and themselves the Christian Evidence Society. After their bankruptcy in 1857, the

Baptists re-opened the hall. The congregation has now removed to a northern suburb, and their chapel bears the old name, "so closely linked with our old City history, and its Nonconformist associations."

In April, 1866, a mysterious murder took place in Cannon Street. The victim, a widow, named Sarah Millson, was housekeeper on the premises of Messrs Bevington, leather sellers. About nine o'clock in the evening, when sitting by the fire in company with another servant, the street bell was heard to ring, on which Millson went down to the door, remarking to her neighbour that she knew who it was. She did not return, although for an hour this did not excite any suspicion, as she was in the habit of holding conversations at the street door. A little after ten o'clock, the other woman—Elizabeth Lowes—went down, and found Millson dead at the bottom of the stairs, the blood still flowing profusely from a number of deep wounds in the head. Her shoes had been taken off and were lying on a table in the hall, and as there was no blood on them it was presumed this was done before the murder. The housekeeper's keys were also found on the stairs. Opening the door to procure assistance, Lowes observed a woman on the doorstep, screening herself apparently from the rain, which was falling heavily at the time. She moved off as soon as the door was opened, saying, in answer to the request for assistance, "Oh! dear, no; I can't come in!" The gas over the door had been lighted as usual at eight o'clock, but was now out, although not turned off at the meter. The evidence taken by the coroner showed that the instrument of murder had probably been a small crowbar used to wrench open packing-cases; one was found near the body, unstained with blood, and another was missing from the premises. The murderer has never been discovered.

St. Martin Orgar, a church near Cannon Street, was destroyed in the Great Fire, and not rebuilt. It had been used, says Strype, by the French Protestants, who had a French minister, episcopally ordained. There was a monument here to Sir Allen Cotton, Knight, and Alderman of London, some time Lord Mayor, with this epitaph—

"When he left Earth rich bounty dy'd,  
Mild courtesy gave place to pride;  
Soft Mercy to bright Justice said,  
O sister, we are both betray'd.  
White Innocence lay on the ground,  
By Truth, and wept at either's wound."

"Those sons of Levi did lament,  
Their lamps went out, their oil was spent."

Heaven hath his soul, and only we  
Spin out our lives in misery.  
So Death thou missest of thy ends,  
And kil'st not him, but kil'st his friends."

A Bill in Parliament being engrossed for the erection of a church for the French Protestants in the churchyard of this parish, after the Great Fire, the parishioners offered reasons to the Parliament against it; declaring that they were not against erecting a church, but only against erecting it in the place mentioned in the Bill; since by the Act for rebuilding the city, the site and churchyard of St. Martin Orgar was directed to be enclosed with a wall, and laid open for a burying-place for the parish.

The tame statue of that honest but commonplace monarch, William IV., at the end of King William Street, is of granite, and the work of a Mr. Nixon. It cost upwards of £2,000, of which £1,600 was voted by the Common Council of London. It is fifteen feet three inches in height, weighs twenty

tons, and is chiefly memorable as marking the site of the famous "Boar's Head" tavern.

The opening of the Cannon Street Extension Railway, September, 1866, provided a communication with Charing Cross and London Bridge, and through it with the whole of the South-Eastern system. The bridge across the Thames approaching the station has five lines of rails; the curves branching east and west to Charing Cross and London Bridge have three lines, and in the station there are nine lines of rails and five spacious platforms, one of them having a double carriage road for exit and entrance. The signal-box at the entrance to the Cannon Street station extends from one side of the bridge to the other, and has a range of over eighty levers, coloured red for danger-signals, and green for safety and going out. The hotel at Cannon Street Station, a handsome building, was erected after the design by Mr. Barry. It has been largely used for public meetings since the demolition of the "London Tavern."

## CHAPTER XLIX.

### CANNON STREET TRIBUTARIES AND EASTCHEAP.

**Budge Row—Cordwainers' Hall—St. Swithin's Church—Founders' Hall—The Oldest Street in London—Tower Royal and the Wat Tyler Mob—The Queen's Wardrobe—St. Antholin's Church—"St. Antlin's Bell"—The London Fire Brigade—Captain Shaw's Statistics—St. Mary Aldemary—A Quaint Epitaph—Crooked Lane—An Early "Gun Accident"—St. Michael's and Sir William Walworth's Epitaph—Gerard's Hall and its History—The Early Closing Movement—St. Mary Woolchurch—Roman Remains in Nicholas Lane—St. Stephen's, Walkbrook—Eastcheap and the Cooks' Shops—The "Boar's Head"—Prince Hal and his Companions—A Giant Plum pudding—Goldsmith at the "Boar's Head"—The Weigh-house Chapel and its Famous Preachers—Reynolds, Clayton, Bunney.**

BUDGE ROW derived its name from the sellers of budge (lamb-skin) fur that dwelt there. The word is used by Milton in his "Lycidas," where he sneers at the "budge-skin" doctors.

Cordwainers' Hall, No. 7, Cannon Street, is the third of the same Company's halls on this site, and was built in 1788 by Sylvanus Hall. The stone front, by Adam, has a sculptured medallion of a country girl spinning with a distaff, emblematic of the name of the lane, and of the thread used by cordwainers or shoemakers. In the pediment are their arms. In the hall are portraits of King William and Queen Mary; and here is a sepulchral urn and tablet, by Nollekens, to John Came, a munificent benefactor to the Company.

The Cordwainers were originally incorporated by Henry IV., in 1410, as the "Cordwainers and Cobblers," the latter term signifying dealers in shoes and shoemakers. In the reign of Richard II., "every cordwainer that shod any man or woman on Sunday was to pay thirty shillings." Among the Company's plate is a piece for which Camden, the

antiquary, left £16. Their charities include Came's bequest for blind, deaf, and dumb persons, and clergymen's widows, £1,000 yearly; and in 1662 the "Bell Inn," at Edmonton, was bequeathed for poor freemen of the Company.

The church in Cannon Street dedicated to St. Swithin, and in which London Stone is now encased, is of a very early date, as the name of the rector in 1331 is still recorded. Sir John Hind, Lord Mayor in 1391 and 1404, rebuilt both church and steeple. After the Fire of London, the parish of St. Mary Bothaw was united to that of St. Swithin. St. Swithin's was rebuilt by Wren after the Great Fire. The Salters' Company formerly had the right of presentation to this church, but sold it. The form of the interior is irregular and awkward, in consequence of the tower intruding on the north-west corner. The ceiling, an octagonal cupola, is decorated with wreaths and ribbons. In 1839 Mr. Godwin describes an immense sounding-board over the pulpit, and an altar-piece of carved oak, guarded by two wooden figures of Moses and

Aaron. There is a slab to Mr. Stephen Winmill, twenty-four years parish clerk; and a tablet commemorative of Mr. Francis Kemble and his two wives, with the following distich:—

"Life makes the soul dependent on the dust;  
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres."

The angles at the top of the mean square tower are bevelled off to allow of a short octagonal spire and an octagonal balustrade.

The following epitaphs are quoted by Strype:—

JOHN ROGERS, DIED 1576.

"Like thee I was sometime,  
But now am turned to dust;  
As thou at length, O earth and slime,  
Returne to ashes must.  
Of the Company of Clothworkers  
A brother I became;  
A long time in the Livery  
I lived of the same.  
Then Death that deadly stroke did give,  
Which now my joys doth frame.  
In Christ I dyed, by Christ to live;  
John Rogers was my name.  
My loving wife and children two  
My place behind supply;  
God grant them living so to doe,  
That they in him may dye."

GEORGE BOLLES, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, DIED 1632.

"He possessed Earth as he might Heaven possess;  
Wise to doe right, but never to oppress.  
His charity was better felt than knowne,  
For when he gave there was no trumpet blowne.  
What more can be comprised in one man's fame,  
To crown a soule, and leave a living name?"

Founders' Hall, now in St. Swithin's Lane, was formerly at Founders' Court, Lothbury. The Founders' Company, incorporated in 1614, had the power of testing all brass weights and brass and copper wares within the City and three miles round. The old Founders' Hall was noted for its political meetings, and was in 1792 nicknamed "The Cauldron of Sedition." Here Waithman made his first political speech, and, with his fellow-orators, was put to flight by constables, sent by the Lord Mayor, Sir James Sanderson, to disperse the meeting.

Watling Street, now laid open by the new street leading from Blackfriars to the Mansion House, is the oldest street in London. It is part of the old Roman military road that, following an old British forest-track, led from London to Dover, and from Dover to South Wales. The name, according to Leland, is from the Saxon *ætelling*—a noble street. At the north-west end of it is the church of St. Augustine, anciently styled *Ecclesia Sancti Augustini ad Portam*, from its vicinity to the south-east

gate of St. Paul's Cathedral. This church is described on page 349.

Tower Royal, Watling Street, preserves the memory of one of those strange old palatial forts that were not unfrequent in mediæval London—half fortresses, half dwelling-houses; half courting, half distrusting the City. "It was of old time the king's house," says Stow, solemnly, "but was afterwards called the Queen's Wardrobe. By whom the same was first built, or of what antiquity continued, I have not read, more than that in the reign of Edward I. it was the tenement of Simon Beaumes." In the reign of Edward III. it was called "the Royal, in the parish of St. Michael Paternoster;" and in the 43rd year of his reign he gave the inn, in value £20 a year, to the college of St. Stephen, at Westminster.

In the Wat Tyler rebellion, Richard II.'s mother and her ladies took refuge there, when the rebels had broken into the Tower and terrified the royal lady by piercing her bed with their swords.

"King Richard," says Stow, "having in Smithfield overcome and dispersed the rebels, he, his lords, and all his company entered the City of London with great joy, and went to the lady princess his mother, who was then lodged in the Tower Royal, called the Queen's Wardrobe, where she had remained three days and two nights, right sore abashed. But when she saw the king her son she was greatly rejoiced, and said, 'Ah! son, what great sorrow have I suffered for you this day!' The king answered and said, 'Certainly, madam, I know it well; but now rejoyce, and thank God, for I have this day recovered mine heritage, and the realm of England, which I had near-hand lost.'"

Richard II. was lodging at the Tower Royal at a later date, when the "King of Armony," as Stow quaintly calls the King of Armenia, had been driven out of his dominions by the "Tartarians;" and the lavish young king bestowed on him £1,000 a year, in pity for a banished monarch, little thinking how soon he himself, disrowned and dethroned, would be vainly looking round the prison walls for one glance of sympathy.

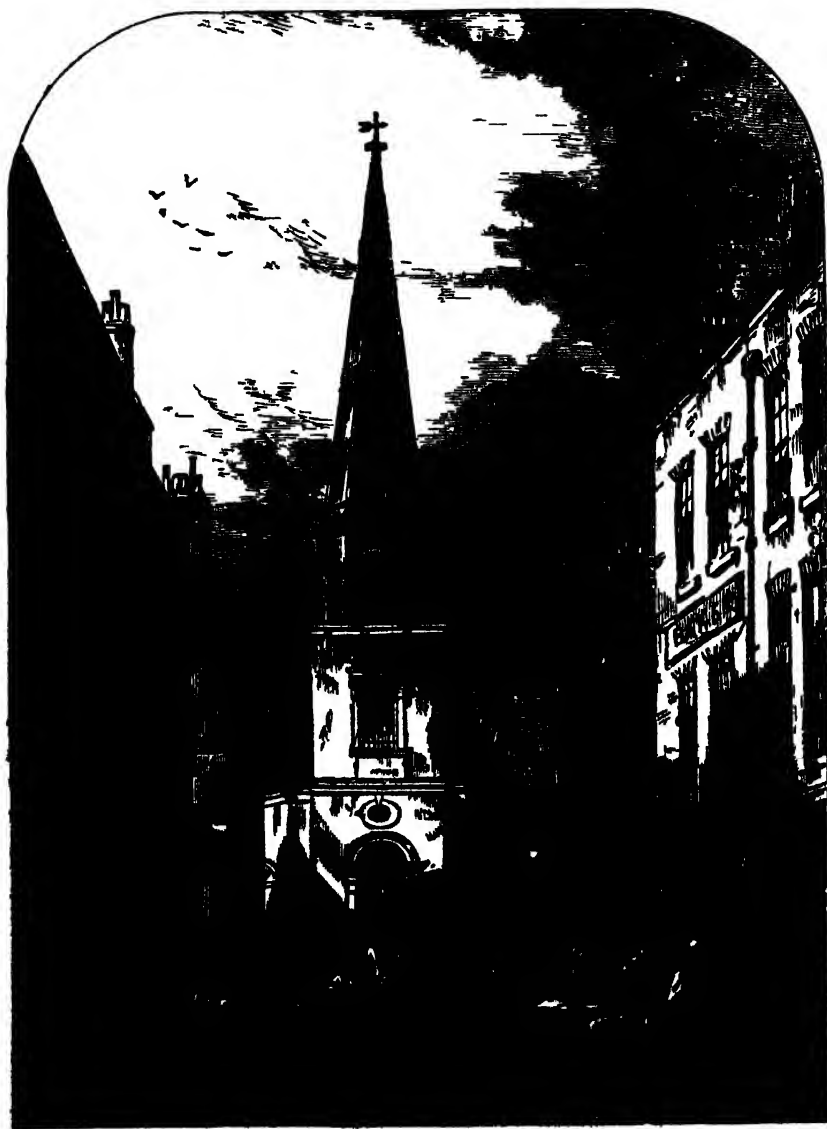
This "great house," belonging anciently to the kings of England, was afterwards inhabited by the first Duke of Norfolk, to whom it had been granted by Richard III., the master he served at Bosworth. Strype finds an entry of the gift in the ledger-book of King Richard's, wherein the Tower Royal is described as "Le Tower," in the parish of St. Thomas Apostle, not of St. Michael. It has it. The house afterwards sank into disrepair, became a stable for "all the king's horses," and in

Stow's time was divided into poor tenements. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

The church of St. Antholin, which formerly stood in Watling Street, was pulled down about the year 1870. The date of its foundation is unknown, but it must have been of great antiquity, as it is

And for he should not lye alone,  
Here lyeth with him his good wife Joan.  
They were together sixty year,  
And nineteen children they had in feere," &c.

The epitaph of Simon Street, grocer, was also badly written enough to be amusing :—



ST. ANTHOLIN'S CHURCH, WATLING STREET (1868).

mentioned by Ralph de Diceto, Dean of St. Paul's at the end of the, twelfth century. The church was rebuilt, about the year 1399, by Sir Thomas Knowles, Mayor of London, who was buried here, and whose odd epitaph Stow notes down :—

" Here lyeth graven under this stone  
Thomas Knowles, both flesh and bone,  
Grocer and alderman, years forty,  
Sheriff and twice mayor, truly ;

" Such as I am, such shall you be ;  
Grocer of London, sometime was I,  
The king's weigher, more than years twenty ;  
Simon Street called, in my place,  
And good fellowship fain would trace ;  
Therefore in heaven everlasting life,  
Jesu send me, and Agnes my wife," &c.

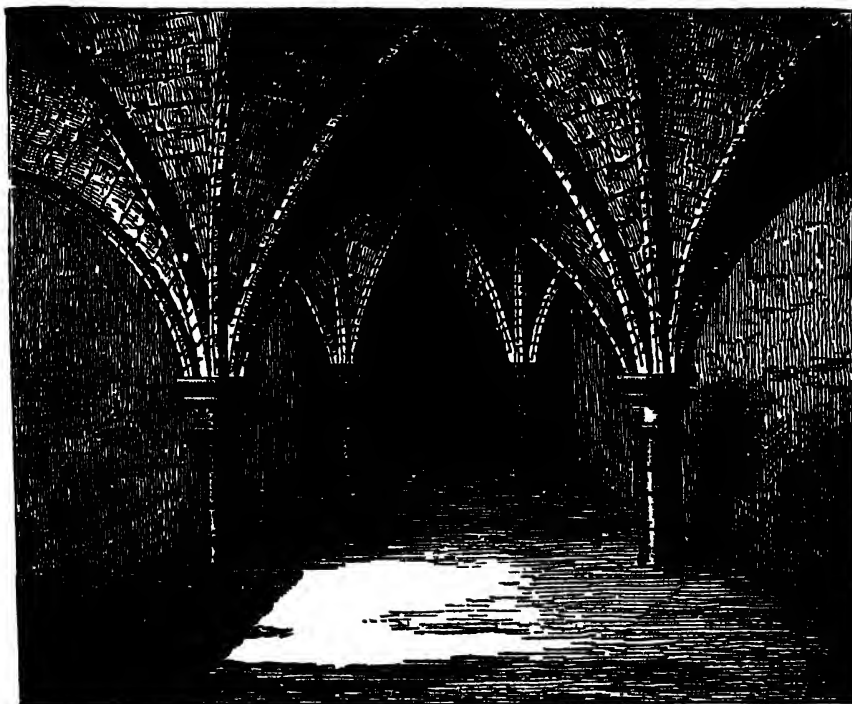
St. Antholin's perished in the great Fire, and the late church was completed by Wren, in the year 1662, at the expense of about £1,200. After



the fire the parish of St. John Baptist, Watling Street, was annexed to that of St. Antholin, the latter paying five-eighths towards the repairs of the church, the former the remaining three-eighths. The interior of the church is peculiar, being covered with an oval-shaped dome, which is supported on eight columns, which stand on high plinths. The carpentry of the roof, says Mr. Godwin, displays constructive knowledge. The exterior of the building, says the same authority, is of pleasing proportions, and shows great powers of invention. As an apology for adding a Gothic spire to a quasi-

made a point of attending these early prayers. Lilly, the astrologer, went to these lectures when a young man; and Scott makes Mike Lambourne, in "Kenilworth," refer to them. Nor have they been overlooked by our early dramatists. Randolph, Davenant, and others make frequent allusions in their plays to the Puritanical fervour of this parish. The tongue of Middleton's "roaring girl" was "heard further in a still morning than St. Anthm's bell."

In the heart of the City, and not far from London Stone, was a house which used to be in-



THE CRYPT OF GERARD'S HALL (*see page 556*).

Grecian church, Wren has, oddly enough, crowned the spire with a small Composite capital, which looks like the top of a pencil-case. Above this is the vane. The steeple rises to the height of 154 feet.

The church was rebuilt by John Tate, a mercer, in 1513; and Strype mentions the erection in 1623 of a rich and beautiful gallery with fifty-two compartments, filled with the coats-of-arms of kings and nobles, ending with the blazon of the Elector Palatine. A new morning prayer and lecture was established here by clergymen inclined to Puritanical principles in 1599. The bells began to ring at five in the morning, and were considered Pharisaical and intolerable by all High Churchmen in the neighbourhood. The extreme Geneva party

habited by the Lord Mayor or one of the sheriffs, situated so near to the Church of St. Antholin that there was a way out of it into a gallery of the church. The commissioners from the Church of Scotland to King Charles were lodged here in 1640. At St. Antholin's preached the chaplains of the commission, with Alexander Henderson at their head; "and curiosity, faction, and humour brought so great a conflux and resort, that from the first appearance of day in the morning, on every Sunday, to the shutting in of the light, the church was never empty."

Dugdale also mentions the church. "New for an essay," he says, "of those whom, under colour of preaching the Gospel, in sundry parts of the realm, they set up a morning lecture at St. Antholin."

line's Church in London; where (as probationers for that purpose) they first made trial of their abilities, which place was the grand nursery whence most of the seditious preachers were after sent abroad throughout all England to poison the people with their anti-monarchical principles."

In Watling Street is the chief station of the London Fire Brigade. The Metropolitan Board of Works has consolidated and reorganised, under Captain Shaw, the whole system of the Fire Brigade into one homogeneous municipal institution. The insurance companies contribute about £10,000 per annum towards its maintenance, the Treasury £10,000, and a Metropolitan rate of one halfpenny in the pound raises an additional sum of £30,000, making about £50,000 in all. Under the old system there were seventeen fire-stations, guarding an area of about ten square miles, out of 110 which comprise the Metropolitan district. At the commencement of 1868 there were forty-three stations in an area of about 110 square miles. From Captain Shaw's report, presented January 1, 1873, it appears that during the year 1872 there had been three deaths in the brigade, 236 cases of ordinary illness, and 100 injuries, making a total of 336 cases. The strength of the brigade was as follows:—50 fire-engine stations, 106 fire-escape stations, 4 floating stations, 52 telegraph lines, 84 miles of telegraph lines, 3 floating steam fire-engines, 8 large land steam fire-engines, 17 small ditto, 72 other fire-engines, 125 fire-escapes, 396 firemen. The number of watches kept up throughout the metropolis is 98 by day, and 175 by night, making a total of 273 in every twenty-four hours. The remaining men, except those sick, injured, or on leave, are available for general work at fires.

If Stow is correct, St. Mary's Aldermary, Watling Street, was originally called Aldermary because it was older than St. Mary's Bow, and, indeed, any other church in London dedicated to the Virgin; but this is improbable. The first known rector of Aldermary was presented before the year 1288. In 1703 two of the turrets were blown down. In 1855 a building, supposed to be the crypt of the old church, fifty feet long and ten feet wide, and with five arches, was discovered under some houses in Watling Street. In the chancel is a beautifully sculptured tablet by Bacon, with this peculiarity, that it bears no inscription. Surely the celebrated "Miserrimus" itself could hardly speak so strongly of humility or despair. Or can it have been, says a cynic, a monument ordered by a widow, who married again before she had time to write the epitaph to the "dear departed?" On one of the

walls is a tablet to the memory of that celebrated surgeon of St. Bartholomew's for forty-two years, Percival Pott, Esq., F.R.S., who died in 1788. Pott, according to a memoir written by Sir James Cask, succeeded to a good deal of the business of Sir Cæsar Hawkins. Pott seems to have entertained a righteous horror of amputations.

The following curious epitaph is worth preserving:—

"Here is fixt the epitaph of Sir Henry Kebyll, Knight, Who was sometime of London Maior, a famous worthy wight, Which did this Aldermarie Church erect and set upright.

Thogh death preuaile with mortal wights, and hasten every day,

Yet vertue ouerlies the grave, her fame doth not decay; As memories doe shew reuiu'd of one that was aliue, Who, being dead, of vertuous fame none should seek to depriue;

Which so in liue deseru'd renowne, for facts of his to see, That may encourage other now of like good minde to be.

Sir Henry Keeble, Knight, Lord Maior of London, here he saie,

Of Grocers' worthy Companie the chiefest in his state, Which in this city grew to wealth, and unto worship came, When Henry reign'd who was the seventh of that redoubted name.

But he to honor did atchieu the second golden yeere Of Henry's raigne, so called the 8, and made his fact appeere When he this Aldermarie Church gan build with great expence, Twice 30 yeeres agoon no doubt, counting the time from hence. Which work begun the yere of Christ, well known of Christian men,

One thousand and five hundred, just, if you will add but ten. But, lo! when man purposeth most, God doth dispose the best;

And so, before this work was done, God cald this knight to rest.

This church, then, not yet fully built, he died about the yeere, When Ill May day first took his name, which is down fixed here,

Whose works became a sepulchre to shroud him in that case, God took his soule, but corps of his was laid about this place; Who, when he dyed, of this his work so mindful still he was, That he bequeath'd one thousand pounds to haue it brought to passe,

The execution of whose gift, or where the fault should be, The work, as yet unfinished, shall shew you all for me; Which church stands there, if any please to finish up the same, As he hath well begun, no doubt, and to his endless fame, They shall not onley well bestow their talent in this life, But after death, when bones be rot, their fame shall be most rife,

With thankful praise and good report of our parochians here, Which haue of right Sir Henries fame afresh renewed this yeere.

God move the minds of wealthy men their works so to bestow As he hath done, that, though they dye, their vertuous fame may flow."

This quaint appeal seems to have had its effect, for in 1626 a Mr. William Rodoway left £200 for the rebuilding the steeple; and the same year Mr. Richard Pierson bequeathed 1000 marks on the

express condition that the new spire should resemble the old one of Keeble's. The old benefactor of St. Mary's was not very well treated, for no monument was erected to him till 1534, when his son-in-law, William Blount, Lord Mountjoy, laid a stone reverently over him. But in the troubles following the Reformation the monument was cast down, and Sir William Laxton (Lord Mayor in 1534) buried in place of Keeble. The church was destroyed in the Great Fire, but soon rebuilt by Henry Rogers, Esq., who gave £5,000 for the purpose. An able paper in the records of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society states that "the tower is evidently of the date of Kebyll's work, as shown by the old four-centre-headed door leading from the tower into the staircase turret, and also by the Caen stone of which this part of the turret is built, which has indications of fire upon its surface. The upper portion of the tower was rebuilt in 1711; the intermediate portion is, I think, the work of 1632; and if that is admitted, it is curious as an example of construction at that period in an older style than that prevalent and in fashion at the time. The semi-Elizabethan character of the detail of the strings and ornamentation seems to confirm this conclusion, as they are just such as might be looked for in a Gothic work in the time of Charles I. In dealing with the restoration of the church, Wren must have not only followed the style of the burned edifice, but in part employed the old material. The church is of ample dimensions, being a hundred feet long and sixty-three feet broad, and consists of a nave and side aisles. The ceiling is very singular, being an imitation of fan tracery executed in plaster. The detail of this is most elaborate, but the design is odd, and, being an imitation of stone construction, the effect is very unsatisfactory. It is probable that the old roof was of wood, and entirely destroyed in the Fire; consequently no record of it remained as a guide in the rebuilding, as was the case with the clustered pillars, which are good and correct in form, and only mongrel in their details. In some of the furniture of the church, such as the pulpit and the carving of the pews, the Gothic style is not followed; and in these, as in the other parts where the great master's genius is left unshackled, we perceive the exquisite taste that guided him, even to the minutest details, in his own peculiar style. The sword-holder in this church is a favourable example of the careful thought which he bestowed upon his decoration. . . . The sword-holder is almost universally found in the City churches. . . . Amongst the gifts to this church is one by Richard Chawcer (supposed by Stowe to be father of the great Geoffrey), who gave

his tenement and tavern in the highway, at the corner of Keirion Lane. Richard Chawcer was buried here in 1348. After the Fire, the parishes of St. Mary Aldermary and St. Thomas the Apostle were united; and as the advowson of the latter belonged to the cathedral church of St. Paul's, the presentation is now made alternately by the Archbishop of Canterbury and by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's."

"Crooked Lane," says Cunningham, "was so called of the crooked windings thereof." Part of the lane was taken down to make the approach to new London Bridge. It was long famous for its bird-cages and fishing-tackle shops. We find in an old Elizabethan letter—

"At my last attendance on your lordship at Hansworth, I was so bold to promise your lordship to send you a much more convenient house for your lordship's fine bird to live in than that she was in when I was there, which by this bearer I trust I have performed. It is of the best sort of building in Crooked Lane, strong and well-proportioned, wholesomely provided for her seat and diet, and with good provision, by the wires below, to keep her feet cleanly." (Thomas Markham to Thomas, Earl of Shrewsbury, Feb. 17th, 1589.)

"The most ancient house in this lane," says Stow, "is called the Leaden Porch, and belonged some time to Sir John Merston, Knight, the 1st Edward IV. It is now called the Swan in Crooked Lane, possessed of strangers, and selling of Rhenish wine."

"In the year 1560, July 5th," says Stow, "there came certain men into Crooked Lane to buy a gun or two, and shooting off a piece it burst in pieces, went through the house, and spoiled about five houses more; and of that goodly church adjoining, it threw down a great part on one side, and left never a glass window whole. And by it eight men and one maid were slain, and divers hurt."

In St. Michael's Church, Crooked Lane, now pulled down, Sir William Walworth was buried. In the year in which he killed Wat Tyler (says Stow), "the said Sir William Walworth founded in the said parish church of St. Michael, a college, for a master and nine priests or chaplains, and deceasing 1385, was there buried in the north chapel, by the quire; but this monument being amongst others (by bad people) defaced in the reign of Edward VI., was again since renewed by the Fishmongers. The second monument, after the profane demolishing of the first, was set up in June, 1562, with an effigy in alabaster, in armour richly gilt, by the Fishmongers, at the cost of William Parvis, Fishmonger, who dwelt at the 'Castle,' in New Fish Street." The epitaph ran thus:—

"Here under lyth a man of fame,  
William Walworth callyd by name.  
Fishmonger he was in lyfftime here,  
And twise Lord Maior, as in bookes appere;  
Who with courage stout and manly myght  
Slew Jack Straw in King Richard's syght.  
For which act done and trew content,  
The kyng made hym knight incontinent.  
And gave hym armes, as here you see,  
To declare his fact and chivalrie.  
He left this lyff the yere of our God,  
Thirteen hondred fourscore and three odd."

Gerard's Hall, Basing Lane, Bread Street (removed for improvements in 1852), and latterly an hotel, was rebuilt, after the Great Fire, on the site of the house of Sir John Gisors (Pepperer), Mayor in 1245 (Henry III.). The son of the Mayor was Mayor and Constable of the Tower in 1311 (Edward II.). This second Gisors seems to have got into trouble from boldly and honestly standing up for the liberties of the citizens, and his troubles began after this manner.

In the troublesome reign of Edward II. it was ordained by Parliament that every city and town in England, according to its ability, should raise and maintain a certain number of soldiers against the Scots, who at that time, by their great depredations, had laid waste all the north of England as far as York and Lancaster. The quota of London to that expedition being 200 men, it was five times the number that was sent by any other city or town in the kingdom. To meet this requisition the Mayor in council levied a rate on the city, the raising of which was the occasion of continual broils between the magistrates and freemen, which ended in the Jury of Aldermanbury making a presentation before the Justices Itinerant and the Lord Treasurer sitting in the Tower of London, to this effect:—"That the commonalty of London is, and ought to be, common, and that the citizens are not bound to be taxed without the special command of the king, or without their common consent; that the Mayor of the City, and the custodes in their time, after the common redemption made and paid for the City of London, have come, and by their own authority, without the King's command and Commons' consent, did tax the said City according to their own wills, once and more, and distrained for those taxes, sparing the rich, and oppressing the poor middle sort; not permitting that the arrearages due from the rich be levied, to the disinheriting of the King and the destruction of the City, nor can the Commons know what becomes of the monies levied of such taxes."

They also complained that the said Mayor and

aldermen had taken upon them to turn out of the Common Council men at their pleasure; and that the Mayor and superiors of the City had deposed Walter Henry from acting in the Common Council, because he would not permit the rich to levy tollages upon the poor, till they themselves had paid their arrears of former tollages; upon which Sir John Gisors, some time Lord Mayor, and divers of the principal citizens, were summoned to attend the said justices, and personally to answer to the accusations laid against them; but, being conscious of guilt, they fled from justice, screening themselves under the difficulty of the time.

How long Sir John Gisors remained absent from London does not appear; but probably on the dethronement of Edward II. and accession of Edward III., he might join the prevailing party and return to his mansion, without any dread of molestation from the power of ministers and favourites of the late reign, who were at this period held in universal detestation. Sir John Gisors died, and was buried in Our Lady's Chapel, Christ Church, Faringdon Within (Christ's Hospital).

Later in that century the house became the residence of Sir Henry Picard, Vintner and Lord Mayor, who entertained here, with great splendour, no less distinguished personages than his sovereign, Edward III., John King of France, the King of Cyprus, David King of Scotland, Edward the Black Prince, and a large assemblage of the nobility. "And after," says Stow, "the said Henry Picard kept his hall against all comers whosoever that were willing to play at dice and hazard. In like manner, the Lady Margaret his wife did also keep her chamber to the same effect." We are told that on this occasion "the King of Cyprus, playing with Sir Henry Picard in his hall, did win of him fifty marks; but Picard, being very skilled in that art, altering his hand, did after win of the same king the same fifty marks, and fifty marks more; which when the same king began to take in ill part, although he dissembled the same, Sir Henry said unto him, 'My lord and king, be not aggrieved; I court not your gold, but your play; for I have not bid you hither that you might grieve,' and giving him his money again, plentifully bestowed of his own amongst the retinue. Besides, he gave many rich gifts to the king, and other nobles and knights which dined with him, to the great glory of the citizens of London in those days."

Gerard Hall contained one of the finest Norman crypts to be found in all London. It was not an ecclesiastical crypt, but the great vaulted warehouse of a Norman merchant's house, and it is especially mentioned by Stow.

"On the south side of Basing Lane," says Stow, "is one great house of old time, built upon arched vaults, and with arched gates of stone, brought from Caen, in Normandy. The same is now a common hostrey for receipt of travellers, commonly and corruptly called Gerrarde's Hall, of a giant said to have dwelt there. In the high-roofed hall of this house some time stood a large fir-pole, which reached to the roof thereof, and was said to be one of the staves that Gerrarde the giant used in the wars to run withal. There stood, also a ladder of the same length, which (as they say) served to ascend to the top of the staff. Of later years this hall is altered in building, and divers rooms are made in it; notwithstanding the pole is removed to one corner of the room, and the ladder hangs broken upon a wall in the yard. The hostelar of that house said to me, 'the pole lacketh half a foot of forty in length.' I measured the compass thereof, and found it fifteen inches. Reasons of the pole could the master of the hostrey give none; but bade me read the great chronicles, for there he had heard of it. I will now note what myself hath observed concerning that house. I read that John Gisors, Mayor of London in 1245, was owner thereof, and that Sir John Gisors, Constable of the Tower 1311, and divers others of that name and family, since that time owned it. So it appeareth that this Gisors Hall of late time, by corruption, hath been called Gerrarde's Hall for Gisors' Hall. The pole in the hall might be used of old times (as then the custom was in every parish) to be set up in the summer as a maypole. The ladder served for the decking of the maypole and roof of the hall." The works of Wilkinson and J. T. Smith contain a careful view of the interior of this crypt. There used to be outside the hotel a quaint gigantic figure of seventeenth century workmanship.

In 1844 Mr. James Smith, the originator of early closing (then living at W. Y. Ball and Co.'s, Wood Street), learning that the warehouses in Manchester were closed at one p.m. on Saturday, determined to ascertain if a similar system could not be introduced into the metropolis. He invited a few friends to meet him at the Gerard's Hall. Mr. F. Bennock, of Wood Street, was appointed chairman, and a canvass was commenced, but it was feared that, as certain steam-packets left London on Saturday afternoon, the proposed arrangement might prevent the proper dispatch of merchandise, so it was suggested that the warehouses should be closed "all the year round" eight months at six o'clock, and four months at eight o'clock. This arrangement was acceded to.

St. Mary Woolchurch was an old parish church

in Walbrook Ward, destroyed in the Great Fire, and not rebuilt. It occupied part of the site of the Mansion House, and derived its name from a beam for weighing wool that was kept there till the reign of Richard II., when customs began to be taken at the Wool Key, in Lower Thames Street. Some of the bequests to this church, as mentioned by Stow, are very characteristic. Elyu Fuller: "Farthermore, I will that myn executor shal kepe yerely, during the said yeres, about the tyme of my departure, an *Obit*—that is to say, *Dirige* over even, and masse on the morrow, for my sowl, Mr. Kneysworth's sowl, my lady sowl, and al Christen sowls." One George Wyngar, by his will, dated September 13, 1521, ordered to be buried in the church of Woolchurch, "besyde the Stocks, in London, under a stone lying at my Lady Wyngar's pew dore, at the steppe comyng up to the chappel. *Item.* I bequeath to pore maids' mariages £13 6s. 8d; to every pore householder of this my parish, 4d. a pece to the sum of 40s. *Item.* I bequeath to the high altar of S. Nicolas Chapel £10 for an altar-cloth of velvet, with my name brotheryd thereupon, with a Wyng, and G and A and R cloyd in a knot. Also, I wold that a subdeacon of whyte damask be made to the hyghe altar, with my name brotheryd, to syng in, on our Lady daies, in the honour of God and our Lady, to the value of seven marks." The following epitaph is also worth preserving:—

"In Sevenoke, into the world my mother brought me;  
Hawlden House, in Kent, with armes ever honour'd me;  
Westminster Hall (thirty-six yeeres after) knew me.  
Then seeking Heaven, Heaven from the world took me;  
Whilome alive, Thomas Scot men called me;  
Now laid in grave oblivion covereth me."

In 1850, among the ruins of a Roman edifice, at eleven feet depth, was found in Nicholas Lane, near Cannon Street, a large slab, inscribed "NUM. CÆS. PROV. BRITA." (*Numini Caesaris Provincia Britannia*). In 1852 tessellated pavement, Samian ware, earthen urns and lamp, and other Roman vessels were found from twelve to twenty feet deep near Basing Lane, New Cannon Street.

According to Dugdale, Eudo, Steward of Household to King Henry I. (1100—1135), the Church of St. Stephen, which stood on west side of Walbrook, to the Monastery of St. John at Colchester. In the reign of Henry VI. Robert Chicheley, Mayor of London, gave a piece of ground on the east side of Walbrook, for a new church, 125 feet long and 67 feet broad. It was in this church, in Queen Mary's time, that the Feckenham, her confessor and the fanatical Dean of St. Paul's, used to preach the doctrines of the

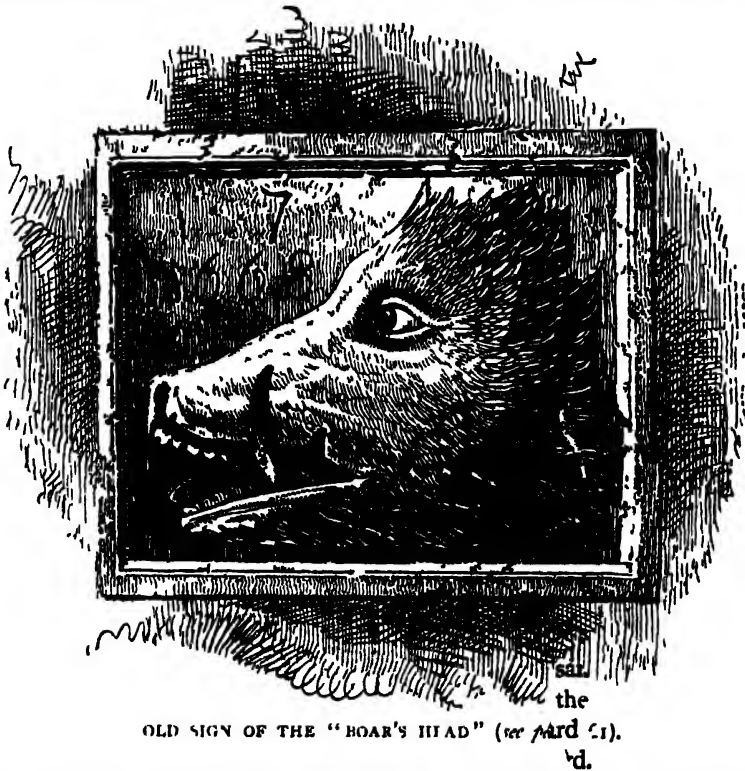


old faith. The church was destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren in 1672-9. The following is one of the old epitaphs here :—

"This life hath on earth no certain while,  
Example by John, Mary, and Oliver Stile,  
Who under this stone lye buried in the dust,  
And putteth you in memory that dye all must."

The parish of St. Stephen is now united to that of St. Bennet Sherehog (Pancras Lane), the church of which was destroyed in the Fire. The cupola of St. Stephen's is supposed by some writers to have been a rehearsal for the dome of St. Paul's. "The

area formed by the columns and their entablature and the cupola which covers it. The columns are raised on plinths. The spandrels of the arches bearing the cupola present panels containing shields and foliage of unmeaning form. The pilasters at the chancel end and the brackets on the side wall are also condemned. The windows in the clerestory are mean; the enrichments of the meagre entablature clumsy. The fine cupola is divided into panels ornamented with palm-branches and roses, and is terminated at the apex by a circular lantern-light. The walls of the church are plain, and disfigured,"



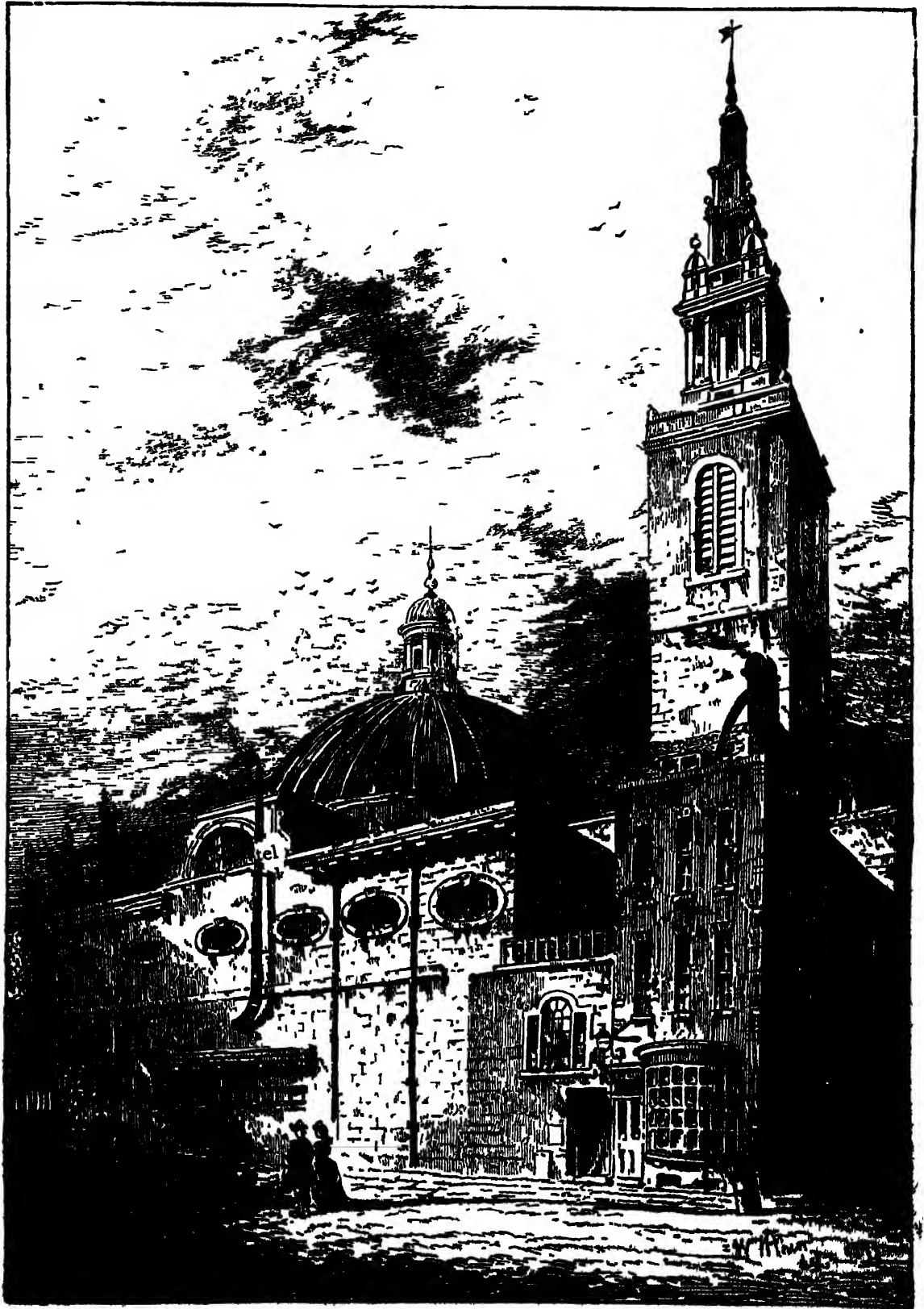
OLD SIGN OF THE "BOAR'S HEAD" (see p. 121).

interior," says Mr. Godwin, "is certainly more worthy of admiration in respect of its general arrangement, which displays great skill, than of the details, which are in many respects faulty. The body of the church, which is nearly a parallelogram, is divided into five unequal aisles (the centre being the largest) by four rows of Corinthian columns, within one intercolumniation from the east end. Two columns from each of the two centre rows are omitted, and the area thus formed is covered by an enriched cupola, supported on light arches, which rise from the entablature of the columns. By the distribution of the columns and their entablature, an elegant cruciform arrangement is given to this part of the church. But this is marred in some degree," says the writer, "by the want of connection which exists between the square

says Mr. Godwin, "by the introduction of those disagreeable oval openings for light so often used by Wren."

The picture, by West, of the death of St. Stephen is considered by some persons a work of high character, though to us West seems always the tamest and most insipid of painters. The exterior of the building is drowsily plain, except the upper part of the steeple, which slightly, says Mr. Godwin, "resembles that of St. James's, Garlick Hythe. The approach to the body of the church is by a flight of sixteen steps, in an enclosed porch in Walbrook quite distinct from the tower and main building." Mr. Gwilt seems to have considered this church a *chef-d'œuvre* of Wren's, and says: "Had its materials and volume been as durable and extensive as those of St. Paul's Cathedral, Sir





EXTERIOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK, IN 1700.

Christopher Wren had consummated a much more efficient monument to his well-earned fame than that fabric affords." Compared with any other church of nearly the same magnitude, Italy cannot exhibit its equal; elsewhere its rival is not to be found. Of those worthy of notice, the Zitelle, at Venice (by Palladio), is the nearest approximation in regard to size; but it ranks far below our church in point of composition, and still lower in point of effect.

"The interior of St. Stephen's," says Mr. Timbs, "is one of Wren's finest works, with its exquisitely proportioned Corinthian columns, and great central dome of timber and lead, resting upon a circle of light arches springing from column to column. Its enriched Composite cornice, the shields of the spandrels, and the palm-branches and rosettes of the dome-coffers are very beautiful; and as you enter from the dark vestibule, a halo of dazzling light flashes upon the eye through the central aperture of the cupola. The elliptical openings for light in the side walls are, however, very objectionable. The fittings are of oak; and the altar-screen, organ-case, and gallery have some good carvings, among which are prominent the arms of the Grocers' Company, the patrons of the living, and who gave the handsome wainscoting. The enriched pulpit, its festoons of fruit and flowers, and canopied sounding-board, with angels bearing wreaths, are much admired. The church was cleaned and repaired in 1850, when West's splendid painting of the martyrdom of St. Stephen, presented in 1779 by the then rector, Dr. Wilson, was removed from over the altar and placed on the north wall of the church; and the window which the picture had blocked up was then reopened." The oldest monument in the church is that of John Lilburne (died 1678). Sir John Vanbrugh, the wit and architect, is buried here in the family vault. During the repairs, in 1850, it is stated that 4,000 tombs were found beneath the church, and were covered with brickwork and concrete to prevent the escape of noxious effluvia. The exterior of the church is plain; the tower and spire, 128 feet high, is at the termination of Charlotte Row. Dr. Croly, the poet, was for many years rector of St. Stephen's.

"Eastcheap is mentioned as a street of cooks' shops by Lydgate, a monk, who flourished in the reigns of Henry V. and VI., in his "London Lackpenny:"—

"Then I hyed me into Estchepe,  
One cryes rybbs of befe, and many a pye;  
Pewter pots they clattered on a heape,  
There was harpe, pype, and mynstrale."

Stow especially says that in Henry IV.'s time there were no taverns in Eastcheap. He tells the following story of how Prince Hal's two roystering brothers were here beaten by the watch. This slight hint perhaps led Shakespeare to select this street for the scene of the prince's revels.

"This Eastcheap," says Stow, "is now a flesh-market of butchers, there dwelling on both sides of the street; it had some time also cooks mixed among the butchers, and such other as sold victuals ready dressed of all sorts. For of old time, such as were disposed to be merry, met not to dine and sup in taverns (for they dressed not meats to be sold), but to the cooks, where they called for meat what them liked.

"In the year 1410, the 11th of Henry IV., upon the even of St. John Baptist, the king's sons, Thomas and John, being in Eastcheap at supper (or rather at breakfast, for it was after the watch was broken up, betwixt two and three of the clock after midnight), a great debate happened between their men and other of the court, which lasted one hour, even till the maior and sheriffs, with other citizens, appeased the same; for the which afterwards the said maior, aldermen, and sheriffs were sent for to answer before the king, his sons, and divers lords being highly moved against the City. At which time William Gascoigne, chief justice, required the maior and aldermen, for the citizens, to put them in the king's grace. Whereunto they answered they had not offended, but (according to the law) had done their best in stinting debate and maintaining of the peace; upon which answer the king remitted all his ire and dismissed them."

The "Boar's Head," Eastcheap, stood on the north side of Eastcheap, between Small Alley and St. Michael's Lane, the back windows looking out on the churchyard of St. Michael, Crooked Lane, which was removed with the inn, rebuilt after the Great Fire, in 1831, for the improvement of new London Bridge.

In the reign of Richard II. William Warder gave the tenement called the "Boar's Head," in Eastcheap, to a college of priests, founded by Sir William Walworth, for the adjoining church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane. In Maitland's time the inn was labelled, "This is the chief tavern in London."

Upon a house (says Mr. Godwin) on the south side of Eastcheap, previous to recent alterations, there was a representation of a boar's head, to indicate the site of the tavern; but there is reason to believe that this was incorrectly placed, inasmuch as by the books of St. Clement's parish it appears to have been situated in the north side.

It seems by a deed of trust which still remains, that the tavern belonged to this parish, and in the books about the year 1710 appears this entry: "Ordered that the churchwardens doe pay to the Rev. Mr. Pulleyn £20 for four years, due to him at Lady Day next, for one moyetee of the ground-rent of a house formerly called the 'Boar's Head,' Eastcheap, near the 'George' alehouse." Again, too, we find: "August 13, 1714. An agreement was entered into with William Osborne, to grant him a lease for forty-six years, from the expiration of the then lease, of a brick messuage or tenement on the north side of Great Eastcheap, commonly known by the name of 'the Lamb and Perriwig,' in the occupation of Joseph Lock, barber, and which was formerly known as the sign of the 'Boar's Head.'"

On the removal of a mound of rubbish at Whitechapel, brought there after a great fire, a carved boxwood bas-relief boar's head was found, set in a circular frame formed by two boars' tusks, mounted and united with silver. An inscription to the following effect was pricked at the back:—"William Brooke, Landlord of the Bore's Hedde, Estchepe, 1566" This object, formerly in the possession of Mr. Stamford, the celebrated publisher, was sold at Christie and Manson's, on January 27, 1855, and was bought by Mr. Halliwell. The ancient sign, carved in stone, with the initials I. T., and the date 1668, is now preserved in the City of London Library, Guildhall.

In 1834 Mr. Kempe exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries a carved oak figure of Sir John Falstaff, in the costume of the sixteenth century. This figure had supported an ornamental bracket over one side of the door of the last "Boar's Head," a figure of Prince Henry sustaining the other. This figure of Falstaff was the property of a brazer whose ancestors had lived in the same shop in Great Eastcheap ever since the Fire. He remembered the last great Shakesperian dinner at the "Boar's Head," about 1784, when Wilberforce and Pitt were both present; and though there were many wits at table, Pitt, he said, was pronounced the most pleasant and amusing of the guests. There is another "Boar's Head" in Southwark, and one in Old Fish Street.

"In the month of May, 1718," says Mr. Hotten, in his "History of Sign-boards," "one James Austin, 'inventor of the Persian ink-powder,' desiring to give his customers a substantial proof of his gratitude, invited them to the 'Boar's Head' to partake of an immense plum pudding—this pudding weighed 1,000 pounds—a baked pudding of one foot square, and the best piece of an ox roasted. The principal dish was put in the copper

on Monday, May 12, at the 'Red Lion Inn,' by the Mint, in Southwark, and had to boil fourteen days. From there it was to be brought to the 'Swan Tavern,' in Fish Street Hill, accompanied by a band of music, playing 'What lumps of pudding my mother gave me!' One of the instruments was a drum in proportion to the pudding, being 18 feet 2 inches in length, and 4 feet in diameter, which was drawn by 'a device fixed on six asses.' Finally, the monstrous pudding was to be divided in St George's Fields; but apparently its smell was too much for the gluttony of the Londoners. The escort was routed, the pudding taken and devoured, and the whole ceremony brought to an end before Mr. Austin had a chance to regale his customers." Puddings seem to have been the *forte* of this Austin. Twelve or thirteen years before this last pudding he had baked one, for a wager, ten feet deep in the Thames, near Rotherhithe, by enclosing it in a great tin pan, and that in a sack of lime. It was taken up after about two hours and a half, and eaten with great relish, its only fault being that it was somewhat overdone. The bet was for more than £100.

In the burial-ground of St. Michael's Church, hard by, rested all that was mortal of one of the waiters of this tavern. His tomb, in Purbeck stone, had the following epitaph:—

"Here lieth the bodye of Robert Preston, late drawer at the 'Boar's Head Tavern,' Great Eastcheap, who departed this life March 16, Anno Domini 1730, aged twenty-seven years.

"Bacchus, to give the toping world surprise,  
Produc'd one sober son, and here he lies.  
Tho' nurs'd among full hogsheds, he defy'd  
The charm of wine, and every vice beside.  
O reader, if to justice thou'rt inclined,  
Keep honest Preston daily in thy mind.  
He drew good wine, took care to fill his pots,  
Had sundry virtues that outweighed his faults (*sic*).  
You that on Bacchus have the like dependence,  
Pray copy Bob in measure and attendance."

Goldsmith visited the "Boar's Head," and has left a delightful essay upon his day-dreams there, totally forgetting that the original inn had perished in the Great Fire. "The character of Falstaff," says the poet, "even with all his faults, gives me more consolation than the most studied efforts of wisdom. I here behold an agreeable old fellow, forgetting age, and showing me the way to be young at sixty-five. Surely I am well able to be as merry though not so comical as he. Is it not in my power to have, though not so much wit, at least as much vivacity? Age, care, wisdom, reflection, he gives I give you to the winds. Let's have t'other bottle. Here's to the memory of Shakespeare, Falstaff, and all the merry men of Eastcheap!"

"Such were the reflections which naturally arose while I sat at the 'Boar's Head Tavern,' still kept at Eastcheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immortal merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth, wished to be young again, but was resolved to make the best of life whilst it lasted, and now and then compared past and present times together. I considered myself as the only living representative of the old knight, and transported my imagination back to the times when the Prince and he gave life to the revel. The room also conspired to throw my reflections back into antiquity. The oak floor, the Gothic windows, and the ponderous chimney-piece had long withstood the tooth of time. The watchman had gone twelve. My companions had all stolen off, and none now remained with me but the landlord. From him I could have wished to know the history of a tavern that had such a long succession of customers. I could not help thinking that an account of this kind would be a pleasing contrast the manners of different ages. But my landlord give me no information. He continued to raze and sot, and tell a tedious story, as most other landlords usually do, and, though he said nothing, yet was never silent. One good joke followed another good joke; and the best joke of all was generally begun towards the end of a bottle. I found at last, however, his wine and his conversation operate by degrees. He insensibly began to alter his appearance. His cravat seemed quilted into a ruff, and his breeches swelled out into a farthingale. I now fancied him changing sexes; and as my eyes began to close in slumber, I imagined my fat landlord actually converted into as fat a landlady. However, sleep made but few changes in my situation. The tavern, the apartment, and the table continued as before. Nothing suffered mutation but my host, who was fairly altered into a gentlewoman, whom I knew to be Dame Quickly, mistress of this tavern in the days of Sir John; and the liquor we were drinking seemed converted into sack and sugar.

"My dear Mrs. Quickly," cried I (for I knew her perfectly well at first sight), 'I am heartily glad to see you. How have you left Falstaff, Pistol, and the rest of our friends below stairs?—brave and hearty, I hope?'"

Years after that amiable American writer, Washington Irving, followed in Goldsmith's steps, and came to Eastcheap, in 1818, to search for Falstaff relics; and at the "Masons' Arms," 12, Miles Lane,

he was shown a tobacco-box and a sacramental cup from St. Michael's Church, which the poetical enthusiast mistook for a tavern goblet.

"I was presented," he says, "with a japanned iron tobacco-box, of gigantic size, out of which, I was told, the vestry smoked at their stated meetings from time immemorial, and which was never suffered to be profaned by vulgar hands, or used on common occasions. I received it with becoming reverence; but what was my delight on beholding on its cover the identical painting of which I was in quest! There was displayed the outside of the 'Boar's Head Tavern;' and before the door was to be seen the whole convivial group at table, in full revel, pictured with that wonderful fidelity and force with which the portraits of renowned generals and commodores are illustrated on tobacco-boxes, for the benefit of posterity. Lest, however, there should be any mistake, the cunning limner had warily inscribed the names of Prince Hal and Falstaff on the bottom of their chairs.

"On the inside of the cover was an inscription, nearly obliterated, recording that the box was the gift of Sir Richard Gore, for the use of the vestry meetings at the Boar's Head Tavern, and that it was 'repaired and beautified by his successor, Mr. John Packard, 1767.' Such is a faithful description of this august and venerable relic; and I question whether the learned Scriblerius contemplated his Roman shield, or the Knights of the Round Table the long-sought Saint-greal, with more exultation.

"The great importance attached to this memento of ancient revelry (the cup) by modern churchwardens at first puzzled me; but there is nothing sharpens the apprehension so much as antiquarian research; for I immediately perceived that this could be no other than the identical 'parcel-gilt goblet' on which Falstaff made his loving but faithless vow to Dame Quickly; and which would, of course, be treasured up with care among the regalia of her domains, as a testimony of that solemn contract.

"Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady, thy wife. Canst thou deny it?" (*Henry IV.*, part ii.)

". . . For my part, I love to give myself up to the illusions of poetry. A hero of fiction, that never existed, is just as valuable to me as a hero of history that existed a thousand years since; and, if I may be excused such an insensibility to the common ties of human nature, I would not give up fat Jack for half the great men of ancient chronicles.

What have the heroes of yore done for me or men like me? They have conquered countries of which I do not enjoy an acre; or they have gained laurels of which I do not inherit a leaf; or they have furnished examples of hare-brained prowess, which I have neither the opportunity nor the inclination to follow. But old Jack Falstaff!—kind Jack Falstaff!—sweet Jack Falstaff!—has enlarged the boundaries of human enjoyment; he has added vast regions of wit and good humour, in which the poorest man may revel; and has bequeathed a never-failing inheritance of jolly laughter, to make mankind merrier and better to the latest posterity."

The very name of the "Boar's Head," Eastcheap, recalls a thousand Shakespearian recollections; for here Falstaff came panting from Gadshill; here he snored behind the arras while Prince Harry laughed over his unconscionable tavern bill; and here, too, took place that wonderful scene where Falstaff and the prince alternately passed judgment on each other's follies, Falstaff acting the prince's father, and Prince Henry retorts by taking up the same part. As this is one of the finest efforts of Shakespeare's comic genius, a short quotation from it, on the spot where the same was supposed to take place, will not be out of place.

"*Fal.* Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied; for though the canomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the more it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall a son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch. This pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile: so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also;—and yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

"*P. Hen.* What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

"*Fal.* A good portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r Lady, inclining to three score. And, now I remember me, his name is Falstaff. If that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Henry, I see virtue in his looks. If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff. Him keep with; the rest banish.

"*P. Hen.* Swarest thou, ungracious boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from

grace. There is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manning-tree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? Wherein ~~meet~~ and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? Wherein cunning, but in his craft? Wherein crafty, but in villany? Wherein villanous, but in all things? Wherein worthy, but in nothing?

"*Fal.* But to say I know more harm in him than in myself were to say more than I know. That he is old (the more the pity!), his white hairs do witness it; but that he is (saving your reverence) a whore-master, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned. If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord! Banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff—banish not him thy Harry's company; banish not him thy Harry's company! Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world!"

"In Love Lane," says worthy Strype, "on the north-west corner, entering into Little Eastcheap, is the Weigh-house, built on the ground where the church of St. Andrew Hubbard stood before the fire of 1666. Which said Weigh-house was before in Cornhill. In this house are weighed merchandizes brought from beyond seas to the king's beam, to which doth belong a master, and under him four master porters, with labouring porters under them. They have carts and horses to fetch the goods from the merchants' warehouses to the beam, and to carry them back. The house belongeth to the Company of Grocers, in whose gift the several porters', &c., places are. But of late years little is done in this office, as wanting a compulsive power to constrain the merchants to have their goods weighed, they alleging it to be an unnecessary trouble and charge."

In former times it was the usual practice for merchandise brought to London by foreign merchants to be weighed at the king's beam in the presence of sworn officials. The fees varied from 2d. to 3s. a draught; while for a bag of hops the uniform charge was 6d.

The Presbyterian Chapel in the Weigh-house was founded by Samuel Slater and Thomas Kentish, two divines driven by the Act of Uniformity from St. Katherine's in the Tower. The first-named minister, Slater, has distinguished himself by his devotion during the dreadful plague which visited London in 1625 (Charles I.). Kentish, of whom Calamy entertained a high opinion, had been persecuted by the Government. Knowle, another



minister of this chapel, had fled to New England to escape Laud's cat-like gripe. In Cromwell's time he had been lecturer at Bristol Cathedral, and had there greatly exasperated the Quakers. Knowles and Kentish are said to have been so zealous as sometimes to preach till they fainted. In Thomas Reynolds's time a new chapel was built at the King's Weigh-house. Reynolds, a friend of the celebrated Howe, had studied at Geneva and at Utrecht. He died in 1727, declaring that, though he had hitherto dreaded death, he was

with Sir H. Trelawney, a young Cornish baronet, who became a Dissenting minister, and eventually joined the "Rational party." An interesting anecdote is told of Trelawney's marriage in 1778. For his bride he took a beautiful girl, who, apparently without her lover's knowledge, annulled a prior engagement, in order to please her parents by securing for herself a more splendid station. The spectacle was a gay one when, after their honeymoon, Sir Harry and his wife returned to his seat at Looe, to be welcomed home by his friend Clayton



THE WEIGH-HOUSE CHAPEL (see page 563).

rising to heaven on a bed of roses. After the celebrated quarrel between the subscribers and non-subscribers, a controversy took place about psalmody, which the Weigh-house ministers stoutly defended. Samuel Wilton, another minister of Weigh-house Chapel, was a pupil of Dr. Kippis, and an apologist for the War of Independence. John Clayton, chosen for this chapel in 1779, was the son of a Lancashire cotton-bleacher, and was converted by Romaine, and patronised by the excellent Countess of Huntingdon; he used to relate how he had been pelted with rotten eggs when preaching in the open air near Christchurch. While itinerating for Lady Huntingdon, Clayton became acquainted

and the servants of the establishment. The young baronet proceeded to open a number of letters, and during the perusal of one in particular his countenance changed, betokening some shock sustained by his nervous system. Evening wore into night, but he would neither eat nor converse. At length he confessed to Clayton that he had received an affecting expostulation from his wife's former lover, who had written, while ignorant of the marriage, calling on Trelawney as a gentleman to withdraw his claims on the lady's affections. This affair is supposed to have influenced Sir Harry more or less till the end of his days, although his married life continued to flow on happily.



Clayton was ordained at the Weigh House Chapel in 1778; the church, with one exception, unanimously voted for him—the one exception, a lady, afterwards became the new minister's wife. Of Clayton Robert Hall said, "He was the most

favoured man I ever saw or ever heard of." He died in 1843. Clayton's successor, the eloquent Thomas Binney, was pastor of Weigh House Chapel for more than forty years. So ends the chronicle of the Weigh House worthies.



MILES COVERDALE (see page 574).

## CHAPTER L.

### THE MONUMENT AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The Monument—How shall it be fashioned?—Commemorative Inscription—The Monument's Place in History—Suicides and the Monument—The Great Fire of London—On the Top of the Monument by Night—The Source of the Fire—A Terrible Description—Miles Coverdale—St. Magnus, London Bridge.

THE Monument, a fluted Doric column, raised to commemorate the Great Fire of London, was designed by Wren, who, as usual, was thwarted in his original intentions. It stands 202 feet from the site of the baker's house in Pudding Lane where the fire first broke out. Wren's son, in his "Parentalia," thus describes the difficulties which his father met with in carrying out his design. Says

Wren, Junior: "In the place of the brass urn on the top (which is not artfully performed, and was set up contrary to his opinion) was originally intended a colossal statue in brass gilt of King Charles II., as founder of the new City, in the manner of the Roman pillars, which terminated with the statues of their Cæsars; or else a figure erect of a woman crown'd with turrets, holding a sword and cap of

maintenance, with other ensigns of the City's grandeur and re-erection. The altitude from the pavement is 202 feet; the diameter of the shaft (or body) of the column is 15 feet; the ground bounded by the plinth or lowest part of the pedestal is 28 feet square, and the pedestal in height is 40 feet. Within is a large staircase of black marble, containing 345 steps 10½ inches broad and 6 inches risers. Over the capital is an iron balcony encompassing a cippus, or metra, 32 feet high, supporting a blazing urn of brass gilt. Prior to this the surveyor (as it appears by an original drawing) had made a design of a pillar of somewhat less proportion—viz., 14 feet in diameter, and after a peculiar device; for as the Romans expressed by *relievo* on the pedestals and round the shafts of their columns the history of such actions and incidents as were intended to be thereby commemorated, so this monument of the conflagration and resurrection of the City of London was represented by a pillar in flames. The flames, blazing from the loopholes of the shaft (which were to give light to the stairs within), were figured in brass-work gilt; and on the top was a phoenix rising from her ashes, of brass gilt likewise."

The following are, or rather were, the inscriptions on the four sides of the Monument:—

#### SOUTH SIDE.

"Charles the Second, son of Charles the Martyr, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, a most generous prince, commiserating the deplorable state of things, whilst the ruins were yet smoking, provided for the comfort of his citizens and the ornament of his city, remitted their taxes, and referred the petitions of the magistrates and inhabitants to the Parliament, who immediately passed an Act that public works should be restored to greater beauty with public money, to be raised by an imposition on coals; that churches, and the Cathedral of Saint Paul, should be rebuilt from their foundations, with all magnificence; that bridges, gates, and prisons should be new made, the sewers cleansed, the streets made straight and regular, such as were steep levelled, and those too narrow made wider; markets and shambles removed to separate places. They also enacted that every house should be built with party-walls, and all in front raised of equal height, and those walls all of square stone or brick, and that no man should delay building beyond the space of seven years. Moreover, care was taken by law to prevent all suits about their bounds. Also anniversary prayers were enjoined; and to perpetuate the memory hereof to posterity, they caused this column to be erected. The work was carried on with diligence, and London is restored, but whether with greater speed or beauty may be made a question. At three years' time the world saw that finished which was supposed to be the business of an age."

#### NORTH SIDE.

"In the year of Christ 1666, the second day of September, eastward from hence, at the distance of two hundred and two feet (the height of this column), about midnight, a most terrible fire broke out, which, driven on by a high wind, not only wasted the adjacent parts, but also places very remote,

with incredible noise and fury. It consumed eighty-nine churches, the City gates, Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, a vast number of stately edifices, thirteen thousand two hundred dwelling-houses, four hundred streets. Of the six-and-twenty wards it utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered and half burnt. The ruins of the City were four hundred and thirty-six acres, from the Tower by the Thames side to the Temple Church, and from the north-east along the City wall to Holborn Bridge. To the estates and fortunes of the citizens it was merciless, but to their lives very favourable, that it might in all things resemble the last conflagration of the world. The destruction was sudden, for in a small space of time the City was seen most flourishing, and reduced to nothing. Three days after, when this fatal fire had baffled all human counsels and endeavours in the opinion of all, it stopped as it were by a command from Heaven, and was on every side extinguished."

#### EAST SIDE.

"This pillar was begun,  
Sir Richard Ford, Knight, being Lord Mayor of London,  
In the year 1671,

Carried on

In the Mayoralities of

Sir George Waterman, Kt.	} Lord Mayors,
Sir Robert Hanson, Kt.	
Sir William Hooker, Kt.	
Sir Robert Viner, Kt.	
Sir Joseph Sheldon, Kt.	

And finished,

Sir Thomas Davies being Lord Mayor, in the year 1677."

#### WEST SIDE.

"This pillar was set up in perpetual remembrance of the most dreadful burning of this Protestant city, begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the Popish faction, in the beginning of September, in the year of our Lord MDCLXVI., in order to the effecting their horrid plot for the extirpating the Protestant religion and English liberties, and to introduce Popery and slavery."

"The basis of the monument," says Strype, "on that side toward the street, hath a representation of the destruction of the City by the Fire, and the restitution of it, by several curiously engraven figures in full proportion. First is the figure of a woman representing London, sitting on ruins, in a most disconsolate posture, her head hanging down, and her hair all loose about her; the sword lying by her, and her left hand carefully laid upon it. A second figure is Time, with his wings and bald head, coming behind her and gently lifting her up. Another female figure on the side of her, laying her hand upon her, and with a sceptre winged in her other hand, directing her to look upwards, for it points up to two beautiful goddesses sitting in the clouds, one leaning upon a cornucopia, denoting Plenty, the other having a palm-branch in her left hand, signifying Victory, or Triumph. Underneath this figure of London in the midst of the ruins is a dragon with his paw upon the shield of a red cross, London's arms. Over her head is the description of houses burning, and flames breaking

out through the windows. Behind her are citizens looking on, and some lifting up their hands.

"Opposite against these figures is a pavement of stone raised, with three or four steps, on which appears King Charles II., in Roman habit, with a truncheon in his right hand and a laurel about his head, coming towards the woman in the foresaid despairing posture, and giving orders to three others to descend the steps towards her. The first hath wings on her head, and in her hand something resembling a harp. Then another figure of one going down the steps following her, resembling Architecture, showing a scheme or model for building of the City, held in the right hand, and the left holding a square and compasses. Behind these two stands another figure, more obscure, holding up an hat, denoting Liberty. Next behind the king is the Duke of York, holding a garland, ready to crown the rising City, and a sword lifted up in the other hand to defend her. Behind this a third figure, with an earl's coronet on his head. A fourth figure behind all, holding a lion with a bridle in his mouth. Over these figures is represented an house in building, and a labourer going up a ladder with an hodd upon his back. Lastly, underneath the stone pavement whereon the king stands is a good figure of Envy peeping forth, gnawing a heart."

The bas-relief on the pediment of the Monument was carved by a Danish sculptor, Caius Gabriel Cibber, the father of the celebrated comedian and comedy writer Colley Cibber; the four dragons at the four angles are by Edward Pierce. The Latin inscriptions were written by Dr. Gale, Dean of York, and the whole structure was erected in six years, for the sum of £13,700. The paragraphs denouncing Popish incendiaries were not written by Gale, but were added in 1681, during the madness of the Popish plot. They were obliterated by James II., but cut again deeper than before in the reign of William III., and finally erased in 1831, to the great credit of the Common Council.

Wren at first intended to have had flames of gilt brass coming out of every loop-hole of the Monument, and on the top a phoenix rising from the flames, also in brass gilt. He eventually abandoned this idea, partly on account of the expense, and also because the spread wings of the phoenix would present too much resistance to the wind. Moreover, the fabulous bird at that height would not have been understood. Charles II. preferred a gilt ball, and the present vase of flames was then decided on. Defoe compares the Monument to a lighted candle.

The Monument is loftier than the pillars of Trajan and Antoninus, at Rome, or that of Theo-

dosius at Constantinople; and it is not only the loftiest, but also the finest isolated column in the world.

It was at first used by the members of the Royal Society for astronomical purposes, but was abandoned on account of its vibration being too great for the nicety required in their observations. Hence the report that the Monument is unsafe, which has been revived in our time; "but," says Elwes, "its scientific construction may bid defiance to the attacks of all but earthquakes for centuries to come."

A large print of the Monument represents the statue of Charles placed, for comparative effect, beside a sectional view of the apex, as constructed. Wren's autograph report on the designs for the summit were added to the MSS. in the British Museum in 1852. A model, scale one-eighth of an inch to the foot of the scaffolding used in building the Monument is preserved. It formerly belonged to Sir William Chambers, and was presented by Heathcote Russell, C.E., to the late Sir Isambard Brunel, who left it to his son, Mr. I. K. Brunel. The ladders were of the rude construction of Wren's time—two uprights, with treads or rounds nailed on the face.

On June 15, 1825, the Monument was illuminated with portable gas, in commemoration of laying the first stone of New London Bridge. A lamp was placed at each of the loop-holes of the column, to give the idea of its being wreathed with flame; whilst two other series were placed on the edges of the gallery, to which the public were admitted during the evening.

Certain spots in London have become popular with suicides, yet apparently without any special reason, except that even suicides are vain and like to die with *éclat*. Waterloo Bridge is chosen for its privacy; the Monument used to be chosen, we presume, for its height and quietude. Five persons have destroyed themselves by leaps from the Monument. The first of these unhappy creatures was William Green, a weaver, in 1750. On June 25 this man, wearing a green apron, the sign of his craft, came to the Monument door, and left his watch with the doorkeeper. A few minutes after he was heard to fall. Eighteen guineas were found in his pocket. The next man who fell from the Monument was Thomas Craddock, a baker. He was not a suicide; but, in reaching over to see an eagle which was hung in a cage from the bars, he overbalanced himself, and was killed. The next victim was Lyon Levi, a Jew diamond merchant in embarrassed circumstances, who destroyed himself on the 18th of January, 1810. The third suicide

(September 11, 1839) was a young woman named Margaret Meyer. This poor girl was the daughter of a baker in Hemming's Row, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Her mother was dead, her father bed-ridden, and there being a large family, it had become necessary for her to go out to service, which preyed upon her mind. The October following, a boy named Hawes, who had been that morning discharged by his master, a surgeon, threw himself from the same place. He was of unsound mind, and his father had killed himself. The last suicide was in August, 1842, when a servant-girl from Hoxton, named Jane Cooper, while the watchman had his head turned, nimbly climbed over the iron railing, tucked her clothes tight between her knees, and dived head-foremost downwards. In her fall she struck the griffin on the right side of the base of the Monument, and, rebounding into the road, cleared a cart in the fall. The cause of this act was not discovered. Suicides being now fashionable here, the City of London (not a moment too soon) caged in the top of the Monument in the present ugly way.

The Rev. Samuel Rolle, writing of the Great Fire in 1667, says—"If London its self be not the doleful monument of its own destruction, by always lying in ashes (which God forbid it should), it is provided for by Act of Parliament, that after its restauration, a pillar, either of brass or stone, should be erected, in perpetual memory of its late most dismall conflagration."

"Where the fire began, there, or as near as may be to that place, must the pillar be erected (if ever there be any such). If we commemorate the places where our miseries began, surely the causes whence they sprang (the meritorious causes, or sins, are those I now intend) should be thought of much more. If such a Lane burnt London, sin first burnt that Lane; *causa, causa est causa causatio; affliction springs not out of the dust*; not but that it may spring thence immediately (as if the dust of the earth should be turned into lice), but primarily and originally it springs up elsewhere.

"As for the inscription that ought to be upon that pillar (whether of brass or stone), I must leave it to their piety and prudence, to whom the wisdom of the Parliament hath left it; only three things I both wish and hope concerning it. The first is, that it may be very humble, giving God the glory of his righteous judgments, and taking to ourselves the shame of our great demerits. Secondly, that the confession which shall be there engraven may be as impartial as the judgement itself was; not charging the guilt for which that fire came upon a

few only, but acknowledging that all have sinned, as all have been punished. Far be it from any man to say that his sins did not help to burn London, that cannot say also (and who that is I know not) that neither he nor any of his either is, or are ever like to be, anything the worse for that dreadful fire. Lastly, whereas some of the same religion with those that did hatch the Powder-Plot are, and have been, vehemently suspected to have been the incendiaries, by whose means London was burned, I earnestly desire that if time and further discovery be able to acquit them from any such guilt, that pillar may record their innocence, and may make themselves as *an iron pillar or brasen wall* (as I may allude to Jer. i. 18) against all the accusations of those that suspect them; but if, in deed and in truth, that fire either came or was carried on and continued by their treachery, that the inscription of the pillar may consign over their names to perpetual hatred and infamy."

"Then was God to his people as a shadow from the heat of the rage of their enemies, as a wall of fire for their protection; but this pillar calls that time to remembrance, in which God covered himself, as with a cloud, that the prayers of Londoners should not passe unto him, and came forth, not as a conserving, but as a consuming fire, not for, but against, poor London."

Roger North, in his Life of Sir Dudley, mentions the Monument when still in its first bloom. "He (Sir Dudley North)," he says, "took pleasure in surveying the Monument, and comparing it with mosque-towers, and what of that kind he had seen abroad. We mounted up to the top, and one after another crept up the hollow iron frame that carries the copper head and flames above. We went out at a rising plate of iron that hinged, and there found convenient irons to hold by. We made use of them, and raised our bodies entirely above the flames, having only our legs to the knees within; and there we stood till we were satisfied with the prospect from thence. I cannot describe how hard it was to persuade ourselves we stood safe, so likely did our weight seem to throw down the whole fabric."

Addison takes care to show his Tory fox-hunter the famed Monument. "We repaired," says the amiable essayist, "to the Monument, where my fellow-traveller (the Tory fox-hunter), being a well-breathed man, mounted the ascent with much speed and activity. I was forced to halt so often in this particular march, that, upon my joining him on the top of the pillar, I found he had counted all the steeples and towers which were discernible from this advantageous situation,

and was endeavouring to compute the number of acres they stood on. We were both of us very well pleased with this part of the prospect; but I found he cast an evil eye upon several warehouses and other buildings, which looked like barns, and seemed capable of receiving great multitudes of people. His heart misgave him that these were so many meeting-houses; but, upon communicating his suspicions to me, I soon made him easy in that particular. We then turned our eyes upon the river, which gave me an occasion to inspire him with some favourable thoughts of trade and merchandise, that had filled the Thames with such crowds of ships, and covered the shore with such swarms of people. We descended very leisurely, my friend being careful to count the steps, which he registered in a blank leaf of his new almanack. Upon our coming to the bottom, observing an English inscription upon the basis, he read it over several times, and told me he could scarce believe his own eyes, for he had often heard from an old attorney who lived near him in the country that it was the Presbyterians who burnt down the City, 'whereas,' says he, 'the p'lars positively affirms, in so many words, that the burning of this antient city was begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the Popish faction, in order to the carrying on their horrid plot for extirpating the Protestant religion and old English liberty, and introducing Popery and slavery.' This account, which he looked upon to be more authentic than if it had been in print, I found, made a very great impression upon him."

Ned Ward is very severe on the Monument. "As you say, this edifice," he says, "as well as some others, was projected as a memorandum of the Fire, or an ornament to the City, but gave those corrupted magistrates that had the power in their hands the opportunity of putting two thousand pounds into their own pockets, whilst they paid one towards the building. I must confess, all I think can be spoke in praise of it is, '*'tis a monument to the City's shame, the orphan's grief, the Protestant's pride, and the Papist's scandal; and only serves as a high-crowned hat, to cover the head of the old fellow that shows it.*'"

Pope, as a Catholic, looked with horror on the Monument, and wrote bitterly of it—

"Where London's Column, pointing at the skies,  
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies,  
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,  
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name."

"At the end of Littleton's Dictionary," says Southey, "is an inscription for the Monument, wherein this very learned scholar proposes a name

for it worthy, for its length, of a Sanscrit legend. It is a word which extends through seven degrees of longitude, being designed to commemorate the names of the seven Lord Mayors of London under whose respective mayoralties the Monument was begun, continued, and completed:—

"Quam non una aliqua ac simplici voce, uti istam  
quondam Duilianam;  
Sed, ut vero eam nomine indigites, vocabulo construc-  
tilliter Heptastico,  
FORDO—WATERMANNO—HANSONO—HOOKERO—  
VINERO—SHELDONNO—DAVISIANAM  
Appellare oportebit."

"Well might Adam Littleton call this an *heptastic vocable*, rather than a word." (Southey, "Omnian.")

Mr. John Hollingshead, an admirable modern essayist, in a chapter in "Under Bow Bells," entitled "A Night on the Monument," has given a most powerful sketch of night, moonlight, and day-break from the top of the Monument. "The puppet men," he says, "now hurry to and fro, lighting up the puppet shops, which cast a warm, rich glow upon the pavement. A cross of dotted lamps springs into light, the four arms of which are the four great thoroughfares from the City. Red lines of fire come out behind black, solid, sullen masses of building; and spires of churches stand out in strong, dark relief at the side of busy streets. Up in the housetops, under green-shaded lamps, you may see the puppet clerks turning quickly over the clean, white, fluttering pages of puppet day-books and ledgers; and from east to west you see the long, silent river, glistening here and there with patches of reddish light, even through the looped steeple of the Church of St. Magnus the Martyr. Then, in a white circle of light round the City, dart out little nebulous clusters of houses, some of them high up in the air, mingling, in appearance, with the stars of heaven; some with one lamp, some with two or more; some yellow, and some red; and some looking like bunches of fiery grapes in the congress of twinkling suburbs. Then the bridges throw up their arched lines of lamps, like the illuminated garden-walks at Cremorne. . . .

"The moon has now increased in power, and, acting on the mist, brings out the surrounding churches one by one. There they stand in the soft light, a noble army of temples thickly sprinkled amongst the money-changers. Any taste may be suited in structural design. There are high churches, low churches; flat churches; broad churches, narrow churches; square, round, and pointed churches; churches with towers like

cubical slabs sunk deeply in between the roofs of houses; towers like toothpicks, like three-pronged forks, like pepper-casters, like factory chimneys, like limekilns, like a sailor's trousers hung up to dry, like bottles of fish-sauce, and like St. Paul's—a balloon turned topsy-turvy. There they stand,

out of the land, and the bridges come up out of the water. The bustle of commerce, and the roar of the great human ocean—which has never been altogether silent—revive. The distant turrets of the Tower, and the long line of shipping on the river, become visible. Clear smoke still flows over



WREN'S ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR THE SUMMIT OF THE MONUMENT (see page 565).

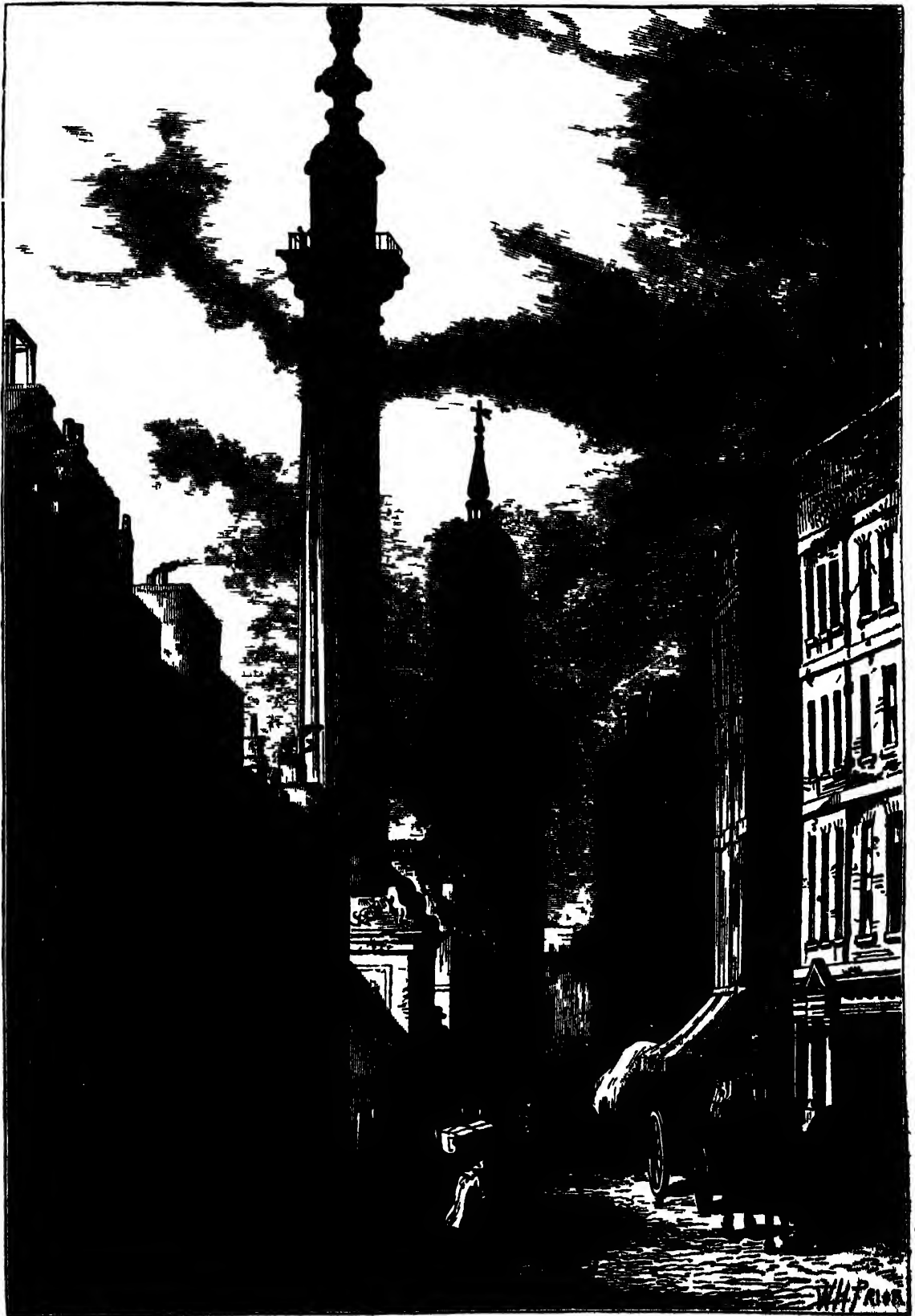
like giant spectral watchmen guarding the silent city, whose beating heart still murmurs in its sleep. At the hour of midnight they proclaim, with iron tongue, the advent of a New Year, mingling a song of joy with a wail for the departed. . . .

"The dark grey churches and houses spring into existence one by one. The streets come up

the housetops, softening their outlines, and turning them into a forest of frosted trees.

"Above all this is a long black mountain-ridge of cloud, tipped with glittering gold; beyond float deep orange and light yellow ridges, bathed in a faint purple sea. Through the black ridge struggles a full, rich, purple sun, the lower half of his disc





THE MONUMENT AND THE CHURCH OF ST MAGNUS, ABOUT 1800 (From an Old View.)

tinged with grey. Gradually, like blood-red wine running into a round bottle, the purple overcomes the grey; and at the same time the black cloud divides the face of the sun into two sections, like the visor of a harlequin."

In 1732 a sailor is recorded to have slid down a rope from the gallery to the "Three Tuns" tavern, Gracechurch Street; as did also, next day, a waterman's boy. In the *Times* newspaper of August 22, 1827, there appeared the following hoaxing advertisement: "Incredible as it may appear, a person will attend at the Monument, and will, for the sum of £2,500, undertake to jump clear off the said Monument; and in coming down will drink some beer, and eat a cake, act some trades, shorten and make sail, and bring ship safe to anchor. As soon as the sum stated is collected, the performance will take place; and if not performed, the money subscribed, to be returned to the subscribers."

The Great Fire of 1666 broke out at the shop of one Farryner, the king's baker, 25, Pudding Lane. The following inscription was placed by some zealous Protestants over the house, when rebuilt:—"Here, by the permission of Heaven, Hell broke loose upon this Protestant city, from the malicious hearts of barbarous priests, by the hand of their agent, Hubert, who confessed and on the ruins of this place declared the fact for which he was hanged—viz., that here begun that dreadful fire which is described on and perpetuated the neighbouring pillar, erected anno 1681, in e mayoralty of Sir Patience Ward, Kt."

This celebrated inscription (says Cunningham), set up pursuant to an order of the Court of Common Council, June 17th, 1681, was removed in the reign of James II., replaced in the reign of William III., and finally taken down, "on account of the stoppage of passengers to read it." Entick, who made additions to Maitland in 1756, speaks of it as "lately taken away."

The Fire was for a long time attributed to Hubert, a crazed French Papist of five or six and twenty years of age, the son of a watchmaker at Rouen, in Normandy. He was seized in Essex, confessed he had begun the fire, and persisting in his confession to his death, was hanged, upon no other evidence than that of his own confession. He, stated in his examination that he had been "suborned at Paris to this action," and that there were three more combined to do the same thing. They asked him if he knew the place where he had first put fire. He answered that he "knew it very well, and would show it to anybody." He was then ordered to be blindfolded and carried to several places of the City, that he might point

out the house. They first led him to a place at some distance from it, opened his eyes, and asked him if that was it, to which he answered, "No, it was lower, nearer to the Thames." "The house and all which were near it," says Clarendon, "were so covered and buried in ruins, that the owners themselves, without some infallible mark, could very hardly have said where their own houses had stood; but this man led them directly to the place, described how it stood, the shape of the little yard, the fashion of the doors and windows, and where he first put the fire, and all this with such exactness, that they who had dwelt long near it could not so perfectly have described all particulars." Tillotson told Burnet that Howell, the then recorder of London, accompanied Hubert on this occasion, "was with him, and had much discourse with him; and that he concluded it was impossible it could be a melancholy dream." This, however, was not the opinion of the judges who tried him. "Neither the judges," says Clarendon, "nor any present at the trial, did believe him guilty, but that he was a poor distracted wretch, weary of his life, and chose to part with it this way."

A few notes about the Great Fire will here be interesting. Pepys gives a graphic account of its horrors. In one place he writes—"Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the waterside to another. And, among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconys till they burned their wings and fell down. Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods and leave all to the fire."

But by far the most vivid conception of the Fire is to be found in a religious book written by the Rev. Samuel Vincent, who expresses the feelings of the moment with a singular force. Says the writer: "It was the 2nd of September, 1666, that the anger of the Lord was kindled against London, and the fire began. It began in a baker's house in Pudding Lane, by Fish Street Hill; and now the Lord is making London like a fiery oven in the time of his anger (Psalm xxi. 9), and in his wrath doth devour and swallow up our habitations. It was in the depth and dead of the night, when most doors and senses were lockt up in the City, that the fire doth break forth and appear abroad, and like a mighty giant refresh with wine doth

awake and arm itself, quickly gathers strength, when it had made havoc of some houses, rusheth down the hill towards the bridge, crosseth Thames Street, invadeth Magnus Church at the bridge foot, and, though that church were so great, yet it was not a sufficient barricade against this conqueror; but having scaled and taken this fort, it shooteth flames with so much the greater advantage into all places round about, and a great building of houses upon the bridge is quickly thrown to the ground. Then the conqueror, being stayed in his course at the bridge, marcheth back towards the City again, and runs along with great noise and violence through Thames Street westward, where, having such combustible matter in its teeth, and such a fierce wind upon its back, it prevails with little resistance, unto the astonishment of the beholders.

"My business is not to speak of the hand of man, which was made use of in the beginning and carrying on of this fire. The beginning of the fire at such a time, when there had been so much hot weather, which had dried the houses and made them more fit for fuel; the beginning of it in such a place, where there were so many timber houses, and the shops filled with so much combustible matter; and the beginning of it just when the wind did blow so fiercely upon that corner towards the rest of the City, which then, was like tinder to the spark; this doth smell of a Popish design, hatcht in the same place where the Gunpowder Plot was contrived, only that this was more successful.

"Then, then the City did shake indeed, and the inhabitants flew away in great amazement from their houses, lest the flame should devour them. Rattle, rattle, rattle, was the noise which the fire struck upon the ear round about, as if there had been a thousand iron chariots beating upon the stones; and if you opened your eye to the opening of the streets where the fire was come, you might see in some places whole streets at once in flames, that issued forth as if they had been so many great forges from the opposite windows, which, folding together, were united into one great flame throughout the whole street; and then you might see the houses tumble, tumble, tumble, from one end of the street to the other, with a great crash, leaving the foundations open to the view of the heavens."

The original Church of St. Magnus, London Bridge, was of great antiquity; for we learn that in 1302 Hugh Pount, sheriff of London, and his wife Margaret, founded a charity here; and the first rector mentioned by Newcourt is Robert de St. Albano, who resigned his living in 1323. It stood almost at the foot of Old London Bridge; and the incumbent of the chapel on the bridge

paid an annual sum to the rector of St. Magnus for the diminution of the fees which the chapel might draw away. Three Lord Mayors are known to have been buried in St. Magnus'; and here, in the chapel of St. Mary, was interred Henry Yevele, a freemason to Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV. This Yevele had assisted to erect the bust of Richard II. at Westminster Abbey between the years 1395-97, and also assisted in restoring Westminster Hall. He founded a charity in this church, and died in 1401. In old times the patronage of St. Magnus' was exercised alternately by the Abbots of Westminster and Bermondsey; but after the dissolution it fell to the Crown, and Queen Mary, in 1553, bestowed it on the Bishop of London. In Arnold's "Chronicles" (end of the fifteenth century) the church is noted as much neglected, and the services insufficiently performed. The ordinary remarks that divers of the priests and clerks spent the time of Divine service in taverns and ale-houses, and in fishing and "other trifles."

The church was destroyed at an early period of the Great Fire. It was rebuilt by Wren in 1676. The parish was then united with that of St. Margaret, New Fish Street Hill; and at a later period St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, has also been annexed. On the top of the square tower, which is terminated with an open parapet, Wren has introduced an octagon lantern of very simple and pleasing design, crowned by a cupola and short spire. We must here, once for all, remark on the fertility of invention displayed by Wren in varying constantly the form of his steeples.

The interior of the church is divided into a nave and side aisles by Doric columns, that support an entablature from which rises the cambered ceiling. "The general proportions of the church," says Mr. Godwin, "are pleasing; but the columns are too slight, the space between them too wide, and the result is a disagreeable feeling of insecurity." The altar-piece, adorned with the figure of a pelican feeding her young, is richly carved and gilded. The large organ, built by Jordan in 1712, was presented by Sir Charles Duncomb, who gave the clock in remembrance of having himself, when a boy, been detained on this spot, ignorant of the time.

Stow gives a curious account of a religious service attached to this church. The following deed is still extant:—

"That Rauf Capelyn du Bailliff, Will Double, fishmonger, Roger Lowher, chancellor, Henry Bosworth, vintner, Steven Lucas, stock fishmonger, and other of the better of the parish of St. Magnus', near the Bridge of London, of their great devotion, and to the honour of God

and, the glorious Mother our Lady Mary the Virgin, began and caused to be made a chauntry, to sing an anthem of our Lady, called *Salve Regina*, every evening; and thereupon ordained five burning wax lights at the time of the said anthem, in the honour and reverence of the five principal joys of our Lady aforesaid, and for exciting the people to devotion at such an hour, the more to merit to their souls. And thereupon many other good people of the same parish, seeing the great honesty of the said service and devotion, proffered to be aiders and partners to support the said lights and the said anthem to be continually sung, paying to every person every week an halfpenny; and so that hereafter, with the gift that the people shall give to the sustentation of the said light and anthem, there shall be to find a chaplain singing in the said church for all the benefactors of the said light and anthem."

Miles Coverdale, the great reformer, was a rector of St. Magnus'. Coverdale was in early life an Augustinian monk, but being converted to Protestantism, he exerted his best faculties and influence in defending the cause. In August, 1551, he was advanced to the see of Exeter, and availed himself of that station to preach frequently in the cathedral and in other churches of Exeter. Thomas Lord Cromwell patronised him; and Queen Catherine Parr appointed him her almoner. At the funeral of that ill-fated lady he preached a sermon at Sudeley Castle. When Mary came to the throne, she soon exerted her authority in tyrannically ejecting and persecuting this amiable and learned prelate. By an Act of Council (1554-55) he was allowed to "passe towards Denmarche with two servants, his bagges and baggage," where he remained till the death of the queen. On returning home, he declined to be reinstated in his see, but repeatedly preached at Paul's Cross, and, from conscientious scruples, continued to live in obscurity and indigence till 1563, when he was presented to the rectory of St. Magnus', London Bridge, which he resigned in two years. Dying in the year 1568, at the age of eighty-one, he was interred in this church.

Coverdale's labours in Bible translation are worth notice. In 1532 Coverdale appears to have been abroad assisting Tyndale in his translation of the Bible; and in 1535 his own folio translation of the Bible (printed, it is supposed, at Zurich), with a dedication to Henry VIII., was published. This was the first English Bible allowed by royal authority, and the first translation of the whole Bible printed in our language. The Psalms in it are those we now use in the Book of Common Prayer. About 1538 Coverdale went to Paris to superintend a new edition of the Bible printing in Paris by permission of Francis I. The Inquisition, however, seized nearly all the 2,500 copies (only a few books escaping), and committed them to the

flames. The rescued copies enabled Grafton and Whitchurch, in 1539, to print what is called Cranmer's, or the Great Bible, which Coverdale collated with the Hebrew. This great Bible scholar was thrown into prison by Queen Mary, and on his release went to Geneva, where he assisted in producing the Geneva translation of the Bible, which was completed in 1560. Coverdale, like Wickliffe, was a Yorkshireman.

Against the east wall, on the south side of the communion-table, is a handsome Gothic panel of statuary marble, on a black slab, with a representation of an open Bible above it, and thus inscribed:—

"To the memory of Miles Coverdale, who, convinced that the pure Word of God ought to be the sole rule of our faith and guide of our practice, laboured earnestly for its diffusion; and with the view of affording the means of reading and hearing in their own tongue the wonderful works of God not only to his own country, but to the nations that sit in darkness, and to every creature where-soever the English language might be spoken, he spent many years of his life in preparing a translation of the Scriptures. On the 4th of October, 1535, the first complete printed English version of *The Bible* was published under his direction. The parishioners of St. Magnus the Martyr, desirous of acknowledging the mercy of God, and calling to mind that Miles Coverdale was once rector of their parish, erected this monument to his memory, A.D. 1837.

"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.—Isaiah lii. 7."

In the vestry-room, which is now at the south-west corner of the church, there is a curious drawing of the interior of Old Fishmongers' Hall on the occasion of the presentation of a pair of colours to the Military Association of Bridge Ward by Mrs. Hibbert. Many of the figures are portraits. There is also a painting of Old London Bridge, and a clever portrait of the late Mr. R. Hazard, who was attached to the church as sexton, clerk, and ward beadle for nearly fifty years.

The church was much injured in 1760 by a fire which broke out in an adjoining oil-shop. The roof was destroyed, and the vestry-room entirely consumed. The repairs cost £1,200. The vestry-room was scarcely completed before it had to be taken down, with part of the church, in order to make a passage-way under the steeple to the old bridge, the road having been found dangerously narrow. It was proposed to cut an archway out of the two side walls of the tower to form a thoroughfare; and when the buildings were removed, it was discovered that Wren, foreseeing the probability of such a want arising, had arranged everything to their hands, and that the alteration was effected with the utmost ease.

## CHAPTER LI.

## CHAUCER'S LONDON.

London Denizens in the Reigns of Edward III. and Richard II.—The Knight—The Young Bachelor—The Yeoman—The Prioress—The Monk who goes a Hunting—The Merchant—The Poor Clerk—The Franklin—The Shipman—The Poor Parson.

THE London of Chaucer's time (the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II.) was a scattered town, spotted as thick with gardens as a common meadow is with daisies. Hovels stood cheek by jowl with stately monasteries, and the fortified mansions in the narrow City lanes were surrounded by citizens' stalls and shops. Westminster Palace, out in the suburbs among fields and marshes, was joined to the City walls by that long straggling street of bishops' and nobles' palaces, called the Strand. The Tower and the Savoy were still royal residences. In all the West-end beyond Charing Cross, and in all the north of London beyond Clerkenwell and Holborn, cows and horses grazed, milkmaids sang, and ploughmen whistled. There was danger in St. John's Wood and Tyburn Fields, and robbers on Hampstead Heath. The heron could be found in Marylebone pastures, and moorhens in the brooks round Paddington. Priestly processions were to be seen in Cheapside, where the great cumbrous signs, blazoned with all known and many unknown animals, hung above the open stalls, where the staid merchants and saucy 'prentices shouted the praises of their goods. The countless church-bells rang ceaselessly, to summon the pious to prayers. Among the street crowds the monks and men-at-arms were numerous, and were conspicuous by their robes and by their armour.

With the manners and customs of those simple times our readers will now be pretty well familiar, for we have already written of the knights and priests of that age, and have described their good and evil doings. We have set down their epitaphs, detailed the history of their City companies, their mayors, aldermen, and turbulent citizens. We have shown their buildings, and spoken of their revolts against injustice. Yet, after all, Time has destroyed many pieces of that old puzzle, and who can dive into oblivion and recover them? The long rows of gable ends, the abbey archways, the old guild rooms, the knightly chambers, no magic can restore to us in perfect combination. While certain spots can be etched with exactitude by the pen, on vast tracts no image rises. A dimmed and imperfect picture it remains, we must confess, even to the most vivid imagination. How the small details of City life worked in those days we shall never know. We may reproduce Edward III.'s London on the

stage, or in poems; but, after all, and at the best, it will be conjecture.

But of many of those people who paced in Watling Street, or who rode up Cornhill, we have imperishable pictures, true to the life, and rich-coloured as Titian's, by Chaucer, in those "Canterbury Tales" he is supposed to have written about 1385 (Richard II.), in advanced life, and in his peaceful retirement at Woodstock. The pilgrims he paints in his immortal bundle of tales are no ideal creatures, but such real flesh and blood as Shakespeare drew and Hogarth engraved. He drew the people of his age as genius most delights to do; and the fame he gained arose chiefly from the fidelity of the figures with which he filled his wonderful portrait-gallery.

We, therefore, in Chaucer's knight, are introduced to just such old warriors as might any day, in the reign of Edward III., be met in Bow Lane or Friday Street, riding to pay his devoirs to some noble of Thames Street, to solicit a regiment, or to claim redress for a wrong by force of arms. The great bell of Bow may have struck the hour of noon as the man who rode into Pagan Alexandria, under the banner of the Christian King of Cyprus, and who had broken a spear against the Moors at the siege of Granada, rides by on his strong but not showy charger. He wears, you see, a fustian gipon, which is stained with the rust of his armour. There is no plume in his helmet, no gold upon his belt, for he is just come from Anatolia, where he has smitten off many a turbaned head, and to-morrow will start to thank God for his safe return at the shrine of St. Thomas in Kent. In sooth it needs only a glance at him to see that he is "a very perfect gentle knight," meek as a maid, and trusty as his own sword.

That trusty young bachelor who rides so gaily by the old knight's side, and who regards him with love and reverence, is his son, a brave young knight of twenty years of age, as we guess. He has borne him well in Flanders, Artois, and Picardy, and has watered many a French vineyard with French blood. See how smart he is in his short gown and long wide sleeves. He can joust, and dance, and sing, and write love verses, with any one between here and Paris. The citizens' daughters devour him with their eyes as he rides under their casements

There rides behind this worthy pair a stout yeoman, such as you can see a dozen of every morning, in this reign, in ten minutes' walk down Cheapside, for the nobles' houses in the City swarm with such retainers—sturdy, brown-faced country fellows, quick of quarrel, and not disposed to bear gibes. He wears a coat and hood of Lincoln green, and has a sword, dagger, horn, and buckler by his side. The sheaf of arrows at his girdle have peacock-feathers. Ten to one but that fellow let fly many a shaft at Cressy and Poitiers, for he is fond of saying, over his ale-bowl, that he carries "ten Frenchmen's lives under his belt."

The prioress Chaucer sketches so daintily might have been seen any day ambling through Bishopsgate from her country nunnery, on her way to shrine or altar, or on a visit to some noble patroness to whom she is akin. "By St. Eloy!" she cries to her mule, "if thou stumble again I will chide thee!" and she says it in the French of Stratford at Bow. Her wimple is trimly plaited, and how fashionable is her cloak! She wears twisted round her arm a pair of coral beads, and from them hangs a gold ornament with the unecclesiastical motto of "Amor vincit omnia." Behind her rides a nun and three priests, and by the side of her mule run the little greyhounds whom she feeds, and on whom she doats.

The rich monk that loved hunting was a character that any monastery of Chaucer's London could furnish. Go early in the morning to Aldersgate or Cripplegate, and you will be sure to find such a one riding out with his greyhounds and falcon. His dress is rich, for he does not sneer at worldly pleasures. His sleeves are trimmed with fur, and the pin that fastens his hood is a gold love-knot. His brown palfrey is fat, like its master, who does not despise a roast Thames swan for dinner, and whose face shines with good humour and good living. It is such men as these that Wycliffe's followers deride, and point the finger at; but they forget that the Church uses strong arguments with perverse adversaries.

To find Chaucer's merchant you need not go further than a few yards from Milk Street. There you will see him at any stall, grave, and with forked beard; on his head a Flemish beaver hat, and his boots "full fetishly" clasped. He talks much of profits and exchanges, and the necessity of guarding the sea from the French between Middleburgh and the Essex ports.

Chaucer's poor lean Oxford clerk you will find in Paul's, peering about the tombs, as if looking for a benefice. All his riches, worthy man! are some twenty books at his bed's head, and he is

talking philosophy to a fellow-student lean and thin as himself, to the profound contempt of that stiff serjeant-at-law who is waiting for clients near the font, on which his fees are paid.

Any procession day in the age of Edward you can meet, in Westminster Abbey, near the royal shrines and tombs, Chaucer's franklin, or country gentleman, with his red face and white beard. His dagger hangs by his silk purse, and his girdle is as white as milk, for our friend has been a sheriff and knight of the shire, and is known all Buckinghamshire over for his open house and well-covered board. Aye, and many a fat partridge he has in his pen, and many a fat pike in his fish-pond.

Chaucer's shipman we shall be certain to discover near Billingsgate. He is from Dartmouth, and wears a short coat, and a knife hanging from his neck. A hardy good fellow he is, and shrewd, and his beard has shaken in many a tempest. Bless you! the captain of the *Magdalen* knows all the havens from Gothland to Cape Finisterre, aye, and every creek in Brittany and Spain; and many a draught of Bordeaux wine he has tapped at night from his cargo.

Nor must we forget that favourite pilgrim of Chaucer—the poor parson of a town, who is also a learned clerk, and who is by many supposed to strongly resemble Wycliffe himself, whom Chaucer's patron, John of Gaunt, protects at the hazard of his life. He is no proud Pharisee, like the fat abbot who has just gone past the church door; but benign and wondrous diligent, and in adversity full patient. Rather than be cursed for the tithe he takes, he gives to the poor of his very subsistence. Come rain, come thunder, staff in hand, he visits the farthest end of his parish; he has no spiced conscience—

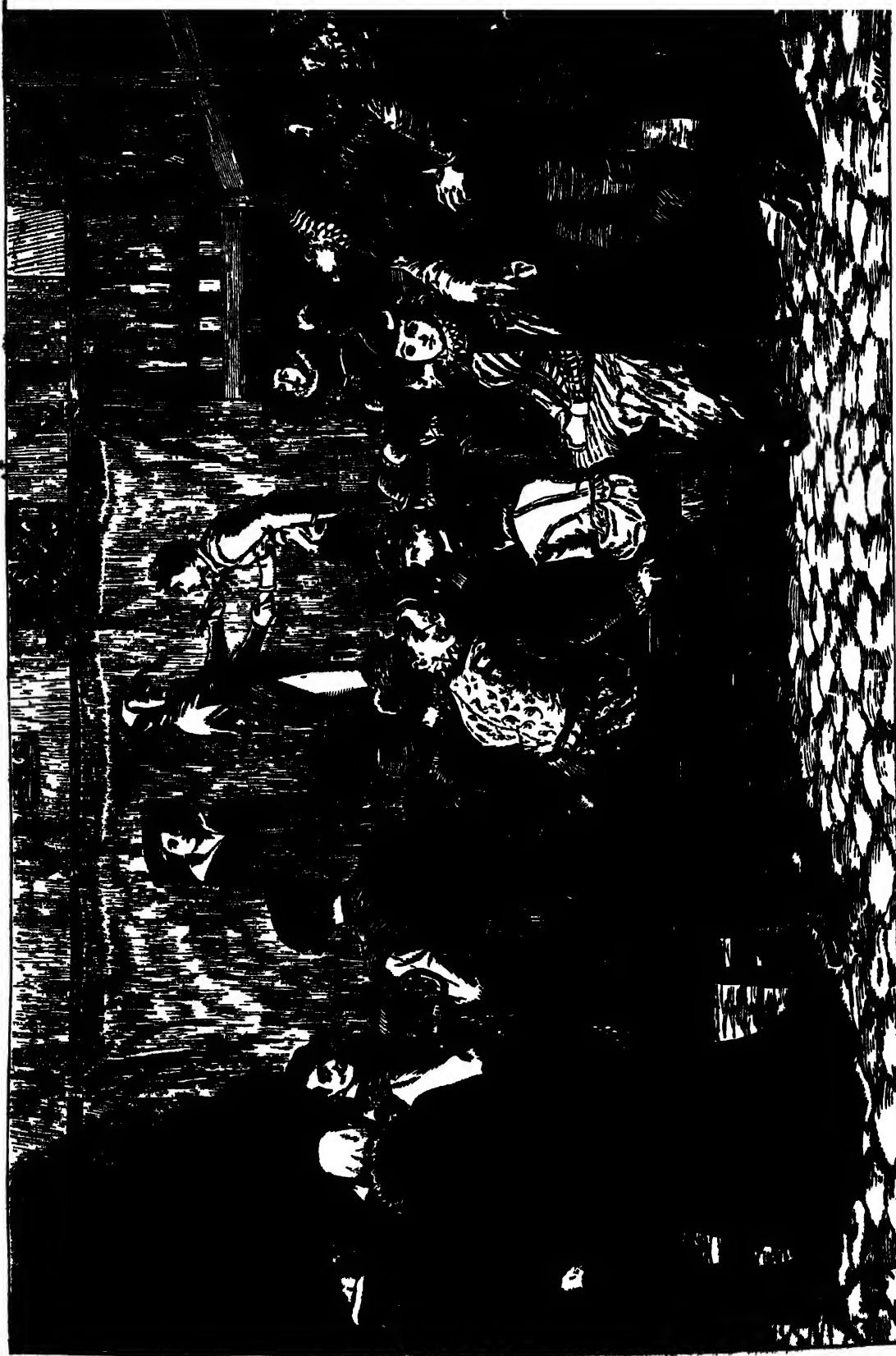
"For Christ's love, and his apostles twelve,  
He taught, but first he followed at himself."

You will find him, be sure, on his knees on the cold floor, before some humble City altar, heedless of all but prayer, or at the Lazar-house on his knees, beside some poor leper, and pointing through the shadow of death to the shining gables of the New Jerusalem.

Such were the tenants of Chaucer's London. On these types at least we may dwell with certainty. As for the proud nobles and the tough-skulled knights, we must look for them in the pages of Froissart. Of the age of Edward III. at least our patriarchal poet has shown us some vivid glimpses, and imagination finds pleasure in tracing home his pilgrims to their houses in St. Bartholomew's and Budge Row, the Blackfriars monastery, and the palace on the Thames shore.







A PLAY IN A LONDON INN YARD, IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

# OLD AND NEW LONDON

A NARRATIVE OF

*ITS HISTORY, ITS PEOPLE, AND ITS PLACES.*

BY

WALTER THORNBURY.

**Illustrated with numerous Engravings from the most Authentic Sources.**

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## CHAPTER I.

### FISHMONGERS' HALL AND FISH STREET HILL.

The First Fishmongers' Hall—William Walworth—The Wealth and Power of the Old Fishmongers—Their Quarrels—Their Records—The present Hall—Walworth's Dagger—Walworth's Pall—Fish Street Hill—The Churchyard of St. Leonard's—Goldsmith and Monument Yard.

HERE Fishmongers' Hall, that handsome Anglo-Greek building at the west side of the foot of London Bridge, still stands, this rich semi-marine Company have had a stronghold ever since the reign of Edward III. It was in this convenient spot, also, that that most warlike and eminent of Fishmongers, Sir William Walworth, himself resided during the reign of Richard II., the monarch whose crown he saved by a single blow of his prompt sword.

Mr. Herbert, who took great pains about this question, says that there were originally five tenements on the site of Fishmongers' Hall. The frontage towards Thames Street was 120 feet, and the depth to the river about 200 feet. The plot of ground stood in Upper Thames Street, between the Water Gate and Old Swan Lane, and lay in three parishes. It was parted into six great slips by five stairs to the Thames, as seen in "The Exact Survey of the Ruins of London after the Fire of 1666." The stairs were—Water Gate (originally called Oyster Hill, and afterwards the Gully Hole), the site of the old water works, Churchyard Alley, Fleur de Luce Alley

Black Raven Alley, and Ebgate, (Old Swan Lane), and, after the Fire, Wheatsheaf Alley.

Henry III., in order to increase his queen's customs at Queenhithe (Thames Street), prohibited any fish being landed from fishing-vessels except at that port. This led to a great London fish-market being established in Old Fish Street (near Doctors' Commons), and Knighttrider Street soon became famous, as Stow tells us, for fish dinners. The stalls soon grew into houses, and this is why St. Nicholas Coleabbey contained the tombs of so many celebrated Fishmongers.

Edward I., finding the old restrictions work badly, restored the Fishmongers to their ancient liberty, and in the next reign they removed to Bridge Street, thenceforward called New Fish Street. Here the Fishmongers could correspond with Billingsgate, and their other colonies at Fish Wharf, Oyster Gate, and Eastcheap. "The topping men," says Stow, "lived in Bridge Street." The Stock Market was also an early fish-market; in 1545 there were 25 fishmongers there, and only 18 butchers. After the change of market all the great Fishmonger mayors and aldermen were buried at St. Magnus' and St. Botolph's, while the Stock Fishmongers took a fancy to the cool vaults of St. Michael's, Crooked Lane.

Herrings, says Herbert, are mentioned soon after the Conquest, and in the 31st of Edward III. they had become fish of such importance, that a special Act of Parliament was passed relating to them. Whales accidentally stranded on our inhospitable coasts in that reign were instantly salted down and sent to the king for his consumption. As for porpoises, they were favourites with English cooks till after Elizabeth's reign.

Edward I. seems to have been a fish-loving king, for he fixed a tariff of prices. The edict limits the best soles to 3d. a dozen; the best turbot to 6d.; the best mackerel, in Lent, to 1d. each; the best pickled herrings to twenty the penny; fresh oysters to 2d. per gallon; a quarter of a hundred of the best eels to 2d.; and other fish in proportion. "Congers, lampreys, and sea-hogs" are enumerated.

The same King Edward, the born plague of fishmongers and Scotchmen, forbade all partnerships with foreign fishmongers, and all storing fish in cellars to retail afterwards at exorbitant rates. No fishmonger was to buy before the king's purveyors, and no fish (unless salted) was to be kept in London beyond the second day. The City had limited the profit of the London fishmonger to a penny in the shilling; moreover, no one was to sell fish except in the open market-place, and no

one was permitted to water fish more than twice, under pain of fines and the market-place stocks.

In the reign of Edward II. all the London fishmongers had their stalls in Bridge Street, a market of a later date than Billingsgate and Old Fish Street. In the reign of Richard II. the Stock Fishmongers formed a new company, and had a hall of their own to the east of the Fishmongers'. The two companies united in the reign of Henry VI., and held their meetings at Lord Fairhope's house in Thames Street. The restless Stock Fishmongers again seceded in the reign of Henry VII.; but in the reign of Henry VIII. the two companies were again finally fused together, and on this occasion Lord Fairhope's hall saw cups of wine drained to the happy union.

The great tenant of Fishmongers' Hall in the reign of Edward III. was John Lovekyn, who was several times Lord Mayor of London. At the death of Lovekyn's wife the celebrated William Walworth lived there, and carried on his honest but unheroic business of stock fishmonger, a great trade in Catholic times, when fish was in demand for frequent fast-days. To Walworth succeeded William Askham, one of his apprentices, and twice Mayor of London. The building is then spoken of as having a wharf, a loft, and a tower which Walworth had built.

The Fishmongers must have been wealthy in the reign of Edward III., when they contributed £40 towards the expenses of the French wars—only one pound less than the Mercers, the grandest Company; and two years later they again contributed the same sum. In the 50th Edward III. the Fishmongers ranked the fourth Company, as at present, and returned six members to the Common Council, the greatest number that any guild sent.

In spite of Walworth's "swashing blow" and loyal service, the reign of Richard II. proved a vexatious one to the Fishmongers. John de Northampton, Mayor in 1380, obtained an Act of Parliament to entirely throw open the trade, and compelled the Fishmongers to admit that their occupation was no craft, and unworthy to be reckoned among the mysteries. He also went further, for in the year 1382 Parliament, indignant at the frauds of Billingsgate, enacted that in future no Fishmonger should be admitted Mayor of London. This prohibition was removed next year, when the Fishmongers pleaded their own cause in Parliament. During this discussion the Fishmongers prayed for the king's protection from "corporal hurt," and ascribed malice to their accusers. Upon which John Moore, a Mercer, angrily charged Walter Sybell, a spokesman of the Fishmongers,

with having let the rebels of Kent and Essex, Wat Tyler's followers, into the City. This same Walter, a violent and rash man, was, by-the-bye, afterwards fined 500 marks for slandering Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford. Even in 1383 the anti-Fishmonger agitation still continued, for we find John Cavendish, a Fishmonger, challenging the Chancellor for taking a bribe of £10 in the fore-named case. The Chancellor freed himself by oath on the Sacrament, and John Cavendish, being found guilty, was

appointed—namely, the chapel on London Bridge, Baynard's Castle, and Jordan's Key." This was to prevent their going and meeting the boats before their arrival at London. "No fish were to be brought in any boat without first being landed at the chapel on the bridge; fresh fish was only to be sold after mass, and salt fish after prime." Eight years later—viz., in 1298—the Company displayed their great wealth by meeting the brave king, Edward I., on his return from Scotland, with



THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LONDON BRIDGE. *From Hollar's View. (See page 4.)*

sentenced to pay the Chancellor 1,000 marks, and was also sent to prison.

Herbert says that the Fishmongers were amongst the earliest of the metropolitan guilds. They were one of those amerced in the reign of Henry II.; and we have seen that charters were granted to them not only by Edward II., Edward III., and Richard II., but by Edward I. They were fined 500 marks as a guild, in the 18th of the latter prince, for forestalling, contrary to the laws and constitutions of the City; and it was soon afterwards found necessary to make fresh regulations for them, which are to be found in the "Liber Horn." These, amongst other things, ordain "that no fishmonger shall buy fish beyond the bounds

very splendid retinue and costly trappings. We have already (Vol. I., p. 305) noticed a great affray which took place between the Fishmongers and the Skinners, in the midst of Cheapside, in 1240, which ended in the apprehension and execution by the mayor of several of the ringleaders. These quarrels were common amongst the great companies in early times; and in the above, and most other instances, arose from disputed claims about precedence, which were uniformly settled by the Court of Aldermen. Stow's allusion to the ancient amity between the Fishmongers and Goldsmiths, which he charges the former with ignorance for not knowing, but which he himself has not explained, was the consequence of one of these decisions,

which were always accompanied by orders for them alternately to take precedence, dine together, exchange livery hoods, and other methods calculated to make them friends, as will be shown to have been the case in both instances. The Fishmongers and Goldsmiths have no commemoration of this amity at present; but the Skinners (who were similarly reconciled after the above affray, of which a notice will also be seen in our account of that Company), when members of their courts dine with each other, drink as toasts the "Merchant Taylors and Skinners," and "Skinners and Merchant Taylors."

When Alderman Wood, as prime warden of the Company, was examined before the Commissioners of Municipal Inquiry, he stated that till the year 1830 only eight liverymen were made a year, but that year (for election purposes) 400 liverymen had been elected, on signing a declaration foregoing all rights to dine in hall. The fee for coming on the livery was then £25, the purchase-money of the freedom £105; and for translation from another Company double that sum.

The Fishmongers' books do not extend far enough back to give any account of their ancient livery. For many years the Goldsmiths and Fishmongers, as proof of amity, exchanged each others' liveries.

Every year, on the festival of their patron saint, St. Peter, all the brethren and "sistern" of the fraternity went in their new livery to St. Peter's Church, Cornhill, and there heard a solemn mass in the worship of God and St. Peter, and offered at offering-time whatever their devotion prompted them. They kept three priests to celebrate obits, which was one more than is mentioned in any other Company. The ancient custom of electing wardens is still retained by this Company. A sort of cap, fronted with a metal plate, is placed successively on the head of each new warden.

The second Fishmongers' Hall, though usually ascribed to Sir Christopher Wren, was built by a Mr. Jerman, who was also the architect of Drapers' Hall and the second Royal Exchange. Old Fishmongers' Hall was a stately structure, particularly the front towards the river, of which it commanded a very fine view. The Thames Street front was a mere cluster of houses; the entrance, however, was pleasing. It was ornamented with sculptured pilasters, sustaining an open pediment, which had the Company's arms carved in bold relief. The buildings environed a square court, handsomely paved. The dining-hall formed the south side of the court, and was a spacious and lofty apartment, having, besides the usual accompaniment of a screen of Grecian architecture, a capa-

cious gallery running round the whole interior, and a statue of Sir William Walworth, said by Walpole to have been carved by an artist named Pierce. The rooms for business lay on the west side of the court, and those for courts and withdrawing at entertainments on the east; they were ornamented with many rich decorations, and paintings of a great variety of fish, not easy to be described.

In Hollar's large four-sheet view of London, 1647, we perceive two courtyards, evidently formed by running a dining-hall, or refectory—high-roofed and turreted, like that of Westminster—across the original quadrangle. This view also affords a good representation of the Thames front, which appears of an irregular form and unornamental, but to have been at one time regular and handsome. It consists of two wings and a receding centre, the latter having a balcony at the first floor, double rows of windows, a lofty octagonal tower or staircase rising above the roof, and crowned with a sort of cupola; there was also a large arched doorway leading to a small terrace on the Thames, similar to the present house. The wings were evidently, when perfect, uniform square towers, harmonising with the centre; but only the western one here remains in its original state, the eastern one being modernised and roofed like a common house.

In De Hogenberg's earlier plan of London, Fishmongers' Hall appears as a square pile of masonry, with embattled parapets, towers at the angles, a central gateway, and steps leading from the river to one of the side towers.

In no worse spot in all London could the Great Fire have broken out than Pudding Lane. It found there stores of oil, hemp, flax, pitch, tar, cordage, hops, wines, brandies, and wharves for coal and timber. Fishmongers' Hall was the first great building consumed, when, as Dryden says, in two splendid lines,

"A key of fire ran all along the shore,  
And frightened all the river with a blaze."

The building on the river-side was reduced to a shell. Even the hall itself, which was at the back, with a high roof and turret, was entirely destroyed, as well as two sets of stairs, and the houses round the Old Swan and Black Raven Alley. After the Fire, the building committee met at Bethlehem Hospital. Sir William Davenant (Shakespeare's supposed son), describing this part of London before the Great Fire, says: "Here a palace, there a wood-yard; here a garden, there a brewhouse; here dwelt a lord, there a dyer; and between both duomo commune." A strange, picturesque



spot, half Dutch, half Venetian, this part of the river-side must have been before the Great Fire.

The present Fishmongers' Hall, at the north-west foot of London Bridge (says Timbs), was rebuilt by Roberts in 1830-33, and is the third of the Company's halls nearly on this site. It is raised upon a lofty basement cased with granite, and contains fire-proof warehouses, which yield a large rental. The river front has a balustraded terrace, and a Grecian-Ionic hexastyle and pediment. The east or entrance front is enriched by pilasters and columns, and the arms of the Company and crest. The entrance-hall is separated from the great staircase by a screen of polished Aberdeen granite columns; and at the head of the stairs is Pierce's statue of Sir William Walworth, a Fishmonger, who carries a dagger. In his hand was formerly a real dagger, said to be the identical weapon with which he stabbed Wat Tyler; though, in 1731, a publican of Islington pretended to possess the actual poniard. Beneath the statue is this inscription:—

"Brave Walworth, Knight, Lord Mayor, ye slew  
Rebellious Tyler in his alarms;

The King, therefore, did give in lieu  
The dagger to the City arms,

In the 4th year of Richard II., Anno Domini 1381."

A common but erroneous belief was thus propagated; for the dagger was in the City arms long before the time of Sir William Walworth, and was intended to represent the sword of St. Paul, the patron saint of the Corporation. The reputed dagger of Walworth, which has lost its guard, is preserved by the Company. The workmanship is no doubt that of Walworth's period. The weapon now in the hand of the statue (which is somewhat picturesque, and within recollection was coloured *en costume*) is modern.

Amongst celebrated Fishmongers and their friends we must mention Isaac Pennington, the turbulent Lord Mayor of the Civil War under Charles I.; and Dogget, the comedian and Whig, who bequeathed a sum of money for the purchase of a "coat and badge," to be rowed for every 1st of August from the "Swan" at London Bridge to the "Swan" at Battersea, in remembrance of George I.'s accession to the throne.

In Fishmongers' Hall there is an original drawing of a portion of the pageant exhibited by the Fishmongers' Company on the 29th of October, 1616, on the occasion of Sir John Leman, a member of the Company, entering on the office of Lord Mayor of the City of London, and the following portraits: William III. and queen, by Murray; George II. and queen, by Schakleton; Dukes of Kent and

Sussex, by Beechey; Earl St. Vincent (the admiral), by Beechey; Queen Victoria, by Herbert Smith; the Margrave of Anspach and Margravine, by G. Rowney; the late Lord Chancellor Hatherley, by Wells.

"The Fishmongers," says Herbert, "have no wardens' accounts or minutes of an earlier date than 1592, their more ancient ones having been either destroyed in the Fire of London or otherwise lost. The title-deeds of their various estates commence as far back as 9 Edward III., and are finely preserved, as are also their Book of Ordinances and some other ancient documents relating to the Company. The minutes remaining—or, as they are termed in this Company, 'court ledgers'—consist of eight folio volumes, separately dated."

The Fishmongers' greatest curiosity is their pall, commonly although erroneously described as "Walworth's pall;" it is in three pieces, like the famous pall of the Merchant Taylors, and exactly resembles in shape one belonging to the Saddlers'—namely, that of a cross. It consists of a centre slip, about 12 feet long and 2½ feet wide, and two shorter sides, each 8 feet 11 inches long by 1 foot 4 inches wide, and when laid over a corpse must have totally enveloped the coffin, but without corner falls, like our modern palls. In the style of ornament, workmanship, and materials, this is one of the most superb works of its kind of ancient art, and in this country, as a relic of the old Catholic faith, has probably no parallel. The pattern of the second part is a sprig, or running flower, which is composed of gold network, bordered with red, and the whole of which reposes on a smooth, solid ground of cloth of gold. The end pieces and side borders to this middle slip are worked in different pictures and representations. The end pieces consist of a very rich and massy wrought picture, in gold and silk, of the patron, St. Peter, *in pontificalibus*. He is seated on a superb throne, his head crowned with the sacred tiara. One hand holds the keys; the other is in the position of giving the benediction. On each side of the saint is a kneeling angel, censuring him with one hand, and holding a sort of golden vase with the other. Each of these end pieces is perfectly similar; and the materials, which are beautifully worked, are of gold and silk. The angels' wings, according to the old custom in such representations, are composed of peacocks' feathers, in all their natural vivid colours. The outer robes are gold, raised with crimson; their under-vests white, shaded with sky-blue. The faces are finely worked in satin, after nature; and they have long yellow hair. St. Peter's vest, or under-robe, is crimson, raised with gold; the

inside of the hanging sleeve of his outer robe, or coat, azure, powdered with gold stars. A golden nimbus, or rather glory, encircles his head; and in his lap is placed an open book, having the following inscription in old English black-letter on a silver ground: "Credo in Deum patrem, Omnipotentem," at the one end piece, and at the other similarly, "Credo in Deum Patrem, omnium." The pictures of the side pieces are divided into three compartments. The centre is Christ delivering the

Claves Regum Coelo'm." Both figures stand in a beautiful arched recess, within Gothic-pinnacled buildings and ornaments. On each side of this middle picture, which is the same on both sides, the decorations are made up of the Fishmongers' arms, richly and properly emblazoned. The supporters (merman and mermaid) are worked in their natural colours. The merman wears gold armour. The mermaid's body is of white silk thread, beautifully worked; her long tresses of golden thread.

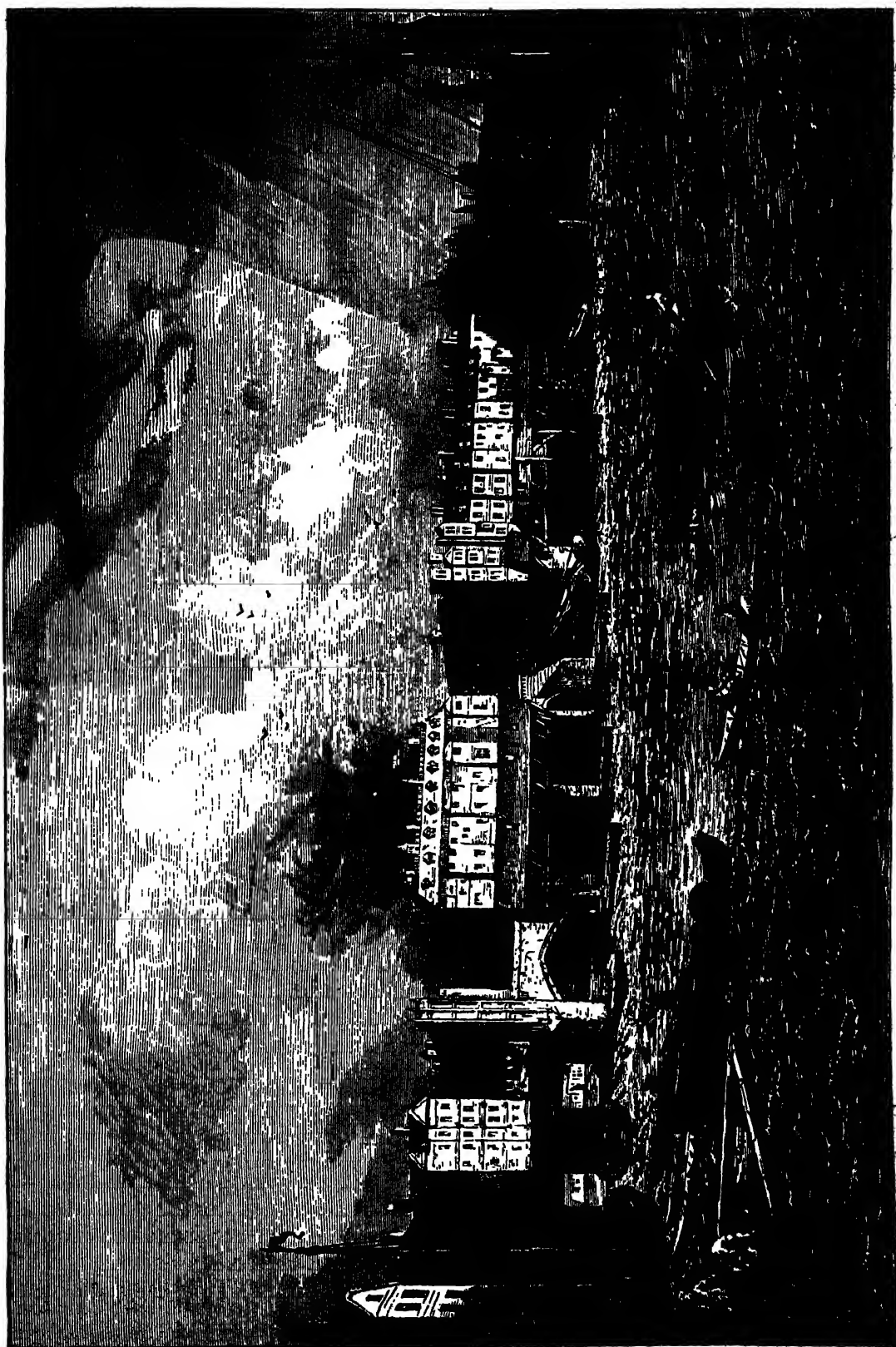


THE SECOND FISHMONGERS' HALL (see page 4)

keys to Peter, the latter of whom is kneeling, and habited as in the end pieces, but with only a glory encircling the head, and no crown (he not being crowned Prince of the Apostles). The Saviour is habited agreeably to the usual representations of him as regards costume. His robe is crimson, raised with gold, the inner vesture purple, and very rich. Around the head is a superb circular glory, jewelled and coronetted. He graciously stoops to deliver the two golden keys of heaven and hell with one hand, while with the other he poises the golden orb of sovereignty, surmounted with the cross. A label proceeding from the mouth has inscribed, in black-letter and on a silver ground, as before: "Tibi dabo

A superb jewel hangs by a gold chain from her neck. Her mirror reflects a head like that of Christ or St Peter. The entire pall has a fringe two inches deep of gold and purple silk threads, and is lined inside with black silk. The weight of the whole, owing to the quantity of gold and silver worked into it, is very considerable, and it is in the finest preservation.

The Saddlers' Company also still have a valuable pall, though not so costly. It is of crimson velvet. The centre is of yellow silk, forming an elegant sprig pattern. On one side of the pall there are embroidered in raised work of gold thread, in the old English character, the words, "In te Domine speravi;" and on the other side, worked in like



LONDON BRIDGE, 1756. From an Old View, taken shortly before the Destruction of the Houses.

manner, the words, "Ne me confunde in æternum." The head and foot of the pall have embroidered on them the arms of the Company, and four kneeling angels surrounding the letters I.H.S. encircled by a glory. The whole is bordered with a broad gold fringe.

"A curious relic of the old shows," says Mr. Herbert, "is kept by the Fishmongers. It is the original drawing for the mayoralty procession of their member, Sir John Leman, in 1616, and which, from containing allusions in it to the story of Walworth and Wat Tyler, has been called, in the most modern accounts of London, 'The Procession of Sir William Walworth in 1380.' The representation occupies a roll of strong paper several feet in length, filled with characters and objects six or seven inches high, well drawn, and all properly coloured, emblazoned, and gilt. The pageants have inscriptions over them in the handwriting of the time, from which we learn that it was the custom to suspend them from the roof of the hall when done with, for future solemnities. Several of the Companies still possess remains of their old shows, in particular the Grocers. The scenes were painted like those of the theatres, in distemper, and the animals, or 'beasts which drew the pageants,' were fabricated so like what are used there, that there seems little doubt that the latter specimens, at least, were the work of theatrical artists. Those who had no pageants (which were confined to the twelve) have many of them other articles which were used in their processions. We saw in the old pageant-chamber at Brewers' Hall the fittings-up of their state barge, with various other relics; and in a corner of the room stood silk banners and streamers, covered with dust and dropping from their staves—a melancholy memento of former splendour."

Fish Street Hill was formerly called New Fish Street. The Black Prince once lived there, according to Stow. "Above Crooked Lane end, upon Fish Street Hill," he says, "is one great house, for the most part built of stone, which pertained some time to Edward the Black Prince, son of Edward III., who was in his lifetime lodged there. It is now altered to a common hostelry, having the 'Black Bell' for a sign." Here, too, was the scene of Jack Cade's utmost fury, when he let slip the dogs of war, and, according to Shakespeare, shouted out his cruel commands of "Up Fish Street! Down St. Magnus' corner! Kill and knock down! Throw them into Thames!"

The churchyard of St. Leonard marks the site of a church of no interest destroyed by the Great Fire. Many of the Doggets were buried there.

In Ben Jonson's time King's Head Court, near the Monument, was a tavern, celebrated for its wine, and much resorted to by roysterers. He mentions it in that wretched play of his paralytic old age, *The Magnetic Lady*; and "Fish Street dinners" are especially noted as luxurious things in one of the Roxburghe ballads.

Any spot in London that can be connected with the name of Goldsmith becomes at once ennobled. It was in Monument Yard that the poor poet, on his return from his foreign tour, served as shopman to a chemist. "He went among the London apothecaries," says Mr. Forster, "and asked them to let him spread plaisters for them, pound in their mortars, run with their medicines; but they asked him for a character, and he had none to give. 'His threadbare coat,' says the 'Percy Memoir,' 'his uncouth figure, and Hibernian dialect, caused him to meet with repeated refusals.' At last a chemist of the name of Jacob took compassion upon him; and the late Conversation Sharp used to point out a shop at the corner of Monument Yard, on Fish Street Hill, shown to him in his youth as this benevolent Mr. Jacob's." Of his struggles at this time Goldsmith himself tells us, in his "Vicar of Wakefield." "Upon my arrival in town, sir," he says, in his delightful novel, "my first care was to deliver your letter of recommendation to our cousin, who was himself in little better circumstances than I. My first scheme, you know, sir, was to be usher at an academy, and I asked his advice on the affair. Our cousin received the proposal with a true sardonic grin. 'Ay,' cried he, 'this is indeed a very pretty career that has been harked out for you. I have been an usher at a boarding-school myself; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be under-turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late; I was brow-beat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to receive civility abroad. But are you sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the business?' 'No.' 'Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys' hair?' 'No.' 'Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the smallpox?' 'No.' 'Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed?' 'No.' 'Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach?' 'Yes.' 'Then you will by no means do for a school.'"

It was from his rough training here that Goldsmith was afterwards enabled to start as a humble physician, taking care to hide the holes in the front of his coat with his hat when he paid his visits.

## CHAPTER II.

## LONDON BRIDGE.

"Old Moll"—Legend of John Overy—The Old Wooden Bridge—The First Stone Bridge—Insults to Queen Eleanor—The Head of Wallace—Tournament on London Bridge—Welcome to Richard II.—Murderers' Heads—Return of Henry V.—The Post Lydgate—Funeral of Henry V.—Brawls on London Bridge—Accident to a Ducal Barge—Lollards' Heads on the Bridge—Entry of Henry VI.—Fall of the End Tower—Margaret of Anjou—Jack Cade and his Ruffianly Crew—Falconbridge—Other Heads on the Bridge—Bishop Fisher—Sir Thomas More—Wyatt's Rebellion—Restoration in Elizabeth's Reign—Fire on the Bridge—Removal of the Houses—Temporary Wooden Bridge—Smeaton's Repair—Rennie's New Bridge—Laying the First Stone—Celebrated Dwellers on the Old Bridge—The Force of Habit—Jewish Tradition about London Bridge—Average Number of Passengers over the Bridge.

THERE are few spots in London where, within a very limited and strictly-defined space, so many historical events have happened, as on Old London Bridge. It was a battle-field and a place of religious worship, a resort of traders and a show-place for traitors' heads. Its Nonsuch House was one of the sights of London in the reign of Elizabeth; and the passage between its arches was one of the exploits of venturous youth, down to the very time of its removal. Though never beautiful or stately, London Bridge was one of those sights that visitors to the metropolis never forgot.

There is no certain record of when the first London Bridge was built. It is true that Dion Cassius, writing nearly two hundred years after the invasion of Britain by Claudius, speaks vaguely of a bridge across the Thames in the reign of that emperor; but it is more probable that no bridge really existed till the year 994, the year after the invasion of Olaf the Dane, in the reign of King Ethelred. It is at least certain that in the year 1008, in the reign of Ethelred II., the Unready, there was a bridge, for, according to Snorro Sturlesonius, an Icelandic historian, Olaf the Norwegian, an ally of Ethelred, attacking the Danes who had fortified themselves in Southwark, fastened his vessels to the piles of London Bridge, which the Danes held, and dragged down the whole structure. This Olaf, afterwards a martyr, is the patron saint from whom the church now standing at the south-east corner of London Bridge, derived its Christian name. Tooley Street below, a word corrupted from Saint Olave, also preserves the memory of the Norwegian king, eventually slain near Drontheim by Knut, King of Denmark.

Still, whenever the churchwardens and vestry of St. Mary Overie's, Bankside, meet over their cups, the first toast, says an antiquary who has written an exhaustive history of London Bridge, is to their church's patron saint, "Old Moll." This Old Moll was, according to Stow, Mary, the daughter of a ferryman at this part of the river, who left all her money to build a house of sisters, where the east part of St. Mary Overie's now stands. In time the nunnery became a house of priests, who erected

the first wooden bridge over the Thames. There is still existing at the Church of St. Mary Overie's a skeleton effigy, which some declare to be that of Audery, the ferryman, father of the immortal Moll. The legend was that this John Overy, or Audery, was a rich and covetous man, penurious, and insanely fond of hoarding his hard-earned fees. He had a pious and beautiful daughter, who, though kept in seclusion by her father, was loved by a young gallant, who secretly wooed and won her. One day the old hunk, to save a day's food, resolved to feign himself dead for twenty four hours, vainly expecting that his servants, from common decency, would fast till his funeral. With his daughter's help he therefore laid himself out, wrapped in a sheet, with one taper burning at his feet, and another at his head. The lean, half-starved servants, however, instead of lamenting their master's decease, leaped up overjoyed, danced round the body, broke open the larder, and fell to feasting. The old ferryman bore all this as long as flesh and blood could bear it; but at last he scrambled up in his sheet, a candle in each hand, to scold and chase the rascals from the house; when one of the boldest of them, thinking it was the devil himself, snatched up the butt-end of a broken oar, and struck out his master's brains. On hearing of this unintentional homicide, the lover came posting up to London so fast that his horse stumbled, and the eager lover, alas! broke his neck. On this second misfortune, Mary Overy, shrouding her beauty in a veil, retired into a cloister for life. The corpse of the old miser was refused Christian burial, he being deemed by the clergy a wicked and excommunicated man; the friars of Bermondsey Abbey, however, in the absence of their father abbot, were bribed to give the body "a little earth, for charity." The abbot on his return, enraged at the friars' cupidity, had the corpse dug up and thrown on the back of an ass, that was then turned out of the abbey gates. The patient beast carried the corpse up Kent Street, and shook it off under the gibbet near the small pond once called St. Thomas à Waterings, where it was roughly interred. The ferryman's effigy referred to

before is really, as Gough, in his "Sepulchral Monuments," says most of such figures are, the work of the fifteenth century. Now the real Audery, if he lived at all, lived long before the Conquest, for the first wooden bridge was, it is thought, probably built to stop the Danish pirate-vessels.

The first wooden bridge was destroyed by a terrific flood and storm, mentioned in the "Chronicle of Florence of Worcester," which, in the year 1090, blew down six hundred London houses, and lifted the roof off Bow Church. In the second year of Stephen a fire, that swept away all the wooden houses of London from Aldgate to St. Paul's, destroyed the second wooden bridge.

The first London Bridge of stone was begun in 1176, by Peter, a priest and chaplain of St. Mary Colechurch, a building which, till the Great Fire made short work of it, stood in Conyhoop Lane, on the north side of the Poultry. There long existed a senseless tradition that pious Peter of the Poultry reared the arches of his bridge upon wool-packs; the fact, perhaps, being that Henry II. generously gave towards the building a new tax levied upon his subjects' wool. Peter's bridge, which occupied thirty-three years in its construction, boasted nineteen pointed stone arches, and was 926 feet long, and 40 feet wide. It included a wooden drawbridge, and the piers were raised upon platforms (called starlings) of strong elm piles, covered by thick planks bolted together, that impeded the passage of barges. On one of the piers was erected a two-storeyed chapel, forty feet high and sixty feet long, to St. Thomas à Becket. The lower chapel could be entered either from the chapel above or from the river, by a flight of stone stairs. The founder himself was buried under the chapel staircase. Peter's bridge was partly destroyed by a great fire in 1212, four years after it was finished, and while its stones were still sharp and white. There were even then houses upon it, and gate-towers; and many people crowding to help, or to see the sight, got wedged in between two fires by a shifting of the wind, and being unable to escape, some three thousand were either burnt or drowned.

King John, after this, granted certain tolls, levied on foreign merchants, towards the bridge repairs. Henry III., according to a patent-roll dated from Portsmouth, 1252, permitted certain monks, called the Brethren of London Bridge, with his especial sanction, to travel over England and collect alms. In this same reign (1263) the bridge became the scene of great scorn and insult, shown by the turbulent citizens to Henry's queen, Eleanor of

Provence, who was opposed to the people's friends, the barons, who were still contending for the final settlement of Magna Charta. As the queen and her ladies, in their gilded barge, were on their way to Windsor, and preparing to shoot the dangerous bridge, the rabble above assailed her with shouts and reproaches, and casting heavy stones and mud into her boat, at her and her bright-clothed maidens, drove them back to the Tower, where the king was garrisoned. Towards the end of the same year, when Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, marched on London, the king and his forces occupied Southwark, and, to thwart the citizens, locked up the bridge-gates, and threw the ponderous keys into the Thames. But no locks can bar out Fate. The gates were broken open by a flood of citizens, the king was driven back, and Simon entered London. After the battle of Evesham, where the great earl fell, the king, perhaps remembering old grudges, took the half-ruinous bridge into his own hands and delivered it over to the queen, who sadly neglected it. There were great complaints of this neglect in the reign of Edward I., and again the Holy Brothers went forth to collect alms throughout the land. The king gave lands also for the support of the bridge—namely, near the Mansion House, Old Change, and Ivy Lane. He also appointed tolls—every man on foot, with merchandise, to pay one farthing; every horseman, one penny; every pack carried on horseback, one halfpenny. This same year (1281) four arches of London Bridge were carried away by the same thaw-flood that destroyed Rochester Bridge.

The reign of Edward I. was disgraced by the cruel revenge taken by the warlike monarch on William Wallace. In August, 1305, on Edward's return from the fourth invasion of Scotland, "this man of Belial," as Matthew of Westminster calls Wallace, was drawn on a sledge to Smithfield, there hanged, embowelled, beheaded, quartered, and his head set on a pole on London Bridge. An old ballad in the Harleian Collection, describing the execution of Simon Fraser, another Scotch guerilla leader, in the following year, concludes thus—

"Many was the wives-chil' that looked on him that day,  
And said, Alas! that he was born, and so vilely forlorn,  
So fierce man as he was.  
Now stands the head above the town bridge,  
Fast by Wallace, sooth for to say."

The heads of these two Scotch patriots were, no doubt, placed side by side on the gate at the north or London end of the bridge.

The troublous reign of the young profligate, Richard II., brought more fighting to the bridge, for



Wat Tyler and his fierce Kentish and Surrey men then came chafing to the gates, which the Lord Mayor, William Walworth, had chained and barred, pulling up the drawbridge. Upon this the wild men shouted across to the wardens of the bridge to let it down, or they would destroy them all, and from sheer fear the wardens yielded. Through that savage crowd the Brethren of the Bridge, as Thomas of Walsingham says, came passing with processions and prayers for peace.

In 1390 fighting of a gayer and less bloodthirsty kind took place on the bridge. No dandy modern tournament this, but a genuine grapple with spear, sword, and dagger. Sir David Lindsay, of Glenesk, who had married a daughter of Robert II., King of Scotland, challenged to the joust Lord Wells, our ambassador in Scotland, a man described by Andrew of Wyntoun, a poetical Scotch chronicler, as being

"Manful, stout, and of good path,  
And high of heart he was therewith."

Sir David arrived from Scotland with twenty-nine attendants and thirty horses. The king presided at the tournament. The arms which Lindsay bore on his shield, banner, and trappings were gules, a fesse chequé argent and azure; those of Wells, or, a lion rampant, double chequé, sable. At the first shock the spears broke, and the crowd shouted that Lindsay was tied to his saddle. The earl at that leaped off his charger, vaulted back, and dashed on to the collision. At the third crash Wells fell heavily, as if dead. In the final grapple Lindsay, fastening his dagger into the armour of the English knight, lifted him from the ground and dashed him, finally vanquished, to the earth. According to Andrew of Wyntoun, the king called out from his "summer castle," "Good cousin Lindsay, do forth that thou should do this day;" but the generous Scotchman threw himself on Wells and embraced him till he revived. Nor did he stop there; during Wells's sickness of three months Lindsay visited him in the gentlest manner, even like the most courteous companion, and did not omit one day. "For he had fought," says Boethius, "without anger, and but for glory." And to commemorate that glorious St. George's day, the Scotch knight founded a chantry at Dundee, with a gift of forty-eight marks (£32) yearly, for seven priests and divers virgins to sing anthems to the patron saint of England.

In 1392, when Richard II. returned to London, reconciled to the citizens, who had resented his reckless extravagance, London Bridge was the centre of splendid pageants. At the bridge-gate the citizens presented the handsome young scapegrace with a milk-white charger, caparisoned in

cloth of gold and hung with silver bells, and gave the queen a white palfrey, caparisoned in white and red; while from every window hung cloths of gold and silver. The citizens ended by redeeming their forfeited charter by the outrageous payment of £10,000.

In 1396, when Richard had lost his first queen, Anne of Bohemia, and married the child-daughter of Charles VI. of France, the crowd was so great to welcome the young queen, that at London Bridge nine persons were crushed to death in the crowd. The reign of Richard II. was indeed a memorable one for London Bridge.

The year when Richard II. was deposed, Henry of Lancaster laid rough hands on four knights who had three years before smothered the old Duke of Gloucester, by the commands of the king, his nephew. The murderers were dragged to Cheapside, and there had their hands lopped off at a fishmonger's stall. The heads were then spiked over the gate of London Bridge, and the bodies strung together on a gibbet. Nor did these heads long remain unaccompanied, for in 1407-8 Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, was beheaded, while Lord Bardolf, one of his adherents who had joined in a northern insurrection, was quartered, and the earl's head and a flitch of unfortunate Bardolf were set up on London Bridge.

There was a great rejoicing on London Bridge when Henry V. returned with his long train of French captives from the red field of Agincourt, in November, 1415. The Mayor of London, with all the aldermen and crafts, in scarlet gowns and red and white hoods, welcomed him back to his capital; and on the gate-tower stood a male and a female giant, the former having the keys of the City hanging from a staff, while trumpeters with horns and clarions sounded welcome to the conqueror of the French. In front of the gate was written, "The King's City of Justice." On a column on one side was an antelope, with a shield of the royal arms hanging round his neck, and holding a sceptre, which he offered to the king, in his right foot. On the opposite column stood a lion rampant, with the king's banner in his dexter claw. At the foot of the bridge rose a painted tower, with an effigy of St. George in complete armour in the midst, under a tabernacle. The saint's head was crowned with laurel interwoven with gems, and behind him spread a tapestry emblazoned with escutcheons. The turrets, embossed with the royal arms, were plumed with banners. Across the tower ran two scrolls, with the mottoes, "To God only be honour and glory," and "The streams of the river make glad the city of God." In the house

adjoining stood bright-faced children singing welcome to the king, accompanied by the melody of organs. The hero of Agincourt rode conspicuous above all on a courser trapped with parti-colours, one-half blue velvet embroidered with antelopes, the arms of the De Bohun family, having large flowers springing between their horns. These trappings were afterwards utilised as copes for Westminster Abbey.

Lydgate, that Suffolk monk who succeeded

Seven years after this rejoicing day, the corpse of the young hero, aged thirty-four, was borne over the bridge on its way from Vincennes to Westminster Abbey. On a bier covered with red silk and beaten gold lay a painted effigy of the king, robed and crowned, and holding sceptre, ball, and cross. Six richly-harnessed horses drew the chariot, the hangings blazoned with the arms of St. George, Normandy, King Arthur, St. Edward the Confessor, France, and France and England



REMAINS OF THE CHAPEL OF ST. THOMAS, OLD LONDON BRIDGE (page 10). *From a View taken during its demolition*

Chaucer in the bead-roll of English poets, wrote a poem on this day's celebrations. "Hail, London!" he makes the king exclaim at the first sight of the red roofs; "Christ you keep from every care." The last verse of the quaint poem runs thus:—

"And at the drawbridge that is fast by  
Two towers there were up pight;  
An antelope and a lion standing hym by,  
Above them Saint George our lady's knight,  
Beside him many an angel bright;  
'Benedictus,' they gan sing,  
'Qui venit in nomine Domini, Godde's knight.  
Gracia Dei with you doth spring.  
Wot we right well that thus it was—  
Gloria tibi Trinitas."

quarterly. A costly canopy was held over the royal bier; and ten bishops, in their pontificals, with mitred abbots, priests, and innumerable citizens, met the corpse and received it with due honour, the priests singing a dirge. Three hundred torch-bearers, habited in white, surrounded the bier. After them came 5,000 mounted men-at-arms, in black armour, holding their spears reversed; and nobles followed, bearing pennons, banners, and bannerolls; while twelve captains preceded, carrying the king's heraldic achievement. After the body came all the servants of the household, in black, James I. of Scotland as chief mourner, with the princes and lords of the

royal blood clad in sable ; while at the distance of two miles followed Queen Katherine and her long train of ladies.

Readers of Shakespeare will remember, in the first part of *Henry VI.*, how he makes the serving-men of the Protector Gloucester wrangle with the retainers of Cardinal Beaufort, till tawny coat beats blue, and blue pommels tawny. Brawls like this took place twice on London Bridge, and the proud and ambitious cardinal on one occasion assembled

a weaver of Abingdon, who had threatened to make priests' heads "as plentiful as sheep's heads," was spiked upon the battlements. The very next year the child-king, Henry VI., who had been crowned at Notre Dame in 1431, entered London over this bridge Lydgate, like a true laureate, careless who or what the new king might be, nibbed his ready pen, and was at it again with ready verse. At the drawbridge there was a tower, he says, hung with silk and arras, from



LONDON BRIDGE. (From a Print dated 1796)

his archers at his Bankside palace, and attempted to storm the bridge

The dangers of "shooting" London Bridge were exemplified as early as 1428 (in the same reign—Henry VI.). "The barge of the Duke of Norfolk, starting from St Mary Overen's, with many a gentleman, squire, and yeoman, about half-past four of the clock on a November afternoon, struck (through bad steering) on a starling of London Bridge, and sank." The duke and two or three other gentlemen fortunately leaped on the piles, and so were saved by ropes cast down from the parapet above ; the rest perished.

Several Lollards' heads had already adorned the bridge ; and in 1431 the skull of a rough reformer,

which issued three empresses—Nature, Grace, and Fortune.

"And at his coming, of excellent beauty,  
Benign of part, most womanly of cheer,  
There issued out empresses three,  
Their hair displayed, as Phoebus in his sphere,  
With crownets of gold and stones clear,  
At whose outcoming they gave such a light  
That the beholders were stoned in their sight."

With these empresses came fourteen maidens, all clad in white, who presented the king with gifts, and sang a roundel of welcome.

If Old London Bridge had a fault, it was, perhaps, its habit of occasionally partly falling down. This it did as early as 1437, when the great stone gate

and tower on the Southwark end, with two arches, subsided into the Thames.

There was another gala day for the bridge in 1445, when the proud and impetuous William de la Pole, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, brought over Margaret, daughter of René (that weak, poetical monarch, immortalised in "Anne of Geierstein"), as a bride for the young King of England, and the City welcomed her on their river threshold. The Duke of Gloucester, who had opposed the match, preceded her, with 500 men clad in his ducal livery, and with gilt badges on their arms; and the mayor and aldermen rode on in scarlet, followed by the City companies in blue gowns and red hoods. Again Lydgate tuned his ready harp, and produced some certainly most unprophectic verses, in which he called the savage Margaret—

"The dove that brought the branch of peace,  
Resembling your simpleness, Columbyne."

In 1450, and the very month after Margaret's favourite, De la Pole, had been seized in Dover Roads, and his head brutally chopped off on the side of a boat, the great insurrection under Jack Cade broke out in Kent. After routing a detachment of the royal troops at Sevenoaks, Cade marched towards London, and the commons of Essex mustering threateningly at Mile End, the City, after some debate, admitted Cade over London Bridge. As the rebel passed over the echoing drawbridge, he slashed in two the ropes that supported it. Three days after, the citizens, irritated at his robberies, barred up the bridge at night, and penned him close in his head-quarters at Southwark. The rebels then flew to arms, and tried to force a passage, eventually winning the drawbridge, and burning many of the houses which stood in close rows near it. Now the battle raged by St. Magnus's corner, now at the bridge-foot, Southwark side, and all the while the Tower guns thundered at the swarming, maddened men of Kent. At nine the next morning both sides, faint and weary, retired to their respective quarters. Soon afterwards Cade's army melted away; Cade, himself a fugitive, was slain in a Kentish garden where he had hid himself; and his grim, defaced head was placed on the very bridge-gate on which he had himself but recently, in scorn and triumph, placed the ghastly head of Lord Say, the murdered Treasurer of England. Round Cade's head, when the king re-entered London, were placed the heads of nine of his captains.

At the entry of Edward IV. into London, in 1461, before his coronation, he passed over London Bridge, escorted by the mayor and his

fellows, in scarlet, and 400 commoners, "well horsed and clad in green."

In 1471, when Henry was a prisoner in the Tower, the Bastard of Falconbridge, one of the deposed king's piratical partisans, made a dash to plunder London. While 3,000 of his men attacked Aldgate and Bishopsgate, the rest set fire to London Bridge, and burnt thirteen houses. But the citizens, led by Ralph Jocelyn, a brave Draper, made a gallant defence, drove off the filibusters, and chased them to Blackwall.

In 1481 another house on the bridge fell down, drowning five of its inhabitants.

The reign of Henry VII. brought more terrible trophies to London Bridge; for in 1496 Flamock, a lawyer, and Joseph, a farrier of Bodmin, leaders of a great Cornish insurrection, contributed their heads to this decorative object. But Henry VII. was not half such a mower off of heads as that cruel Blue-beard, his son. Henry VIII., what with the wives he grew tired of, and what with the disbelievers in his ecclesiastical supremacy, kept the headsman's axe very fairly busy. First came the prior and several unfortunate Charter House monks, and then the good old Bishop of Rochester, John Fisher. The parboiled head of the good old man who would not bow the knee to Rimmon was kept, that Queen Anne Boleyn might enjoy the grateful sight. The face for a fortnight remained so ruddy and life-like, and such crowds collected to see the so-called miracle, that the king, in a rage, at last ordered the head to be thrown down into the river. The next month came the head of a far greater and wiser man, Sir Thomas More. This sacred relic More's daughter, Margaret Roper, bribed a man to remove, and drop into a boat in which she sat; and the head was, long after, buried with her, in a vault under St. Dunstan's, Canterbury.

In Queen Mary's reign there was again fighting on London Bridge. In the year 1554, when rash Sir Thomas Wyatt led his 4,000 Kentish men to London, to stop the impending Spanish marriage, the rebel found the drawbridge cut away, the gates of London Bridge barred, and guns planted ready to receive him. Wyatt and his men dug a trench at the bridge-foot, and laid two guns. The night before Wyatt retreated to Kingston, to cross the Thames there, seven of his arquebusiers fired at a boat from the Tower, and killed a waterman on board. The next morning, the Lieutenant of the Tower turning seven cannon on the steeples of St. Olave's and St. Mary Overie's, the people of Southwark begged Wyatt to withdraw, which he generously did.

In Elizabeth's reign the bridge was restored with great splendour. The City built a new gate and tower, three storeys high, at the Southwark end—a huge pile, full of square Tudor windows, with a covered way below. About the same time was also reared that wonder of London, Nonsuch House—a huge wooden pile, four storeys high, with cupolas and turrets at each corner, brought from Holland, and erected with wooden pegs instead of nails. It stood over the seventh and eighth arches, on the north side of the drawbridge. There were carved wooden galleries outside the long lines of transom-casements, and the panels between were richly carved and gilt. In the same reign, Peter Moris, a Dutchman, established water-works at the north end of London Bridge; and, long before this, corn-mills had been erected at the south end of the same overtaxed structure. The ghastly custom of displaying the heads of the victims of the scaffold continued for many years after, both here and at the Tower. In the next reign, after the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, the head of Father Garnet (the account of whose execution in St. Paul's Churchyard we gave in a previous chapter) was added to the horrible collection on the bridge.

In 1632 forty-two houses on the north side of the bridge were destroyed by a fire, occasioned by a careless servant setting a tub of hot ashes under a staircase; and the Great Fire of 1666 laid low several houses on the same side of the bridge.

There are several old proverbs about London Bridge still extant. Two of these—"If London Bridge had fewer eyes it would see better," and "London Bridge was made for wise men to go over and fools to go under"—point to the danger of the old passage past the starlings.

The old bridge had by the beginning of the eighteenth century become perilously ruinous. Pennant speaks of remembering the street as dark, narrow, and dangerous; the houses overhung the road in such a terrific manner as almost to shut out the daylight, and arches of timber crossed the street to keep the shaky old tenements from falling on each other. Indeed, Providence alone kept together the long-toppling, dilapidated structure, that was perilous above and dangerous below. "Nothing but use," says that agreeable and vivacious writer, Pennant, "could preserve the repose of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of the falling waters, the clamour of watermen, and the frequent shrieks of drowning wretches." Though many booksellers and other tradesmen affected the great thoroughfare between Kent, Surrey, and Middlesex, the bridge houses were, in the reign of George II., chiefly tenanted by pin and needle makers; and

economical ladies were accustomed to drive there from the west end of the town to make cheap purchases.

Although the roadway had been widened in the reigns of James II. and William, the double lines of rickety houses were not removed till 1757-60 (George II.). During their removal three pots of Elizabethan money were dug up among the ruins.

In 1758, a temporary wooden bridge, built over the Thames while repairs of the old bridge were going on, was destroyed by fire, it was supposed by some footman in passing dropping his link among the woodwork. Messrs. Taylor and Dance, the repairers, chopped the old bridge in two, and built a new centre arch; but the join became so insecure that few persons would venture over it. The celebrated Smeaton was called in, in 1761, and he advised the Corporation to buy back the stone of the old City gates, pulled down and sold the year before, to at once strengthen the shaky starlings. This was done, but proved a mere makeshift, and in 1768 the starlings again became loose, and an incessant wail of fresh complaints arose. The repairs were calculated at £2,500 yearly; and it was rather unfeelingly computed that fifty watermen, bargemen, or seamen, valued at £20,000, were annually drowned in passing the dangerous bridge. In 1823, the City, in sheer desperation, resolved on a new bridge, 100 feet westward of the old, and in 1824 Mr. Rennie began the work by removing 182 houses. The earlier bridges had been eastward, and facing St. Botolph's. During the excavations coins were discovered of Augustus, Vespasian, and later Roman emperors, besides many Nuremberg and tradesmen's tokens. There were also dredged up brass rings, buckles, iron keys, silver spoons, a gilt dagger, an iron spear-head, some carved stones, a bronze lamp, with a head of Bacchus, and a silver effigy of Harpocrates, the god of silence. This figure, having attached to it a large gold ring, and a chain of pure gold, is supposed to have been a priest's amulet, to be worn at religious ceremonies. The bridge cost £506,000. The first stone was laid in June, 1825, by the Right Honourable John Garratt, Lord Mayor, the Duke of York being present.

Among the celebrated persons who have resided on London Bridge there may be mentioned, among the most eminent, Hans Holbein, the great painter of Henry VIII.'s court; Peter Monamy, the marine painter, apprenticed to a sign-painter on the bridge—he died in 1749; Jack Laguerre, the humorist, singer, player, and scene-painter, son of the Laguerre satirised by Pope; and Crispin Tucker,



a waggish bookseller and author, who was intimate with Pope and Swift, and who lived under the southern gate, in a rickety bow-windowed shop, where Hogarth, when young, and engraving for old John Bowles, of the Black Horse, Cornhill, had once resided. This Bowles was the generous man who used to buy Hogarth's plates by weight, and who once offered an artist, who was going abroad on a sketching tour, clean sheets of copper for all the engravings he chose to send over.

The second edition of that curious anecdotic old book, "Cocker's Dictionary," the compilation of the celebrated penman and arithmetician, whose name has grown into a proverb, was "printed for T. Norris, at the Looking-Glass on London Bridge; C. Brown, at the Crown in Newgate Street, and A. Bettesworth, at the Red Lyon in Pater-noster-row. 1715."

One anecdote of the old bridge must not be forgotten. Mr. Baldwin, haberdasher, living in the house over the chapel, was ordered, when an old man of seventy-one, to go to Chislehurst for change of air. But the invalid found he could not sleep in the country for want of the accustomed sound of the roar and rush of the tide under the old ruinous arches. In 1798 the chapel was a paper warehouse. Within legal memory, says the *Morning Advertiser* of that date, "service has been performed there every Sabbath and saint's-day."

The English Jews still have a very curious tradition which associates London Bridge with the story of the expulsion from England of their persecuted forefathers in the reign of Edward I. Though few Jews have probably ever read Holinshed, the legend is there to be found, and runs thus:—"A sort of the richest of them," says Holinshed, "being shipped with their treasure in a mighty tall ship, which they had hired, when the same was under sail and got down the Thames, towards the mouth of the river, near Queenborough, the master-mariner bethought him of a wile, and caused his men to cast anchor, and so rode at the same, till the ship, by ebbing of the stream,

remained on the dry sands. The master herewith enticed the Jews to walk out with him on land for recreation; and at length, when he understood the tide to be coming in, he got him back to the ship, whither he was drawn up by a cord.

"The Jews made not so much haste as he did, because they were not aware of the danger; but when they perceived how the matter stood, they cried to him for help, howbeit he told them that they ought to cry rather unto Moses, by whose conduct their fathers passed through the Red Sea, and therefore, if they would call to him for help, he was able enough to help them out of those raging floods, which now came in upon them. They cried, indeed, but no succour appeared, and so they were swallowed up in the water. The

master returned with the ship, and told the king how he had used the matter, and had both thanks and reward, as some have written; but others affirm (and more truly, as should seem) that divers of those mariners, which dealt so wickedly against the Jews, were hanged for their wicked practice, and so received a just reward of their fraudulent and mischievous dealing."



HEADS ON OLD LONDON BRIDGE

That this story of Holinshed is true there seems little doubt, as the modern English Jews have preserved it by tradition, but with an altered locality. Mr. Margolouth, an Anglo-Jewish writer, says:—"The spot in the river Thames, where many of the poor exiles were drowned by the perfidy of a master-mariner, is under the influence of ceaseless rage and however calm and serene the river is elsewhere, that place is furiously boisterous. It is, moreover, affirmed that this relentless agitation is situated under London Bridge. There are, even at the present day, some old-fashioned Hebrew families who implicitly credit the outrageous fury of the Thames. A small boat is now and then observed by a Hebrew observer, filled with young and old credulous Jews, steering towards the supposed spot, in order to see and hear the noisy sympathy of the waters. There are many traditions on the subject."

An average day of four-and-twenty hours will



witness (it was computed some years ago) more than 168,000 persons passing across the present bridge from either side—107,000 on foot, and 61,000 in vehicles. These vehicles, during the same average day of twenty-four hours, number 20,498, including fifty-four horses that are led or ridden.

Every day since then has increased the vast

and tumultuous procession of human beings that momentarily pass in and out of London. In what congestion of all traffic this will end, or how soon that congestion will come to pass, it is quite impossible to say; while by what efforts of engineering genius London will eventually be rendered travelable, we are equally ignorant.

### CHAPTER III.

#### UPPER THAMES STREET.

Noblemen's Mansions in Thames Street—Clarence's House—Queen's Pin Money—The old Legend of Queen Eleanor—The "Three Cranes" in the Vintry—Cromwell's Widow—Chaucer's Patron—Vintners' Hall—Old Wines—Wine Patentees—The Vintners' Swans—The Duke of Buckingham's House on College Hill—Dryden's Zimri—George Villiers—The Mercers' School, College Hill—St. Michael's Church—Cleveland the Poet.

AMONG the great mansions and noblemen's palaces that once abounded in this narrow river-side street, we must first of all touch at Cold Harbour, the residence of many great merchants and princes of old time. It is first mentioned, as Stow tells us, in the 13th of Edward II., when Sir John Abel, Knight, let it to Henry Stow, a draper. It was then called Cold Harbrough, in the parish of All Saints ad Fœnum (All Hallows in the Hay), so named from an adjoining hay-wharf. Bequeathed to the Bigots, it was sold by them, in the reign of Edward III., to the well-known London merchant, Sir John Poultney, Draper, four times Mayor of London, and was then called Poultney's Inn. Sir John gave or let it to Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, for one rose at Midsummer, to be given to him and his heirs for all services. In 1397 Richard II. dined there, with his half-brother John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, who then lodged in Poultney's Inn, still accounted, as Stow says, "a right fair and stately house." The next year, Edmund, Earl of Cambridge, lodged in it. It still retained its old name in 1410, when Henry IV. granted the house to Prince Hal for the term of his life, starting the young reveller fairly by giving him a generous order on the collector of the customs for twenty casks and one pipe of red Gascony wine, free of duty. In 1472 the river-side mansion belonged to Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter. This duke was the unfortunate Lancastrian (great-grandson of John of Ghent) who, being severely wounded in the battle of Barnet, was conveyed by one of his faithful servants to the Sanctuary at Westminster. He remained in the custody of Edward IV., with the weekly dole of half a mark. The duke hoped to have obtained a pardon from the York party through the influence of his wife, Ann, who was the king's eldest sister. But

flight and suffering had made both factions remorseless. This faithless wife obtaining a divorce, married Sir Thomas St. Leger; and not long after, the duke's dead body was found floating in the sea between Dover and Calais. He had either been murdered or drowned in trying to escape from England. Thus the Duke of Exeter's Inn suffered from the victory of Edward, as his neighbour's, the great Earl of Worcester's had paid the penalties of Henry's temporary restoration in 1470. Richard III., grateful to the Heralds for standing up for his strong-handed usurpation, gave Cold Harbour to the Heralds, who, however, were afterwards turned out by Cuthbert Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, whom Henry VIII. had forced out of Durham House in the Strand. In the reign of Edward VI., just before the death of that boy of promise, the ambitious Earl of Northumberland, wishing to win the chief nobles to his side, gave Cold Harbour to Francis, the fifth Earl of Shrewsbury, and its name was then changed to Shrewsbury House (1553), six days before the young king's death. The next earl (guardian for fifteen years of Mary Queen of Scots) took the house down, and built in its place a number of small tenements, and it then became the haunt of poverty, as we see by the following extracts from old writers:—

"Or thence thy starved brother live and die,  
Within the Cold Coal-harbour sanctuary."

*Bishop Hall's "Satires,"* b. v., s. 1.

"*Morose.* Your knighthood itself shall come on its knees, and it shall be rejected; . . . or it (knighthood) shall do worse—take sanctuary in Cole-Harbour, and fast."—*Ben Jonson, "The Silent Woman,"* act ii., sc. 1.

"*Old Harding.* And though the beggar's brat—his wife, I mean—

Should, for the want of lodging, sleep on stalls,  
Or lodge in stocks or cages, would your charities  
Take her to better harbour?

"*John*. Unless to Cold Harbour, where, of twenty chimneys standing, you shall scarce, in a whole winter, see two smoking. We harbour her? Bridewell shall first."—*Heywood and Rowley*, "*Fortune by Land and Sea*," 4to, 1655.

On the east side of Dowgate, near the church of St. Mary Bothaw, formerly stood a celebrated old house frequently mentioned by Stow and the old chroniclers, and called, we know not why, the Erber. Edward III. is known to have given it to one of the Scropes. The last Scrope, in the reign of Henry IV., gave it to his brother, Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, who married Joan, daughter of the Duke of Lancaster. This earl was the son

Clarence obtained, after the battle of Barnet, a grant of the house in right of his wife, Isabel, daughter of Warwick. After Clarence's murder in the Tower, his younger brother, Richard of Gloucester—the Crookback and monster usurper of Shakespeare—occupied the Thames Street house, repaired it, and called it "the King's Palace." Ralph Darnel, a yeoman of the Crown, kept the building for King Richard till that hot day at Bosworth Field rendered such matters indifferent to him, and Henry VII. then gave it back to Edward, son of the Duke of Clarence, who kept it till his attainder in 1500. It was rebuilt in 1584



NONSUCH HOUSE (See *page 15*)

of John, Lord Neville of Raby, the knightly companion of Edward III., and who had shared with his chivalrous monarch the glory won in France. From the earl it descended to the king-making Earl of Warwick, that great warrior, who looms like a giant through the red battle-fields of the Wars of the Roses, and who lodged his father, the Earl of Salisbury, and 500 men here in the congress of 1458, when there was a pretended reconciliation of the Houses of York and Lancaster, to be followed in two years by the battle of Northampton and the deposition of the weak king. The great earl himself lived in Warwick Lane, Newgate Street. After the death of this maker and unmaker of kings, the house passed to the "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," who had fought on both sides, and, luckily for himself, at last on the victorious side.

by Sir Thomas Pullison (a Draper, ancestor of the Stanleys), Lord Mayor of London, and was afterwards honoured by being the residence of that great sea-king, Sir Francis Drake, who must have found it convenient for dropping down to Greenwich.

Mr Jesse, in writing of the Neville family, dwells with much pathos on the fate of the family that once held the Erber. "When the granddaughter of John of Gaunt," he says, "sat in her domestic circle, watching complacently the childish sports and listening to the joyous laughter of her young progeny, how little could she have anticipated the strange fate which awaited them! Her husband perished on the bloody field of Wakefield; her first-born, afterwards Edward IV., followed in the ambitious footsteps of his father, and waded through bloodshed to a throne; her second son, Edmund,

Earl of Rutland, perished at the battle of Wakefield; her third son, 'false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,' died in the dungeons of the Tower; and her youngest son, Richard, succeeded to a throne and a bloody death. The career of her daughters was also remarkable. Ann, her eldest daughter, married Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter, whose splendid fortunes and mysterious fate are so well known. Elizabeth, the second daughter, became the wife of John de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, and lived to see

Holy Trinity within Aldgate. King John is said to have given it to his mother, Eleanor, queen of Henry II. If two vessels came up the river together, one had to discharge at Billingsgate and one at Queenhithe; if three, two went to Queenhithe and one to Billingsgate. These tolls were, in fact, the Queen of England's pin-money. Vessels which brought corn from the Cinque Ports usually discharged their cargoes here. At the end of the fifteenth century, however, Fabian says the harbour



THE "THREE CRANES," THAMES STREET. (See page 20.)

her son, the second duke, decapitated on Tower Hill for his attachment to the House of York. Lastly, her third daughter, Margaret, married Charles, Duke of Burgundy. This lady's persevering hostility to Henry VII., and open support of the claims of Perkin Warbeck, believing him to be the last male heir of the House of Plantagenet, have rendered her name conspicuous in history."

Queenhithe—or Queenhive, as it was corruptly called by the Elizabethan dramatists—was originally, according to Stow, called "Edred's Hythe," or bank, from some Saxon owner of that part of Thames Street. It was royal property as early as the reign of King Stephen, who bestowed it upon William de Ypres, who left it to the convent of the

dues at Queenhithe were worth only £15 a year. A century later (Stow's time) it was quite forsaken. In the curious old ballad quoted with such *naïveté* in Peele's chronicle-play of Edward I., Queen Eleanor (Eleanor of Castile, wife of Edward I.), having taken a false oath, sinks into the ground at Charing Cross and rises again at Queenhithe. The ballad-writer makes her say:—

"If that upon so vile a thing  
Her heart did ever think,  
She wished the ground might open wide,  
And therein she might sink.

"With that at Charing Cross she sunk  
Into the ground alive,  
And after rose to life again.  
In London at Queenhithe."

It was at Queenhithe that the rash Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth, took boat after the affray in the City, when he was beginning to be hemmed in, and he rowed back from here to Essex House in the Strand, where he was soon after besieged. He might as well, poor fellow! have pulled straight to the Tower, and ordered the block to be got ready.

St. Nicholas Olave's stood on the west side of Bread Street Hill, in the ward of Queenhithe. That it is of great antiquity is evident from Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, having given the same to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's about the year 1172; and its name is supposed to be derived from Olave, or Olaus, King of Norway. The church sharing the common fate in the flames of 1666, was not rebuilt, and the parish was annexed to the church, of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey. The following epitaph relating to Blitheman, organist of the Queen's Chapel, and buried in St. Nicholas, has been preserved:—

"Here Blitheman lies, a worthy wight,  
Who feared God above;  
A friend to all, a foe to none,  
Whom rich and poore did love.  
Of Prince's Chapel, gentleman,  
Unto his dying day,  
Whom all tooke great delight to heare  
Him on the organs play;  
Whose passing skill in musicke's art  
A scholar left behind,  
*John Bull* (by name), his master's veine  
Expressing in each kind.  
But nothing here continues long,  
Nor resting-place can have:  
His soul departed hence to heaven,  
His body here in grave.

"He died on Whitsunday, Anno Domini 1591."

The "Three Cranes" was formerly a favourite London sign. Instead of the three cranes which in the Vintry used to lift the barrels of wine, three birds were represented. The "Three Cranes" in Thames Street was a famous tavern as early as the reign of James I. It was one of the taverns frequented by the wits in Ben Jonson's time. In one of his plays he says:—

"A pox o' these pretenders to wit! your 'Three Cranes,' 'Mitre,' and 'Mermaid' men! Not a corn of true salt, not a grain of right mustard amongst them all."—*Bartholomew Fair*, act 1, sc. 1.

And in another of his plays we have:—

"*Iniquity*. Nay, boy, I will bring thee to the sluts and the roysters,  
At Billingsgate, feasting with claret-wine and oysters;  
From thence shoot the bridge, child, to the 'Cranes,' in the Vintry,  
And see there the gimblets how they make their entry."  
*Ben Jonson*, "*The Devil is an Ass*," act i., sc. 1.

On the 23rd of January, 1661–2, Pepys suffered

a bitter mortification of the flesh in having to dine at this tavern with some poor relations. The sufferings of the snobbish secretary must have been intense:—"By invitacion to my uncle Fenner's, where I found his new wife, a *pitiful, old, ugly, ill-bred woman* in a hatt, a midwife. Here were many of his, and as many of her relations, *sorry, mean people*; and after choosing our gloves we all went over to the 'Three Crane' Taverne, and (though the best room of the house), in such a narrow dog-hole we were crammed (and I believe we were near forty), that it made me loath my company and victuals, and a sorry poor dinner it was too."

The *Mercurius Politicus* of May 14th, 1660, says: "Information was given to the Council of State that several of His Majesty's goods were kept at a fruiterer's warehouse near the 'Three Cranes,' in Thames Street, for the use of Mistress Elizabeth Cromwell, wife to Oliver Cromwell, sometime called Protector; and the Council ordered that persons be appointed to view them, and seventeen cart-loads of rich house stuff was taken from thence and brought to Whitehall, from whence they were stolen."

"New Queen Street," says Strype, "commonly called the 'Three Cranes,' in the Vintry, a good open street, especially that part next Cheapside, which is best built and inhabited. . . . At the low end of the street, next the Thames, is a pair of stairs, the usual place for the Lord Mayor and aldermen to take water at, to go to Westminster Hall, for the new Lord Mayor to be sworn before the Barons of the Exchequer. This place, with the 'Three Cranes,' is now of some account for the roster-mongers, where they have their warehouses for their fruit."

The church of St. Martin in the Vintry was sometimes, according to Stow, called by the name of St. Martin de Beremand. This church, destroyed in the Great Fire, was not rebuilt. A curious epitaph in it related to Robert Dalusse, barber in the reign of Edward IV.:—

"As flowers in the field thus passeth life,  
Naked, then clothed, feeble in the end;  
It sheweth by Robert Dalusse, and Alison, his wife,  
Christ them save from power of the Fiend."

A little to the west of Vintner's Hall once stood a most celebrated house, in Lower Thames Street, the residence of that learned nobleman, John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, and Lord High Treasurer of England (Edward IV.), but more distinguished to later generations as the generous patron of Caxton, our first great printer.

In the dedication of his "*Cicero*," Caxton says of the earl: "I mean the right virtuous and noble

earl, the Earl of Worcester, which late piteously lost his life, whose soul I recommend unto your special prayers; and also in his time made many other virtuous works, which I have heard of. O good blessed Lord God, what great loss was it of that noble, virtuous, and well-disposed lord! when I remember and advertise his life, his science, and his virtue, me thinketh God displeased over the great loss of such a man, considering his estate and cunning; and also the exercise of the same, with the great labours of going on pilgrimage unto Jerusalem; visiting there the holy places that our blessed Lord Jesu Christ hallowed with his blessed presence; and shedding there his precious blood for our redemption, and from thence ascended unto his Father in heaven; and what worship had he at Rome in the presence of our Holy Father the Pope. And so in all other places unto his death, at which death every man that was there might learn to die and take his death patiently, wherein I hope, and doubt not, but that God received his soul into his everlasting bliss."

"The Earl of Worcester, while he resided in Italy, was a great collector of books. 'The Earl of Worcester,' says Laurentius Carbo, 'captivated by the charms of the Muses, hath remained three years in Italy, and now resides at Padua, for the sake of study, and detained by the civilities of the Venetians, who, being exceedingly fond of books, hath plundered, if I may so speak, our Italian libraries to enrich England.' After his return home the earl made a present of books to the University Library of Oxford, which had cost him 500 marks—a great sum in those times," &c. But this prosperity was not of long duration. A new revolution took place. Edward IV. was obliged to abandon his kingdom with great precipitation to save his life. The Earl of Worcester was not so fortunate as to escape; but, after he had concealed himself a few days, he was discovered on a high tree in the forest of Waybrig, conducted to London, condemned at Westminster, and beheaded on Tower Hill, October 15, 1470. He was accused of cruelty in the government of Ireland; but his greatest crime, and that for which he suffered, was his steady loyalty to his rightful sovereign and generous benefactor, Edward IV. "The axe," says Fuller, in his usually pithy way, "then did, at one blow, cut off more learning than was in the heads of all the surviving nobility." While the earl resided at Padua, which was about three years, during the heat of the civil wars in England, he visited Rome, and delivered an oration before Pope Pius II. (*Æneas Silvius*) and his cardinals, which drew tears of joy from His Holiness, and made him say aloud,

"Behold the only prince of our times who, for virtue and eloquence, may be compared to the most excellent emperors of Greece and Rome;" and yet so barbarous was the age, that this same learned man impaled forty Lancastrian prisoners at Southampton, put to death the infant children of the Irish chief Desmond, and acquired the nickname of "the Butcher of England."

Vintners' Hall—one of the most interesting buildings now existing in Thames Street, once so much inhabited by the rich and noble—stands on the river-side not far from Queenhithe.

According to worthy Stow, the Vintry, up till the 28th of Edward I., was the special spot where the Bordeaux merchants unloaded their lighters and sold their wines. Sir John Stodie, Vintner, gave the ground, in 1357 (Edward III.), to the Vintners, with all the neighbouring tenements, and there the Vintners built a fair hall, and thirteen almshouses for thirteen poor people.

The contentions between the citizens of London and the Gascon wine merchants, in the reign of Edward I., it has been remarked, would lead us to infer that the Vintners had long before that time acted as a fraternity, though not formally incorporated till the reign of Henry VI. Edward I. granted them Botolph Wharf, near Billingsgate, in the mayoralty of Henry de Valois, on their paying a silver penny annually at the feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist. Towards the French wars they contributed £23 6s. 8d., a greater sum than that given by the majority of the companies; and in 50 Edward III. they sent six members to the Common Council, which showed their wealth and importance.

The Saxons seem to have had vineyards. In the Norman times there was a vineyard in the Tower precincts. It is supposed this uncomfortable home-made wine was discarded when Gascony fell into our hands. Some writers who disbelieve in English wines declare that the Saxons used the English word "vineyard" for "orchard," and that wine was, after all, cider. Certain, however, it is that at Bath and other old towns there are old streets still called the Vineyard. The traffic in Bordeaux wines is said to have commenced about 1154, when Henry II. married Eleanor of Aquitaine.

"The Normans," says Herbert, "were the great carriers, and Guienne the place from whence most of our wines came." The wines enumerated are Muscadell, a rich wine; Malmsey, Rhenish; Dale wine, a sort of Rhenish; Stum, strong new wine; Gascony wine; Alicant, a Spanish wine, made of mulberries; Canary wine, or sweet Sack (the grape of which was brought from the Canaries); Sherry,

the original sack, not sweet; Rumney, a sort of Spanish wine. Sack was a term loosely applied at first to all white wines. It was probably those species of wines that Fitzstephen, in the reign of Henry II., mentions to have been sold in the ships, and in wine-cellars near the public places of cookery on the Thames' bank.

There were four Vintner mayors in the reign of Edward III., and yet, says Stow, gravely, "Gascoyne wines were then sold at London not above 4d., nor Rhenish wine above 6d. the gallon." In this reign John Peeche, a fishmonger, was imprisoned and fined for having obtained a monopoly for the sale of sweet wines; and in the 6th of Henry VI., John Rainewell, Mayor of London, finding that the Lombard wine merchants adulterated their sweet wines, he, in his wrath, ordered 150 vessels to be staved in, "so that the liquor, running forth, passed through the cittie like a stream of rain-water in the sight of all the people, from whence there issued a most loathsome savour."

In 2 Henry VI. there was a petition to Parliament praying that the wine-casks from Gascony—tonnes, pipes and hogsheads—should be of full and true measure; and in 10 Henry VI. there was another petition against the adulteration of Gascon and Guienne wines, in which the writer says, "wines that formerly had been fine and fair were drinking for four or five lives."

The charter confirmed by Henry VI. forbids any but such as are enfranchised by the craft of Vintners to trade in wines from Gascony; and Gascoigners were forbidden to sell wine except in the tun or pipe. The right of search in taverns and the regulation of prices was given to four members of the Company, annually chosen. It also permitted merchant Vintners to buy cloth, and the merchants of Gascoigne to purchase dried fish in Cornwall and Devon, also herrings and cloth, in what other parts of the kingdom they please. All wines coming to London were to be unloaded above London Bridge, at the Vintry, so that the king's bottlers and gaugers might there take custom.

Charles I., always arbitrary and greedy, seems to have extorted 40s. a tun from the Vintners, and in return prohibited the wine coopers from exporting wines. Licences for retailing wine were at this time granted by the Vintners' Company for the king's benefit. He also forbade the sale of wines in bottles instead of measures.

The Vintners have six charters—Edward III., Henry VI. (two), Mary, Elizabeth, and their acting charter, 9 James I. The Vintners' arms, granted by Henry VI., are sable, a chevron cetu, three tuns argent, with a Bacchus and loving-cup for the crest.

Patents received their death-blow from the Parliament in 1641, when two patentees, Alderman Abell and Richard Kilvert, were severely fined for having obtained from Charles I. an exclusive patent for wine. The *Perfect Diurnall* of 5th February, 1641, thus notices the transaction:—"A bill was brought into the House of Commons concerning the wine business, by which it appeared that Alderman Abell and Mr. Kilvert had in their hands, which they deceived the King of, £57,000 upon the wine licence; the Vintners of London, £66,000; the wine merchants of Bristol, £1,051; all of which moneys were ordered to be immediately raised on their lands and estates, and to be employed to the public use."

A very scarce and satirical contemporaneous tract on the subject (says Herbert) gives, in a supposed dialogue between the two parties, a ludicrous exposure of this business of patent hunting. Abell and Kilvert, who in the tract are called "the two maine projectors for wine," accidentally meet, and the latter claiming acquaintance with the alderman, as one at whose house he had often been a guest, "when he kept the 'Ship' tavern behind Old Fish Street," Abell answers that he did indeed get a good estate there by retailing wines, but chiefly through finding hidden treasure in digging a vault near his cellar, or, as he terms it, "the cardinal's cellar," and without which, he adds, "I had never came to wear this gold chaine, with my thumbes under my girdle." Kilvert's proposal contains a fine piece of satire on the mode in which such patents were first obtained:—

"*Kilv.* Marry, thus: We must first pretend, both in the merchant and vintner, some gross abuses, and these no meane ones either. And that the merchant shall pay to the king forty shillings for every tun ere he shall vent it to the vintner; in lieu of which, that the vintner may be no looser, he shall rayse the price also of his wines—upon all French wines a penny in the quart, upon all Spanish wines two-pence the quart: it is no matter how the subject suffers, so we get and gaine by it. Now to cover thus our craft (I will not say coinage), because all things of the like nature carry a pretence for the king's profit, so we will allow him a competent proportion of forty thousand pounds per annum; when, the power of the patent being punctually executed, will yield double at least, if not treble that sume, and returne it into the coffers of the undertakers.

"*Abell.* Mr. Kilvert, I honour thee before all the feasts in our hall. Nay, we are free Vintners and brothers of the guild, and are for the most part true Trojans, and know where to find the best butts of wine in the cellar, and will pierce them for thee; it shall be pure wine from the grape, not mixt and compounded, but real and briak. You thinke there are no brewers but such as brew ale and beere; I tell you we do brew and cunger in our sellers, as much as any brewer of their ale. Yea, and without fire too; but so much for that. Methinkes I see myselfe in Cheapside, upon an horse richly caparisoned, and my two shrieves to attend me; and



methinks thee in thy caroch, drawn by four horses, when I shall call to thee and say, 'Friend Kilvert, give me thy hand.'

"*Kilv.* To which I shall answer, 'God bless your honour, my good Lord Maior!'"

The song we annex occurs at the end of the only printed pageant of the Vintners, and was sung in the hall. No subsequent City pageant was ever publicly performed since; that written for 1708 was not exhibited, owing to the death of Prince George of Denmark the day before. For that pageant no songs were written, so that this is the *last* song of the *last* City poet at the *last* City pageant, and a better specimen than usual of his powers:—

"Come, come, let us drink the Vintners' good health;  
'Tis the cask, not the coffer, that holds the true wealth;  
If to founders of blessings we pyramids raise,  
The bowl, next the sceptre, deserves the best praise.  
Then, next to the Queen, let the Vintners' fame shine;  
She gives us good laws, and they fill us good wine.

"Columbus and Cortez their sails they unfurl'd,  
To discover the mines of an Indian world,  
To find beds of gold so far they could roam;  
Fools! fools! when the wealth of the world lay at home.  
The grape, the true treasure, much nearer it grew:  
One Isle of Canary's worth all the Peru.

"Let misers in garrets lay up their gay store,  
And keep their rich hags to live wretchedly poor;  
'Tis the cellar alone with true fame is renown'd:  
Her treasure's diffusive, and cheers all around.  
The gold and the gem's but the eye's gaudy toy,  
But the Vintners' rich juice gives health, life, and joy."

Many of the documents of the Company kept at the first hall are supposed to have been lost in the Fire of London; this is said to be the reason why some of the almshouse and other donations cannot be satisfactorily accounted for.

The New View of London (1708) describes Vintners' Hall as "situated on the south side of Thames Street, near Queen Street," and as "well built of brick, and large and commodious. The room," it adds, "called the Hall is paved with marble, and the walls richly wainscoted with right wainscot, enriched with fruit, leaves, &c., finely carved, as is more especially the noble screen at the east end, where the aperture into the Hall is adorned with columns, their entablature and pitched pediment; and on acrosters are placed the figures of Bacchus between several Fames, and these between two panthers; and there are other carved figures, as St. Martin, their patron, and the cripple, and pilasters; there are also other embellishments of several coats of arms, &c."

Two of the London Companies—the Dyers' and the Vintners' Companies—are, with the Crown, the principal owners of swans in the Thames. These two companies have long enjoyed the privilege of

keeping swans on the river, from the Metropolis to a considerable distance above Windsor. "The swans in the Thames," says Mr. Kempe, "are much less numerous than they used to be. In August, 1841, the following number of old and young swans belonged to Her Majesty and the two civic companies:—

	Old Swans.	Cygnets.	Total.
The Queen .....	185	47	232
The Vintners' Company.....	79	21	100
The Dyers' Company.....	91	14	105
	355	82	437

At one period, however, the Vintners' Company alone possessed 500 birds.

"On the first Monday in August in every year, the swan-markers of the Crown and the two City companies go up the Thames for the purpose of inspecting and taking an account of the swans belonging to their respective employers, and marking the young birds. They proceed to the different parts of the river frequented by the swans for breeding, and other places where these birds are kept. They pay half-a-crown for each young bird, to the fishermen who have made nests for the old birds, and two shillings per week to any person who during the winter has taken care of the swans by sheltering them in ponds, or otherwise protecting them from the severity of the weather. When, as it sometimes happens, the cob bird (male) of one owner mates with a pen bird (female) belonging to another, the brood are divided between the owners of the parent birds, the odd cygnet (except in Buckinghamshire) being allotted to the owner of the cob.

"The *marks* are made upon the upper mandible with a knife or other sharp instrument. The forms and devices greatly differ. Thus, the swan-mark of Eton College, which has the privilege of keeping swans on the Thames, is the armed point and feathered end of an arrow, and is represented by nail-heads on the door of one of the inner rooms of the college. The Dyers' and Vintners' marks date from the reign of Elizabeth, and anciently consisted of circles or amulets on the beak; but the cutting of these being considered to inflict more severe pain on the birds than straight lines, the rings are now omitted, and the lines are doubled. The two nicks are probably intended for two half-lozenges, or a demi-lozengsee on each side. The V is perhaps a chevron reversed, the arms of the Company being sable, a chevron between three tuns argent; for the true chevron could scarcely be cut on the beak of the bird without each lateral branch crossing its elongated and tender nostril; and this, from a

feeling of humanity, the marker would be disposed to avoid. That many of these swan-marks, besides being heraldic, have the adaptation of the initial letter of the word 'Vintner,' and form also the Roman numeral V, is supported by a custom at the feasts of the Vintners' Company, where one of the regular stand-up toasts of the day is, 'The Worshipful Company of Vintners with Five.' The royal swan-mark has been unchanged since the commencement of the reign of George III."

On College Hill, while intriguing with the City,

"In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;  
A man so various that he seemed to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;  
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,  
Was everything by starts and nothing long;  
But, in the course of one revolving moon,  
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;  
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,  
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.  
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,  
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!  
Railing and praising were his usual themes,  
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes



COLD HARBOUR (See page 17)

lived Dryden's "Zimri," the second Duke of Buckingham. In a pasquinade, preserved in the State Poems, entitled the "D of B's (Duke of Buckingham's) Litany," occur the following lines —

"From damning whatever we don't understand,  
From purchasing at *Dowgate* and selling in the Strand,  
From calling streets by our name when we've sold the land,  
Libera nos, Domine

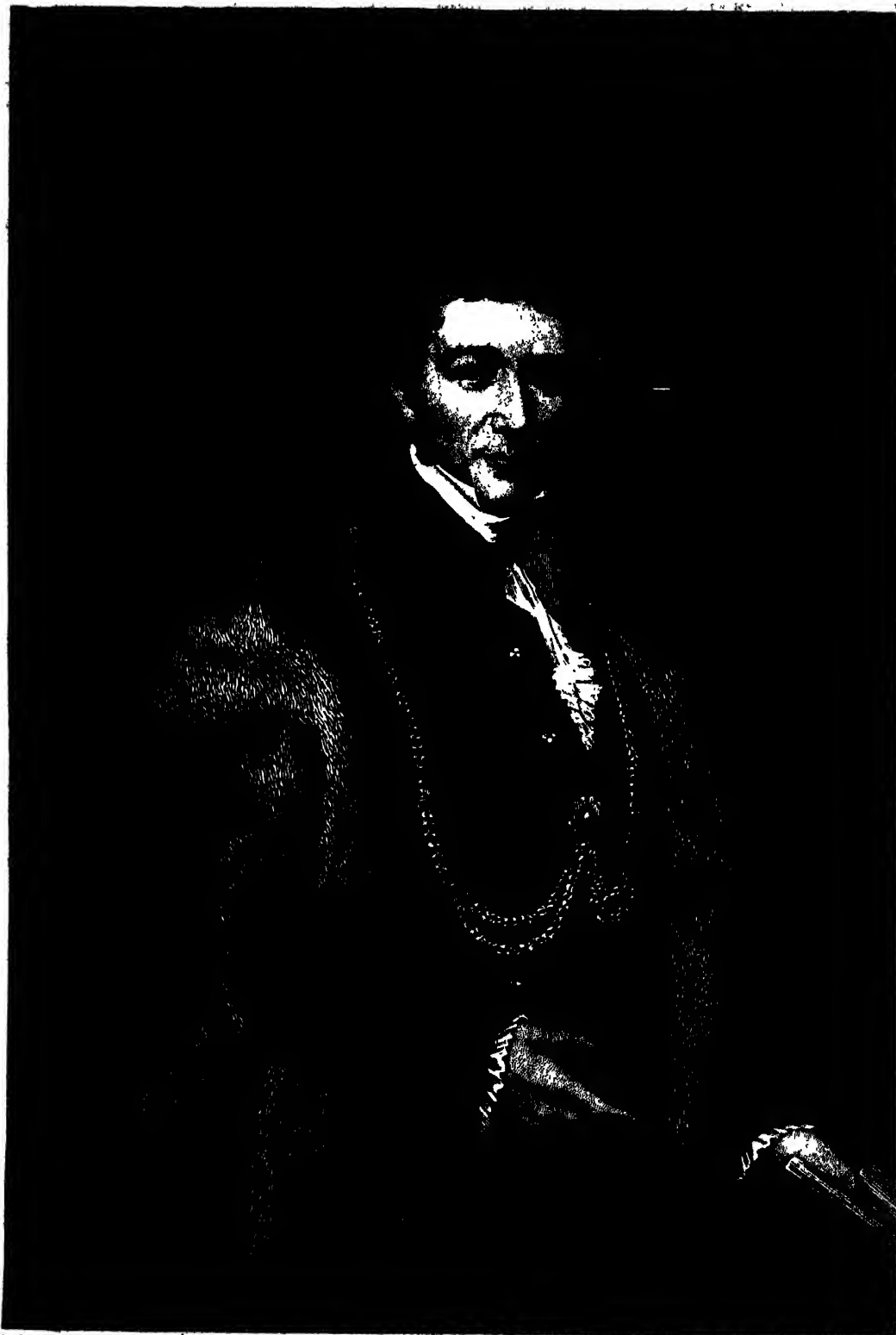
"From borrowing our own house to feast scholars ill,  
And then be un-chancellor'd against our will,  
Nought left of a College but *College Hill*,  
Libera nos," &c.

Nor would our readers ever pardon us if we omitted Dryden's immortal portrait of the mercurial duke:—

So over-violent, or over-civil,  
That every man with him was God or devil.  
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art,  
Nothing went unrewarded but desert  
Beggard by fools, whom still he found too late,  
He had his jest, and they had his estate.  
He laughed himself from court; then sought relief  
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;  
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell  
On Absalom and wise Achitophel."

Lord Clarendon, in his own biography, indeed, informs us that "the duke had many lodgings in several quarters of the City; and though his Majesty had frequent intelligence where he was, yet when the serjeant-at-arms, and others, employed for his apprehension, came where he was known to have





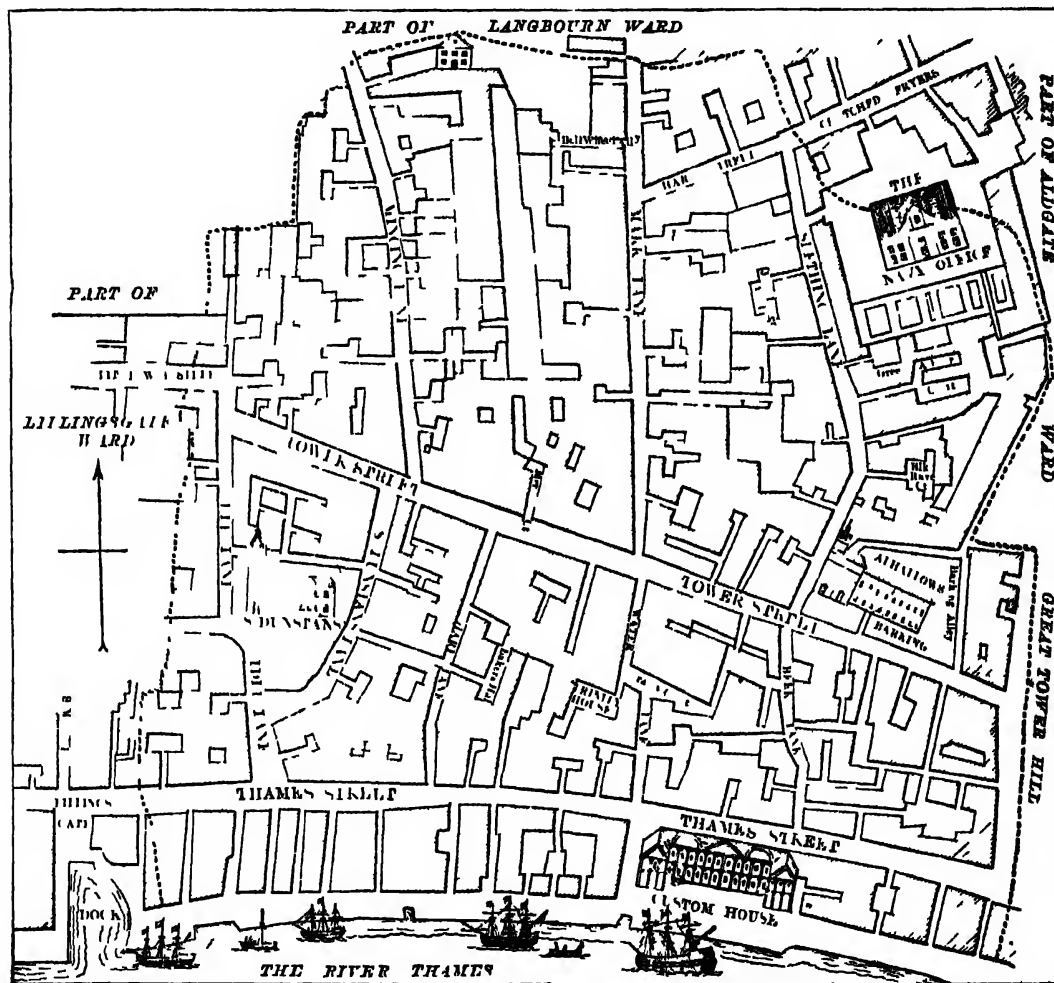
CASSELL'S OLD & NEW LONDON PLATE II

SIR PETER LAURIE (From the Portrait in the Guildhall Collection)

been but an hour before, he was gone from hence, or so concealed that he could not be found."

"Dryden's inimitable description," says Sir Walter Scott, who has himself nobly sketched the "Zimri" of the poet, "refers, as is well known, to the famous George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, son of the favourite of Charles I., who was murdered by

famous administration called the Cabal, which first led Charles into unpopular and arbitrary measures, and laid the foundation for the troubles of his future reign. Buckingham changed sides about 1675, and becoming attached to the country party, made a most active figure in all proceedings which had relation to the Popish plot; intrigued deeply



TOWER STREET WARD (From a Map made for Stow's Survey)

Felton. The Restoration put into the hands of the most lively, mercurial, ambitious, and licentious genius who ever lived, an estate of twenty thousand a year, to be squandered in every wild scheme which the lust of power, of pleasure, of licence, or of whim, could dictate to an unrestrained imagination. Being refused the situation of president of the North, he was suspected of having favoured the disaffected in that part of England, and was disgraced accordingly. But in 1666 he regained the favour of the king, and became a member of the

with Shaftesbury, and distinguished himself as a promoter of the Bill of Exclusion. Hence he stood an eminent mark for Dryden's satire, which, we may believe, was not the less poignant that the poet had sustained a personal affront, from being depicted by his grace under the character of Bayes in the *Rehearsal*. As Dryden owed the duke no favour, he has shown him none; yet, even here, the ridiculous rather than the infamous part of his character is touched upon; and the unprincipled libertine, who slew the Earl of Shrewsbury while

his adulterous countess held his horse in the disguise of a page, and who boasted of caressing her before he changed the bloody clothes in which he had murdered her husband, is not exposed to hatred, while the spendthrift and castle-builder are held up to contempt."

The death of this butterfly Pope has drawn with terrible force :—

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,  
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung;  
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,  
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw;  
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,  
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,  
Great Villiers lies! alas, how changed from him!  
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim;  
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,  
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;  
Or just as gay at council, in a ring  
Of mimic'd statesmen, and a merry king;  
No wit to flatter left of all his store,  
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more;  
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,  
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends."

It must, however, be allowed that the poet's shadows are too dark, for the duke died in the house of a respectable tenant in Yorkshire, from a fever caught out hunting.

The Mercers' School, College Hill, is one of the four ancient schools of London, of which number the Mercers' Company have the proud privilege of having given their generous patronage to two. It stood originally in the Old Jewry (west side), and formed part of a cemetery for strangers and a house of the Knights Hospitalers, founded during the reign of Henry II. by Thomas Fitz-Theobald de Helles, who married Agnes, a sister of the so-called martyr Thomas à Becket. The school was held in a chapel of St. Thomas of Acon (Acre). It was classed among the four City schools which received the sanction of Parliament in 1447 (Henry VI.), when "four grave clergymen and parsons" of City parishes, seeing the gross ignorance prevalent in London since Henry V. had seized many of the alien priories and religious houses in England, and so reduced the number of schools, humbly petitioned that they might be allowed to play a part in the advancement of learning. These worthy men were at once allowed to set up schools of their own founding in their respective parishes—*i.e.*, Great Allhallows, St. Andrew's, Holborn, St. Peter's, Cornhill, and St. Mary Colechurch (St. Thomas Acons). When Henry VIII. laid his eager hands on the Abbot of St. Nicholas' princely revenues, and sold the hospital to the Mercers' Company, he expressly stipulated that the school, chapel, and cemetery should be retained. After

the Great Fire, in the Act for rebuilding the City (1676), it was expressly provided that there should be a plot of ground set apart on the west side of Old Jewry for Mercers' Chapel Grammar School. In 1787 the school was removed to No. 13, Budge Row, about thirty yards from Dowgate Hill. On the death of Mr. Waterhouse, the master, in 1804, the school was suspended for a time, and then removed to No. 20, Red Lion Court, Watling Street. There it remained till 1808, when it was removed to its present situation on College Hill. Up to 1804 it had been a free school with twenty-five scholars, the master being allowed to take private pupils. Greek and Latin were alone taught; but after 1804 English and the modern sciences were also introduced. The school reopened with a single scholar, but soon began to take root; and in 1805 the Company increased the number of scholars to thirty-five. There are two exhibitions of £70 each, founded by Mr. Thomas Rich, a master of the school, who died in 1672. The rules of 1804 require every boy to bring wax tapers for his use in winter. Mr. William Baxter, an eminent grammarian, who died in the year 1725, was master of this school for more than twenty years.

The list of eminent persons educated in the Mercers' School includes the wise and worthy Dean Colet, the friend of Erasmus and founder of St. Paul's School; that great merchant, Sir Thomas Gresham; William Fulke, master of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and a commentator on the Rheims Testament; John Young, Bishop of Rochester (died 1605); Davenant, Bishop of Salisbury (died 1641); Sir Lionel Cranfield, afterwards Earl of Middlesex and Lord Treasurer to James I.; and Matthew Wren, Bishop of Ely (died 1667).

St. Michael's Paternoster Royal, College Hill, is mentioned as early as 1283, when Hugh de Derby was rector. It is interesting to us from having been rebuilt by the illustrious Richard Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London. Here, on the north side of the church, he built almshouses (now the site of the Mercers' School), some years since removed to Highgate; and here, in great state, he was buried. Alas for human fame and human gratitude! no memorial of the good man now exists at St. Michael's—not even a half-worn-out stone—not even a thin, trodden, defaced brass. The great sculptured marble tomb is gone to dust; the banners have faded like the leaf. In the reign of Edward VI. one Mountain, an incumbent (may the earth lie heavy on him!), believing great riches of gold and jewels were buried with Whittington, dug him up, and, probably in his vexation, destroyed



the tomb. In the reign of Mary the parishioners reopened the grave, to re-wrap the dishonoured body in lead. It is now beyond desecration, nor could it be sifted from the obscurer earth. In the old epitaph, which is in excellent rhyming Latin, Whittington is quaintly termed "*Richardus Albificans villam.*"

"*Ut fragrans Nardus,  
Fama fuit iste Richardus,  
Albificans villam,  
Qui juste rexerat illam.*  
• • •  
*Pauperibus pater,  
Et Major qui fuit urbis,  
Martins hunc vicit,  
En ! Annos gens tibi dicit,  
Finiit ipse dies,  
Sis sibi Christe quies. Amen.*"

"This church," says Stow, "was made a College of St. Spirit and St. Mary by Richard Whittington, Mercer, four times maior, for a master, four fellows, Masters of Art, clerks, conducts, chorists, &c. ; and an almshouse, called God's house or hospital, for thirteen poor men, one of them to be tutor, and to have 16d. a week, the other twelve each of them to have 14d. the week for ever, with other necessary provision ; an hutch with three docks, a common seal, &c."

The original declaration of the executors begins thus : "The fervent desire and besy intention of a prudent, wyse, and devout man shal be to cast before and make seure the state and thende of the short liffe with dedys of mercy and pite ; and, namely, to provide for such pouer persons which grevous penure and cruel fortune have oppressed, and be not of power to get their lyving either by craft or by any other bodily labour ; whereby that at the day of the last judgment he may take his part with them that shal be saved. This considering, the foresaid worthy and notable merchant, Richard Whyttington, the which while he lived had ryght liberal and large hands to the needy and poure people, charged streitly, in his death-bed, us his foresaid executors to ordeyne a house of almes, after his deth, for perpetual sustentacion of such poure people as is tofore rehersed ; and thereupon fully he declared his wyll unto us."

The laws of the college required that "every tutour and poor folk every day first when they rise fro their bedds, kneeling upon their knees, say a Pater Noster and an Ave Maria, with special and herty commendacion-making of the foresaid Richard Whyttington and Alice, to God and our blessed lady Maidyn Mary ; and other times of the day, when he may best and most commodly have leisure thereto, for the staat of al the souls

abovesaid, say two or three sauters of our Lady at the least—that is to say, threies seaven Ave Marias, with xv. Pater Nosters and three credes."

St. Michael's was destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt under Wren's directions. The spire was erected in 1715. The parish of St. Martin Vintry is incorporated with that of St. Michael. In this church is Hilton's commendable picture of St. Mary Magdalene anointing the feet of Christ, presented by the directors of the British Institution in 1820. There is some good carving in the oak altar-piece below the picture. The marble font was the gift of Abraham Jordan in 1700. The monument to Sir Samuel Pennant (an ancestor of the London historian), who died in the year of his mayoralty (1750), is worthy of record, as is that of Marmaduke Langdale, a descendant of that Lord Langdale who commanded the left wing of King Charles's army in the battle of Naseby. The lower storey of the steeple is formed by eight projecting Ionic columns, bearing an entablature and vases, and the effect, though fantastic, is not unpicturesque.

In St. Michael's lies buried that brave young Cavalier poet, John Cleveland, as clever and as unfortunate a bard as his contemporary, poor Lovelace. Expelled from a Cambridge fellowship as a malignant, Cleveland mounted his horse and drew sword for King Charles, for whom he wrote or fought till his life's end. He was thrown into prison by Cromwell, who let him out on his telling him that he was too poor to purchase his release. The poet then took up his abode in Gray's Inn, close to Butler, the author of "*Hudibras*," and there they established a nightly Cavalier club. Cleveland died young, and his friend, good Bishop Pearson, preached his funeral sermon. Of the poet's quick, overstrained fancy, and of his bitter satire against the Scotch, who had betrayed King Charles for money, we give two examples :—

#### UPON PHILLIS WALKING IN A MORNING BEFORE SUNRISE.

"The sluggish morn as yet undrest,  
My Phillis broke from out her east,  
As if she'd made a match to run  
With Venus, usher to the sun.  
The trees, like yeomen of the guard  
(Serving her more for pomp than ward),  
Ranked on each side, with loyal duty,  
Weav'd branches to inclose her beauty.

• • • • •  
The winged choristers began  
To chirp their matins, and the fan  
Of whistling winds like organs played,  
Until their voluntaries made  
The wakened earth in odours rise  
To be her morning sacrifice.

The flowers, call'd out of their beds,  
Start and raise up their drowsie heads;  
And he that for their colour seeks  
May see it vaulting to her cheeks,  
Where roses mix : no civil war  
Divides her York and Lancaster."

Against the Scotch our poet discharges not  
merely bullets, but red-hot shot :—

"Come, keen iambicks, with your badgers' feet,  
And bite like badgers till your teeth do meet :  
Help ye tart satyrists to imp my rage  
With all the scorpions that should whip this age.  
Scots are like witches : do but whet your pen,  
Scratch till the blood come, they'll not hurt you then.

A land where one may pray with curst intent,  
Oh, may they never suffer banishment !  
Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom,  
Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.  
Like Jews they spread, and as infection fly,  
As if the devil had ubiquity.  
Hence 'tis they live as rovers, and defy  
This or that place—rags of geography.

They're citizens o' th' world, they're all in all—  
Scotland's a nation epidemical.

A Scot, when from the gallows-tree got loose,  
Drops into Styx, and turns a Soland goose."

Some curious characteristic touches on Cromwell are to be found in Cleveland's prose satires, as for instance where he says : "But the diurnal is weary of the arm of flesh, and now begins an hosanna to Cromwel, one that hath beat up his drums clean through the Old Testament : you may learn the genealogy of our Saviour by the names in his regiment : the muster-master uses no other list but the first chapter of Matthew. This Cromwel is never so valorous as when he is making speeches for the association, which, nevertheless, he doth somewhat ominously with his neck awry, holding up his ear as if he expected Mahomet's pigeon to come and prompt him. He should be a bird of prey, too, by his bloody beak" (*i.e.*, poor Cromwell's red nose, the result of ague).

## CHAPTER IV.

### UPPER THAMES STREET (*continued*).

Merchant Taylors' School—Old Mulcaster—Anecdote of Bishop Andrews—Celebrated Men educated at Merchant Taylors'—St. James's, Garlick Hythe—Wat Tyler's Master—The Steel Yard—Holbein's Pictures—Mr. Ruskin on Holbein—The Romans in Thames Street—Roman Walls—Thames Street Tributaries, North—St. Bennet, Paul's Wharf—St. Nicholas Cole Abbey—Fyefoot Lane—Paper Stainers' Hall—Pictures belonging to the Company—College Hall—Dowgate—The Skinners : their Origin and History—The Hall of the Skinners' Company—Parish Church of St. Laurence Poulteney—Curious Epitaphs—Allhallows the Great—Swan Stairs—Dyers' Hall—Joiners' Hall—Calamy's Strange Adventure.

THE Merchant Taylors' School, so many years situated in Suffolk Lane, demands a special notice. The first intention of the Merchant Taylors' Company to found a grammar school, "for the better education and bringing up of children in good manners and literature," says Mr. Staunton, was manifested in the spring of 1561. About this period, a leading member of the fraternity, Mr. Richard Hills, generously offered the sum of £500 (equivalent to about £3,000 at the present day) towards the purchase of a part of the "Manor of the Rose," in the parish of St. Laurence Poulteney. The "Rose" was a spacious mansion, originally built by Sir John Pulteney, Knight, five times Lord Mayor of London, in the reign of Edward III. Its fortunes had been various. After passing through the hands of several noble families—the Hollands, De la Poles, Staffords, and Courtenays—their tenancies in too many instances terminating by the tragical process of attainder, it was granted to the Ratcliffe or Sussex family, who obtained leave to part with it in a more business-like manner. Shakespeare has rendered the "Manor of the Rose,"

or "Pulteney's Inn," as it was sometimes called, a memorable spot to all time by his allusion to it in *King Henry VIII.* In the first act of that play, it will be remembered, Buckingham's surveyor appears before the court to impeach his master, and tells the king—

"Not long before your Highness sped to France,  
The Duke, being at the Rose, within the parish  
St. Laurence Poulteney, did of me demand  
What was the speech among the Londoners  
Concerning the French journey."

The name of the street, Suffolk Lane, from which it is entered, and of the parish, St. Laurence Poulteney, or Pountney, in which it is situated, still recalls its former occupants. Ducksfoot Lane, in the vicinity, was the *Duke's Foot-lane*, or private pathway from his garden, which lay to the east of the mansion, towards the river ; while the upper part of St. Laurence Pounteney Hill was, until the last few years, called "Green Lettuce Lane," a corruption of *Green-Lattice Lane*, so named from the lattice gate which opened into what is now named Cannon Street.

The Merchant Taylors' Company purchased, for a school, in 1561, part of Sussex House, including a gate-house, a long court, a winding stair leading to the leads over the chapel, two galleries at the south end of the court, and part of the chapel. The remainder of the mansion, and the site of the garden, which lay to the east of it, were acquired by the Company about 1860, for £20,000, in order to enlarge the school. In 1873 they expended the sum of £90,000 in purchasing a large portion of the Charterhouse, and thither the school will be moved. By the original statutes of 1561 it was ordained that the high master should be "a man in body whole, sober, discrete, honest, vertuous, and learned in good and cleane Latin literaturc, and also in Greeke, yf such may be gotten." He might be either wedded or single, or a priest that had no benefice. He must have three ushers. The number of scholars was limited to 250, "of all nations and countries indifferently." The children of Jews were afterwards ungenerously excluded. There was, lastly, to be every year an examination of the scholars.

The first head master was that famed old pedagogue, Richard Mulcaster, who wielded the ferule, and pretty sharply too, for many years. He was a Cumberland man, brought up at Eton, and renowned for his critical knowledge of Greek, Latin, and Oriental literature. A veritable old Tartar he seems to have been, according to Fuller, who says of him, that he was a severe disciplinarian, but beloved by his pupils when they came to the age of maturity, and reflected on the benefit they had derived from his care.

Mulcaster was great at Latin plays, and they were often acted at Hampton Court and elsewhere, before Queen Elizabeth. Many of his boys who went to St. John's, Oxford, became renowned as actors in Latin plays before Elizabeth and James. Mulcaster also wrote mythological verses, which were recited before long-suffering Queen Bess, and two educational treatises, dry but sound. The worthy old pedant had frequent quarrels with the Merchant Taylors, and eventually left them in 1586, and became upper master of St. Paul's School. To the Company, who would have detained him, he replied scornfully, "*Fidelis servus est perpetuus asinus.*" He boldly resisted an attempt to tax teachers in 1581-2, was successful in preserving the immunities of the school granted after the Reformation, and died in 1610.

In 1566 the school made a tremendous stride. Sir Thomas White, a princely Merchant Taylor, founded St. John's College, Oxford, and munificently appropriated no less than forty-three fellow-

ships in the college to the scholars of Merchant Taylors' School. Much quarrelling eventually took place between the Company and the President and Fellows of St. John's, who delayed, for inadequate reasons, the election of scholars, and declared that their funds were inadequate to support the expenses of coming to London every year to the St. Barnabas' Day examinations.

The school soon rising to eminence, several rich and benevolent citizens gave exhibitions to poor and struggling scholars, a very noble way of spending money. The most eminent of these were Walter Ffyshe, John Vernon, and Thomas Wheatenhole. The school was destroyed in the Great Fire, when only the books in the library were preserved; and ten years elapsed before the new building was completed. The new school, erected in 1675, consisted of a long school-room, supported on the east side by a number of stone pillars, forming a cloister (the only play-ground). The library was formerly the ducal chapel.

The list of eminent men educated at the Merchant Taylors' is a proud one. It boasts of William Juxon, Bishop of London, and, after the Restoration, Archbishop of Canterbury, who faithfully attended Charles I. on the scaffold; William Dawes and John Gilbert, Archbishops of York; and Hugh Boulter, Archbishop of Armagh.

Among these bishops was that eminent scholar and divine, Bishop Andrewes, before whom even James I. dared not indulge in ribaldry. He defended King James's "Defence of the Rights of Kings" against Cardinal Bellarmine, and in return obtained the see of Ely.

There is a pleasant story told of Andrewes while he was Bishop of Winchester. Waller the poet, going to see the king at dinner, overheard an extraordinary conversation between his Majesty and two prelates, Andrewes and Neale (Bishop of Durham), who were standing behind the royal chair. "My lords," asked the king, "cannot I take my subjects' money when I want it without all this formality in Parliament?" The Bishop of Durham readily answered, "God forbid, sir, but you should: you are the breath of our nostrils." Whereupon the king turned and said to the Bishop of Winchester, "Well, my lord, what say you?" "Sir," replied he, "I have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases." The king quickly rejoined, "No put-offs, my lord; answer me at once." "Then, sir," said he, "I think it quite lawful for you to take my brother Neale's money, for he offers it." Waller reports that the company were well pleased with the answer, and the wit of it seemed to affect the king.

The list of Merchant Taylor bishops also includes Thomas Dove, Bishop of Peterborough, chaplain to Queen Elizabeth, who, from his flowing white locks, called him the "Dove with silver wings;" Matthew Wren, Bishop of Ely, Sir Christopher's uncle, who accompanied Prince Charles to Spain, and was imprisoned in the Tower eighteen years, refusing to come out on Cromwell's offer; John Buckridge, also Bishop of Ely; Giles Thompson, Bishop of Gloucester; and Peter Mews, Bishop of

and-thirty children." Other pupils of the school were Thomas Lodge, the physician and dramatist, who wrote a novel, "*Rosalynde*," on which Shakespeare founded his *As You Like It*; James Shirley, the author of thirty-seven plays, who died of grief at being ruined by the Great Fire; Edmund Gayton; Sir Edwin Sandys, traveller, and author of "*Europæ Speculum*;" William Sherard, founder of the Oxford professorship of botany which bears his name; Peter le Neve, Norroy King-at-Arms,

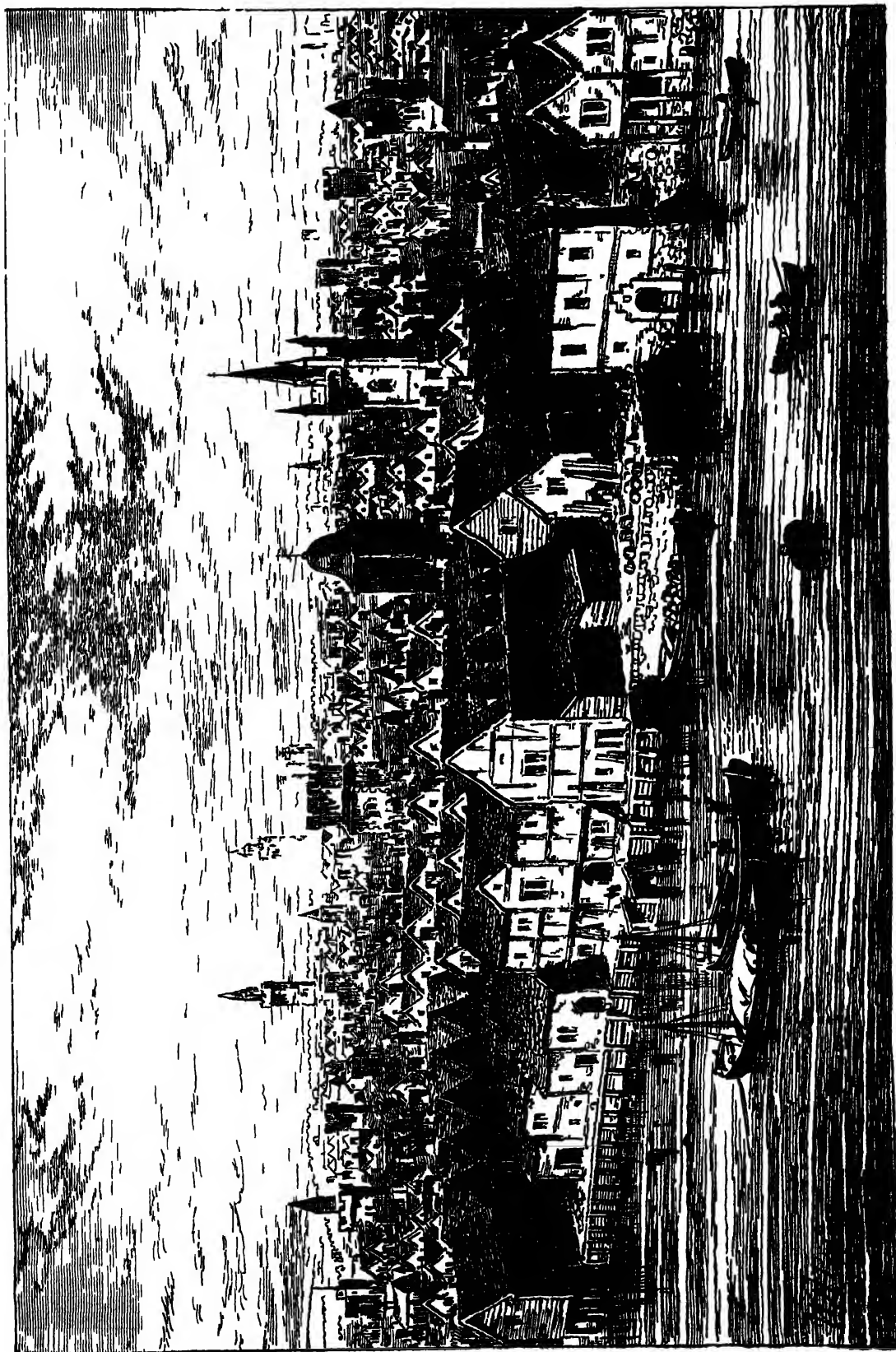


THE MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL, SUFFOLK LANE.

Winchester, who, expelled Oxford by the Puritans, entered the army, and served under the Duke of York in Flanders.

Of the other professions, Sir James Whitlocke, Justice of the Common Pleas and of the King's Bench; Bulstrode Whitlocke, his son, the author of the "*Memorials of English Affairs, from the Beginning of the Reign of Charles II. to the Restoration*," were Merchant Taylors' scholars. Whitlocke, the son, a but half-and-half Cromwellian, began life by supporting Hampden in his resistance to ship-money, and afterwards served Cromwell with more or less fidelity. At the Restoration Charles II. dismissed him to go into the country, and "take care of his wife and one-

an eminent genealogist, and one of the earliest presidents of the Antiquarian Society; Samuel Harris, first professor of modern history at Cambridge; Daniel Neale, who wrote the "*History of the Puritans*;" Henry Woodward, the famous actor; John Byrom; James Townley, afterwards head master of the school; Robert, the first Lord Clive; John Latham, author of the "*History of Birds*," Vicesimus Knox, who wrote the well-known book called "*Knox's Essays*;" Joshua Brookes, the most eminent anatomist of his time; Charles Mathews the elder, and his son, the present Charles James Mathews, the popular comedians; Charles Young, the favourite tragedian; Sir Henry Ellis, formerly librarian to the British Museum; Henry Cline, the



THE STEEL YARD AND NEIGHBOURHOOD IN 1540. (From Van Wyngaert's Plans, taken for *Platyl II. of Spain*.)

great surgeon at St. Thomas's Hospital; Dixon Denham, the African traveller; Philip Bliss, editor of Wood's "Athenæ Oxon.;" John Gough Nichols, the antiquary; Sir Samuel Shepherd, Lord Chief Baron of Scotland (1828); Sir R. B. Comyn, Lord Chief Justice of Madras; Right Hon. Sir John Dodson, Judge of the Prerogative Court; Edward Bond, Chief Keeper of Manuscripts in the British Museum; Samuel Birch, Keeper of the Oriental and Mediæval Antiquities at the British Museum; and the late Albert Smith.

St. James's, Garlick Hythe, was rebuilt by Richard Rothing, Sheriff, in 1326. Weeyer, that "Old Mortality" of his times, gives the epitaph of Richard Lions, a wine merchant and lapidary, who was beheaded by Wat Tyler's men, and buried here. According to Grafton the chronicler, Wat Tyler had been once servant to this merchant, who had beaten him, and this was the Kentish rebel's revenge. Stow says of this monument of Richard II.'s time—"Richard Lions, a famous merchant of wines and a lapidary, some time one of the sheriffs, beheaded in Cheap by Wat Tyler and other rebels, in the year 1381: his picture on his grave-stone, very fair and large, is with his hair rounded by his ears and curled, a little beard forked; a gown, girt to him down to his feet, of branched damask, wrought with the likenesses of flowers; a large purse on his right side, hanging in a belt from his left shoulder; a plain hood about his neck, covering his shoulders, and hanging back behind him."

Destroyed in the Great Fire, this church was rebuilt by Wren at an expense of £5,357 12s. 10d. The coarse altar-piece of the Ascension was painted by A. Geddes, and given to the church in 1815 by the rector, the Rev. T. Burnet, brother of the eminent engraver. The organ was built by the celebrated Father Smith in 1697. On the dial, which projects from the face of the church, is a carved figure of St. James. In a vault beneath the church lies the corpse of a man in a singular state of preservation. Four or five mediæval lord mayors are buried in this church.

In the *Spectator* (No. 147) there is an interesting notice of St. James's, Garlick Hythe. Steele, speaking of the beautiful service of the Church of England, remarks—"Until Sunday was se'nnight, I never discovered, to so great a degree, the excellency of the Common Prayer. Being at St. James's Church, Garlick Hill, I heard the service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be inattentive. My eyes and my thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confined to my prayers. . . The Confession was read with such a resigned humility, the

Absolution with such a comfortable authority, the Thanksgiving with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of the mind in a manner I never did before." The rector of the parish at this period was the Rev. Philip Stubbs, afterwards Archdeacon of St. Albans, whose fine voice and impressive delivery are said to have been long remembered by his old parishioners.

The Steel Yard, on the river-side, near Cousin Lane (now Iron Wharf), was the old residence of the Hanse Town, German, and Flemish merchants, who obtained a settlement in London as early as 1250. Henry III., in 1259, at the request of his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall and King of the Romans, granted them very valuable privileges, renewed and confirmed by Edward I. The City also conceded them many privileges, on condition of their maintaining Bishopsgate in repair (they rebuilt it once), and sustaining a third of the charges in money and men to defend it when need was. In spite of English jealousy, the Steel Yard merchants flourished till the reign of Edward VI., when the Merchant Adventurers complained of them, and they were held, like all "other strangers," to have forfeited their liberties. In vain Hamburg and Lubeck sent ambassadors to intercede for their countrymen. Their monopoly was gone, but the Steel Yard men still thrived, and continued to export English cloth. Elizabeth, however, was rougher with them, and finally expelled them the country in 1597-8.

"Their hall," says Stow, "is large, built of stone, with three arched gates towards the street, the middlemost whereof is far bigger than the others, and is seldom opened; the other two be secured up. The same is now called the old hall. The merchants of Almaine used to bring hither as well wheat, rye, and other grain, as cables, ropes, masts, pitch, tar, flax, hemp, linen cloth, wainscots, wax, steel, and other profitable merchandise."

In the Privy Council Register of the year 1597-8, Mr. Peter Cunningham discovered an entry appointing the Steel Yard as a house "for the better bestowing and safe custody of divers provisions of the navy (naval stores)."

"In the hall of this Company," says Pennant, "were the two famous pictures, painted in distemper by Holbein, representing the triumphs of Riches and Poverty. They were lost, being supposed to have been carried into Flanders, on the destruction of the Company, and from thence into France. I am to learn where they are at present, unless in the cabinet of M. Fleischman, at Hesse-Darmstadt. The celebrated Christian a Mechel, of Basil, has lately published two engravings of these



pictures, either from the originals, or the drawings of Zuccherro, for 'Frid. Zuccherro, 1574,' is at one corner of each print. Drawings of these pictures were found in England by Vertue, ascribed to Holbein, and the verses over them to Sir Thomas More. It appears that Zuccherro copied them at the Steel Yard, so probably these copies, in process of time, might have fallen into the hands of M. Fleischman.

"In the triumph of Riches, Plutus is represented in a golden car, and Fortune sitting before him, flinging money into the laps of people holding up their garments to receive her favours. Ventidius is wrote under one, Gadareus under another, and Themistocles under a man kneeling beside the car; Croesus, Midas, and Tantalus follow; Narcissus holds the horse of the first; over their heads, in the clouds, is Nemesis. There are various allegorical figures I shall not attempt to explain. By the side of the horses walk dropsical and other diseased figures, the too frequent accompaniment of riches.

"Poverty appears in another car, mean and shattered, half naked, squalid, and meagre. Behind her sits Misfortune; before her, Memory, Experience, Industry, and Hope. The car is drawn by a pair of oxen and a pair of asses; Diligence drives the ass, and Solitude, with a face of care, goads the ox. By the sides of the car walks Labour, represented by lusty workmen with their tools, with cheerful looks; and behind them, Misery and Beggary, in ragged weeds, and with countenances replete with wretchedness and discontent."

According to Mr. Wornum (a most competent authority), in his excellent "Life of Holbein," these two pictures were presented, in 1617, by the representatives of the Steel Yard merchants to Henry Prince of Wales, a well-known lover of art. They afterwards passed into the possession of Charles I., and are said to have perished in the fire at Whitehall, 1698. Felibien, however, in 1661, describes having seen them in Paris; and it is more probable they were among the art-treasures sold and dispersed in Cromwell's time. Sandrart mentions having seen the pictures, or drawings of them, in the Long Gallery at Arundel House. Zuccherro copied them in 1574, and Vosterman Junior engraved them. Vertue describes drawings of them at Buckingham House in black and white chalk, with coloured skies, which he supposes to be Vosterman's copies. Horace Walpole, however, who purchased them, considered one drawing only to be Vosterman's, and the other to be Zuccherro's. The British Museum possesses copies of these pictures by Bischoff, a Dutch artist, and a sketch of the "Riches," done by Holbein himself, drawn

with the pen and washed with Indian ink. On the "Riches" of Bischoff are written two lines on the penalties of wealth, attributed to Sir Thomas More—

"Aurum blanditiæ pater est natusque doloris,  
Qui caret hoc moeret, qui tenet hoc metuit."

These lines were originally inscribed over the entrance of the Steel Yard.

On a tablet suspended to a tree, in the picture representing "Poverty," is a Latin line, also attributed to More, as the reward of poverty—

"Qui pauper est, nihil timet, nihil potest perdere."

Holbein, on his return to London from Basel, in 1531, seems to have painted many portraits of his fellow-countrymen in the Steel Yard. Mr. Wornum especially mentions a nameless member of the Stahlhof in the Windsor collection. It represents a young man with a brown beard, clad in a black cap and furred surtout, who, seated at a table, is about to open a letter by cutting the string that fastens it with a knife. The letter is inscribed "Stahlhof." But the most celebrated picture of this class is the "George Gyze," in the Berlin gallery. He is also about to open a letter inscribed "To the Honourable George Gyze, in London, in England, my brother, to be delivered into his hands." Mr. Ruskin has adorned this picture with the rich enamel of his well-chosen words. "Every accessory," he says, "in the portrait of the Kauffmann George Gyzen is perfect with a fine perfection; the carnations in the glass vase by his side; the ball of gold, chased with blue enamel, suspended on the wall; the books, the steelyard, the papers on the table, the seal-ring, with its quartered bearings, all intensely there, and there in beauty of which no one could have dreamed that even flowers or gold were capable, far less parchment or steel. But every change of shade is felt, every rich and rubied line of petal followed, every subdued gleam in the soft blue of the enamel, and bending of the gold, touched with a hand whose patience of regard creates rather than paints. The jewel itself was not so precious as the rays of enduring light which form it, beneath that errorless hand. The man himself, what he was—not more; but to all conceivable proof of sight—in all aspect of life or thought—not less. He sits alone in his accustomed room, his common work laid out before him; he is conscious of no presence, assumes no dignity, bears no sudden or superficial look of care or interest, lives only as he lived—but for ever.

"It is inexhaustible. Every detail of it wins, retains, rewards the attention, with a continually increasing sense of wonderfulness. It is also

wholly true. So far as it reaches, it contains the absolute facts of colour, form, and character, rendered with an unaccusable faithfulness. . . . What of this man and his house were visible to Holbein are visible to us; . . . if we care to know anything concerning them, great or small, so much as may by the eye be known, is for ever knowable, reliable, indisputable."

The original toll of the Steel Yard merchants was, at Christmas and Easter, two grey cloths and one brown one, with ten pounds of pepper, five pairs of gloves, and two vessels of vinegar. They had a special alderman for their judge, and they were to be free from all subsidies to the king.

According to Mr. Hudson Turner, the Steel Yard derived its name not from the steel imported by the Hanse merchants, but from the king's steel yard here erected, to weigh the tonnage of all goods imported into London, the tonnage-office being afterwards transferred to the City. The king's beam was moved, first to Cornhill, and then to Weigh House Yard, Little Eastcheap.

"At this time," says Pennant (in 1790), "the Steel Yard is the great repository of the imported iron which furnishes our metropolis with that necessary material. The quantity of bars that fill the yards and warehouses of this quarter strike with astonishment the most indifferent beholder. Next to the water-side are two eagles with imperial crowns round their necks, placed on two columns."

In few streets of London have more Roman remains been found than in Thames Street. In 1839, in excavating the ground for rebuilding Dyers' Hall, in College Street, Dowgate Hill, at thirteen feet eight inches below the level of the street, and just above the gravel, the remains were found of a Roman pavement, formed of small pieces of tiles about an inch square, bedded apparently on fine concrete; two thin earthen jars or bottles were also found near the same spot; and two coins, nearly obliterated. The lower part of the ground in which the above were discovered, for four feet six inches in thickness, appeared to be the sediment or earthy matter from water, probably from the ancient Walbrook; and in it, scattered over the surface, was a large quantity—twenty hundred weight—of animal bones.

A fibula or brooch was found in April (1831), in an excavation in Thames Street, at the foot of Dowgate Hill. The circular enamelled work in the centre was of a very peculiar description; the outlines of the features of a portrait, and those of the mantle and tunic on the bust (together with the nimbus or crown round the head) were executed in gold, into which enamel appeared to

have been worked when in a fluid or soft state. The colours of the enamel were yellow, blue, purple, red, and white. This work was surrounded by a rich filagree border of gold, beautifully worked, in which were inserted, at equal distances, four large pearls. Nothing has hitherto been found that could be compared to this jewel; the gold-work interwoven with the enamel was new to every one. The general character, design, and ornamental gold-work, seemed Byzantine, and somewhat assimilated to the style of art of the time of Charlemagne; so that perhaps we should not be far wrong in assigning its date to the ninth or tenth century.

As to the old river-side ramparts in Thames Street, Mr. Roach Smith, one of the best-informed antiquaries on Roman London, writing in 1841, says—

"The line of the wall on the land side is well ascertained; of that portion which Fitzstephens informs us bounded the City on the banks of the Thames, many persons have hitherto been in doubt, though without reason. At the same time what Fitzstephens adds relative to this wall on the water-side being overturned and destroyed by the water, seems altogether erroneous and improbable, as the Roman masonry is well known to be impervious to the action of that element. The present Thames Street follows the line of the Roman wall.

"In 1840 some valuable contributions to our scanty topographical materials were furnished, which confirm the account given us of the line of the wall by the before-mentioned author. The excavations for sewerage, which led to the discovery I am about to detail, commenced at Blackfriars. The workmen having advanced without impediment to the foot of Lambeth Hill, were there checked by a wall of extraordinary strength, which formed an angle with the Hill and Thames Street. Upon this wall the contractor for the sewers was obliged to open his course to the depth of about twenty feet; so that the greater portion of the structure had to be overthrown, to the great consumption of time and labour. The delay occasioned by the solidity and thickness of this wall gave us an opportunity of making careful notes as to its construction and courses.

"It extends (as far as I had the means of observing) from Lambeth Hill to Queenhithe, with occasional breaks. In thickness it measured from eight to ten feet. The height from the bottom of the sewer was about eight feet, in some places, more or less; it reached to within about nine feet from the present street, and three from that which indicates the period of the Fire of London, in this district easily recognised. In some places the

ground-work of the houses destroyed by the Fire of 1666 abut on the wall.

"The foundation was made in the following manner:—Oaken piles were first used; upon these was laid a stratum of chalk and stones, and then a course of hewn sandstones, from three to four feet by two and two and a-half, firmly cemented with the well-known compound of quick-lime, sand, and pounded tile. Upon this solid substructure was built the wall, composed of rag and flint, with layers of red and yellow, plain and curved-edged tiles. The mortar throughout was quite equal in strength to the tiles, from which it could not be separated by force.

"One of the most remarkable features of this wall is the evidence it affords of the existence of an anterior building, which, from some cause or other, must have been destroyed. Many of the large stones above mentioned are sculptured and ornamented with mouldings, which denote their prior use in a frieze or entablature of an edifice, the magnitude of which may be conceived from the fact of these stones weighing, in many instances, half a ton. Whatever might have been the nature of this structure, its site, or cause of its overthrow, we have no means of determining. The probability of its destruction having been effected by the insurgent Britons under Boadicea suggests itself. I observed also that fragments of sculptured marble had been worked into the wall, and also a portion of a stone carved with an elegant ornament of the trellis-work pattern, the compartments being filled alternately with leaves and fruit. This has apparently belonged to an altar. In Thames Street, opposite Queen Street, about two years since, a wall precisely similar in general character was met with, and there is but little doubt of its having originally formed part of the same.

"In the middle of Pudding Lane, running to the bottom, and, as the workmen told me, even across Thames Street, is a strong wall formed of layers of red and yellow tiles and rag-stones, which appeared to have appertained to a building of considerable extent. The hypocaust belonging thereto was partly laid open.

"In Queen Street, near Thames Street, several walls crossed the street; among them were found two thin bands of pure gold, apparently used for armlets; and midway, opposite Well Court, at the depth of thirteen feet, was a flooring of red tesserae, fourteen feet square. Three or four feet above ran chalk walls, such as are met with throughout London, which, of course, are subsequent to the Roman epoch.

"Advancing up Bush Lane, several walls of con-

siderable thickness were crossed, which, together with abundance of fresco-paintings, portions of tessellated pavements and tiles, betokened the former appropriation of the site for dwelling-houses. But opposite Scot's Yard a formidable wall of extraordinary thickness was found to cross the street diagonally. It measured in width twenty feet. It was built of flints and rags, with occasional masses of tiles. On the north side, however, there was such a preponderance of flints, and on the south such a marked excess of ragstone, as to justify raising a question as to whether one half might not have been constructed at a period subsequent to the other, though the reason for an addition to a ten-foot wall is not apparent. So firmly had time solidified the mortar and ripened its power, that the labourers, in despair of being able to demolish the wall, were compelled literally to drill a tunnel through it to admit the sewer. Whatever might have been the original destination of this wall, whether it formed part of a public building or a citadel, it must have been perverted from its primary destination at some period during the Roman dynasty. The excavation was carried to the depth of fifteen feet, the remains of the wall appearing six feet below the street level. Adjoining the north side of the wall, and running absolutely upon it, was a pavement of white tesserae, together with a flooring of lime and pounded tiles, supporting the tiles of a hypocaust, in rows of about one dozen, two feet apart.

"In Scot's Yard, opposite the great wall, at the depth of eight feet, was another wall, eight feet thick, composed entirely of the oblong tiles and mortar. It descended to the depth of thirteen feet, where, alongside, were pavements of lime and gravel, such, in fact, as are used as substrata for tessellae, and are still, in many parts of the country, employed for the floorings of barns."

Having now visited the chief spots of interest in Upper Thames Street, let us note the chief tributaries north, for those south are, for the most part, alleys leading to wharves. The first, Addle Hill, like the street before mentioned by us in Aldermanbury, bears a Saxon name, either referring to King Athelstan or to the nobles who once dwelt there.

St. Bennet, Paul's Wharf, is a small church rebuilt by Wren after the Great Fire. Stow mentions the burial here of Edmund Denny, Baron of the Exchequer, whose learned son, Anthony, was gentleman of the bedchamber to Henry VIII. By his will the Baron desired twenty-eight trentals of masses to be said for his soul and the souls of his father, mother, and three wives. In this quiet

and unpretending river-side church lies buried Inigo Jones, the architect of the adjoining St. Paul's (1655). His monument, for which he left £100, was destroyed in the Great Fire, that also destroyed his work at St. Paul's. Many of the hair-splitting advocates of Doctors' Commons, and laborious heralds from Heralds' College, are also interred in this tranquil spot. We may mention Sir William Le Neve (Clarencieux), a friend of Ashmole; John Philpott (Somerset Herald), who spent many dusty

ford about 1234. There was a Bishop of Hereford buried here, as well as one in the church of St. Mary Somerset, also now removed. People living close by have already forgotten the very names of the churches.

Concerning one of the Fish Street Hill churches, St. Mary Magdalen, Stow records nothing of interest, except that near it was a lane called Dolittle Lane, and another called Sermon or Shremonians Lane, from the Black Loft where, in the time of Edward I.,



CHAPTER OF MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

days over "Camden's Remaines;" and, in the north aisle, William Oldys (Norroy), the herald whose eccentricities and love of humming ale we have described in a former chapter. The living is a rectory, in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's.

Boss Alley is so called, says Stow, from a boss of water (small conduit or tap) there placed by the executor of Richard Whittington, who was buried hard by.

In Lambeth Hill is a warehouse once the Blacksmiths' Hall. The church of St. Mary Mounthaw, close by, was originally a chapel of the Mounthaws, an old Norfolk family, who lived on Old Fish Street Hill, and sold their house to the Bishops of Here-

the king's minters melted silver. Old Fish Street Hill and its antecedents we have already glanced at in our chapter on the Fishmongers' Company. It was the early fish market of London before Billingsgate. The stalls, says Stow, first grew to shops, then gradually to tall houses. The change of garden stalls into shops may be very well seen in our suburban roads. Sir William Davenant, the author of "Gondibert," describes the odours of Fish Street Hill with much unction.

St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, situate on the south side of Old Fish Street, in the ward of Queenhithe, was named from *Cole Abbey*, from *Golden Abbey*, or from *Cold-Abbey* or *Cold-by*, from its cold or bleak situation. John Brand was rector before the year

1383. In 1560 Queen Elizabeth granted the patronage thereof to Thomas Reeve and George Evelyn, and their heirs in soccage, who conveying it to others, it came at last to the family of the Hackers; one whereof was Colonel Francis Hacker, commander of the guard that guarded Charles I. to and from his trial, and at last to the scaffold; for which, after the Restoration, he was executed. This church was destroyed in 1666, and handsomely rebuilt, and the parish of St. Nicholas Olave there-

gild or fraternity prior to 1581, in which year Queen Elizabeth granted the charter of incorporation which they now possess. According to Horace Walpole, the first charter of the Company of Painter-Stainers, in which they are styled "Peyntours," was granted in the sixth year of Edward IV.; but they had existed as a fraternity in the time of Edward III. They were called Painter-Stainers because a picture on canvas was formerly called a "stained cloth," as one on panel



DYERS' HALL, 1850 (see page 41).

unto united. The following is among the monumental inscriptions:—

"Leonard Smith, fishmonger, ended his days,  
He feared the Lord and walked in his wayes.  
His body here in earth doth rest,  
His soul with Christ in heaven is blest.  
The 14th day of May, Anno Dom. 1601."

The next turning eastward, Fyefoot Lane, should be written Five-foot Lane, as the lane was once only five feet wide at one end. Little Trinity Lane, the next turning eastward, derives its name from a church of the Holy Trinity, destroyed in the Great Fire, and not rebuilt (a Lutheran Church afterwards occupied its site); and here we come on Painter-Stainers' Hall, No. 9, which existed as a

was called a "table," probably from the French *tableau*. In the inventory of pictures of Henry VIII. they are always so distinguished, as "ITEM, a table with the picture of the Lady Elizabeth, her Grace." "ITEM, a stained cloth with the picture of Charles the Emperor."

The Company must have attained some importance in the sixteenth century, for Strype tells us that they were charged with the setting forth of twelve soldiers and all their furniture, though they had neither lands nor revenues, nor any riches to discharge the same; but the amount was levied among the brethren, every man according to his ability. The charter of Elizabeth was confirmed by a fresh charter granted by James II.

From an early period down to the middle of the last century, when the Royal Academy of Arts was founded, the Painters' Company included the principal artists of England. The present hall, built after the Great Fire of London, stands on the site of the old Painters' Hall, once the residence of Sir John Browne, "Sergeant Paynter" to Henry VIII., by whose will, dated 1532, he conveyed to his "brother Paynter-Stainers" his house in Little Trinity Lane, which has from that time continued to be the site of the hall of the Company. The hall contains several pictures, the gifts of artists, former liverymen of the Company, which serve to illustrate how intimately this ancient guild was associated with artists in the olden time.

Although the Painter-Stainers' Company receive and pay away large sums annually, they have very limited corporate funds. They were, however, the first of the City Companies to open an exhibition of works of decorative art.

In the barbarous days of the culinary art, when whales and dolphins were eaten, and our queens quaffed strong ale for breakfast, garlic was a great article of kitchen consumption, and according to Stow, was then sold on Garlick Hill.

Queen Street, which leads from Cheapside (in a line with King Street) right down to Southwark Bridge, was one of the improvements after the Great Fire. It opened out of Soper Lane, and was intended to furnish a direct road to the water-side from the Guildhall, as it still does. College Hill was so called from the College of St. Spirit and St. Mary, founded by Whittington, and described by us in a previous part of the chapter. The Duke of Buckingham's house stood near the top, on the east side. The second and last Duke used to come here and intrigue with the City men of the Puritan party.

Dowgate Hill leads to one of the old water-gates of London, and gives its name to one of the twenty-six wards of the City. Stow enumerates two churches and five halls of companies in this ward—All Hallows the More and the Less; Tallow Chandlers' Hall, Skinners' Hall, Maltsters' Hall, Joyners' Hall, and Dyers' Hall. The Steel Yard, or depôt of the Hanse Town merchants, already noticed, is in this ward. Dowgate, or Down-gate, from its rapid descent, was famous in Strype's time for its flooding discharge during heavy rains: Stow mentions a boy losing his footing, and being carried down the stream, in spite of men trying to stop him with staves, till he struck against a cart-wheel, and was picked up dead. Ben Jonson, speaks of

"Dowgate torrents falling into Thames."

Pennant says that Dowgate (from Dwr, Celtic,

*water*) was one of the old Roman gates of London, where passengers went across by ferry to a continuation of the military way towards Dover. It was a water wharf in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward III. Customs were paid for ships resting here, in the same manner as if they were at Queenhithe.

The Erber (already described) stood near Dowgate.

In College Street, between College Hill and Dowgate, stands a venerable-looking edifice of red brick, the Innholders' Hall.

In Laurence Poultney Hill many eminent persons seem to have lived towards the end of the seventeenth century. Daniel and Eliab Harvey, brothers of Dr. William Harvey, Charles I.'s physician, and the great discoverer of the circulation of the blood, were rich merchants on this hill.

The Skinners, whose hall is situated in Dowgate, were incorporated in the first year of Edward III. (1327), and made a brotherhood in the eighteenth of Richard II. Their original title is "Master and Wardens, Brothers and Sisters of the Guild or Fraternity of the Skinners of London, to the Honour of God, and the precious Body of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Furs, though known to the Saxons, were brought into more general use by the Normans. A statute of Edward III. restricts the wearing of furs to the royal family, prelates, earls, barons, knights, ladies, and rich priests. A charter of Henry VII. enumerates ermine, sables, minever, badger, and many other furs then used to trim coats and gowns. Rabbit skin was also much worn, even by nobles and gentlemen.

The Skinners had a hall as early as the reign of Henry III., and they were among the first of the guilds chartered by Edward III. In this reign they ranked so high as to venture to dispute precedence with the powerful Fishmongers. This led, in 1339, to the celebrated fray, when prisoners were rescued, and one of the Mayor's officers wounded. The end of this was the rapid execution of two of the ringleaders in Cheapside. In the offerings for the French war (37 Edward III.) the Skinners contributed £40, which was double even the Goldsmiths' subsidy.

In 1395, the Skinners, who had previously been divided into two brotherhoods, one at St. Mary Spital, and the other at St. Mary Bethlehem, were united by Richard II. They then resided in St. Mary Axe, and in Strype's time they removed to Budge Row and Walbrook. In the Great Watch, on the vigil of St. Peter and St. Paul (6 Edward IV.), the Skinners rank as sixth among the twelve great



companies, and sent twenty men to attend. In Richard III.'s time they had stood as seventh of the thirteen mysteries. They then sent twenty-four members, in murky-coloured coats, to meet the usurper on entering London, the five great companies alone sending thirty; and at Richard's coronation John Pasmer, "pellipar" (Skinner), was in the deputation from the twelve companies, who attended the Lord Mayor as chief butler.

In the reign of Elizabeth, though the richer furs were less worn, the Skinners were still numerous. They employed "tawyers," or poor workmen, to dress the coney and other English furs, which pedlars collected from the country people. To restrict merchants from forestalling them in the purchase of furs, the Skinners petitioned Elizabeth for the exclusive monopoly, but were opposed by the Lord Mayor and the Eastland merchants.

The ordinances of the Skinners in the reign of Edward II. prescribe regulations for importing and manufacturing skins into furs, fixing the number of skins in a package, and forbidding the sale of second-hand furs for new.

One of the great ceremonials of the Skinners' Company was the annual procession on Corpus Christi Day. They had then borne before them more than 200 painted and gilded wax torches, "burning bright," says Stow; then came above 200 chanters and priests, in surplices and copes, singing. After them came the sheriffs' officers, the clerks of the City prisons, the sheriffs' chaplains, mayor's serjeants, the counsel of the City, the mayor and aldermen in scarlet, and lastly the Skinners in their best livery. The guests returned to dinner in the Company's Hall. On the following Sunday they again went in procession to church, heard a mass of requiem solemnised for their deceased members, and made offerings. The bead-roll of the dead was then called, and the Company repeated their orisons. The priests then said a general prayer for all the surviving members of the fraternity, mentioning each by name. They afterwards returned to their hall, paid their quarterage, and any balances of livery money, and enjoyed themselves in a comfortable but unpretentious dinner, for which they had duly and thriftily paid in advance. Oh, simple life of quiet enjoyment!

The election ceremonies of the Company are highly curious. "The principals of the Company being assembled," says Mr. Herbert, "on the day of annual election, ten Christchurch scholars, or 'Blue-coat Boys,' with the Company's almsmen and trumpeters, enter the hall in procession, to the flourish of trumpets. Three large silver cocks, or fowls so named, are then brought in and de-

livered to the master and wardens. On unscrewing these pieces of plate they are found to form drinking-cups, filled with wine, and from which they drink. Three caps of maintenance are then brought in; the first of these the old master tries on, and finds it will not fit him, on which he gives it to be tried on to several next him. Being tried by two or three whom it will not fit, it is then given to the intended new master, whom fitting, of course, he is then announced with flourish and acclamation as the master elect. The like ceremonies are afterwards repeated with the two other caps, on behalf of the wardens to be elected, who succeed in a similar manner, and are announced with the like honours when the healths of the whole are drank by the company."

The arms of the Company are—Ermine, on a chief gules, three crowns or, with caps of the first. Crest—A leopard proper, gorged with a chaplet of bays or. Supporters—A lucern (lynx) and a wolf, both proper. Motto—"To God only be all glory." Hatton, in his "New View of London," boasts of the Company having enrolled, in its time, six kings, five queens, one prince, nine dukes, two earls, and a baron.

Strype says the hall in Dowgate was built after the Fire of London at an expense of above £1,800. The original hall, "Coped Hall," had been purchased by the Company as early as the reign of Henry III. It was afterwards alienated, and passed into the hands of Sir Ralph de Cobham, who made Edward III. his heir. In the later hall the mayors sometimes held their mayoralty, and the new East India Company held its general courts before its incorporation with the old Company. The hall is described in 1708 as a noble structure, built with fine bricks, and richly furnished, the great parlour being lined with odoriferous cedar. The hall was altered by Mr. Jupp at the end of the last century. It is an Ionic building, with a rusticated basement. Six pilasters, sustaining an entablature and pointed pediment, divide a double tier of six windows. In the tympanum of the pediment the architect has shown a noble disregard to heraldry by doubling up the supporters of the Company's arms, to fit into the space. The frieze is ornamented with festoons and leopards' heads. A small paved court separates the front from the more ancient building, which is of brick. The hall, a light and elegant apartment, has a stained-glass window. The court-room is no longer wainscoted with odoriferous cedar. The staircase displays some of the massy and rich ornaments in fashion in the reign of Charles II.

"The parish church of St. Laurence Poultney was increased, with a chapel of Jesus, by Thomas

Cole, for a master and chaplain; the which chapel and church were made a college of Jesus, and of Corpus Christi, for a master and seven chaplains, by John Poultney, mayor, and was confirmed by Edward III., the twentieth of his reign. Of him was this church called St. Laurence Poultney in Candlewick Street. The college was surrendered in the reign of Edward VI., who granted and sold it to John Cheke, his schoolmaster, and Walter Moyle." The following is one of the curious old epitaphs preserved by Strype:—

"Every Christian heart  
Seeketh to extoll  
The glory of the Lord,  
Our onely Redeemer;  
Wherefore Dame Fame  
Must needs unroll  
Paul Withypoll his childe,  
By Love and Nature,  
Elizabeth, the wife  
Of Emanuel Lucar,  
In whom was declared  
The goodness of the Lord,  
With many high vertues,  
Which truly I will record.  
  
She wrought all needle-workes  
That women exercise,  
With Pen, Frame, or Stool,  
All pictures artificiall,  
Curious Knots or Trailes,  
What fancy would devise,  
Beasts, Birds, or Flowers,  
Even as things naturall.  
Three manner hands could she  
Write, them faire all.  
To speak of Alegorisme,  
Or account, in every fashion,  
Of women, few like  
(I thinke) in all this nation.  
\* \* \* \*  
Latine and Spanish,  
And also Italian,  
She spake, writ, and read,  
With perfect utterance;  
And for the English,  
She the Garland wan.  
In Dame Prudence Schoole,  
By Graces' purveyance,  
Which clothed her with vertues  
From naked ignorance;  
Reading the Scriptures,  
To judge light from darke,  
Directing her faith to Christ,  
The onely marke."

A monument at the upper end of the north aisle bore this inscription:—

"Hoc est nescire, sine Christo  
plurima scire;  
Si Christum bene scis,  
satis est, si cetera nescis."

"St. Laurence Poultney Church," says Aubrey,

"was the only London church that could then boast of a leaden steeple, except St. Dunstan in the East." Richard Glover, the author of that tenth-rate epic, "Leonidas," was also a merchant on this hill. "Leonidas," an epic in twelve books, praised by Fielding, and written to vex Sir Robert Walpole by covert patriotic allusions, had its day. By many people of his time Glover was generally believed to have written the "Letters of Junius," but Junius has more of the old nobleman about him than the Hamburg merchant. Sir Patience Ward, that great City politician, was living in 1677 on Laurence Poultney Hill; and in the same year also lived there William Vanderbergh, the father, as Mr. Peter Cunningham thinks, of the wit and dramatist, Sir John Vanbrugh, the architect of Blenheim. Thomas Creede, the great play-printer of Queen Elizabeth's time, lived in this parish. The register records the marriage, in 1632-3, of Anne Clarges to Thomas Radford, farrier, of the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. This lady (a laundress) afterwards married General Monk, the restorer of Charles II.

"On the south side of Thames Street," says Mr. Jesse, "close to where the Steel Yard formerly stood, is the church of All Hallows the Great, anciently called All Hallows the More, and sometimes All Hallows in the Ropery, from its being situated in a district chiefly inhabited by ropemakers. It was founded in 1361 by the Despencer family, from whom the presentation passed by marriage to the Beauchamps, Earls of Warwick, and subsequently to the Crown. The present uninteresting church was built by Sir Christopher Wren, shortly after the destruction of the old edifice by fire in 1666. Stow informs us that there was a statue of Queen Elizabeth in the old church, to which the following verses were attached:—

"If Royal virtue ever crowned a crown;  
If ever mildness shined in majesty;  
If ever honour honoured true renown;  
If ever courage dwelt with clemency;

"If ever Princess put all princes down,  
For temperance, prowess, prudence, equity;  
This, this was she, that, in despite of death,  
Lives still admired, adored, Elizabeth!"

"The only object of any interest in the interior of the church is a handsome oak screen, said to have been manufactured in Hamburg, which was presented to the church by the Hanse merchants, in grateful memory of their connection with the parish."

The Swan Stairs, a little "above bridge," was the place where people coming by boat used to land, to walk to the other side of Old London Bridge, when the current was swift and narrow between

the starlings, and "shooting the bridge" was rather like going down the rapids. Citizens usually took boat again at Billingsgate, as we find Johnson and Boswell once doing, on their way to Greenwich, in 1763.

Dyers' Hall, Dowgate Hill, was rebuilt about 1857. The Company was incorporated as early as 1472, and the ancient hall, on the site of Dyers' Hall Wharf, was destroyed in the Great Fire. The Innholders' Hall, in the same street, was also built after the Great Fire. The Company was incorporated in 1515. Joiners' Hall, Joiners' Hall Buildings, has a carved screen and entrance doorway, and the piers are surmounted with the Company's crest—a demi-savage, life-size, wreathed about the head and waist with oak-leaves. The Joiners were incorporated about 1567. The Plumbers' Hall, in Great Bush Lane, is a modern brick building. The Company was incorporated by James I. in 1611.

The celebrated Calamy gives a curious account of an adventure he met with at Trigg stairs, in this district. "As I was going," he says, "one day, from Westminster into the City, designing to dine with Sir Richard Levet, I landed at Trigg Stairs. Walking up from the water-side towards Maiden Lane, where he lived, I was overtaken by a woman who had seen me pass by, and ran very eagerly after

me, till she was almost out of breath. She seemed greatly frightened, and caught hold of me, begging me, for God's sake, to go back with her. I asked her what the matter was, and what she had to say to me. She told me there was a man had just hanged himself in a cellar, and was cut down, and she ran up and saw me go by, and was overjoyed at my coming so seasonably, and begged of me, for the Lord's sake, that I would go back with her and pity the poor man. I asked her what she expected from me, and whether she thought I could bring a dead man to life. She told me the man was not dead, but was cut down alive, and come to himself, and she hoped if, at such a season as this, he was seriously talked with, it might do him good. Though I was an utter stranger to this woman, I was yet prevailed with by her earnestness and tears, which were observed by all that passed, to go back with her. She carried me up-stairs into a handsome dining-room. I found a grave, elderly woman sitting in one corner; a younger woman in another; a down-looking man, that had discontent in his countenance, and seemed to be between thirty and forty years of age, in a third corner; and a chair standing in a fourth, as if set for me, and upon that I placed myself." After reasoning with the man, and endeavouring to restore peace in the family, the good man left.

## CHAPTER V.

### LOWER THAMES STREET.

*Septem Camerae—A Legend about Billingsgate—Hogarth visits it—Henry Mayhew's Description of it—Billingsgate Dock in King Ethelred's Time—The Price of Fish as regulated by Edward I.—Billingsgate constituted a Free and Open Market by Act of Parliament—Fish Monopolists and their Evil Practices—The Habitual Frequenters of Billingsgate—The Market at its Height—Oyster Street—Fishing in the Thames a Long Time ago—A Sad Falling-off—A Curious Billingsgate Custom—A Thieves' College—The Coal Exchange—Discovery of Roman Remains on its Site—The Waterman's Hall—Thames Watermen and Wherry-men—Fellowship Porters' Hall—The Custom House—Growth of the Revenue—The New Building—Customs Officials—Curious Stories of the Customs—Cowper and his Intended Suicide—The System of Business in the Custom House—Custom House Sales—"Passing" Baggage.*

IN St. Mary-at-Hill Lane, Thames Street, is the fair parish church of St. Mary, called "on the Hill," because of the ascent from Billingsgate. "In this parish there was a place," says Stow, "called 'Septem Camerae,' which was either one house, or else so many rooms or chambers, which formerly belonged to some chantry, the rent whereof went towards the maintaining of a priest to pray superstitiously for the soul of the deceased, who left those septem camerae for that use."

Stow has preserved the following epitaph from a tomb in the chancel of St. Mary's:—

"Here lyeth a knight, in London borne,  
Sir Thomas Blanke by name,

Of honest birth, of merchant's trade,  
A man of worthy fame.  
Religious was his life to God,  
To men his dealing just;  
The poor and hospital can tell  
That wealth was not his trust.  
With gentle heart, and spirit milde,  
And nature full of pitie,  
Both sheriffe, lord maior, and alderman,  
He ruled in this citie.  
The 'Good Knight' was his common name,  
So called of many men;  
He lived long, and dyed of yeeres  
Twice seven, and six times ten."

Billingsgate, though a rough and unromantic place at the present day, has an ancient legend of

its own, that associates it with royal names and venerable folk Geoffrey of Monmouth deposes that about 400 years before Christ's nativity, Belin, a king of the Britons, built this gate and gave it its name, and that when he was dead the royal body was burnt, and the ashes set over the gate in a vessel of brass, upon a high pinnacle of stone Stow, more prosaic, on the other hand, is quite satisfied that one Biling once owned the wharf, and troubles himself no further

the aspect of Billingsgate. Formerly, passengers embarked here for Gravesend and other places down the river, and a great many sailors mingled with the salesmen and fishermen The boats sailed only when the tide served, and the necessity of being ready at the strangest hours rendered many taverns necessary for the accommodation of travellers "The market formerly opened two hours earlier than at present," says Mr Platt, writing in 1842, "and the result was demoralising



THE CHURCH OF ALLHALLOWS THE GREAT IN 1784 (*see page 40*).

In Hogarth's memorable tour (1732) he stopped at Billingsgate for the purpose of sketching His poetical chronicler says—

"Our march we with a song begin  
Our hearts were light, our breeches thin  
We meet with nothing of adventure  
Till Billingsgate's dark house we enter,  
Where we diverted were, while bating,  
With ribaldry not worth relating  
(Quite suited to the duty place),  
But what most pleased us was his Grace  
Of Puddle Dock, a porter grim,  
Whose portrait Hogarth, in a whim,  
Presented him, in caricature,  
He pasted on the cellar door"

The introduction of steamboats has much altered

and exhausting Drink led to ribald language and fighting, but the refreshment now taken is chiefly coffee, and the general language and behaviour was improved" The fish-fags of Ned Ward's time have disappeared, and the business is done smarter and quicker As late as 1842 coaches would sometimes arrive at Billingsgate from Dover or Hastings, and so affect the market The old circle from which dealers in their carts attended the market, included Windsor, St Albans, Hertford, Romford, and other places within twenty-five miles. Railways have now enlarged the area of purchasers to an indefinite degree. In the Dutch auction system used at Billingsgate, the prices asked sink till they reach the level of the purchaser. The cheap fish-

sellers practise many tricks, blowing the cod-fish larger with pipes, and mixing dead eels with live ones. Railways have made fish a main article of food with the London poor, so that, according to Mr. Mayhew, the London costermongers sell one-third of the entire quantity of fish sent to Billings-

gate. Many of the costers that usually deal in vegetables buy a little fish on the Friday. It is the fast-day of the Irish, and the mechanics' wives run short of money at the end of the week, and so make up their dinners with fish: for this reason the attendance of costers' barrows at Billingsgate on a



HALL OF THE SKINNERS' COMPANY.

gate. The salesmen divide all fish into two classes, "red" and "white." The "red" fish is salmon, all other descriptions are known as "white."

To see this market in its busiest costermonger time, says Mr. Mayhew, the visitor should be there about seven o'clock on a Friday morning. The market opens at four, but for the first two or three hours it is attended solely by the regular fishmongers and "bummarees," who have the pick of the best there. As soon as these are gone the costers' sale

Friday morning is always very great. As soon as you reach the Monument you see a line of them, with one or two tall fishmongers' carts breaking the uniformity, and the din of the cries and commotion of the distant market begin to break on the ear like the buzzing of a hornet's nest. The whole neighbourhood is covered with hand-barrows, some laden with baskets, others with sacks. The air is filled with a kind of sea-weedy odour, reminding one of the sea-shore; and on entering the

market, the smell of whelks, red herrings, sprats, and a hundred other sorts of fish, is almost overpowering. The wooden barn-looking square where the fish is sold is, soon after six o'clock, crowded with shiny cord jackets and greasy caps. Everybody comes to Billingsgate in his worst clothes; and no one knows the length of time a coat can be worn until they have been to a fish-sale. Through the bright opening at the end are seen the tangled rigging of the oyster-boats, and the red-worsted caps of the sailors. Over the hum of voices is heard the shouts of the salesmen, who, with their white aprons, peering above the heads of the mob, stand on their tables roaring out their prices. All are bawling together—salesmen and hucksters of provisions, capes, hardware, and newspapers—till the place is a perfect Babel of competition.

"Ha-a-andsome cod! the best in the market! All alive! alive! alive, oh!"—"Ye-o-o! ye-o-o! Here's your fine Yarmouth bloaters! Who's the buyer?"—"Here you are, governor; splendid whiting! some of the right sort!"—"Turbot! turbot! All alive, turbot!"—"Glass of nice peppermint, this cold morning? Halfpenny a glass!"—"Here you are, at your own price! Fine soles, oh!"—"Oy! oy! oy! Now's your time! Fine grizzling sprats! all large, and no small!"—"Hullo! hullo, here! Beautiful lobsters! good and cheap. Fine cock crabs, all alive, oh!"—"Five brill and one turbot—have that lot for a pound! Come and look at 'em, governor; you won't see a better lot in the market."—"Here! this way; this way, for splendid skate! Skate, oh! skate, oh!"—"Had-had-had-had-haddock! All fresh and good!"—"Currant and meat puddings! a ha'penny each!"—"Now, you mussel-buyers, come along! come along! come along! Now's your time for fine fat mussels!"—"Here's food for the belly, and clothes for the back; but I sell food for the mind!" shouts the newsvendor—"Here's smelt, oh!"—"Here ye are, fine Finney haddick!"—"Hot soup! nice pea-soup! a-all hot! hot!"—"Ahoy! ahoy, here! Live plaice! all alive, oh!"—"Now or never! Whelk! whelk! whelk!"—"Who'll buy brill, oh! brill, oh?"—"Capes! waterproof capes! Sure to keep the wet out! A shilling apiece!"—"Eels, oh! eels, oh! Alive, oh! alive, oh!"—"Fine flounders, a shilling a lot! Who'll have this prime lot of flounders?"—"Shrimps! shrimps! fine shrimps!"—"Wink! wink! wink!"—"Hi! hi! here you are; just eight eels left—only eight!"—"O ho! O ho! this way—this way—this way! Fish alive! alive! alive, oh!"

Billingsgate Dock is mentioned as an important quay in Brompton's Chronicle (Edward III.), under

the date 976, when King Ethelred, being then at Wantage, in Berkshire, made laws for regulating the customs on ships at Blynesgate, or Billingsgate, then the only wharf in London. 1. Small vessels were to pay one halfpenny; 2. Larger ones, with sails, one penny; 3. Keeles, or hulks, still larger, fourpence. 4. Ships laden with wood, one piece for toll. 5. *Boats with fish*, according to size, a halfpenny and a penny; 6. Men of Rouen, who came with wine or peas, and men of Flanders and Liege, were to pay toll before they began to sell, but the Emperor's men (Germans of the Steel Yard) paid an annual toll. 7. Bread was tolled three times a week, cattle were paid for in kind, and butter and cheese were paid more for before Christmas than after.

By King Stephen's time, according to Becket's friend and biographer, Fitzstephen, the different foreign merchants had drafted off to their respective quays—Germans and Dutch to the Steel Yard, in Upper Thames Street; the French wine merchants to the Vintry. In the reign of Edward I., a great regulator of the price of provisions, the price of fish was fixed at the following scale:—

	s.	d.
A dozen of best soles . . . . .	0	3
Best haddock . . . . .	0	2
Best mullett . . . . .	0	2
Best John Dory . . . . .	0	5
Best whittings, four for . . . . .	0	1
Best fresh oysters, a gallon . . . . .	0	2
Best Thames or Severn lamprey . . . . .	0	4
Best turbot . . . . .	0	6
Best porpoise . . . . .	6d.	to 0 8
Best fresh salmon (after Easter), four for . . . . .	5	0
Best roach . . . . .	0	1
Best pike . . . . .	6d.	to 0 8
(Probably brought from abroad, pickled).		
Best eels, a strike, or quarter of a hundred . . . . .	0	2
Best conger . . . . .	1	0

Seal, sturgeon, ling, and dolphin were also eaten.

Edward III. fixed the Billingsgate dues at 2d. for large ships, 1d. for smaller, and one halfpenny for boats or battles. For corn one farthing was paid for two quarters; one farthing for two measured quarters of sea-coal. Every tun of ale exported was taxed at 4d.; and every 1,000 herrings, one farthing.

In May, 1699, an Act of Parliament constituted Billingsgate a free and open market for the sale of fish six days in the week, and on Sundays (before Divine service) for mackerel; and any fishmonger who bought, except for his own sale, was to be sentenced to a fine of £20 for every offence. Several fishery-laws were passed in 1710, to restrain abuses, and the selfish greediness of fishermen. Eel-spears were forbidden, and it was made



unlawful to use a flue, trammel, hooped net, or double-walled net, or to destroy the fry of fish. No draw-nets were to be shot before sunrise or after sunset. No fisherman was to try for flounders between London Bridge and Westminster more than two casts at low and two at high water. No flounders were to be taken under the size of six inches. No one was to angle within the limits of London Bridge with more than two hooks upon his line; no one was to drag for salmon in the Thames with nets under six inches in the mesh; and all unlawful nets were to be destroyed.

An Act of the 33rd year of George II. was passed, to regulate the sale of fish at Billingsgate, and prevent a monopoly of the market. It was found that the London fishmongers bought up the fishing-boats, and kept the fish down at Gravesend, supplying the market with only boat-loads at a time, so as to keep up the price. An attempt had been made, in the year 1749, to establish a fish-market at Westminster, and fishing-boats were bought by subscription; but the fishmongers prevented any supply of fish reaching the new dépôt. The Act of Parliament above referred to (33 Geo. II.) was intended to remedy these evils. The master of every fishing-vessel arriving at the Nore with fish had to report the time of his arrival, and the cargo he brought, to the clerk of the coast-office, under penalty of £20; and for any marketable fish he destroyed he was to be sentenced to not less than one month's hard labour. No fish was to be placed in well-boats or store-boats, unless to go straight to Billingsgate, under a penalty of £20. No one by the same Act was allowed to sell fish-spawn, or unsizable fish, or any smelt less than five inches long from nose to tail.

Stow (Elizabeth) describes Billingsgate as a port or harbour for ships and boats bringing fish, fresh and salt, shell-fish, oranges, onions, fruit, roots, wheat, rye, and other grain. It had become more frequented after the decline of Queenhithe. Steam-vessels, of late years, have superseded the old hoys and sailing-boats that once visited Billingsgate stairs. Steamers are not, of course, dependent on the state of the tide, and the old summons for their departure (under penalty) at the ringing of the bell, which announced high water at London Bridge, is no longer an observance.

Addison, who glanced at nearly every kind of London life, with his quiet kindly philosophy, and large toleration for folly, did not forget to visit Billingsgate, and refers, in his delightful way, to the debates which frequently arose among "the ladies of the British fishery." Tom Brown gives a ribald sketch of the fish-fag; and coarse-tongued Ned

Ward, that observant publican of Defoe's time, painted a gross Dutch picture of the shrill-voiced, bloated Moll Flagons of the Dark House, scolding and chattering among their heaps of fish, ready enough to knock down the auctioneer who did not knock down a lot to them.

In Bailey's English Dictionary (1736) a Billingsgate is described as meaning "a scolding, impudent slut," and Munden, incomparable as Sir Abel Handy, in Morton's excellent comedy of *Speed the Plough*, when asked about the temper and manners of his wife, replies, in the true Socratic mode, by the query, "Were you ever at Billingsgate in the sprat season?"

Mr. Henry Mayhew, writing in 1861, calculates that every year in Billingsgate there are sold 406,000 salmon, 400,000 live cod, 97,520,000 soles, 17,920,000 whiting, 2,470,000 haddocks, 23,520,000 mackerel, 4,000,000 lbs. of sprats, 1,050,000,000 fresh herrings, in bulk, 9,797,760 eels, 147,000,000 bloaters, 19,500,000 dried haddocks, 495,896,000 oysters, 1,200,000 lobsters, 600,000 crabs, and 498,428,648 shrimps. Of this vast salvage from the seas the 4,000 London fish costermongers sell 263,281,000 pounds' weight. Mr. Mayhew calculated that the sprat costermongers sell 3,000,000 pounds' weight annually, and realise £12,000.

The foretellers or middlemen at Billingsgate are called "bummarees," probably a word of Dutch origin. They buy residues, and sell again in lots, at a considerable profit, to the fishmongers and costermongers. They are said to derive their name from the bumboat-men, who used to purchase of the wind-bound smacks at Gravesend or the Nore, and send the fish rapidly up to market in light carts.

The costermongers are important people at Billingsgate market. Sprat-selling in the streets generally commences about the 9th of November (Lord Mayor's Day), which is accordingly by costermongers sometimes called "Sprat Day." Sprats continue in about ten weeks. They are sold at Billingsgate by the "toss" or "chuck," which is about half a bushel, and weighs from forty to fifty pounds. The price varies from 1s. to 5s. A street sprat-seller can make from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a day, and often more. About 1,000 "tosses" of sprats are sold daily in London streets during the season. The real costermonger thinks sprat-selling *infra dig*. A street shell-fish-seller will make his 15s. a week, chiefly by periwinkles and mussels. The London costermongers, in Mr. Mayhew's time, sold about 770,000 pints of shrimps annually, which, at 2d. a pint, a low calculation, amounts to £6,400 yearly. The costermongers sell about 124,000,000 oysters a year, which, at four a penny, the price some years

ago, would realise £129,650. The periwinkles sold in London Mr. Mayhew calculated from good data to be 3,600,000 pints, which, at a penny a pint, gives the large sum of £15,000. The sellers of "Wink, wink, winketty, wink, wink," make, on an average, 12s. a week clear profit in the summer season. Taking fresh, salt, and shell-fish together, Mr. Mayhew calculated that £1,460,850 was spent annually on fish by London street purchasers.

In the days before railways, when the coaches were stopped by snow, or the river by ice, fish used sometimes to command great prices at Billingsgate. In March, 1802, a cod-fish of eight pounds was sold to a Bond Street fishmonger for £1 8s. In February, 1809, a salmon of nineteen pounds went for a guinea a pound. In March, 1824, three lobsters sold for a guinea each; and Mr. Timbs mentions two epicures dividing the only lobster in the market for sauce, and paying two guineas each for the luxury. On the other hand, the prolific sea furnishes sometimes great gluts of fish. Sixty tons of periwinkles at a time have been sent from Glasgow; and in two days from ninety to a hundred tons of plaice, soles, and sprats have been landed at Billingsgate. Perhaps we may live to see the time when the better sorts of fish will grow scarce as oysters, and cod-fish will have to be bred at the Dogger Bank, and encouraged in its reproduction.

All fish is sold at Billingsgate by tale, except salmon, which go by weight, and sprats, oysters, and shell-fish, which are sold by measure. In Knight's "London" (1842), the number of boxes of salmon sent to Billingsgate is said to begin in February at about thirty boxes a day, and to increase in July to 1,000 boxes a day. In 1842 probably not less than 2,500 tons of salmon reached Billingsgate. In 1770 salmon was sent to London in panniers on horseback; after that, it was packed in straw in light carts. After April it was impossible to send the fish to market. About the year 1785, Mr. Alexander Dalrymple, a servant of the East India Company, told a Mr. George Dempster, at the East India House, the Chinese fishermen's mode of conveying fresh fish great distances packed up in snow. Dempster instantly wrote off to a Scotch friend, who had already tried the plan of sending salmon, packed in ice, to London from Aberdeen and Inverness. In 1852 there were about sixty fish-salesmen in London, and fifty of these had stalls in Billingsgate.

The old water-gate of Beling, the friend of Brennus the Gaul, was long ago a mere collection of dirty pent-houses, scaly sheds, and ill-savoured benches, with flaring oil-lamps in winter, daybreak disclosing a screaming, fighting, and rather tipsy

crowd; but since the extension of the market in 1849, and the disappearance of the fishermen, there is less drinking, and more sober and strenuous business.

Mr. Henry Mayhew has painted a minute yet vivid picture of this great market. "In the darkness of the shed," he says, "the white bellies of the turbot, strung up bow-fashion, shine like mother-of-pearl, while the lobsters, lying upon them, look intensely scarlet from the contrast. Brown baskets piled upon one another, and with the herring-scales glittering like spangles all over them, block up the narrow paths. Men in coarse canvas jackets, and bending under huge hampers, push past, shouting, 'Move on! move on, there!' and women, with the long limp tails of cod-fish dangling from their aprons, elbow their way through the crowd. Round the auction-tables stand groups of men, turning over the piles of soles, and throwing them down till they slide about in their slime; some are smelling them, while others are counting the lots. 'There, that lot of soles are worth your money,' cries the salesman to one of the crowd, as he moves on leisurely; 'none better in the market. You shall have 'em for a pound and half-a-crown.' 'Oh!' shouts another salesman, 'it's no use to bother him; he's no go.' Presently a tall porter, with a black oyster-bag, staggers past, trembling under the weight of his load, his back and shoulders wet with the drippings from the sack. 'Shove on one side,' he mutters from between his clenched teeth, as he forces his way through the mob. Here is a tray of reddish-brown shrimps piled up high, and the owner busy shifting his little fish into another stand, while a doubtful customer stands in front, tasting the flavour of the stock, and consulting with his companion in speculation. Little girls carrying matting-bags, that they have brought from Spitalfields, come up, and ask you in a begging voice to buy their baskets; and women, with bundles of twigs for stringing herrings, cry out, 'Halfpenny a bunch!' from all sides. Then there are blue-black piles of small live lobsters, moving about their bound-up claws and long 'feelers,' one of them occasionally being taken up by a looker-on, and dashed down again like a stone. Everywhere every one is asking, 'What's the price, master?' while shouts of laughter, from round the stalls of the salesmen, bantering each other, burst out occasionally over the murmuring noise of the crowd. The transparent smelts on the marble slabs, and the bright herrings, with the lump of transparent ice magnifying their eyes like a lens, are seldom looked at until the market is over, though the hampers and piles of huge maids.

dropping slime from the counter, are eagerly examined and bartered for.

"The costermongers have nicknamed the long row of oyster-boats moored close alongside the wharf 'Oyster Street.' On looking down the line of tangled ropes and masts, it seems as though the little boats would sink with the crowds of men and women thronged together on their decks. It is as busy a scene as one can well behold. Each boat has its black sign-board, and salesman in his white apron walking up and down 'his shop,' and on each deck is a bright pewter pot and tin-covered plate, the remains of the salesman's breakfast. 'Who's for Baker's?' 'Who's for Archer's?' 'Who'll have Alston's?' shout the oyster-merchants; and the red cap of the man in the hold bobs up and down as he rattles the shells about with his spade. These holds are filled with oysters—a grey mass of sand and shell—on which is a bushel-measure well piled up in the centre, while some of them have a blue muddy heap of mussels divided off from the 'natives.' The sailors, in their striped guernseys, sit on the boat-sides smoking their morning's pipe, allowing themselves to be tempted by the Jew boys with cloth caps, old shoes, and silk handkerchiefs."

Mr. Mayhew has also sketched, with curious photographic realism, the Dutch eel-boats, with their bulging polished oak sides, half hidden in the river mist. They are surrounded by skiffs full of traders from the Surrey and Middlesex shores. You see wooden sabots and china pipes on the ledges of the boats, and the men wear tall fur caps, red shirts, and canvas kilts. The holds of the vessels are tanks, and floating at the stern are coffin-shaped barges pierced with holes, with eel-baskets hanging over the sides. In the centre of the boats stand the scales, tall and heavy, with, on one side, the conical net-bag for the eels; on the other, the weights and pieces of stone to make up for the water that clings to the fish. The captain, when purchasers arrive, lays down his constant friend, his black pipe, and dives into the tank a long-handled landing-net, and scoops from the tank a writhing knot of eels. Some of the purchasers wear blue serge aprons; others are ragged women, with their straw pads on their crushed bonnets. They are busy sorting their purchases, or sanding them till they are yellow.

In old times the Thames fish half supplied London. Old Stow says of the Thames in his day, "What should I speak of the fat and sweet salmon daily taken in this stream, and that in such plenty (after the time of the smelt is past) as no river in Europe is able to exceed it? But what store also of barbels, trouts, chevons, perches, smelts, breams,

roach,es, daces, gudgeons, flounders, shrimps, eels, &c., are commonly to be had therein, I refer me to them that know by experience better than I, by reason of their daily trade of fishing in the same. And albeit it seemeth from time to time to be, as it were, defrauded in sundry wise of these, her large commodities, by the insatiable avarice of fishermen; yet this famous river complaineth commonly of no want, but the more it loseth at onetime it gaineth at another."

Stow also tells us that, before 1569, the City ditch, without the wall of the City, which then lay open, "contained great store of very good fish, of divers sorts, as many yet living know, who have taken and tasted them, can well witness, but now (he says) no such matter." Sir John Hawkins, in his edition of Walton's "Angler" (1760), mentions that, about thirty years before, the City anglers were accustomed to enjoy their sport by the starlings of old London Bridge. "In the memory of a person not long since living, a waterman that plied at Essex Stairs, his name John Reeves, got a comfortable living by attending anglers with his boat. His method was to watch when the shoals of roach came down from the country, and, when he had found them, to go round to his customers and give them notice. Sometimes they (the fish) settled opposite the Temple; at others, at Blackfriars or Queenhithe; but most frequently about the chalk hills (the deposit of chalk rubble) near London Bridge. His hire was two shillings a tide. A certain number of persons who were accustomed thus to employ him raised a sum sufficient to buy him a waterman's coat and silver badge, the impress whereof was 'Himself, with an angler in his boat;' and he had annually a new coat to the time of his death, which might be about the year 1730." Mr. Goldham, the clerk or yeoman of Billingsgate Market, stated before a Parliamentary Committee that, in 1798, 400 fishermen, each of whom was the owner of a boat, and employed a boy, obtained a good livelihood by the exercise of their craft between Deptford and London, above and below bridge, taking roach, plaice, smelts, flounders, salmon, shad, eels, gudgeon, dace, dabs, &c. Mr. Goldham said that about 1810 he had known instances of as many as ten salmon and 3,000 smelts being taken at one haul up the river towards Wandsworth, and 50,000 smelts were brought daily to Billingsgate, and not fewer than 3,000 Thames salmon in the season. Some of the boats earned £6 a week, and salmon was sold at 3s. and 4s. a pound. The fishery was nearly destroyed at the time when this evidence was given, in 1828. The masters of the Dutch eel-ships stated before the

same committee that, a few years before, they could bring their live eels in "wells" as far as Gallion's Reach, below Woolwich; but now (1828) they were obliged to stop at Erith, and they had sustained serious losses from the deleterious quality of the water, which killed the fish. The increase of gas-works and of manufactories of various kinds, and of filth disgorged by the sewers, will sufficiently account for this circumstance. The number of Dutch eel-vessels which bring supplies to Billings-

would climb up bundles of weeds for a moment's fresh air.

Bagford, the old antiquary, mentions a curious custom that once prevailed at Billingsgate "This," he says, speaking of an old custom referred to in "Hudibras," "brings to my mind another ancient custom that hath been omitted of late years. It seems that in former times the porters that plyd at Billingsgate used civilly to entreat and desire every man that passed that way to salute a post that



BILLINGSGATE. (From a View taken in 1820)

gate varied, in 1842, from sixty to eighty annually. They brought about fifteen hundredweight of fish each, and paid a duty of £13. Mr. Butcher, an agent for Dutch fishermen, stated before the committee above mentioned that, in 1827, eight Dutch vessels arrived with full cargoes of healthy eels, about 14,000 pounds each, and the average loss was 4,000 pounds. Twelve years before, when the Thames was purer, the loss was only thirty pounds of eels a night; and the witness deposed that an hour after high water he had had 3,000 pounds of eels die in an hour. (How singularly this accounts for the cheap eel-pie!) The river had been getting worse yearly. Fish were often seen trying to save themselves on floating pieces of wood, and flounders

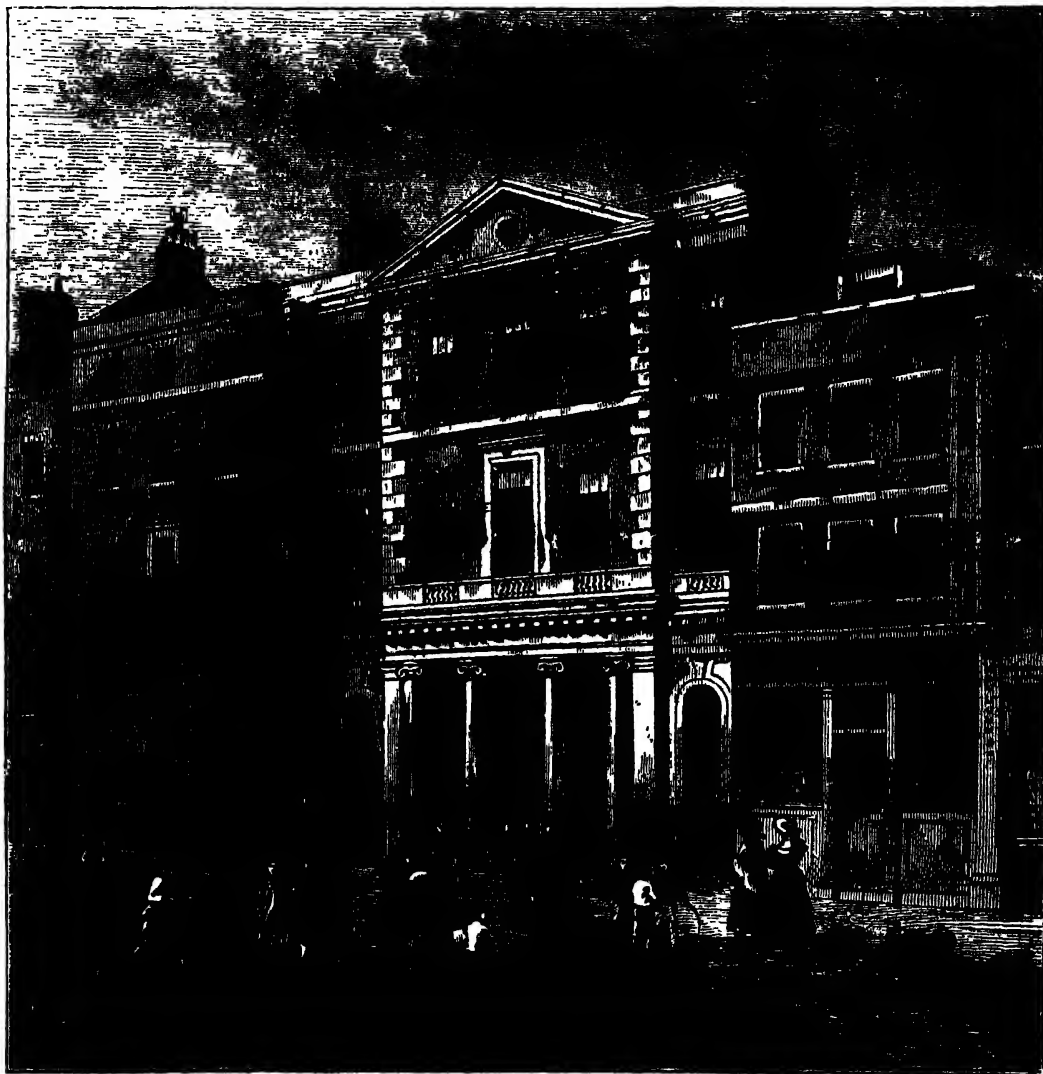
stood there in a vacant place. If he refused to do this, they forthwith laid hold of him, and by main force bopped him against the post; but if he quietly submitted to kiss the same, and paid down sixpence, they gave him a name, and chose some one of the gang for a godfather. I believe this was done in memory of some old image that formerly stood there, perhaps of Belus or Belin."

Adjoining Billingsgate, on the east side, stood Smart's Quay or Wharf, which we find noticed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth as containing an ingenious seminary for the instruction of young thieves. The following extract of a letter, addressed to Lord Burleigh, in July, 1585, by Fleetwood, the Recorder of London, evinces that the

"art and mystery" of picking pockets was brought out by the way. One Wotton, a gentleman born, and some time a merchant of good credit, having

and over the top did hang a little scaring-bell; and he that could take out a counter without any noise, was allowed to be a *public hoyster*; and he that could take a piece of silver out of the purse without the noise of any of the bells, he was adjudged a *judicial nipper*. N. B.—That a *hoyster* is a pick-

fallen by time into decay, kept an ale-house at Smart's Key, near Billingsgate; and after, for some misdemeanour, being put down, he reared up a new trade of life, and in the same house he procured all the cut-purses about this city to repair to his said house. There was a school-house set up to learn young boys to cut purses. There were hung up two devices; the one was a pocket, the other was a purse. The pocket had in it certain counters, and was hung about with hawks' bells,



THE OLD COAL EXCHANGE (see page 50).

pocket, and a *nipper* is termed a pick-purse, or a cut-purse."

The Coal Exchange faces the site of Smart's Quay, Billingsgate. English coal is first mentioned in the reign of Henry III., who granted a charter to the people of Newcastle, empowering them to dig it. Soon afterwards, dyers, brewers, &c., began to use coal in their trade, and the nobles and gentry complaining of the smoke, a severe proclamation was passed against the use of "sea-coal," though wood

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was yearly growing scarcer and dearer. Edward I. also issued a proclamation against the use of coal. Nevertheless, a charter of Edward II. shows Derbyshire coal to have been then used in London. In 1590 (Elizabeth) the owners of the Newcastle coal-pits, combining, raised the price of coals from 4s. to 9s. per chaldron; and the following year the Lord High Admiral claimed the coal metage in the port of London. The mayor and citizens disputed and overthrew this claim, and, by the influence of Lord Treasurer Burleigh, obtained the Queen's confirmation of the City's right to the office. At one period in Elizabeth's reign it was prohibited to burn stope-coal during the session of Parliament for fear the health of the members (country gentlemen accustomed to their wood-fires) should be injured. Shakespeare speaks in a cozy way "of the latter end of a sea-coal fire;" but others of the dramatists abuse coals; and the sea-coal smoke was supposed to have much injured the stone of old St. Paul's. In 1655 (Commonwealth) the price of coal in London was usually above 20s. a chaldron; and there were 320 "keels" at Newcastle, each of which carried 800 chaldrons, Newcastle measure; and 126 of these made 217 chaldrons, London measure. A duty of only 1s. a chaldron was paid on coals in London, yet the great Protector generously granted the Corporation a licence to import 400 chaldrons every year for the poor citizens, duty free. The coal-carts numbered 420, and were placed under the regulation of the President and Governors of Christ's Hospital; and all coal-sacks and measures were illegal unless sealed at Guildhall. It was also at this same period generously provided that the City companies should lay up stores of coal in summer (from 675 chaldrons to three, according to their ability), to be retailed in the winter in small quantities. To prevent extortion, conspiracy, and monopoly, retail dealers, by the same Act, were prohibited under penalties from contracting for coals, or meeting the coal-vessels before they arrived in the port of London.

By statute 16 and 17 Charles II., all sea-coal brought into the river Thames was to be sold by the chaldron, containing thirty-six bushels; and all other coals sold by weight were to be sold after the proportion of 112 pounds to the hundred avoirdupois. By the 12th Queen Anne, the coal measure was ordered to be made round, and to contain one Winchester bushel and one quart of water; the sack to hold three such bushels; the bushel to be sealed or stamped at the Exchequer Office or the Guildhall, under penalty of £50.

In 1713 the master-meters of the Coal Office were only allowed to employ or dismiss the deputies

sanctioned by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. An Act of George II. required the ancient custom to be kept up of giving one chaldron in addition to every score purchased on board ship, under penalty of £100. This bonus was called *ingrain*, and constituted good Pool measure. By a later Act any lighterman receiving any gratuity from owners or fitters for preference in the quality in lading ships was fined £500. All bargains for coals at Billingsgate had to be entered on the factor's book, signed by buyer and seller, and witnessed by the factor, who gave a copy of the contract to each. Masters of ships were fined for delaying their cargoes at Gravesend.

The old Coal Exchange, erected in 1805, for the use of the black-diamond merchants, was a quaint and picturesque building, with a receding portico, supported by small Doric pillars, and with some stone steps, that led into a quadrangle. The narrow windows lit the upper storeys. The present Coal Exchange was opened by Prince Albert in 1849, and Mr. J. B. Bunning was the architect. The design was thought original yet simple. The fronts in Thames Street and St. Mary-at-Hill are 112 feet wide and 61 feet high. The entrance vestibule is in a circular tower 109 feet high. The lowest storey is Roman-Doric; the first storey Ionic. The inner rotunda is crowned by a dome 74 feet high, which rests on eight piers. About 300 tons of iron were used in the building. The Raphaelesque decorations were designed by Mr. Sang. Above emblematical figures of the collier rivers are figures of the Virtues, and over these are groups of shells, snakes, and lizards. In some of the arabesques the leading features are views of the WallSEND, Percy, Pitt Main, and other celebrated collieries, adorned with groups of flowers and fossil plants.

While digging for the foundation of the new building, on the site of the old "Dog" tavern, the workmen came on a Roman sweating-bath, with tiled floors and several rooms. This hypocaust is still preserved.

The floor of the rotunda is composed of inlaid woods, disposed in form of a mariner's compass, within a border of Greek fret. The flooring consists of upwards of 4,000 pieces of wood, of various kinds. The varieties of wood employed comprise black ebony, black oak, common and red English oak, wainscot, white holly, mahogany, American elm, red and white walnut, and mulberry. The appearance of this floor is beautiful in the extreme. The whole of these materials were prepared by Messrs. Davison and Symington's patent process of seasoning woods. The same desiccating process has been applied to the wood-work throughout the



building. The black oak introduced is part of an old tree which was discovered in the river Tyne, where it had unquestionably lain between four and five centuries. The mulberry-wood, of which the blade of the dagger in the shield of the City Arms is composed, is a piece of a tree planted by Peter the Great, when he worked as a shipwright in Deptford Dockyard.

"The coloured decorations of this Exchange have been most admirably imagined and successfully carried out. They are extremely characteristic, and on this point deserve praise. The entrance vestibule is peculiarly rich and picturesque in its embellishments; terminal figures, vases with fruit, arabesque foliage, &c., all of the richest and most glowing colours, fill up the vault of the ceiling; and, looking up through an opening in the ceiling, a figure of Plenty scattering riches, and surrounded by *figurini*, is seen painted in the ceiling of the lantern. Over the entrance doorway, within a sunk panel, is painted the City Arms."

The Hall of the Watermen's Company was originally situated at Coldharbour, near the "Three Cranes," in the Vintry, and is referred to in the statute of 1 James I., 1603. It was burnt, with many of the Company's old records, in the Great Fire of 1666, but was again rebuilt in the old place. It was rebuilt once more in 1722, and in 1776 the Company removed to St. Mary-at-Hill, Billingsgate, where it now remains, Calvert's brewery occupying the old site. In 1555 an Act was passed, directing that the Court should consist of eight watermen, to be called overseers and rulers, to be annually appointed by the Court of Lord Mayor and Aldermen. In 1641 an order was made by the Court of Lord Mayor, that fifty-five persons at the different stairs should select twenty of their number to choose the eight rulers to carry out the laws. These fifty-five persons assumed the title of "assistants."

In 1700 the lightermen of the City were incorporated with the watermen (called Watermen and Lightermen's Company). Three lightermen were to be appointed as additional overseers and rulers, and a court of forty assistants. In 1729 an Act was passed which reduced the number of assistants to thirty. In 1827 a new Act was passed, re-incorporating the Company, to consist of a master, four wardens, and twenty-one assistants. In case of vacancy in court, the court were to select three qualified persons, for the Court of Lord Mayor, &c., to choose one to fill the vacancy. In 1859 an Act was passed, by which the court were empowered to fill up vacancies, without reference to the Court of Lord Mayor, &c.

The various Acts passed from the time of

Henry VIII. gave power to the Company to hold general courts, courts of binding, and courts for hearing and determining complaints, and to punish offenders by fine and imprisonment; power to license passenger-boats, register craft, and to appoint Sunday ferries, the rent of which has always been applied to the relief of the poor of the Company, and to make bye-laws for the regulation of boats, barges, and steam-boats on the river, and the men navigating the same. There are about 350 apprentices bound annually, and about 250 complaints are investigated during the year. The introduction of steam greatly reduced the watermen, but the lightermen and barges have been annually increasing. There are now about 6,000 freemen of the Company, and 2,000 apprentices. The court distribute about £1,600 per annum, out of their ferry-rents, in pensions to 400 poor freemen and widows. Forty almshouses have been established at Penge, supported by the voluntary contributions of the public.

The fares of the Thames watermen and wherry-men were regulated by Henry VIII. in 1514. Taylor, the water-poet, *temp.* Elizabeth, states the watermen between Windsor and Gravesend at 40,000. A third statute regulates the dimensions of the boats and wherries, then dangerously "shallow and tickle;" the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to limit the watermen's fares, if confirmed by the Privy Council. Strype was told by one of the Company that there were 40,000 watermen upon their rolls; that they could furnish 20,000 men for the fleet, and that 8,000 were then in the service. Taylor, the water-poet, with his fellow-watermen, violently opposed the introduction of coaches as trade-spoilers. The Company (says Mr. Timbs) condemned the building of Westminster and Blackfriars bridges, as an injury to the ferries between Vauxhall and the Temple, the profits of which were given to the poor, aged, decayed, and maimed watermen and their widows; and in both cases the Company were compensated for their losses. The substitution of steam-boats for wherries has, however, been as fatal to the watermen as railways to stage-coachmen.

The Lord High Admiral, or the Commissioners of the Admiralty, used to have power to demand a certain number of watermen to serve in the Royal Navy, by an Act of William and Mary; and in 1796 nearly 4,000 watermen were thus enrolled. The ribald banter of the Thames watermen was formerly proverbial, and is mentioned by Ned Ward, and nearly all the essayists. Dr. Johnson, Boswell says, was particularly proud of having silenced some watermen who tried to ridicule him. By an

order of the Company in 1761, this foul kind of extemporaneous satire was forbidden by the rulers and auditors of the Company; and any waterman or apprentice convicted of using indecent language was fined 2s. 6d. for each offence; the fines to go to the use of the "poor, aged, decayed, and maimed members of the Company, their widows and children."

All wherries were formerly required to be 12½ feet long and 4½ broad in the midships, under pain of forfeiture; and all wherries and boats were to be entered and numbered. Extortion and abuse was punishable by fine and imprisonment. A statute (34 George III.) placed the watermen more immediately under the mayor's jurisdiction; and the highest penalty was fixed at £3.

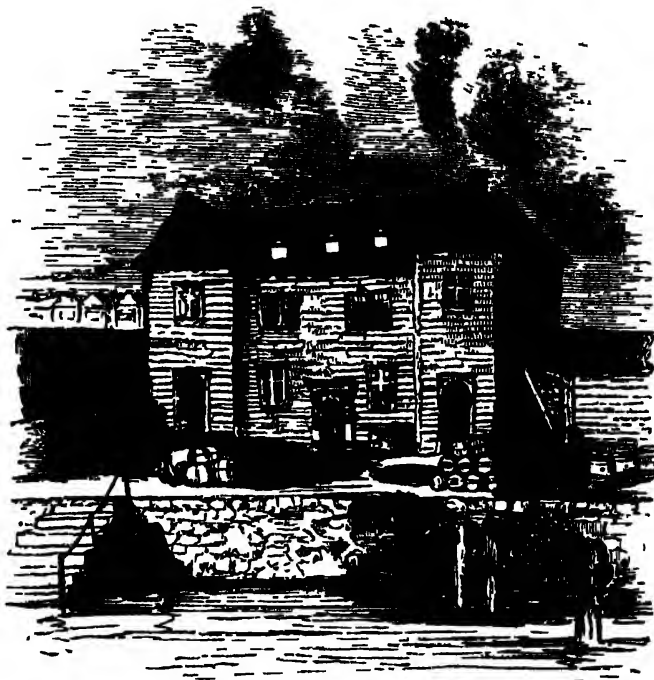
Before the time of steamboats, a bell used to ring at Gravesend at high water, as a warning to hurry off the London watermen. A report of the Dock Committee in 1796 shows that there were then 12,283 watermen, 8,283 freemen, 2,000 non-free-men, and 2,000 apprentices; the annual number of apprentices being from 200 to 300. In 1828 there were above 3,000 wherries on the Thames in and about London.

When the opening of Blackfriars Bridge destroyed the landing ferry there, established for the benefit of the Waterman's Poor Fund, the bridge committee gave £13,650 Consolidated Three per Cents to the rulers of the Company, as a recompense, and the interest is now appropriated to the same purpose as the ferry-fund used to be.

Close to Waterman's Hall is the Fellowship Porters' Hall. This brotherhood was incorporated as early as 1155 (Henry II.), and re-incorporated in 1613 (James I.). The business of the Fellowship Porters, which is now less strictly defined than in old times, is to carry or haul goods, salt, coals, fish

and fruit of all descriptions. There were formerly about 3,000 Fellowship Porters; there are now about 1,500. The Ticket Porters and Tackle Porters have no hall. The fraternity of Fellowship Porters had the power, by an Act of Council of 1646, to choose twelve rulers, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen reserving the right to appoint one of the number. There are now six rulers. The governor, deputy-governor, and deputy of the ward act as superintendents of the Company. The Company has no livery nor arms, and ranks the nineteenth in the order of precedence.

In accordance with a pretty old custom, every Sunday before Midsummer Day a sermon is preached to the Fellowship Porters in the church of St Mary-at-Hill. They overnight furnish the merchants and families above Billingsgate with nose-gays, and in the morning proceed from the hall to the church, two and two, carrying nose-gays. They walk up the middle aisle to the communion-table, and each places an offering in one of the two basins



THE CUSTOM HOUSE—TIME OF ELIZABETH.

on the communion-rails, for the relief of the Company's poor; and after they have prayed, the deputy, the merchants, their wives, children, and servants walk in order from their seats, and perform the same solemnity. The annual cost of the nose-gays amounts to nearly £20.

And now we come to that great Government toll-bar, the Customs House. The first building of this kind in London was rebuilt by John Churchman, Sheriff of London, in 1385 (Richard II.), and it stood on the site of the present buildings. Another and larger edifice, erected in the reign of Elizabeth, was destroyed by the Great Fire. A new Custom House, built by Wren, was destroyed by fire in 1715, and its successor, the design of Ripley, was burnt down February 12, 1814.

In Elizabeth's time, the farmers of the Customs

made immense fortunes. A chronicler of her reign says: "About this time (1590) the commodity of the Custom House amounted to an unexpected value; for the Queen, being made acquainted, by means of a subtle fellow, named Caerwardine, with the mystery of their gains, so enhanced the rate, that Sir Thomas Smith, Master of the Custom House, who heretofore farmed it of the Queen for £14,000 yearly, was now augmented to £42,000, and afterwards to £50,000, which, notwithstanding, was valued but as an ordinary sum for such oppressing gaine. The Lord Treasurer, the Earls of Leicester and Walsingham, much opposed themselves against this Caerwardine, denying him entrance into the Privy Chamber, insomuch that, expostulating with the Queen they traduced her harkening to such a fellow's information, to the disparagement of the judgment of her Council, and the discredit of their case. But the Queen answered them, that all princes ought to be, if not as favourable, yet as just, to the lowest as the highest, deciding that they who falsely accuse her Privy Council of sloth or indiscretion should be severely punished; but that they who justly accused them should be heard. That she was Queen as well to the poorest as to the proudest, and that, therefore, she would never be deaf to their just complaints. Likewise, that she would not suffer that those toll-takers, like horse-leeches, should glut themselves with the riches of the realm, and starve her exchequer; which, as she will not bear it to be *docketed*, so hateth she to enrich it with the poverty of the people."

This branch of revenue has grown like the green bay-tree of the Psalmist. In the first of Elizabeth the Customs realised £73,846; in her fifth year, £57,436; in her tenth, £74,875. The average of sixteen years, before the Restoration, was £316,402. In Elizabeth's time the Custom House establishment consisted of eight principal officers, each of whom had from two to six men under him; but the principal waiter had as many as sixteen subordinates. From 1671 to 1688, says D'Avenant, the first inspector-general of imports and exports, the revenue derived from the English Customs averaged £555,752 a year. From 1700 to 1714, the Customs averaged £1,352,764. At the close of the century they exceeded £6,000,000. They now exceed £20,000,000.

The Custom House built after the Great Fire was said to have cost £10,000. The new Custom House of 1718 had better-arranged apartments and accommodation for a greater number of clerks. The new building was 189 feet long, and the centre 29 feet deep. It was built of brick and stone, and

the wings had a passage colonnade of the Tuscan order, towards the river, the upper storey being relieved by Ionic pilasters and pediments. The great feature of the building was the "Long Room," which, extending the whole length of the centre, was 127 feet long, 29 wide, and 24 high. Here several commissioners superintended personally the numerous officers and clerks of various departments.

This building, already too small for the ever-growing commerce of London, was destroyed, as before mentioned, in 1814, by a fire, which also destroyed ten houses on the north side of Thames Street. Cellars and warehouses full of valuable property, and stores of documents and records, were also lost. But, several years before this catastrophe, the enlargement of the Custom House had been planned. It had been at first proposed to build an additional wing, but on a survey the old building was found too much decayed and dilapidated to warrant much expenditure on its renovation. The Lords of the Treasury selected Mr. Laing's design. Between the old Custom House and Billingsgate there had been eight quays, equal to 479 feet; but the site now selected was immediately east of Billingsgate, with only a landing-stair between. It had been suggested to place the Custom House on the north side of Thames Street, so as to save the expense of embankment; but this would have necessitated the widening of many narrow and crooked streets, and the formation of two docks, one east and one west of the quay. The estimate for the new building was £165,000, exclusive of the formation of the foundation-ground and some other contingencies. The owners of private property claimed £84,478, and were paid £41,700. The materials of the old building were sold for £12,400. The first necessity was to test the substratum. The soil was bored with huge augers that screwed down eighteen to twenty feet. A substratum of close gravel, at first promising well, proved to be artificial. The whole ground, from the level of the river to the south side of Thames Street, proved to have once been part of the bed of the river. Rushes were found mixed with mussel-shells and the chrysalids of water insects. The workmen also came on three distinct lines of wooden embankments at the distances of 58, 86, and 103 feet within the range of the existing wharves; and about fifty from the campshot, or under edge of the wharf wall, a wall built of chalk and rubble, and faced with Purbeck stone, was discovered, running east and west. This was, no doubt, the river rampart of London, mentioned by Fitzstephen. It was so strongly built that it could scarcely be broken even by iron wedges. Many

coins and other Roman antiquities were found. Rows of piles, twenty-eight and thirty feet long, were then sunk, and on these were placed sleepers of beech fitted in with brickwork.

The first stone of the new building was laid in 1813, by Lord Liverpool, then First Lord of the Treasury, and was opened for business, May 12, 1817. The north side, fronting Thames Street, was plain, but on the south front, towards the

cheaply or too quickly, and the foundation gave way. This was bitterly complained of in a Parliamentary Committee of 1828, when it was stated that this failure had led to a charge of nearly £180,000, in addition to the original expenditure of £225,000. The Long Room eventually had to be taken down by Mr. Laing, the architect, the foundations relaid, and the allegorical figures removed.



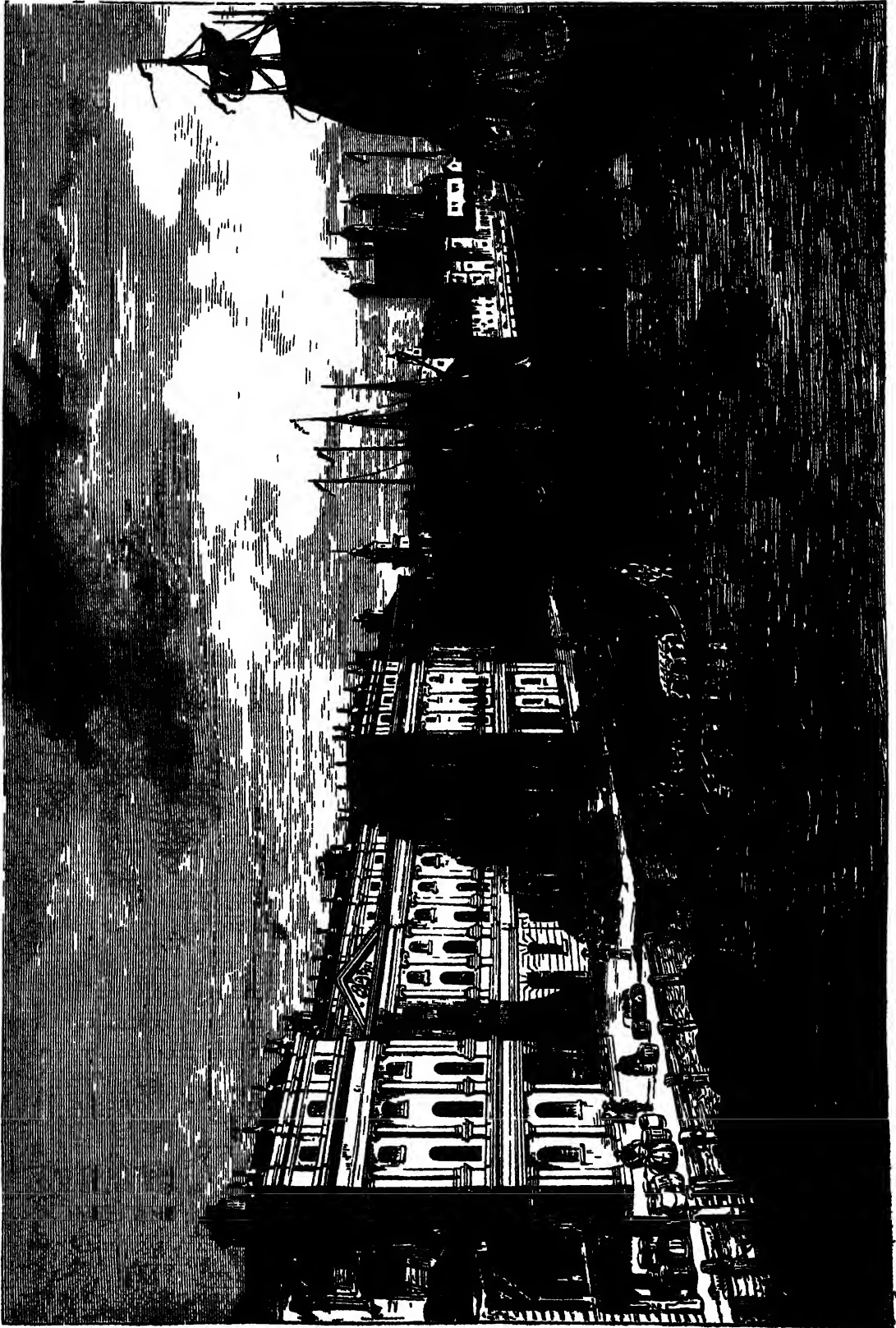
THE PRESENT COAL EXCHANGE.

river, the central compartment projected, and the wings had a hexastyle detached Ionic colonnade. The central attic, comprising the exterior of the celebrated Long Room, was decorated with alto and basso relievos, representing in allegorical groups the Arts, Sciences, Commerce, Industry, and types of the nations who are our principal commercial allies. The dial-plate, nine feet in diameter, was supported by colossal figures of Industry and Plenty, while the royal arms were sustained by figures of Ocean and Commerce. The Long Room was 196 feet by 66.

Unfortunately, however, the work was done too

The quay is too narrow to afford a good view, but there is a simple grandeur about the design, when seen from the bridge or river. The water front, says Mr. Platt, is 488 feet, 90 feet longer than the old Post Office, and 30 feet longer than the National Gallery.

The number of officers and clerks in this great public office is over 600, out and in. The out-door *employés* are about 300. The inspectors-general superintend the tide-surveyors, tide-waiters, and watermen, and appoint them their daily duty, each inspector attending in rotation at Gravesend. The tide-surveyors visit ships reported inwards or out-



THE OLD CUSTOM HOUSE. (From a View by Meurren, published in 1753.)



wards, to see that the tide-waiters put on board discharge their duty properly. The tide-waiters, if the vessel is coming in, remain on board, unless the vessel be in the docks, like men in possession, till the cargo is discharged. The landing-officers, under the superintendence of the surveyors, attend the quays and docks, and take a note of goods as they are craned on shore, and on the receipt of warrants showing that the duties are paid, permit the delivery of goods for home consumption. The officers of the coast department attend to vessels arriving and departing between London and the out-ports, and give permits for landing their cargoes, and take bonds for the delivery at their destination of goods sent coastwise. They appoint the coast-waiters, who attend the shipping, and discharge all coastwise goods. The searchers see to all goods shipped for abroad, the entries of which, after passing the Long Room, are placed in their hands, and they examine the packages, to see that they duly correspond. As the amount of work fluctuates, and when a special wind blows, flocks of vessels arrive together, the number of supernumeraries employed at the Custom House is very large. There are sometimes, says a good authority, as many as 2,000 persons a day working at Custom House business between Gravesend and London Bridge.

The Long Room is the department where most of the documents required by the Customs' Laws are received by officials. The first thing necessary upon the arrival of a vessel from a foreign country is the report of the ship, that is, the master must, within twenty-four hours of entering the port, deliver at the Report Office in the Long Room an account of her cargo. Then, before any goods are delivered out of charge by the officers of the out-door department, who board and watch vessels on their arrival, entries of the goods passed also in the Long Room must have reached the officers. These entries are documents giving particulars of the goods in greater detail than is required in the master's report, and are delivered in the Long Room by the consignees of the cargo, or by their representatives. A single entry may suffice for an entire cargo, if it be all of one kind of goods and be the property of one person, or any number of entries may be necessary if the cargo be varied in nature. The report and the entries—that is, the account of the cargo rendered by the master and that supplied by the consignees—are compared, and delivery of goods not mentioned in the report, though correctly entered, is refused until the omission has been satisfactorily explained. In the case of goods liable to duty, the entries are not suffered to leave the

Long Room until it is ascertained that the payment has been made. The entry for such goods, when signed by the Long Room officers, in testimony of its having been passed by them, vouches for the payment of the duty, and constitutes the warrant authorising the officers at the waterside to deliver the goods. Such is the general course of routine applicable to vessels arriving from foreign ports. The officers of the Long Room sit at their desks along the four sides. The visitors are chiefly weather-beaten sea-captains, shipowners, and shipowners' clerks, who come and report arrivals or obtain clearances, and wholesale merchants, who have goods to import or export, or goods to place in bond.

A correct account is also required of the cargoes of vessels sailing from this country, and the documents by which this is obtained are presented in the Searcher's Office in the Long Room either by the shippers of the goods or by the master of the vessel. The operation performed in the Long Room by the master of an outward-bound ship, which corresponds to the reporting of an arriving vessel, is termed "clearing" or "obtaining clearance."

The documents required from the masters of vessels engaged in trade from one port of the United Kingdom to another, termed "coasting trade," are less elaborate.

From the particulars obtained by the various papers thus delivered in the Long Room, are prepared the monthly returns of trade and navigation, published by the Board of Trade, and the collection and arrangement of the information so obtained occupies a large staff of clerks in the Statistical Department of the Custom House.

At each outport the room where the business described above is transacted bears the name of the "Long Room," although in most cases it is neither long nor in any other way extensive.

The establishment of docks surrounded by high walls, from which goods can be removed only through gateways easily guarded, has made it possible to provide for the security of the duties upon importations with a far less numerous staff of officers than would be necessary if every vessel discharged in the river or at open quays. And the gradual reduction which has taken place in the number of articles in the tariff liable to duty during the last thirty years renders a less rigid examination of goods necessary than was previously requisite. These and other causes enable the present reduced staff to deal efficiently with an amount of business to which under former circumstances it would have been wholly inadequate.

The warehousing system, which consisted in per-



mitting the payment of duties upon goods deposited under Crown locks in warehouses duly approved for the purpose by the Board of Customs, to be deferred until the goods are wanted for consumption, offers great facilities to trade, and is largely adopted. This system involves the keeping of very elaborate accounts, which form the duty of the warehousing departments.

Of the 170 or so distinct apartments in the Custom House, all classified and combined to unite order and contiguity, the king is the Long Room, 190 feet long, 66 wide, and between 40 and 50 feet high. The eye cannot take in at once its breadth and its length, but it is not so handsome as the room that fell in, to the dismay of Mr. Peto. The floor is plank. The cellars in the basement form a groined fireproof crypt.

The rooms are perfectly plain, all but the Board Room, which is slightly decorated, and contains portraits of George III. and George IV., the latter by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The Queen's Warehouse is on the ground floor. The entrance to the Custom House is in the north front. On the southern side there is an entrance from the quay and river.

Nearly one-half of the Customs of the United Kingdom, says a writer on the subject, are collected in the port of London. In 1840, while the London Customs were £11,116,685, the total of the United Kingdom were only £23,341,813. In the same year the only place approaching London was Liverpool, where the Customs amounted to £4,607,326. In 1849 the London Customs were £11,070,176. The same year the declared value of the exports from Liverpool amounted to no less than £33,341,918, or nearly three times the value of the exports from London, for in foreign trade London is surpassed by Liverpool. Mr. McCulloch estimates, including the home and foreign markets, the total value of produce conveyed into and from London annually at £65,000,000 sterling.

The number of foreign vessels that entered the port of London in the year 1841 was estimated at 8,167, and the number of coasters at 21,122. The expense of collecting the Customs in Great Britain alone is calculated at over a million sterling. The Board of Commissioners, that sits at the Custom House, has all the outports of the United Kingdom under its superintendence. It receives reports from them, and issues instructions from the central Board. The recording of the business of the great national firm, now performed by the Statistical Office in the Custom House, was attempted in the reign of Charles II., and urged on the Commissioners of Customs by the bewildered Privy Council

for Trade; but it was declared, after many trials, to be impossible. It was first really begun in the business-like reign of William III., when the broad arrow was first used to check thefts of Government property, and when the office of Inspector-General of Imports and Exports was established, and the Custom House ledger, to record their value, first started. The Act of 1694 required all goods exported and imported to be entered in the Custom House books, with the prices affixed. Cotton, therefore, was taxed at this the official value, till 1798. In this year the Government imposed a convoy duty of four per cent., *ad valorem*, upon all exports; and to do this equitably, every shipper of goods was compelled to make a declaration of their then actual value. This was what is called "the declared or real value." A daily publication, called the "Bill of Entry," is issued at the Custom House, to report the imports and exports and the arrival and clearance of vessels.

Prior to the year 1825, says a writer in Knight's "London," the statutes relating to the Customs had accumulated, from the reign of Edward I., to 1,500, and were naturally as confusing and entangled as they were contradictory. Mr. Huskisson, Mr. J. D. Hume, and eventually the slow-moving Board of Trade, at last revised the statutes, and consolidated them into eleven acts. They were still further simplified in 1833, and again consolidated in 1853. One of the Acts passed in 1833 enumerates not fewer than 1,150 different rates of duty chargeable on imported articles, while the main source of revenue is derived from a very small number of articles. "For example," says a writer on the subject, "the duty on seventeen articles produced, in 1839, about 94½ per cent. of the total revenue of Customs, the duties on other articles being not only comparatively unproductive, but vexatious and a hindrance to the merchants, shipowners, and others. In the above year, forty-six articles were productive of 98½ per cent. of the total Customs' revenue.

"The occasional importation of articles which are not enumerated in the tariff of duties is often productive of amusing perplexity. Mr. Huskisson mentioned a case of this nature when he brought forward the plans of consolidation already mentioned. A gentleman had imported a mummy from Egypt, and the officers of Customs were not a little puzzled by this non-enumerated article. These remains of mortality, muscles and sinews, pickled and preserved three thousand years ago, could not be deemed a raw material, and therefore, upon deliberation, it was determined to tax them as a manufactured article. The importer, anxious that

his mummy should not be seized, stated its value at £400; and the declaration cost him £200, being at the rate of £50 per cent. on the manufactured merchandise which he was about to import. Mr. Huskisson reduced the duties on non-enumerated manufactured articles from £50 to £20 per cent., and of non-enumerated unmanufactured articles from £20 to £10 per cent." A somewhat similar case, relating to an importation of ice from Norway, was mentioned in a debate in the House of Lords in 1842. A doubt was started what duty it ought to pay, and the point was referred from the Custom House to the Treasury, and from the Treasury to the Board of Trade; and it was ultimately decided that the ice might be introduced on the payment of the duty on dry goods; but as one of the speakers remarked, "The ice was dissolved before the question was solved."

In the time of Charles I. the Customs were farmed, and we find Garrard writing to Lord Stafford, January 11th, 1634, mentioning that the farmers of the Customs, rejoicing over their good bargains, no doubt, had been unusually liberal in their new year's gifts to the king, having sent him, besides the usual 2,000 pieces, £5,000 in cash, and an unset diamond that had cost them £5,000. Yet what a small affair the Customs must have been compared to now, when sugar, tea, tobacco, wine, and brandy produce each of them more than a million a year!

Defoe says, "In the Long Room it's a pretty pleasure to see the multitude of payments that are made there in a morning. I heard Count Tallard say that nothing gave him so true and great an idea of the richness and grandeur of this nation as this, when he saw it after the Peace of Kyswick."

Mr. Platt's account of the working of the Custom House system of thirty years ago shows a remarkable contrast with that of the present day. Writing in the year 1853, he says, "The progress of an article of foreign merchandise through the Customs to the warehouse or shop of the dealer is as follows:—First, on the arrival of the ship at Gravesend, tide-waiters are put on board and remain until she reaches the appointed landing place. The goods are reported and entered at the Custom House, and a warrant is transmitted to the landing-waiters, who superintend the unloading of the cargo. A landing-waiter is specially appointed to each ship; officers under him, some of whom are gaugers, examine, weigh, and ascertain the contents of the several packages, and enter an account of them. These operations are subject to the daily inspection of superior officers. When warehoused, the goods are in charge of a locker, who is

under the warehouse-keeper. When goods are delivered for home consumption, the locker receives a warrant from the Custom House certifying that the goods had been paid; he then looks out the goods, and the warehouse-keeper signs the warrant. When foreign or colonial goods are exported, the process is more complicated. The warehouse-keeper makes out a 're-weighing slip;' a landing-waiter examines the goods, which continue in the charge of the locker, and a cocket, with a certificate from the proper officers at the Custom House, as his authority for their delivery. The warehouse-keeper signs this document, and a counterpart of the cocket, called a 'shipping bill,' is prepared by the exporting merchant. The goods pass from the warehouse-keeper into the hands of the searcher, who directs a tide-waiter to receive them at the water-side and to attend their shipment, taking an account of the articles; and he remains on board until the vessel reaches Gravesend, when she is visited by a searcher stationed there; the tide-waiter is discharged, and the vessel proceeds. But before her final clearance the master delivers to the searcher a document called 'a content,' being a list of the goods on board, and which is compared with the cocket. It is then only that the cargo can be fairly said to be out of the hands of the Custom House officers."

Tide-waiters are not now specially appointed to each ship on arrival. There are no export duties now and no *ad valorem* duties. Cockets have been abolished.

The following statement from Mr. F. Martin's "Statesman's Year-Book" is valuable as a comparison:—

Ports.	1877.	1878.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£	£	£	£
London .....	9,753,572	10,095,988	342,416	—
Liverpool ..	3,025,768	3,096,258	70,490	—
Other ports of England {	2,749,741	2,782,266	32,525	—
Scotland .....	1,633,811	1,588,208	—	45,603
Ireland .....	1,842,486	1,792,914	—	49,572
Total .....	19,005,378	19,355,634	445,431	—
Decrease .....	—	—	350,256	—

It will be seen that the amount of Customs' receipts collected in London in each of the years 1877 and 1878 was more than that of all the other ports of Great Britain taken together, and five times that of the whole of Ireland. Besides London and Liverpool, there is only one port in England, Bristol, the Customs' receipts of which average half a million a year, and one more, Hull, where they are above a quarter of a million. It is to be observed

that there has been a great reduction of Customs duties of late years. During the sixteen years from 1857 to 1872 the actual diminution of Customs was no less than £14,255,855.

At the present time (1880) the tendency of modern legislation is towards the concentration of Customs' duties on a few articles; indeed, there are now virtually but four great articles which pay these duties, namely, tobacco, spirits, tea, and wine. From the Customs' returns of the last thirty years, according to Mr. Martin, in his work quoted above, it appears that there is an ever-increasing tendency of concentration of trade within a few great centres of commerce. Some idea of the vast amount of work done at the Custom House may be gathered from the fact that the total gross produce of Customs' duties in the year 1878 amounted to £20,191,526, whilst in the preceding year they amounted to £19,840,321, so that there was an increase in 1878, as compared with 1877, of £351,205. The deduct drawbacks and repayments in 1877 were £104,110, and in 1878, £104,326, showing an increase of £216.

The Custom House Quay fronts the Thames. Here Cowper, the poet, came, intending to make away with himself. "Not knowing," he says, "where to poison myself, I resolved upon drowning. For that purpose I took a coach, and ordered the man to drive to Tower Wharf, intending to throw myself into the river from the Custom House Quay. I left the coach upon the Tower Wharf, intending never to return to it; but upon coming to the quay I found the water low, and a porter seated upon some goods there, as if on purpose to prevent me. This passage to the bottomless pit being mercifully shut against me, I returned back to the coach."

A modern essayist has drawn a living picture of the Custom House sales:—"The Queen's Warehouse is situated on the ground-floor of the Custom House. The Queen's Warehouse is not an imposing apartment, either in its decorations or extent; it is simply a large, square room, lighted by an average number of windows, and consisting of four bare walls, upon which there is not the most distant approach to decoration. Counters are placed in different directions, with no regard to order of effect. Here and there masses of drapery for sale are hung suspended from cords, or to all appearance nailed against the wall. Across one corner of the room, in the immediate vicinity of a very handsome inlaid cabinet, two rows of dilapidated Bath chaps are slung upon a rope. Close under these delicacies stands a rosewood piano, on which a foreign lady, supported by a foreign gentleman, is playing a showy fantasia. . . .

"Eighty-nine opera-glasses; three dozen 'companions'—more numerous than select, perhaps; forty dozen black brooches—ornamental mourning, sent over probably by some foreign manufacturer, relying in the helplessness of our Woods-and-Forest-ridden Board of Health, and in the death-dealing fogs and stinks of our metropolis; seventeen dozen daguerreotype plates, to receive as many pretty and happy faces; eighty dozen brooches; nineteen dozen pairs of ear-rings; forty-two dozen finger-rings; twenty-one dozen pairs of bracelets. The quantities and varieties are bewildering, and the ladies cluster about in a state of breathless excitement, or give way to regrets that the authorities will not sell less than ten dozen tiaras, or half-a-dozen clocks. The French popular notion, that every Englishman has an exhaustless store of riches, seems to hold as firmly as ever; for here we find about three hundred dozen portemonnaies, and countless purses, evidently of French manufacture. Presently we are shown what Mr. Carlyle would call 'a gigantic system of shams,' in five hundred and thirty-eight gross of imitation turquoises. . . .

"On the particular occasion to which we have been all along referring three hundred gross of lucifer-matches figured in the bazaar, besides several acres of East India matting, forty-nine gallons of Chutney sauce; eighteen gallons of curry-paste; thirty millions of splints; seventy-seven hundred-weight of slate-pencils, sixty-eight gallons of rose-water, one package of visiting cards, one ship's long-boat, and 'four pounds' of books in the English language."

One of Mr. Dickens's staff has bitterly described the delay in passing baggage through the Custom House. "A fine view of the river," he says, "seen through one of the open windows, was being calmly enjoyed by a portly person, evidently of considerable official pretensions. A clerk, writing the reverse of a running hand, sat at a desk; another (who seemed, by the jaunty style in which he wore his hat, to be a dropper-in from some other department of the Customs) leaned lazily against the desk, enjoying the proceedings of the baffled, heated ladies and gentlemen who had escaped from the crowd, and who were anxiously threading the confused maze of passengers' effects strewed on the floor, to find their own. The scene was made complete by two or three porters, whose deliberate mode of opening carpet-bags, boxes, and trunks, showed that it was not their fate to be hurried, in their passage through this life."

But these inconveniences have mostly been removed, and much civility and promptitude are shown by the Custom House officials.



ROMAN REMAINS FOUND IN BILLINGSGATE (see page 50).

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE TOWER

*Cæsar's Tower—Bishop Gundulfus—Henry III.'s Buildings—The White Tower—Free Access to the Tower claimed by London Citizens—Flambard's Escape—Prince Griffin—Thomas de Beuchamp—Charles of Orleans—Lord Cobham—Wyatt and his Cot—Murder of the Young Princes—The Earl of Surrey—Pilgrims of Grace—Lady Jane Grey—Sir Thomas Wyatt—The "White Rose of York"*

THE Tower has been the background of all the darkest scenes of English history. Its claims to Roman descent we have before noticed. There can be little doubt that the Roman wall that ran along Thames Street terminated in this fort, within which bars of silver stamped with the name of Honorius have been discovered. Our Saxon chapter showed that Alfred unquestionably built a river-side stronghold on the same site. Alfred has been long forgotten within the Tower walls, but the name of Cæsar's Tower Shakespeare has, by a few words, kept alive for ever. This castle—for centuries a palace, for centuries a prison, and now a barrack, a show-place, a mere fossil of the sterner ages—was commenced, in its present form, by Gundulf, the Bishop of Rochester, for that stern represser of Saxon discontent, William the Conqueror. This Benedictine friar, who had visited the East, built the White Tower, the first St. Peter's

Church, and the Hall (or Jewel) Tower. He lived to the age of eighty, and saw the Tower completed.

The next great builder at the Tower was Henry III., who erected Corfe, Conway, and Beaumaris Castles. He added to the tall square White Tower the Water Gate, the great wharf, the Cradle Tower, the Lantern (where his bedroom and private closet were), the Galliesman Tower, and the first wall of the *enceinte*. He adorned the St. John's Chapel, in the White Tower, with frescoes, and gave bells to St. Peter's Church on Tower Green. In the Hall Tower, from which a passage led through the Great Hall into the Lantern, he built that small chapel before whose cross, says Mr. Hepworth Dixon, Henry VI. was afterwards stabbed.

The embankment and wharf which the Water Gate commanded was Henry's greatest work. The land recovered from the river, and much exposed to the sweep of the tide, was protected by piles,



CAPTIVITY OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS IN THE TOWER. (*From an Illumination in the Royal MS.*)

enclosed by a front of stone. The London citizens rejoiced when, in 1240, the Water Gate and wall both fell, under the action of high spring-tides.

The next year the Barbican fell again, and people said that the spirit of St. Thomas à Becket had appeared, and, indignant at the infringement of



public rights, had struck down the walls with a blow of his crucifix. After wasting more than 12,000 marks, the king at last secured a firm foundation, and reared the Water Gate as it now stands. The saints obnoxious to the walls raised against London citizens were propitiated by an oratory called the Confessor's Chapel, the martyr giving his name to the gate itself.

The whole wharf, 1,200 feet long, lay open to the Thames, except a patch of ground at the lower end, near the Iron Gate, which led to the Hospital of St. Catherine the Virgin, where sheds and magazines were built (now the docks). To the river-front there were three stairs. The Queen's Stairs, where royalty landed, lay beneath the Byeword Gate and the Belfry, with a passage by bridge and postern through the Byeward Tower into Water Lane. The Water-way passed under St. Thomas's Tower to the flight of steps in Water Lane, and was generally known as Traitor's Gate, the entrance for prisoners. The Galleyman Stairs (seldom used) lay under the Cradle Tower, by which there was a private entrance to the royal quarters.

Under the Plantagenet kings, says Mr. Dixon, the Tower warden claimed a right, very obnoxious to the London citizens, of putting "kiddles" or weirs filled with nets in front of the Tower Wharf, and, indeed, in any part of the Thames. For sums of money any one could buy licences of the Tower wardens to set kiddles in the Thames, Lea, and Medway with nets that stopped even the smallest fish. Ceaseless were the complaints of this intolerable injustice, till Richard I. surrendered the Tower rights on religious grounds, for the salvation of his soul and those of his ruthless ancestors; but the warden soon reasserted his privileges.

By Magna Charta all kiddles were to be removed from the Thames. The warden still disregarding these claims of the citizens, the Sheriff of London, on one occasion, made a raid, and by force of arms destroyed all the obnoxious nets. In the reign of Henry III. this quarrel assumed a more serious aspect. Enraged at the kiddles placed in the Medway, Jordan de Coventry and a body of armed men proceeded to Yantlet Creek, near Rochester, carried off thirty kiddles, and made prisoners of five men of Rochester, seven men of Strood, and three men of Cliff, with nine other malefactors, and threw them into Newgate. The Rochester men resolved to bring the case before the king, and it was tried at his palace at Kennington. The justiciar who attended for the Crown was a collateral ancestor of Sir Walter Raleigh. The mayor's defence for putting the Kentish men into gaol was that they were infringing the rights of the

City, lessening the dignity of the Crown, and, according to an express clause of Magna Charta, incurring the ban of excommunication. The judges agreed with the mayor, and the prisoners were each fined £10, and the captured nets were burnt with rejoicings in Westcheap.

The White Tower, says its latest chronicler, is ninety feet high, and from twelve to fifteen feet thick. It is built in four tiers—the vaults, the main floor, the banqueting-floor, and the state floor. Each tier contains three rooms, not counting the stairs, corridors, and small chambers sunk in the solid wall. In each storey there is a large west room running north and south the whole length of the tower, an east room lying parallel to the first, and a cross chamber at the south-west corner. The rooms are parted by walls never less than ten feet thick. On each angle of the tower is a turret, one of which is round. The vaults have no stairs or doors of their own. Loopholes in the wall let in the damp river air, but little light. The cross-chamber vault, or Little Ease, is darker and damper than its two brethren. There is some ground for belief, says Mr. Dixon, that Little Ease was the lodging of Guy Fawkes. On the walls of the vaults are many inscriptions; amongst them is one of Fisher, a Jesuit priest mixed up in the Powder Plot. It runs—

*"Sacris vestibis indutus,  
Dum sacra mysteria  
Servans, captus et in  
Hoc angusto carcere  
Inclusus.—I. FISHER."*

That is, "While clad in the sacred vestments, and administering the sacred mysteries, taken, and in this narrow dungeon immured."

Out of the north-east vault a door opens into a secret hole built in the dividing wall. This place has neither air nor light, and is known as Walter Raleigh's cell. Absurd legend!

The main floor consists of two large rooms and the crypt. One of the rooms was a guard-room. The crypt, a lofty room, was used as a prison for three of the Kentish men taken with Sir Thomas Wyatt, in Mary's reign. There are two niches in the solid wall, and the largest of these is also called Raleigh's cell, though he was never confined there. Mr. Dixon suggests that it may have been "the secret jewel-room in the White Tower," often mentioned in old records. The long room on the banqueting-floor was a banqueting-hall, and is the only room in the keep which boasts a fireplace. The cross-chamber, the chapel of St. John the Evangelist, occupied two tiers of the Keep. On this tier Bishop Flambard, Prince Griffin, John Baliol, and Prince Charles d'Orleans were confined.



On the state-room floor were the great council-chamber, a lesser hall where the justiciaries sat, and the galleries of St. John's Chapel, from which there was a passage into the royal apartments. The roof is flat, and strong enough to bear the carronades of later times. The largest of the four turrets, built for a watch-tower, was the prison of poor Maud Fitzwalter, King John's victim, and was afterwards used as an observatory by Flamstead, Newton's contemporary.

The Keep, though a palace, was also a fortress, and security, rather than comfort, was what its builder had in view. It had originally only one narrow door, that a single man could defend. One well-stair alone connected the vaults with the upper floors. The main floor had no way up or down, except by the same staircase, which could only be approached through a passage built in the wall. The upper tiers had other stairs for free communication with the council-chamber and the parapets. Thus we still have existing in the White Tower the clearest and most indelible proofs, better than any historian can give, of the dangers that surrounded the Conqueror, and the little real trust he had in the fidelity of those surrounding him.

The second church of St. Peter was built by Edward I. The bills for clearing the ground are still preserved in the Record Office in Fetter Lane. The cost of pulling down the old chapel was forty-six shillings and eight pence.

The Tower, says Mr. H. Dixon, was divided into two parts, the inner and the outer ward. The inner ward, or royal quarter, was bounded by a wall crowned by twelve towers. The points of defence were the Beauchamp Tower, the Belfry, the Garden Tower (now called the Bloody Tower), the Hall Tower, the Lantern, the Salt Tower, the Broad Arrow Tower, the Constable Tower, the Martin Tower, the Brick Tower, the Flint Tower, the Bowyer Tower, and the Devilin Tower. The inner ward contained the Keep, the Royal Galleries and Rooms, the Mint, the Jewel-house, the Wardrobe, the Queen's Garden, St. Peter's Church, the open Green, and in later days the Lieutenant's house. In the Brick Tower the master of the ordnance resided; in the Lantern turret lights were kept burning at night as river signals.

The outer ward contained some lanes and streets below the wall and works which overlooked the wharf. In this ward stood the Middle Tower, the Byeward Tower, the Water Gate, the Cradle Tower, the Well Tower, the Galleyman Tower, the Iron-gate Tower, Brass Mount, Legge Mount, and the covered ways. Into it opened the Hall Tower, afterwards called the Record Tower, and now the

Jewel-house. Close by the Hall Tower stood the Great Hall, the doors of which opened into this outer court. Spanning the ditch on the Thames side was the Water Gate, or St. Thomas's Tower, and under the building was the wide arch so often depicted by painters, and called Traitor's Gate.

Into the outer ward, says Mr. Dixon, the Commons had always claimed a free access. On stated occasions the right of public entry to all citizens was insisted on with much ceremonial. The aldermen and commoners met in Barking Church on Tower Hill, and chose six sage persons to go as a deputation to the Tower, and ask leave to see the king, and demand free access for all people to the courts of law held within the Tower. They were also to beg that no guard would close the gates or keep watch over them while the citizens were coming or going, it being against their freedom for any but their own guard to keep watch during that period. On the king granting their request the six messengers returned to Barking Church, reported progress, and sent the citizen guard to keep the ground. The Commons then elected three men of standing to act as spokesmen and presenters. Great care was taken that no person should go into the royal presence who had sore eyes or weak legs, or was in rags or shoeless. Every one was to have his hair cut close and his face newly shaved. Mayor, aldermen, sheriff, cryer, beadles, were all to be clean and neat, and every one was to lay aside his cape and cloak, and put on his coat and surcoat.

The exact site of the two courts of justice Mr. Dixon has clearly made out. The King's Bench was held in the Lesser Hall, under the east turret of the Keep. The Common Pleas were held in the Great Hall by the river—a hall long since gone, but which stood near the Hall Tower, to which it gave a name. It seems to have been a Gothic edifice in the style of Henry III. After Henry VI.'s death, the Hall Tower was turned into a Record Office.

One of the first prisoners ever lodged in the Tower that Gundulf built for William the Conqueror was Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, the great treasurer and justiciar who had helped by his cruel greediness to collect the very money by which it was built. On the death of William Rufus, this prelate was seized by the Commons and thrown into the Tower, with the consent of Henry I. He was not kept very close, and one night, plying the Norman soldiers who guarded him with wine, Flambard, who had had ready a coil of rope sent to him in a wine-jar, let himself down from a window sixty-five feet from the ground, and escaped safe to France.

In the north-east turret of the White Tower King

John imprisoned Maud, the beautiful daughter of Robert Fitzwalter, Lord of Baynard's Castle, whose untimely fate we have noticed in a former chapter. In the banqueting hall, Edward I. lodged John de Baliol, whom he had stripped of his crown at the battle of Dunbar. It was from this campaign that Edward returned with the coronation-stone of Scotland, on which our own monarchs have ever since been crowned. Baliol, according to existing records, seems to have lived in state in the White Tower, having his chaplain, tailor, pantler, barber, clerk of the chapel, chamberlain, esquires, and laundress in attendance; and his dogs and horses in the stables waiting his commands, at the cost of seventeen shillings a day. He remained a prisoner 189 days, after which he was given up to the Papal nuncio, John de Pontissera, on condition of residing abroad. Fifty years after another royal Scotchman, David, son of the brave Robert Bruce, was taken prisoner by Queen Philippa, at the battle of Neville's Cross, and brought here, while Edward was away chastising France.

Every new effort to widen England brought fresh prisoners to the Tower; and next came to Flamard's old room, Griffin, Prince of Wales, whom his brother David had surrendered to the English king. Resolved to escape, he tore up his bed-clothes, knotted them into a rope, and dropped ninety feet from the leads of the White Tower. Being a heavy man, however, the rope unluckily snapped, and he was killed in the fall. His son remained a prisoner, but was afterwards released, returned to Wales, and fought against Edward I. Slain in battle, his head was brought to London, and fixed on the turret of his old prison.

Edward II. and his cruel queen, Isabella, kept court in the Tower; and here the Prince Joanna de la Tour was born. John de Cromwell, the Constable, was dismissed from office for having let the royal bed-chamber become so ruinous that the rain penetrated through the roof. Here, in Edward's absence, Isabella fell in love with Roger Mortimer, a Welsh chief, who was then in prison in the Tower. By the connivance, no doubt, of the guilty wife, Mortimer escaped by the kitchen chimney, and down the river, to France. His death and the king's barbarous murder at Berkeley Castle were the result of these fatal days of dalliance in the White Tower.

The Beauchamp Tower, on the west wall of the fortress, derives its name from Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, son of the earl who fought at Crecy and Poitiers. He was appointed by the House of Commons governor to the young king, Richard II., and his first act, in company with

Gloucester, Arundel, and other great barons, was to march on London, and seize and put to death the young king's mischievous favourite, Sir Simon de Burley, whose greediness and insolence had rendered him hateful to the nation. This act of stern justice Richard never forgave; and directly he came of age the earl was banished to his own Warwick Castle, where he built Guy's Tower. The king resolved on obtaining despotic power. The earl was invited to dine with the king, and was seized as he was leaving the royal table, where he had been welcomed with special and treacherous hospitality. The king's uncle, the good Duke of Gloucester, was decoyed from his castle of Pleshey by the king himself, then hurried over to Calais, and suffocated by his guards. Lord Arundel, another obnoxious lord, was also executed by this royal murderer. Beauchamp, in his trial before the House of Peers, pleaded a pardon he had obtained under the Great Seal for all offences. The Chief Justice declared the pardon had been repealed by the king. Ultimately the earl's castles, manors, and estates were all forfeited, and he was sentenced to be hung, drawn, and quartered. The king, however, afraid to put to death so popular a man, banished him to the Isle of Man, and then recalled him to his old prison in the Tower. Two years later, on the accession of Henry IV., the earl was released. He was buried in the nave of St. Mary's Church, Warwick, which he had built.

The next captive in the banqueting-hall of the White Tower was that poet-warrior, Charles of Orleans, grandson of Charles V. of France, and father of Louis XII., a gay knight, whom Shakespeare has glanced at in the play of *Henry V.* He had been a rival of Henry, when Prince of Wales, for the hand of Isabella of Valois, the widow of Richard II. She had married him, and died a year after in childbirth. The young prince shortly after, for reasons of state, was induced to marry a second wife, Bona, daughter of Bernard, Count of Armagnac. At Agincourt Charles was found sorely wounded among the dead, and carried to England: he was placed in the White Tower, where a ransom of 300,000 crowns was placed upon his head; for the knights of those days, however chivalrous, drove hard bargains with their prisoners. Orleans was twenty-four years old then, and he remained in the Tower five-and-twenty years. He had a daughter by Queen Isabella, and it was to Henry's interest, as he had married a French princess, and claimed the throne of France, that Orleans should die without having a son. Charles spent the long years of his imprisonment looking out on the Thames and the hills of Surrey, and writing admirable French

and English verses, which still exist. After Henry's death, and when Joan of Arc had recovered nearly the whole of France, the ransom was raked together, and Charles was released. He then married a third wife, Mary of Cleves, and by her had the son who afterwards became the invader of Italy, Louis XII.

The reign that saw Charles of Orleans enter the White Tower also saw Sir John Oldcastle, "the good Lord Cobham," brought to the Beauchamp Tower. This Kentish nobleman, who had fought bravely in France and in Wales, was a favourer of the Lollard reformers, and a despiser of the monks. He accepted Wycliffe's doctrines, denied the real presence, read the Bible openly, and sheltered Lollard preachers. The great enemy of this bold man was Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had introduced from Spain the savage custom of burning contumacious heretics. Disobeying a citation of the primate, Lord Cobham was sent to the Tower. Before a synod Oldcastle boldly asserted the new doctrines, and was sentenced to be burnt to death. "Ye judge the body," said the old soldier to the synod, "which is but a wretched thing, yet am I certain and sure that ye can do no harm to my soul. He who created that will of His own mercy and promise save it. As to these articles, I will stand to them even to the very death, by the grace of my eternal God."

In the Beauchamp Tower, when the monks spread reports that Cobham had recanted, he issued a bold denial that he had changed his view of "the sacrament of the altar," of which St. Paul had said to the Corinthians, "The bread which we break is it not the communion of the body of Christ?"

The people were deeply agitated, and one October night, four weeks after, a band of citizens broke into the Beauchamp Tower (with or without the connivance of the guards), released Cobham, and carried him safely to his own house in Smithfield. There, defying the primate and the monks, Cobham remained for three months. The Lollards at last, probably urged forward by the primate's spies, agreed to meet, 100,000 strong, in St. Giles's Fields, and choose Lord Cobham as their general. The king, enraged at this, collected his barons, closed the City gates, put a white crusader's cross on his royal banner, rode with his spears into St. Giles's Fields, and dispersed the Lollard party, who were waiting for the good lord. For four years Cobham wandered through Wales and England, with 1,000 marks set on his head. Fisher, a skinner, the leader of the band that released Oldcastle from the Tower, was tried at Newgate, and afterwards hung at Tyburn, and his head stuck on London Bridge.

Eventually, after a hard fight, Oldcastle was betrayed in Wales by a Welsh adherent named Powis. He was brought to London, and without further trial, he was burnt in front of his own house, in Smithfield, the first man there burnt for religion.

In the old monastic plays this brave and consistent man was always represented as a coward and buffoon. Shakespeare himself, following the convention, named his Falstaff at first Oldcastle; then, probably having his attention drawn by some better-read friend to the injustice done to the memory of a good man and true Protestant, he changed it to Falstaff, unfortunately, another brave soldier of Cobham's period, whom tradition had unjustly slandered. It is a singular fact that a "Boar's Head" in the Borough, not that in Eastcheap, had belonged to the great Falstaff of the French wars. The man who wrote in the epilogue to the *Second Part of King Henry the Fourth*, the words "Oldcastle died a martyr," says Mr. Hepworth Dixon, "was a Puritan in faith." This dictum we hold, nevertheless, to be extremely doubtful, as nearly all the religious passages in Shakespeare's plays point to a great reverence for Roman Catholic traditions; and surely an honest writer can free a good man from slander without necessarily believing in his doctrines. Moreover, Lord Cobham was a Protestant, but by no means a Puritan, and probably as far apart in belief from the later martyrs of Smithfield as the Lollards were from John Wesley.

There is a pretty tradition connected with the Tower in the time of the Wars of the Roses. Sir Henry Wyatt, of Allington Castle, in Kent, father of the poet, and grandfather of the unfortunate rebel, was imprisoned in the Tower for being a resolute Lancastrian. He was thrown into a cold and narrow tower, where he had neither bed to lie on, sufficient clothes to warm him, nor enough food to eat. One day a cat came into his dungeon, and he laid her in his bosom to warm him, "and by making much of her won her love." After this the cat would come several times a day, and sometimes bring him a pigeon. The gaoler dressed these pigeons, without inquiring where they came from. Sir Henry Wyatt after this retained an affection for cats, and was always painted with one by his side. One day, when Wyatt was being tortured with the barnacles, Richard III., who was present, exclaimed with regret, "Wyatt, why art thou such a fool? Thou servest for moonshine in water. Thy master," meaning Henry of Richmond, "is a beggarly fugitive: forsake him and become mine. Cannot I reward thee?" To which Wyatt replied, "If I had first chosen you for my master, thus faithful would

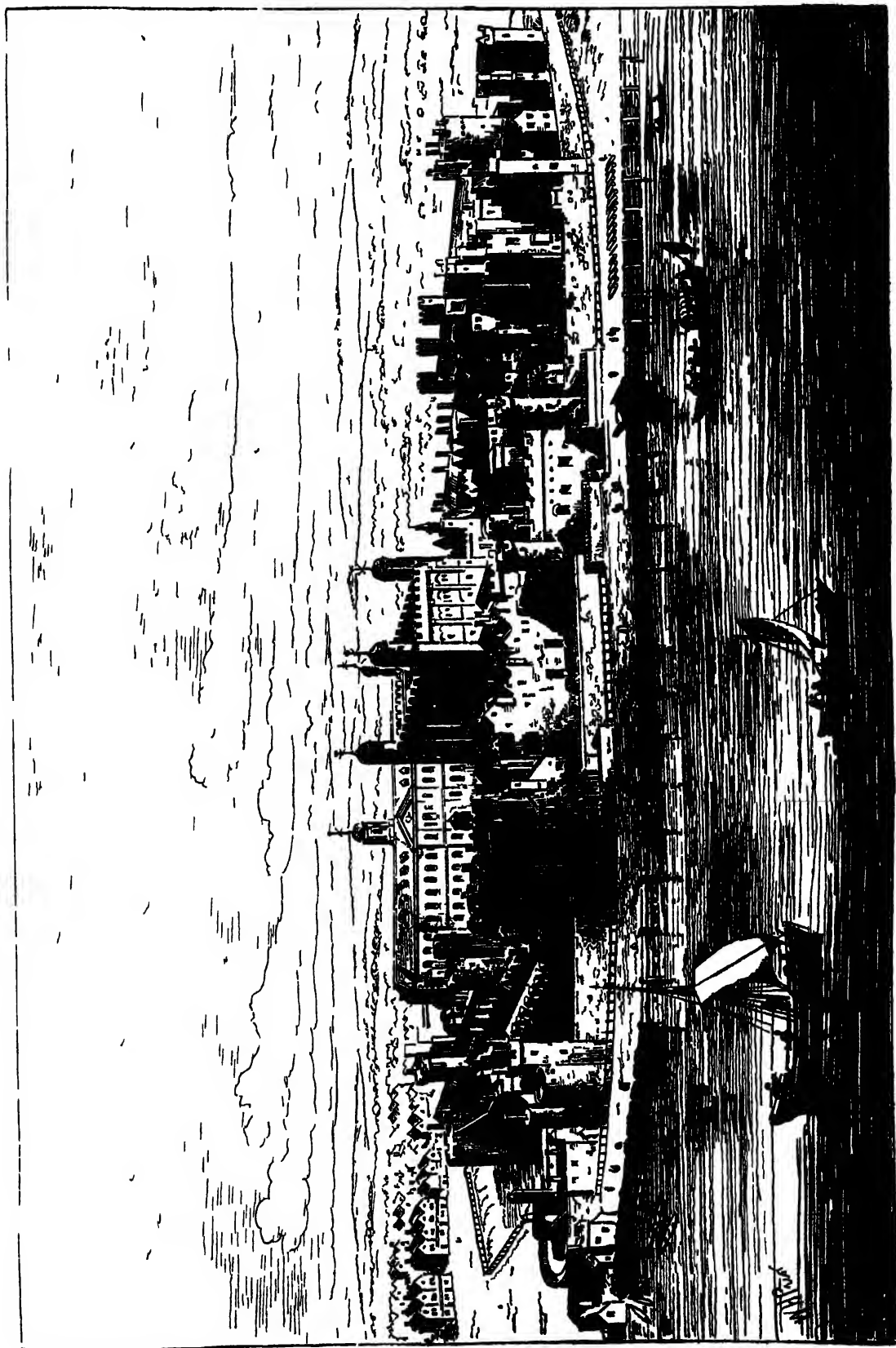
I have been to you if you should have needed it. But the earl, poor and unhappy though he be, is my master; and no discouragement, no allurements, shall ever drive me from him, by God's grace."

And now came, in due sequence, Gloucester's murder of the two princes, his nephews, usually said to have been in the Bloody Tower, but the locality of the crime is still uncertain. Bayley, the fullest and best historian of the Tower, thinks it highly unlikely that Gloucester would have sent the two young princes to such a mere porter's lodge as the Bloody Tower—a tower, moreover, which, in an official survey of the reign of Henry VIII., is called the Garden Tower, showing that the popular name is of later date. When sent to what was to be their tomb, Edward V. was twelve, and Richard, Duke of York, was eight. They stood between the Crookback and the crown, but not for long. Their mother was in sanctuary at Westminster. The Protector had already thrown out rumours that the children were illegitimate, and a bishop had been base enough, it is said, to have sworn to a previous secret marriage of the licentious Edward. Lord Hastings, under an accusation of witchcraft, had just been dragged from the council-chamber, and beheaded on a block of timber on Tower Green. Murder followed murder fast, and the word soon went forth for the children's death. Brackenbury, the Governor of the Tower, receiving the order, when on his knees in St. John's Chapel, refused to obey or to understand it. Gloucester, told of this at midnight in Warwick Castle, instantly rose from his bed, and sent Sir James Tyrrell, his Master of Horse, to London, with power to use the keys and pass-words of the Tower for one night. Two dogged ruffians, John Dighton and Miles Forrest, rode at Tyrrell's heels. It is said that one boy had his throat cut, and the other was smothered with a pillow. Tyrrell stood near the gate while the deed was doing, and saw the bodies of the poor children when all was over, then rode back to York to tell Richard. The two murderers, helped by an obsequious Tower priest, carried down the bodies, dug a hole near the gateway wall, and threw them in. They were afterwards re-interred, in a fit of superstition, by Richard, behind a staircase in the Keep. In Charles II.'s time the bones were found under the steps, and removed to a royal tomb in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey. The last-named king had tried hard to find the bodies, and prove that Perkin Warbeck was not the son of Edward IV.; but the priest who had removed them was dead, and the search was unsuccessful. Sir Thomas More and Lord Bacon both agree that the children were murdered by Richard's command.

The pride and cruelty of Henry VIII., his theological doubts, and his Bluebeard habit of getting rid of his wives, sent many victims to the Tower. One of the most venerable of these was John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, a determined opponent of the king's marriage with a Protestant beauty. He was imprisoned in the Belfry Tower, on the ground floor of which lived the Lieutenant. Fisher had professed belief in an hysterical Kentish girl, subject to fits, whom the monks had persuaded to utter rhyming prophecies against the divorce of Queen Catherine. The poor maid of Kent, urged forward by the priests, at last went too far, declaring that, if Henry put away his Spanish wife, he would die in seven months, and his daughter Mary would ascend the throne. Such prophecies, when spread among fanatics, are apt to produce their own fulfilment. Henry gave the signal, and in a very short time the monks who instigated the nun, and the nun herself, were in a cart bound for Tyburn. Fisher himself was soon arrested, and browbeaten by Cromwell, who told him he believed the prophecies true because he wished them to be true. Fisher was eighty years old, and might have been spared, had not Paul III. at that very time, unfortunately, and against the king's express command, sent him a cardinal's hat. "Fore God," said Henry, with brutal humour, "if he wear it, he shall wear it on his shoulders." The death-warrant was at once signed. They brought the old man the news that he seemed to have expected, at five a.m. He slept till seven, then rose and donned his bravest suit, for what he called his marriage-day. He passed to the scaffold with the New Testament in his feeble hands. When he opened the book, he read the passage, "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." A few hours after the old grey head fell on Tower Hill it was spiked upon London Bridge. The room over Coldharbour Gateway, says Mr. Dixon, where the Maid of Kent was imprisoned, was long known as the Nun's Bower.

The poet Earl of Surrey was another of Henry's victims, and he passed from the Tower to die on the block for blazoning the Confessor's arms upon his shield. His father, too, the third Duke of Norfolk, had a narrow escape from the same block, though he was a near relation of Henry, and the uncle of two queens. He was charged £22 18s. 8d. a month, and yet complained of having no exercise and wanting sheets enough for his bed. Luckily for him, Henry expired the very night the warrant for his execution was signed, and he escaped.

The Beauchamp Tower bears on its walls records of earlier prisoners than the duke—abettors of that



THE TOWER OF LONDON. (From a View published about 1700.)

very Pilgrimage of Grace which he had helped to put down. This last great struggle of English Popery against the Reformation brought many of the old North country families to this place of durance.

The royal decree for putting down monastic houses had, in 1536, set all Yorkshire in a ferment. A vast rabble had armed and threatened to march on London, hang Cromwell, weed the Court of evil councillors, restore Queen Catherine, and revive the religious houses. The pilgrims fastened on their breasts scrolls displaying the five wounds of Christ. Near Appleby a band of these fanatics stopped a lawyer named Aske, who was returning to London from a Yorkshire hunting party, and chose him as their general. Aske determined to make Henry Percy, sixth Earl of Northumberland, the commander-in-chief. Percy, who had been a lover of Anne Boleyn, was the Warden of the East and Middle Marches. The earl was afraid to join them; but the pilgrims demanded the earl's brothers, Thomas and Ingram, in spite of the tears and remonstrances of their mother. York at once surrendered to the 30,000 pilgrims. At Pomfret Castle they enrolled Lord Darcy among their band. At Doncaster Bridge, however, the Duke of Norfolk met the wild rout, and by proffered pardon and promises of the changes they desired, soon broke up the host.

In the meantime lesser rebellions of the same kind prospered for a while. Foremost among the leaders of these were the Bulmers, one of whom had had the command of Norham Castle. Sir John Bulmer brought with him to the camp a dangerous and fanatical woman, named Margaret Cheyne, his paramour, and a bastard daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, whom Henry VIII. had beheaded. When the first pilgrimage failed, and the news came that Cromwell was not disgraced, that no parliament was to be held at York, and that the king would place garrisons in Newcastle, Scarborough, and Hull, the Bulmers, urged on by this wild woman and Adam Sedburgh, Abbot of Jervaulx, and the Abbot of Fountains, resolved on a new pilgrimage. Thomas and Ingram Percy had been deprived of their command in the North by Earl Henry, and were ready for any desperate effort. They defied the king's new lieutenant, and prepared for a fresh outbreak. As Norfolk's army approached, the rebels seized Beverley, and Sir Francis Bigod prepared to fight for the old order of things; but Yorkshire was afraid of the king's power, and a vain attempt on Chillingham Castle, and another on Hull, led to total ruin. A few days more, and the ringleaders were all arrested and

packed in the Tower. Aske, Darcy, Bigod, Sir Thomas Percy, the Abbot of Jervaulx, Sir John Bulmer, all perished at Tyburn, and Margaret Cheyne was burnt in Smithfield.

The next prisoners of importance who came to the Beauchamp Tower, the Garden Tower, and the Nun's Bower, were Lady Jane Grey, her young husband, and the ambitious nobles who forced on her the fatal crown to which she was indifferent. The nine days' reign of poor Lady Jane Grey filled the Tower prisons with the Dudleys, who had driven the mild, tender-hearted girl to usurp the crown on the death of Edward VI. With the Queen came Dudley, the Duke of Northumberland; John, the young Earl of Warwick; Lord Robert, already married to luckless Amy Robsart; Lord Ambrose Dudley, a mere lad; Lord Guildford, the weak youth who had married Lady Jane to gratify his father's ambition; and Lord Henry Guildford, his brother. The duke was shut in the Gate House, Lord Ambrose and Lord Henry in the Nun's Bower, Jane herself in the house of the Deputy-Lieutenant, Lord Robert in the lower tier of the Beauchamp Tower, Lord Guildford in the middle tier. In two places, on the north side of his prison, and, in one instance, just above the name of the Abbot of Jervaulx, Guildford carved his wife's name, "Jane."

Lady Jane Grey's claim to the throne arose in this way. Mary, the sister of Henry VIII., on the death of her husband, Louis XII. of France, married her stalwart lover, Charles Brandon, afterwards Duke of Suffolk. She had issue, two princesses, Frances and Eleanor. Frances married Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, and Lady Jane was the eldest of her three daughters. When King Edward, that precocious boy, died—as some still think, of poison—at Greenwich Palace, Dudley kept his death secret for a whole day, and then sent for the Lord Mayor and the richest aldermen and merchants of London, and showed them forged letters-patent giving the crown to Lady Jane, who had already married his son. The duke's first effort was to seize the Princess Mary, but here he failed; faithful friends had instantly warned her of her danger, and she had already taken flight, to rouse her adherents to arms. Lady Jane was then, against her will, proclaimed queen. She was taken to the Tower from Sion House, and was received as a monarch by crowds of kneeling citizens, her husband walking by her side, cap in hand. She refused, however, to let Guildford be proclaimed king, and the lad cried petulantly at her firmness. Mary's friends fast rising in Norfolk, Dudley was sent against them, with a train of guns and 600 men. As they rode along Shoreditch, the distrusted duke said to



Lord Grey, "The people press to see us, but no man cries 'God speed you!'" In London all went wrong. Ridley, Bishop of London, denounced Mary and Popery, but the crowd was evidently for the rightful heiress. •

The rebellion was soon over. Dudley could do nothing in Norfolk without more men. The great nobles were faithless to the Queen of Nine Days. The tenth day Mary was proclaimed in Cheap, and in St. Paul's Churchyard. The archers came to the Tower and demanded the keys, which were given up. Grey rushed into his daughter's room, and found Lady Jane sitting, unconscious of her fate, beneath a royal canopy. "Come down my child," said the miserable duke; "this is no place for you." From a throne the poor girl passed quickly to a prison.

In the middle room of the Beauchamp Tower, where Warwick and his brother Guildford were confined, Lord Warwick, in the dreary hours, carved an emblematic cipher of the family names, which has never yet been accurately read. Two bears and a ragged staff stand in a frame of emblems—roses, acorns, geraniums, honeysuckles—which some folks, Mr. Dixon says, fancy to indicate the initial letters of his kinsmen's names—the rose, Ambrose; the geranium, Guildford; the oak, Robert. Lord Robert (reserved for future greatness) carved in the lower room the plain words, "Robert Dudley." When sent to the upper room (probably after Guildford's death), he carved on the wall his emblem, an oak-branch, and the letters "R. D."

Lady Jane, with her two gentlewomen by her side, spent her time at Deputy Brydges' house, securely guarded, reading the Greek Testament, and mourning for her father's inevitable fate. Norfolk, released from prison, presided in Westminster Hall at the trial of his enemy, Dudley. The Duke, Warwick, and Northampton were condemned to death. Dudley and his son turned Roman Catholics, but failed to avert their doom. Wyatt's mad rebellion brought Lady Jane and her foolish husband to the block. On the scaffold she declared her acts against the Queen were unlawful; "but touching the procurement and desire thereof, by me or on my behalf," she said, "I wash my hands thereof in innocency before God, and in the face of you, good Christian people, this day." She refused the executioner's help, drew the white kerchief over her own eyes, and said to the kneeling executioner, "I pray you dispatch me quickly." Kneeling before the block, she felt for it with inquiring hands. As she laid down her fair young head, she exclaimed, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit!" and the heavy axe fell.

It was while Lady Jane and the Princess Elizabeth were prisoners in the Tower that Wyatt's mad rebellion was crushed, and the reckless man himself was locked up in the middle chamber of the Beauchamp Tower. On the slant of the window looking towards the Green can still be seen carved the name of "Thomas Cobham, 1555" (the cousin of the leader of the rebels). The final break-down of Wyatt, in his attempt to stop the Spanish match, we have already described in our chapter on Ludgate Hill, where the last throws of the game were played, and we need not recur to it here. The last moments of Wyatt are still to be reviewed. Wyatt is described as wearing, when taken prisoner, a coat of mail with rich sleeves, a velvet cassock covered with yellow lace, high boots and spurs, and a laced velvet hat. As he entered the Tower wicket, Sir John Brydges, the Lieutenant, threatened him, and said, "Oh, thou villain—traitor; if it were not that the law must pass upon thee, I would stick thee through with my dagger." "It is no mastery, now," said Wyatt, contemptuously, and strode on.

In the Tower, out of the moonshine of vanity and display, Wyatt for a time faltered. He made a charge against Courtenay, son of the Marquis of Exeter, and a descendant of Edward IV.; and even raised a suspicion against the Princess Elizabeth, which Renard, the Spanish Ambassador, used with dangerous effect. Chandos, the Keeper of the Tower, had planned a scene, as Wyatt was led to execution, that should draw from him an open accusation of Elizabeth and Courtenay. On his way to death he was taken into the Garden Tower, where Courtenay lay. The Lord Mayor and the Privy Council were there, Courtenay himself was brought in, but Wyatt had nothing to allege. On the scaffold Wyatt told the people that he had never accused either the Princess or Courtenay of a knowledge of the plot; and a priest, eager for fresh victims, reminded him that he had said differently at the Council. "That which I then said, I said," replied Wyatt; "that which I now say is true." And the axe fell.

The Courtenay mentioned above was nearly all his life a prisoner in the Tower. His father was executed for treason by Henry VIII. On Mary's accession he was released, and seemed for a time to have persuaded himself that she would accept him as a husband. He was made Earl of Devon, and was called by his friends "the White Rose of York." As the Spanish marriage drew near, people began to mention Courtenay as a fine husband for Elizabeth, who seems to have really had some youthful liking for the weak, handsome aspirant. On the outbreak of Wyatt's rebellion he was again

thrown into the Tower. After Mary's marriage, however, he was released and sent abroad. He died suddenly at Padua. On Courtenay's death the house of York was represented by the descendants of the Duke of Clarence, Edmund and Arthur, nephews of the Cardinal Pole. For some vague suspicion of encouraging the claim of Mary Queen of Scots to the English throne they were imprisoned for life in the Tower. In the Beauchamp Tower inscriptions by both brothers are still to be seen. Arthur has written, among other inscriptions—

"A passage perilous maketh a port pleasant."

Among the residents of the Tower, in Mary's brief reign, were Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley.

Cranmer, who had refused to fly when Mary marched to London, proved but faint of heart when thrown into the Garden Tower. He had resolved to stay to own his share in the changes which had been made in the days of Edward VI., but the fireless cell soon brought down his courage, and he trembled for his life. There was more of Peter than of Paul about him. The Tower's solitude led the way to his miserable recantation at Oxford. But he revived when Latimer and Ridley came to share his prison, and they searched the Scriptures together for arguments against Feckenham, the Queen's confessor, whom they met daily at the Lieutenant's, where they dined, and whose last argument was the Smithfield fire.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE TOWER (*continued*).

Queen Elizabeth's Prisoners in the Tower—The Bishop of Ross at work again—Charles Bailly—Philip Howard—Earl of Essex—Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower—James I. and the Gunpowder Plot—Guy Fawkes—Father Garnet—Percy—Arabella Stuart—Murder of Sir Thomas Overbury—Felton—Prynne—Strafford and Laud—A Long Roll of Notable Tower Prisoners—The Spa Fields Riots—The Cato Street Conspirators.

AND NOW we come to Elizabeth's prisoners, the Roman Catholic plotters against her throne and life. In a room of the Belfry Tower are the names of the Countess of Lennox and her five attendants. This countess was first cousin to Elizabeth, and married by Henry to the fourth Earl of Lennox. While Elizabeth was proposing Lord Robert Dudley to Mary as a husband, offering, as the condition of her accepting a Protestant husband, to at once appoint Mary heir to the throne, the Countess of Lennox was proposing her son Darnley, a Catholic. Immediately before the latter marriage taking place the countess was sent to the Tower, not to be released till Darnley's miserable death. Lennox himself was assassinated, and the countess, released from the Tower, died poor, and was buried in Westminster Abbey at the Queen's expense.

Of other victims of Mary Queen of Scots the Tower bears traces. One of these was a young Fleming, named Charles Bailly, who was employed by the ambassador in London, John Leslie, the intriguing Bishop of Ross, to carry dangerous letters to Brussels and Madrid, respecting the plots of the Duke of Norfolk. In vain Elizabeth had said to the duke, "Take care, my lord, on what pillow you lay your head." He plotted on till he blundered into the Tower. The Earl of Northumberland collected 10,000 men, in hope to rescue Mary and restore the Catholic religion, and in a few days was a hunted fugitive. Norfolk was released after many lying promises. The Bishop of Ross at once deter-

mined on a new effort. A Papal bull was to be launched, deposing the Queen; the Catholic lords were to seize the Tower; Norfolk was to march to Tutbury, rescue Queen Mary, and bring her to London to be crowned. In the meantime he wrote a treasonable book, which was printed at Liège, entitled "A Defence of the Honour of Mary, Queen of Scotland." Bailly, on his return with the book and some dangerous letters referring to Norfolk, was arrested at Dover. The Cobham already mentioned as one of Wyatt's adherents, having charge of the prisoner and the letters, and being a Catholic, resolved to befriend the bishop. He therefore sent him the letters to change for others of a more harmless character. Burleigh, however, by a Catholic spy, discovered the truth, and put Charles Bailly to the rack. The plot disclosed led to the instant arrest of the Duke of Norfolk and the Bishop of Ross. In the good Lord Cobham's room Bailly has inscribed the following words:—

"I.H.S. 1571. Die 10 Aprilis. Wise men ought circumspectly to see what they do, to examine before they speak, to prove before they take in hand, to beware whose company they use, and, above all things, to whom they trust.—CHARLES BAILLY."

In a prison in the Tower the Bishop of Ross confessed the Norfolk and Northumberland plots, and declared Mary's privity to the death of Darnley. He has left his name carved in the Bloody Tower, with a long Latin inscription, now half erased.

Eventually, squeezed dry of all secrets, and full of cramps and agues, he was contemptuously released and sent abroad. Norfolk died denouncing his religion, and begging pardon of the Queen. He was the first political offender who suffered in Elizabeth's reign. Northumberland was executed at York, and left his title to his brother Henry, who perished in the Tower. The new earl soon fell into treason. Misled by Jesuit intriguers, he was waiting for the landing of the Duke of Guise and a Catholic crusade against Elizabeth, when he was thrown into the Tower, where he remained a whole year in the Bloody Tower untried. On Sunday, June 21, 1585, he shot himself as he lay in bed, to prevent the confiscation of his estates. An absurd rumour was spread by the Catholics that the earl was murdered by order of Hatton and Raleigh. Cecil and Raleigh's other rivals did their best to perpetuate such a calumny. A modern historian, in the face of all evidence, has given affected credence to the report.

Another Roman Catholic martyr of this reign was Philip Howard, a son of the Duke of Norfolk and Mary the daughter of the Earl of Arundel, a weak intriguing man. He has left in the large room of the Beauchamp Tower this inscription, carved in an Italian hand:—

"The more suffering for Christ in this world, so much the more glory with Christ in the life to come.—ARUNDELL. June 22, 1587."

Arundel was a convert, and had been captured while on his way to join the army of Philip of Spain. Having lost favour with Elizabeth for having gone over to the Church of Rome, Arundel had despaired of further progress at Court, and had fled to Spain on the very eve of the Armada. By means of bribes paid by his wife, Arundel contrived to have mass celebrated in his cell. For this offence he was condemned to death; but the Queen pardoned the poor man, and he lingered in prison for ten years, at the end of which he died—poisoned, as the Jesuits said; but more probably from the injury he had done his health by repeated fasts.

Of that wilful and unfortunate favourite of Elizabeth, the Earl of Essex, we shall say little here. His story belongs more naturally to another part of our work—the chapter on the Strand, where he lived. His rash revolt we have already glanced at. At the age of thirty-five he laid down his head on the block on Tower Green. He was attended by three divines, to whom he expressed deep penitence for his "great sin, bloody sin, crying and infectious sin," and begged pardon of God and his sovereign. He never mentioned his wife, children, or friends; took leave of no one, not even of those present;

and when he knelt down to pray, exhibited considerable agitation of mind.

On James's accession, that great man, yet not without many a stain, Sir Walter Raleigh, became a tenant of the Bloody Tower. He had been imprisoned before by Elizabeth in the Brick Tower, for having seduced Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of her maids of honour.

"A very great part of the second and long imprisonment of the founder of Virginia," says Mr. Dixon, "was spent in the Bloody Tower and the adjoining Garden House, writing at this grated window, working in the little garden on which it opened, pacing the terrace on this wall, which was afterwards famous as Raleigh's Walk. Hither came to him the wits and poets, the scholars and inventors of his time—Jonson and Burrell, Hariot and Pett—to crack light jokes, to discuss rabbinical lore, to sound the depths of philosophy, to map out Virginia, to study the shipbuilder's art. In the Garden House he distilled essences and spirits, compounded his great cordial, discovered a method (afterwards lost) of turning salt water into sweet, received the visits of Prince Henry, wrote his political tracts, invented the modern war-ship, wrote his 'History of the World.'"

Raleigh was several times in the Tower; but many vaults and cells pointed out by the warders in absurd places—such as the hole in Little Ease, a recess in the crypt, a cell in the Martin Tower, and one in the Beauchamp Tower—were never occupied by him. After the seduction of his future wife, Raleigh was placed in the Brick Tower, the residence of Sir George Carew, Master of the Ordnance, and his own cousin, and was released upon his marriage. As a first step towards peace with Spain, James I., on his accession, imprisoned Raleigh in the Bloody Tower. The pretext for his seizure was his aiding Lord Cobham, the brother-in-law of Cecil, in a plot to raise Arabella Stuart to the throne. Cobham, clinging to life with the baseness of Claudio, in *Measure for Measure*, accused Raleigh of complicity, and then retracted. A report was spread that Raleigh had tried to stab himself while sitting at the Lieutenant's table. He remained a prisoner for fourteen years. His wife and son were allowed to live at the Tower, where her husband and his three poor servants lived on five pounds a week. He was at last, from poverty, obliged to part with his faithful friend, Thomas Hariot, whom he had sent to Virginia in 1584, and whose mathematical discoveries Descartes is said to have stolen.

During this long imprisonment, Raleigh was allowed to use a hen-roost in the garden near the

Bloody Tower as a place for distilling and for chemical experiments. There he made balsams and cordials, and occupied himself with many scientific inquiries. When increased suspicions fell on Raleigh, he was deprived of this still-room, and his wife and two children (for a second son had been born since his imprisonment) were sent from the Tower. He then became so ill from the chill of the cell that he was allowed to live in the Garden House, which had been the still-room where he studied. Here he discovered a cordial still used by doctors; here he discoursed of naval battles with Prince Henry, who, after one of these visits, cried out to his attendants, "No man but my

written by King James, to record the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot; for in this chamber Guy Fawkes was first examined by Cecil, Nottingham, Mountjoy, and Northampton. Two of the inscriptions run thus :—

"James the Great, King of Great Britain, illustrious for piety, justice, foresight, learning, hardihood, clemency, and the other regal virtues; champion and patron of the Christian faith, of the public safety, and of universal peace; author most subtle, most august, and most auspicious :

"Queen Anne, the most serene daughter of Frederick the Second, invincible King of the Danes :

"Prince Henry, ornament of nature, strengthened with learning, blest with grace, born and given to us from God :

"Charles, Duke of York, divinely disposed to every virtue :



THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER ON TOWER GREEN.

father would keep such a bird in a cage." Here he finished the first volume of his "History of the World," assisted, it is said, by Ben Jonson and other scholars. Here, bit by bit, King James stripped him of houses and lands, including Durham House and Sherborne Castle.

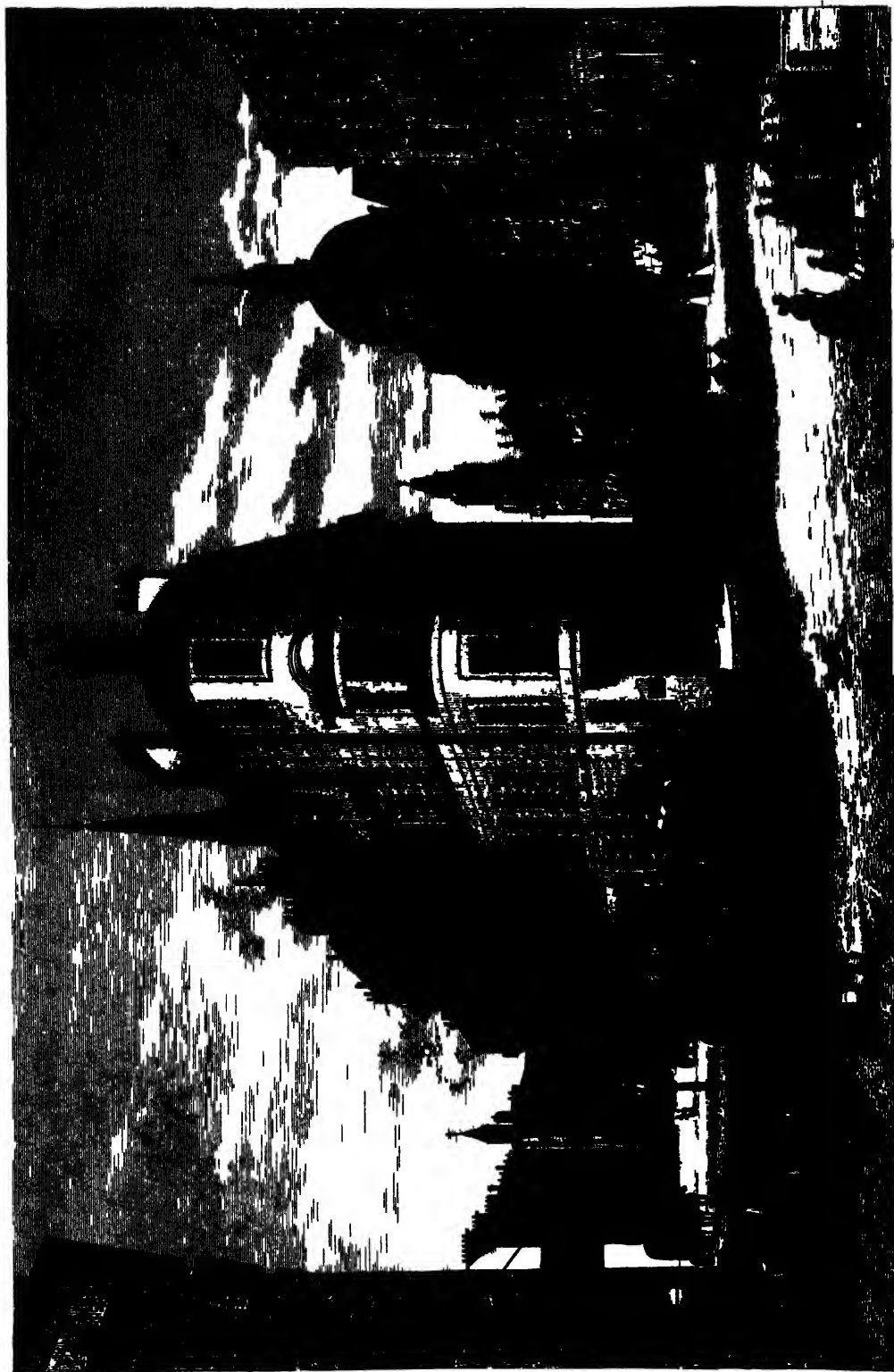
After his release and unsuccessful voyage to seek for gold in Guiana, Raleigh returned to the Tower, and was placed in a poor upper room of the Brick Tower. He had at first pleasant rooms in the Wardrobe Tower. But Spain had now resolved on his death, and James was ready to consent. His enemies urged him in vain to suicide. The morning he died, Peter, his barber, complained, as he dressed his master to go to the scaffold, that his head had not been curled that morning. "Let them comb it that shall have it," answered Raleigh.

In a chamber of the house of the Lieutenant of the Tower, looking out on the Thames, several oak panels bear inscriptions, some of them probably

"Elizabeth, full sister of both, most worthy of her parents :  
"Do Thou, all-seeing, protect these as the apple of the eye, and guard them without fear from wicked men beneath the shadow of Thy wings."

"To Almighty God, the guardian, arrester, and avenger, who has punished this great and incredible conspiracy against our most merciful Lord the King, our most serene Lady the Queen, our divinely disposed Prince, and the rest of our Royal House; and against all persons of quality, our ancient nobility, our soldiers, prelates, and judges; the authors and advocates of which conspiracy, Romanised Jesuits, of perfidious, Catholic, and serpent-like ungodliness, with others equally criminal and insane, were moved by the furious desire of destroying the true Christian religion, and by the treasonous hope of overthrowing the kingdom, root and branch; and which was suddenly, wonderfully, and divinely detected, at the very moment when the ruin was impending, on the 5th day of November, in the year of grace 1605—William Waad, whom the King has appointed his Lieutenant of the Tower, returns, on the ninth of October, in the sixth year of the reign of James the First, 1608, his great and everlasting thanks."

Fawkes was confined in a dungeon of the Keep. He would not at first disclose his accomplices,



CASELL'S OLD NEW LONDON PLATE 12

QUEEN VICTORIA STREET





but, after thirty minutes of the rack, he confessed all. It is not known who first proposed the mode of destruction by powder, but Fawkes, a pervert, who had been a soldier, was selected as a fitting worker-out of the plan. To the last Fawkes affirmed that when the conspirators took oath in his lodgings in Butcher's Row, Strand, Father Gerard, who administered the sacrament, was ignorant of the purpose of their oath. Fawkes, with Keyes, Rookwood, and Thomas Winter, were drawn on hurdles to Palace Yard, and there hung and disembowelled. Digby, Robert Winter, Grant, and Bates were hung near Paul's Cross

Another Tower prisoner in this reign was the Earl of Northumberland, a patron of science. His kinsman, Thomas Percy, had been deep in the plot, and was the man who hired the cellar where the barrels of powder were laid. He was allotted a house in the Martin Tower, at the north-east angle of the fortress, afterwards the Jewel House, where Colonel Blood made his impudent dash on the regalia. There he remained for sixteen years, pacing daily on the terrace which connected his rooms with the Brick Tower and the Constable's Tower, and which still bears his name. A sun-dial fixed for him on the south face of the Martin Tower,



GUY FAWKES AND THE CONSPIRATORS. (From a Contemporary Print.)

Father Garnet was found hiding at Hindlip Hall, in Worcestershire. He was at first confined in the Keep, then in a chamber on the lower tier of the Bloody Tower. When it was said to him, "You shall have no place in the calendar," "I am not worthy of it," he replied, "but I hope to have a place in heaven." In the Tower, Garnet was persuaded by a spy to converse with another priest in an adjoining cell, and their conversations were noted down by spies. He confessed that in Elizabeth's time he had declared a powder plot to be lawful, but wished to save as many as he could. Garnet's servant, Little John, in fear of the rack, stabbed himself in his cell. On the scaffold before St. Paul's, Garnet asserted the virtue of Anne Vaux, with whom it is stated he had carried on an intrigue, and hoped the Catholics in England would fare no worse for his sake.

by the famous astronomer Hariot, is still to be seen there. Accused of wishing to put himself at the head of the English Catholics, he was fined £30,000, deprived of all his appointments, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. He spent his time in mathematical studies, and kept Hariot by his side. He was a friend of Raleigh, and was visited by men of science. He was at last released by the intercession of his beautiful daughter Lucy, who had married Hay, a Court favourite, afterwards Earl of Carlisle.

Nor must we forget that fair prisoner, Arabella Stuart, a kinswoman of James, who was sent to the Tower for daring to marry her relation, William Seymour, who was also of royal descent. Seymour escaped to France, but she remained five years in the Tower, in neglect and penury, and died at last, worn out with pining for freedom, her mind a wreck.

The murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower is one of the darkest of the many dark pages in the reign of James I. It was the last great crime committed in the blood-stained building where so many good and wise men had pined away half their lives. Overbury, a poet and statesman of genius, was the friend of the king's young Scotch favourite, Carr. When a handsome boy he had been injured in a tilt, and had attracted the king's attention. James, eager to load his young Ganymede with favours, wedded him to the divorced wife of Lord Essex, a beautiful but infamous woman, whose first marriage had been conducted at Whitehall with great splendour, Inigo Jones supplying the scenery, and Ben Jonson, in beautiful verse, eulogising the handsome couple in fallacious prophecies. Carr ruled the king, and Overbury ruled Carr. All went well between the two friends, who had begun life together, till Overbury had exerted himself to prevent Carr's marriage with the divorced Lady Essex. The lady then resolved on his death. She tried to bribe assassins and poisoners, and, all these plans failing, the king was persuaded to send him as an envoy to Moscow. Overbury refusing to go, was thrown into the Bloody Tower. Here Lady Essex exerted all her arts to take away his life. An infamous man, named Sir Gervaise Helwyss, was appointed Lieutenant of the Tower, and a servant of Mrs. Turner, the infamous poisoner (mentioned in our chapter on Paternoster Row), placed as keeper in the Bloody Tower. Poisoned jellies and tarts were frequently sent to Overbury by Lady Essex in the name of Carr, and poisons were mixed in almost everything he took. Yet so strong was the poet's constitution, that he still bore up, till a French apothecary was sent to him, who administered medicines that soon produced death. The marriage of Lady Essex and Carr, now made an earl, soon took place, and was celebrated with great splendour at Whitehall. The Earl of Northampton, who had aided Lady Essex in this crime, died a few months afterwards, and all was for a time hushed up. In the meantime Overbury's friends had printed his fine poem of "The Wife" (the model of virtue held out for his friend's example), and five editions of the poem had roused public attention. Just at this time, a boy employed in the Tower by the French apothecary who gave Overbury his *coup de grâce*, fell sick in Flanders, and confessed his crime to the English resident. Gradually the murder came out. The Lieutenant of the Tower half confessed, and the criminals were soon under arrest. Hands were also laid on Carr and his wife, Mrs. Turner, Weston, the man placed in charge of Overbury, and an

apothecary, Franklin. The nation was infuriated and cried for vengeance. There were even rumours that the same wretches had poisoned Prince Henry, the heir to James's throne. Helwyss was hung in chains on Tower Hill; Mrs. Turner at Tyburn; Franklin and Weston were contemptuously put to death. The trial of the greater culprits followed. The countess pleaded guilty, and was condemned to death; and in Carr's case the chief evidence was suppressed. Eventually the earl and countess were pardoned. They left the Bloody Tower and the Garden House, and lived in seclusion and disgrace. The only child of these murderers was the mother of that excellent Lord William Russell who was afterwards beheaded.

Mention of every State prisoner whom the Tower has housed would in itself fill a volume. We must therefore confine ourselves to brief notices of the greater names. Nor must his innocence prevent our mentioning, after the murderers of Overbury, that patriarch of English philosophy, Lord Bacon, who, on his sudden fall from greatness, when Buckingham threw him as a sop to appease the people, was confined here for a period which, though short, must have been one of extreme mental agony. He was only imprisoned one day in the Lieutenant's house. "To die in this disgraceful place, and before the time of His Majesty's grace, is even the worst that could be," said the great man, whose improvidence and whose rapacious servants had led him to too freely accept presents which his enemies called "bribes."

But we must hasten on to the reign of Charles, when Felton struck that deadly blow in the doorway at Portsmouth, and Charles's hated favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, fell dead. Felton, an officer whose claims had been disregarded, had stabbed the duke, believing him to be a public enemy. He was lodged in the Bloody Tower, and as he passed to his prison the people cried, "The Lord bless thee!" The Parliament Remonstrance against the duke, which Felton had read in the "Windmill" Tavern, in Shoe Lane, had first roused him to the deed. The turning-point of Charles's fate was the committal of the nine members—Holles, Eliot, Selden, Hobart, Hayman, Coryton, Valentine, Strode, and Long—to the Tower. They had carried resolutions against the tax by tonnage and poundage proposed by the king. These men, so active against Laud and despotic power, were lodged in the Lieutenant's House. Two were at once pardoned; the others were heavily fined. The ringleader, Eliot, refused to retract, died in confinement, resolute to the last, and he was buried in the Tower.

Then came to the Tower that tough, obstinate lawyer, Prynne, who, for an attack on theatres, was put in the pillory, fined £5,000, and had both his ears shorn off. After four years' imprisonment Prynne again attacked Archbishop Laud's Popish practices, and was again punished. But the tide was now turning. Presently through the Tower gates passed Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, that dark bold spirit that had resolved to brave it out for despotism, and in the attempt was trodden under foot. Charles gave him up to the people, in one of his feeble and vain attempts to conciliate those whom he had wronged. When there was fear that Strafford might be torn to pieces on his way to the scaffold, he said, "I care not how I die, by the executioner or by the people." He stopped under Laud's window for his blessing, but Laud, in the act of blessing, swooned. Four years after Laud was impeached of high treason, and committed to the Tower. The Commons, however, changed the impeachment into an ordinance for his execution. He was accordingly sentenced to death, and perished on Tower Hill in January, 1640-1. As he went to the scaffold, says his last historian, his face turned from purple to ghastly white.

The Tower prisoners of Charles II.'s time were men of less mark and of less interest. The first offender was James Harrington, the author of that political romance, "Oceania," the publication of which Cromwell had been too magnanimous to resent. He eventually became insane, and after several changes of prison, died and was buried next Raleigh, in St. Margaret's, Westminster. In the same foolish revelling reign the Duke of Richmond got shut up in the Tower for three weeks, being compromised for proposing marriage to Frances Terese, one of the king's mistresses, the "Britannia" of our English halfpence. The Duke eventually eloped with her, but he survived the marriage only a few years. In 1665 Lord Morley was sent to the Tower for stabbing a gentleman named Hastings in a street fight, with the help of a duellist named Captain Bromwich. He pleaded benefit of clergy, and peers being, at that period of our history, allowed to murder without punishment, he was acquitted.

The half-mad Duke of Buckingham seems to have been fond of the Tower, for he was no less than five times imprisoned there. The first time (before the Restoration), Cromwell had imprisoned him for marrying the daughter of Fairfax. The last time, he accompanied Shaftesbury, Salisbury, and Wharton, for opposing the Courtier Parliament. Penn, the eminent Quaker, was also imprisoned in the Tower in Charles's reign, nominally for writing a Unitarian

pamphlet, but really to vex his father, the Admiral, who had indirectly accused the Duke of York of cowardice at sea, on the eve of a great engagement with the Dutch. Stillingfleet at last argued the inflexible prisoner into Christianity, and he was released.

When, on the discovery of the Rye House Plot, Lord William Russell was arrested, he was sent to the Tower first, and then to Newgate. "Arbitrary government cannot be set up in England," he said to his chaplain, "without wading through my blood." The very day Russell was removed from his prison, and Charles II. and James visited the place, the Earl of Essex, in a fit of despair at being mixed up in the Rye House Plot, or from fears at his own guilt, killed himself with a razor. He was imprisoned at the time in lodgings between the Lieutenant's house and the Beauchamp Tower.

Lord Stafford, one of the victims of Titus Oates and his sham Popish Plot, was imprisoned in the Tower, and perished under the axe on Tower Hill. When the rabble insulted him, Stafford appealed to the officials present. Sheriff Bethel brutally replied, "Sir, we have orders to stop nobody's breath but yours."

Another victim of this reign was the famous Algernon Sidney, a stern opponent of Charles, but no plotter against his person. The wretch Jeffreys hounded on the jury to a verdict. Sidney's last words in court were a prayer that the guilt of his death might not be imputed to London. On his way to Tower Hill, he said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and I die for the old cause."

Another turn of Fortune's wheel, and James, Duke of Monmouth, the fugitive from Sedgemoor, was found half-starved in a ditch, and was brought to his prison lodgings at the Lieutenant's house. He proved a mere craven, offered to turn Catholic to save his life, and talked only of his mistress. Tenison, the Vicar of St. Martin's Church, refused him the sacrament, and the last words of the prelates in attendance were, as the axe fell, "God accept your imperfect repentance."

James fled, and the next State prisoner was that cruel and brutal myrmidon of his, Judge Jeffreys. Detected in the disguise of a sailor, he was taken, and with difficulty saved from the enraged mob. He was discovered at a low ale-house in Wapping by a man whom he had once bullied and frightened in court. He spent his time in the Bloody Tower drinking, of which he at last died. He was at first buried near the Duke of Monmouth, then removed to St. Mary Aldermary. Our readers will remember the cruel jest played upon Jeffreys in the Tower, by a man who sent him a barrel,

apparently full of Colchester oysters, but which when opened proved to contain only a halter.

In 1697, when Sir John Fenwick was in the Tower for a plot to assassinate King William, his friends, afraid he would "squeak," interceded that he should be beheaded. It was certainly very unlike a gentleman to swing, but he was so proud of being beheaded, that he grew quite tractable when the request was granted.

The Scotch Jacobite lords were the next visitors to the Tower. When the white cockade was trodden into the mire, the leaders of the chevalier's followers soon found their way there. The Earl of Derwentwater, about whom so many north-country ballads exist, and Lord Kenmure, the grandson of Charles II., perished on Tower Hill. Derwentwater's last words were, "I die a Roman Catholic. I am in perfect charity with all the world; I thank God for it. I hope to be forgiven the trespasses of my youth by the Father of infinite mercy, into whose hands I commend my soul." Kenmure, who had expected a pardon, came on the scaffold in a gay suit. "God bless King James," he cried, as he knelt to the block. Lord Winton filed the bars of his window, and escaped.

Lord Nithsdale also escaped, thanks to his brave wife. His escape is one of the prettiest romances connected with the Tower. Failing to obtain mercy from George I., who shook her from him, she struck out, in her love and despair, a stratagem worthy of a noble wife. With the help of some female friends and a useful Welsh servant girl, she disguised her husband as her maid, and with painted cheeks, hood, and muffler, he contrived to pass the sentries and escape to the house of the Venetian agent. The next morning the earl would have perished with his comrades.

In 1722, Pope's friend Atterbury, the Jacobite Bishop of Rochester, was thrown into the Tower, and, with ferocious drollery, it was advised that he should be thrown to the Tower lions. Lyster, a barrister, one of his fellow-conspirators, was chained in the Tower and soon after executed. The unlucky '45 brought more Scottish lords to the Tower; the Earl of Cromartie, the Earl of Kilmarnock, Derwentwater's younger brother, Lord Balmerino, and that hoary old rascal, Simon, Lord Lovat, whom Hogarth sketched on his way to London, as he was jotting off the number of the rebel clans on his mischievous old fingers. Cromartie was spared: of the rest, Kilmarnock died first; then the scaffold was strewn with fresh sawdust, the block new covered, a new axe brought, and the executioner re-clad, by the time old Balmerino appeared, calm and careless, as with the air

of an old soldier he stopped to read the inscription upon his own coffin. At Lovat's execution, in 1747, a scaffold fell with some of the spectators, and the doomed man chuckled and said, "The mair mischief, the mair sport." "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," said the greatest rascal of his day; and then declaring himself a true Catholic, Lovat died, the last State criminal beheaded on Tower Hill. A stone with three rude circles in St. Peter's Church marks the grave of the three Scotch Jacobites.

Of Wilkes's imprisonment in the Tower we shall have occasion to speak elsewhere.

Then came other days, when Pitt frightened England with rumours of revolutionary conspiracies. The leaders of the London Corresponding Society, and the Society for Constitutional Information, were seized in 1794—the Habeas Corpus Act being most tyrannically suspended. Among the reformers then tried on a charge of constructive treason were Horne Tooke, the adversary of Junius, Thelwall, and Hardy, a shoemaker, secretary of the Corresponding Society. Erskine defended Hardy, who was acquitted; as also were Horne Tooke and Thelwall, to the delight of all lovers of progress.

Sir Francis Burdett's story will come more naturally into our Piccadilly chapter, but a few facts about his imprisonment in the Tower will not be out of place. In 1810 he was committed by a Tory House of Commons for a bold letter which he had written to his constituents on the case of John Gale Jones, a delegate of the Corresponding Society, who had been lodged in Newgate for a libel on the House. Burdett denied the power of the House to order imprisonment, or to keep men in prison untried.

The year 1816 brought some less noble prisoners than Sir Francis to the Tower. The Spa Fields riots were followed by the arrest of Watson, a bankrupt surgeon, Preston, a cordwainer, and Hooper, a labourer, all of whom were members of certain socialist clubs.

The desperate but foolish Cato Street conspirators of 1820 were the last State prisoners lodged in the Tower, which Mr. Dixon seems to think was thus robbed of all its dignity. The cells that have held Ings, the butcher, and Davidson, the negro, can never be perfumed sufficiently to hold noble traitors or villains of mediæval magnitude. Thistlewood, that low Cataline, who had served in the army, was lodged in the Bloody Tower, as the place of honour, Brunt in the Byeward Tower, Ings and Davidson in the Water Gate, and Tidd in the Seven-Gun Battery.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE TOWER (*continued*).

The Jewels of the Tower—The Imperial State Crown—St. Edward's Crown—Prince of Wales's Crown—Ancient Queen's Crown—The Queen's Diadem or Circlet of Gold—The Orb—St. Edward's Staff—The King's Sceptres—The Queen's Sceptre—The Queen's Ivory Rod—The Ampulla—The Curtana, or Sword of Mercy—Bracelets—The Royal Spurs—The Saltcellar of State—Blood's Desperate Attempt to Steal the Regalia—The Tower Armouries—Absurd Errors in their Arrangement—Chain Mail—German Fluted Armour—Henry VIII.'s Suit of Armour—Horse Armour—Tilting Suit of the Earl of Leicester—A Series of Strange Blunders—Curiosities of the Armoury—Naval Relics—Antiquities.

THE present Jewel House at the Tower is the old Record Tower, formerly called the Hall Tower. The regalia were originally kept in a small building at the south side of the White Tower, but in the reign of Charles I. they were transferred to a strong chamber in the Martin Tower, afterwards called the Jewel Tower, which being damaged in the great fire of 1841, the warders removed the regalia to the governor's house. The new Jewel House was erected the same year, and is more commodious than the old room.

Here you see the types of power and sovereignty. The collection is surmounted by the imperial State crown of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. This crown, says Professor Tennant, "was made by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, in the year 1838, with jewels taken from old crowns, and others furnished by command of Her Majesty. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, set in silver and gold; it has a crimson velvet cap with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is 39 oz. 5 dwt. troy. The lower part of the band, above the ermine border, consists of a row of 129 pearls, and the upper part of the band a row of 112 pearls, between which, in front of the crown, is a large sapphire, partly drilled, purchased for the crown by His Majesty George IV. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size, and six other sapphires, three on each side, between which are eight emeralds.

"Above and below the seven sapphires are fourteen diamonds, and around the eight emeralds 128 diamonds. Between the emeralds and sapphires are sixteen trefoil ornaments, containing 160 diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires, surmounted by eight diamonds, between which are eight festoons, consisting of 148 diamonds.

"In the front of the crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby, said to have been given to Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Edward III., called the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najera, near Vittoria, A.D. 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt, A.D. 1415. It is pierced quite through, after the Eastern custom, the upper part of the

piercing being filled up by a small ruby. Around this ruby, to form the cross, are seventy-five brilliant diamonds. Three other Maltese crosses, forming the two sides and back of the crown, have emerald centres, and contain respectively 132, 124, and 130 brilliant diamonds.

"Between the four Maltese crosses are four ornaments in the form of the French fleur-de-lis, with four rubies in the centres, and surrounded by rose diamonds, containing respectively eighty-five, eighty-six, eighty-six, and eighty-seven rose diamonds.

"From the Maltese crosses issue four imperial arches, composed of oak-leaves and acorns; the leaves containing 728 rose, table, and brilliant diamonds; thirty-two pearls forming the acorns, set in cups containing fifty-four rose diamonds and one table diamond. The total number of diamonds in the arches and acorns is 108 brilliant, 116 table, and 559 rose diamonds.

"From the upper part of the arches are suspended four large pendant pear-shaped pearls, with rose diamond caps, containing twelve rose diamonds, and stems containing twenty-four very small rose diamonds. Above the arch stands the mound, containing in the lower hemisphere 304 brilliants, and in the upper 244 brilliants; the zone and arc being composed of thirty-three rose diamonds. The cross on the summit has a rose-cut sapphire in the centre, surrounded by four large brilliants, and 108 smaller brilliants."

The next crown to be mentioned is known as *St. Edward's*.\* It is the imperial crown with which the kings of England have been crowned. It was made for the coronation of Charles II., to replace the one broken up and sold during the civil wars. It is embellished with pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, with a mound of gold on the top, enriched with a band or fillet of gold, garnished also with precious stones, and three very large oval pearls, one at the top, and

\* It derives its name from the ancient crown, supposed to have been worn by King Edward the Confessor, and which was preserved in Westminster Abbey till the rebellion in the reign of Charles I., when it was sacrilegiously taken away, together with many other articles belonging to the regalia.

the others pendant to the ends of the cross. This crown is formed of four crosses, and as many fleurs-de-lis of gold, rising from a rim or circlet, also of gold, and set with precious stones; and the cap within is made of purple velvet, lined with taffeta, and turned up with ermine.

*The Prince of Wales's Crown.* This is formed of pure gold, and is unadorned by jewels. On occasions of State it is placed before the seat in the House of Lords which is occupied by the heir apparent.

hand at his coronation, and is borne in his left on his return to Westminster Hall, is a ball of gold six inches in diameter, encompassed with a band or fillet of gold, embellished with roses of diamonds encircling other precious stones, and edged with pearls. On the top is an extraordinary fine amethyst, of an oval shape, nearly an inch and a half in height, which forms the foot or pedestal of a cross of gold three inches and a quarter high, set very thick with diamonds, and adorned with a sapphire, an emerald, and several large pearls.



THE JEWEL ROOM AT THE TOWER.

*The Ancient Queen's Crown*, being that used at coronations for the queen consort, is a very rich crown of gold, set with diamonds of great value, intermixed with other precious stones and pearls, the cap being similar to the preceding.

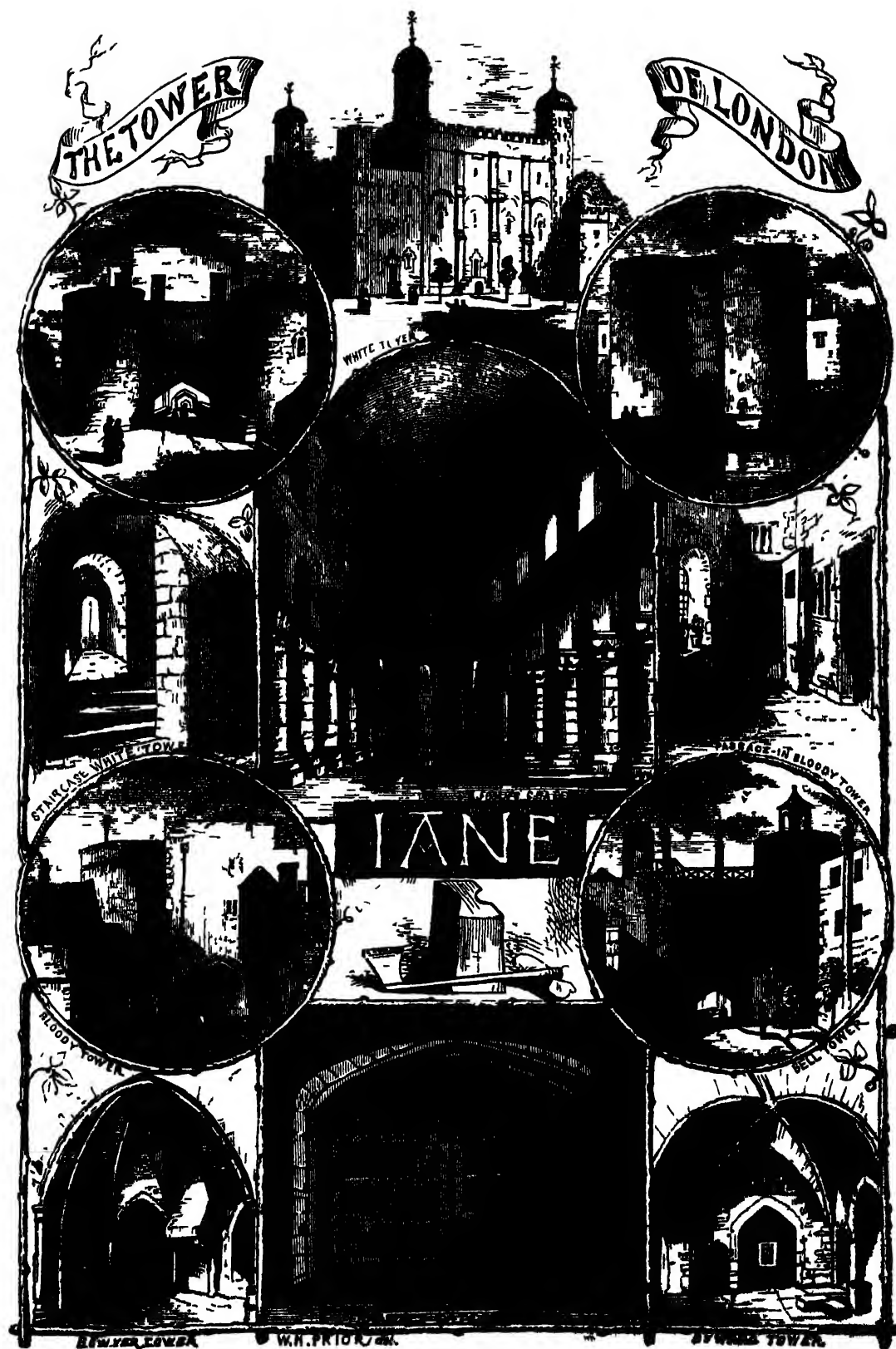
*The Queen's Diadem or Circlet of Gold.* This was worn by Queen Mary, consort of James II., in proceeding to her coronation. It is a rim or circle of gold, richly adorned with large diamonds, curiously set, and around the upper edge a string of pearls; the cap is of purple velvet, lined with white taffeta, and turned up with ermine, richly powdered. It cost, according to Sandford, £111,000.

The *Orb*, which rests in the sovereign's right

*St. Edward's Staff*, which is carried before the sovereign at the coronation, is a staff or sceptre of beaten gold, four feet seven inches and a half in length and about three quarters of an inch in diameter, with a pike or foot of steel four inches and a quarter long, and a mound and cross at the top.

The *King's Sceptre with the Cross*, or *Sceptre Royal*, likewise of gold, is two feet nine inches in length, and of the same size as that with the dove; the handle is plain, but the upper part is wreathed, and the pommel at the bottom set with rubies, emeralds, and small diamonds. On the top is a mound, and on the mound is a cross adorned with precious stones. This sceptre is placed in the





right hand of the sovereign at the coronation by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The *King's Sceptre with the Dove* is gold, in length three feet seven inches, and about three inches in circumference. It is set with diamonds and other precious stones, and upon the mound at the top, which is enriched with a band or fillet of rose diamonds, is a small cross, whereon is fixed a dove with wings expanded, as the emblem of mercy.

The *Queen's Sceptre with the Cross* is also of gold, adorned with diamonds and other precious stones, and in most parts is very like the king's, but not wreathed, nor quite so large.

The *Queen's Ivory Rod*, which was made for Queen Mary, consort of James II., is a sceptre of white ivory three feet one inch and a half in length, with a pommel, mound, and cross of gold, and a dove on the top.

Besides these there is another very rich and elegant sceptre with a dove, which was discovered in 1814 behind a part of the old wainscot of the Jewel House, where it seems to have lain unobserved for a great number of years. This nearly assimilates to the king's sceptre with the dove, and there is every probability that it was made for Queen Mary, consort of William III., with whom she was jointly invested with the exercise of the royal authority.

The *Ampulla, or Eagle of Gold*, which contains the holy oil at the ceremony of the coronation, is in the form of an eagle, with wings expanded, standing on a pedestal, all of pure gold finely chased. The head screws off about the middle of the neck, for the convenience of putting in the oil, which is poured out through the beak into a spoon called the anointing-spoon, which is likewise of pure gold, with four pearls in the broadest part of the handle. These are considered to be of great antiquity.

*Curtana, or the Sword of Mercy*, which is borne naked before the king, between the two swords of justice, at the coronation, is of plain steel, gilded. The blade is thirty-two inches in length, and nearly two in breadth; the handle is covered with fine gold wire, and the point flat. The *Swords of Justice* are the spiritual and temporal, which are borne, the former on the right hand and the latter on the left, before the king or queen at their coronation. The point of the spiritual sword is somewhat obtuse, but that of the temporal sword is sharp. Their blades are about forty inches long, the handles cased with fine gold wire, and the scabbards of all three are alike, covered with a rich brocaded cloth of tissue, with a fine ferule, hook, and chape.

*Armilla, or Bracelets*, which are ornaments for the king's wrist, worn at coronations, are of solid

fine gold, an inch and a half in breadth, and edged with rows of pearl. They open by means of a hinge, for the purpose of being put on the arm, and are chased with the rose, thistle, fleur-de-lis, and harp.

The *Royal Spurs* are also made of fine gold, curiously wrought, and are carried in the procession at coronations by the Lords Grey of Ruthyn, a service which they claim by descent from the family of Hastings, Earls of Huntingdon.

The *Salicellar of State*, which is said to be a model in gold of the White Tower, a grand silver font, double gilt, generally used at the baptisms of the royal family, and a large silver fountain, presented to Charles II. by the town of Plymouth, are likewise worthy of notice; and there is also deposited in the Jewel House a magnificent service of communion-plate belonging to the Tower Chapel; it is of silver, double gilt, superbly wrought, the principal piece containing a beautiful representation of the Lord's Supper.

The summary of jewels comprised in the crown is as follows:—1 large ruby, irregularly polished; 1 large broad-spread sapphire; 16 sapphires; 11 emeralds; 4 rubies; 1,363 brilliant diamonds; 1,273 rose diamonds; 147 table diamonds; 4 drop-shaped pearls; and 273 pearls.

A curious fact in connection with the regalia is related by Haydon the painter. The crown, he says, at George IV.'s coronation, "was not bought, but borrowed. Rundell's price was £70,000; and Lord Liverpool told the king he could not sanction such an expenditure. Rundell charged £7,000 for the loan, and as some time elapsed before it was decided whether the crown should be bought or not, Rundell charged £3,000 or £4,000 more for the interval."

The crown jewels have been exhibited for a fee since the restoration of King Charles II. They had been before that period kept sometimes in the Tower, in the treasury of the Temple or other religious house, and in the treasury at Westminster. The royal jewels have on several occasions been pledged to provide for the exigencies of our monarchs, by Henry III., Edward III., Henry V., Henry VI.; and Richard II. offered them to the merchants of London as a guarantee for a loan. The office of Keeper of the Regalia, conferred by the king's letters patent, became, in the reign of the Tudors, a post of great emolument and dignity, and "The Master of the Jewel-House" took rank as the first knight bachelor of England; the office was some time held by Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex. During the civil war under Charles I. the regalia were sold and destroyed. On the restoration

of Charles II. new regalia were made, for which the king's goldsmith, Sir Robert Vyner, was paid £21,978 9s. 11d.

At the great fire of 1841 the grating was broken open and the jewels removed for safety. Mr. G. Cruikshank made a clever drawing of this scene.

The history of the regalia would be incomplete without some short mention of Blood's desperate and impudent attempt to steal the crown, globe, and sceptre, in the reign of Charles II. This villain, Blood, had been a lieutenant in Cromwell's army, and had turned Government spy. He had joined in a plan to seize Dublin Castle and kill the Lord Lieutenant. He had actually stopped the Duke of Ormond's coach in Piccadilly, carried off the duke, and tried to hang him at Tyburn, a plan which had all but succeeded; and the Duke of Buckingham was suspected by the Ormond family of having encouraged the attempt. In the attempt on the regalia Blood had four accomplices. Blood, disguised as a country parson, in band and gown, began the campaign by going to see the crown with a woman who passed for his wife. This woman, while seeing the jewels, pretended to be taken ill, and was shown into the private rooms of Talbot Edwards, the old Deputy Keeper of the Crown Jewels, a man eighty years of age. Blood then observed the loneliness of the Tower, and the scanty means of defence. He called four days later with a present of gloves for Mrs. Edwards, and repeated his visits, till he at last proposed that his nephew, a young man, as he said, with £200 or £300 a year, should marry the old man's daughter. He finally fixed a day when the young bridegroom should present himself for approval. On the appointed day he arrived at the outside of the Iron Gate with four companions, all being on horseback. The plan for action was fully matured. Hunt, Blood's son-in-law, was to hold the horses, and keep them ready at St. Katharine's Gate. Parrot, an old Roundhead trooper and now a Government spy, was to steal the globe while Blood carried off the crown, and a third accomplice was to file the sceptre into pieces and slip them into a bag. A fourth rogue represented the lover. The five men were each armed with sword-canes, sharp poignards, and a brace of pistols. While pretending to wait for the arrival of his wife, Blood asked Edwards to show his friends the jewels. The moment the door was locked inside, according to Tower custom, the ruffians muffled and gagged the old man, and then felled him to the ground and beat him till he was nearly dead. Unluckily for the rascals, young Edwards at that moment returned from Flanders, and ran upstairs to see where his

mother and sisters were. Blood and Parrot made off at once with the globe and crown. The sceptre they could not break. The old man freeing himself from the gag, screamed and roused the family. Blood wounded a sentinel and fired at another, but was eventually overpowered. The crown fell in the dirt, a pearl was picked up by a sweeper, a diamond by an apprentice, and several stones were lost. Parrot was captured and the globe found in his pocket; one fine ruby had broken loose. Hunt was thrown from his horse and taken. But none of these culprits were punished. Blood betrayed pretended plots, or in some way obtained power over the king. He was received at court, and £500 a year was given him.

From the Jewel House we pass to the Armouries. The Armouries in the Tower were established by our earliest kings. We find Henry III. issuing a mandate to the Archdeacon of Durham to transmit to the arsenal twenty-six suits of armour, five iron cuirasses, one iron collar, three pairs of fetters, and nine iron helmets. In 1339 (Edward III.) John de Flete, keeper of the arms in the Tower, was commanded to bring as many "espringals, quarrells, hauberks, lances, arbalasts, bows and arrows," as were necessary for the defence of the Castle of Southampton. Two years afterwards the Sheriff of Gloucester was ordered to purchase and transmit to the Tower 1,000 bows, and 300 sheaves of arrows; 250 of the bows to be painted, the rest to be white or plain.

A curious inventory of Tower armour in the reign of Edward VI. enumerates:—"Brigandines complete, having sleeves covered with crimson; ditto, with sleeves covered with cloth of gold; ditto, with sleeves covered with blue satin; millars' coats covered with fustian and white cloth; and brigandines covered with linen cloth with long taces." The inventory also enumerates targets covered with steel, and having pistols in the centre; a target with twenty pistols; a target "of the shell of Tortys;" steel horse-trappings; poleaxes with pistols at the end; gilt poleaxes, the staves covered with crimson velvet and fringed with silk of gold; holy water sprinklers, or Danish clubs, with spiked balls fastened to a chain. Some of these arms still remain in the Tower, especially a "holy water sprinkler with 3 guns," which the warders used to call "King Harry the Eighth's Walking-Staff."

In the reign of Elizabeth the Tower armouries were described by Hentzner, a German traveller, in 1598, and our readers will see, by the following extract, that many of the chief curiosities now shown were even then on view:—

"We were," says Hentzner, "next led to the

Armoury, in which were these peculiarities. Spears out of which you may shoot; shields that will give fire four times; a great many rich halberds, commonly called partisans, with which the guard defend the royal person in battle; some lances covered with red and green velvet; and the suit of armour of Henry VIII.; many and very beautiful arms, as well for men as for horse-fights; the lance of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, three spans thick; two pieces of cannon, the one fires three, the other seven balls at a time; two others, made of wood, which the English had at the siege of Boulogne, in France, and by this stratagem, without which they could not have succeeded, they struck a terror as at the appearance of artillery, and the town was surrendered upon articles; nineteen cannons of a thicker make than ordinary, and, in a room apart, thirty-six of a smaller; other cannons for chain-shot and balls, proper to bring down masts of ships; cross-bows, bows and arrows, of which to this day the English make great use in their exercises. But who can relate all that is to be seen here? Eight or nine men, employed by the year, are scarce sufficient to keep all the arms bright."

Hewitt, in his account of the Tower, argues very shrewdly, from Hentzner's silence about the spoils of the Armada still exhibited, and, in fact, about the "Spanish Armoury" altogether, that those pretended trophies were never trophies at all. The Spanish "collar of torment" is an undoubted relic of the Armada; the rest, Mr. Hewitt decides, were taken from a collection of Spanish arms, chosen for their excellent quality, and of a far earlier date than 1588. Hentzner visited England soon after the Armada. As a German he would be interested in all relics of the defeated Spanish invasion. He visited the Spanish Armoury, and had he been shown there any relics of Philip's armament, would be sure to have mentioned it.

The first mention of a Spanish weapon-house is in a survey of 1675, which enumerates targets with pistols, Spanish pikes, partisans, Spanish boar-spears, Spanish poleaxes, and Spanish halberds. Some later exhibitors, says Mr. Hewitt, finding a room called the Spanish Weapon-house, immediately set it down, with true showman's instinct, as a room of Armada spoils, and so the error has been perpetuated.

During the Commonwealth the Tower collection of armour lay in abeyance, but at the Restoration, William Legg, Master of the Armouries, made a survey of the stores, and in it enumerates Brandon's huge lance, the Spanish collar of torture, and the ancient head-piece with rams'-horns and spectacles still named after William Somers, the Jester of Henry VIII. Some of the suits are noted as

having come from the Green Gallery, at Greenwich. These last included both suits of Prince Henry and suits of Henry V., Henry VIII., Edward III., Edward IV., Henry VI., the Earl of Leicester, and Charles Brandon. There is also mentioned a gilt and graven suit for "his late majesty, of ever blessed memory, Charles I.;" a suit of Charles II., when a boy; and a suit sent to Charles II. by the Great Mogul.

On the Restoration, says Meyrick, the armour which had been formerly in the Green Gallery at Greenwich, placed on horseback and dignified with the name of some of our kings, gave the hint for an exhibition at the Tower of the same sort. The Tudors and Stuarts were added; and in 1686, the year after the death of Charles II., his figure and that of his father were added, their horses and faces carved by Grinling Gibbons.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century armour fell into disuse, and was sent by various regiments to the Tower stores. A survey in 1697 enumerates thousands of back and breast pieces, pots, and head-pieces. The equestrian figures, when fitted out from these and from various gifts, increased from ten to twenty-seven.

Among the confused suits Meyrick found both William the Conqueror and William III. clad in plate armour of the age of Edward VI. The suit of Henry V. was composed from parts of three others, of which the upper portion was of the time of Charles I., while the legs—which were not fellows!—were of the age of Henry VII. Henry VIII. also had the misfortune to have odd legs. George I. and George II. were armed *cap-à-pie* in suits of Henry VIII.'s time, and mounted on Turkish saddles, gilt and ornamented with the globe, crescent, and star. John of Gaunt was a knight of Henry VIII.'s reign, and De Courcy a demi-lancer of Edward VI.'s. The helmet of Queen Elizabeth was of the period of Edward VI.; the armour for her arms, of that of Charles I.; her breastplate went as far back as Henry VIII.; and the *garde de reins* of that monarch covered Her Majesty's "abdomen." A big suit of Henry VIII., rough from the hammer, had first been described by the warders as "made for the king at the age of eighteen," and then "as much too small for him."

The absurd inventions of the Tower warders were endless. A "Guide to the Tower of London and its Curiosities" (says Mr. Planché), published in the reign of George III., mentions a breastplate desperately damaged by shot, which was shown as having been worn by a man, part of whose body, including some of the intestines, was carried away by a cannon-ball, notwithstanding

which, being put under the care of a skilful surgeon, the man recovered, and lived for ten years afterwards. "This story," adds the Guide, "the old warder constantly told to all strangers, till H.R.H. Prince Frederick, father of the present king, being told the accustomed tale, said, with a smile, 'And what, friend, is there so extraordinary in all this? I remember myself to have read in a book of a soldier who had his head cleft in two so dextrously by the stroke of a scimitar, that one half of it fell on one shoulder, and the other half of it on the other shoulder; and yet, on his comrade's clapping the two sides nicely together again, and binding them close with his handkerchief, the man did well, drank his pot of ale at night, and scarcely recollected that he had ever been hurt.'" The writer goes on to say that the old warder was "so dashed," that he never had the courage to tell his story again; but, though he might not, it was handed down by his successors, by several of whom, Mr. Planché says, he heard it repeated in his boyhood, fifty years after the death of Frederick Prince of Wales. The old battered breastplate is still in the collection, and has not been "sold as old iron," being thoroughly unworthy of preservation.

In the year 1825 Dr. (afterwards Sir) Samuel Rush Meyrick received the royal commands to re-arrange the Horse and Spanish Armouries, a task for which that antiquary's taste and knowledge eminently qualified him. This task he executed, but, unfortunately, was compelled by ignorant officials to appropriate every suit (right or wrong) to some great personage of the period, distinguishing the few that could actually be identified by stars on the flags above them. The storekeeper then resumed his care, and everything went wrong: forgeries were bought and carefully preserved under glass, and valuable pieces of armour, which had been actually stolen or sold from the armoury, were often offered for sale to the authorities and rejected by them. In 1859, Mr. Planché, an eminent authority on armour, drew the attention of the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert to the confusion of the whole collection, and to the fact that the armoury produced an annual revenue of £2,000 and odd, being, therefore, self-supporting. The same public-spirited gentleman also pointed out that the Horse Armoury admitted the rain, and had an inflammable wooden shed at one end. In 1869, to the great satisfaction of all true antiquaries, Mr. Planché was commissioned to arrange the armour in the Tower in strict chronological order. In his "Recollections and Reflections," he suggests that a fine gallery could be made out of the row of carpenters' shops on the east side of the White Tower.

The negligence of the Government led, Mr. Planché says, in his own time, to many blunders. One of the bargains missed by the Keeper of the Armouries was the complete suit in which Sir Philip Sidney was killed at the battle of Zutphen, the embossed figures on which were of solid gold. This national and magnificent relic was at Strawberry Hill, and is now at St. Petersburg. Another relic lost to the Tower was a heaume of the time of King John, now at Warwick Castle. A third was the gauntlets of a fine suit made for Henry VIII., now in the Tower, imperfect from their absence. They had found their way out of the Tower, and, on being brought back, were ignored and refused by the authorities, and bought by Lord Londesborough. A fourth was a most singular quaint helmet, probably as early as the time of Stephen, if not actually the helmet of that monarch, or of his son, now in the Musée d'Artillerie at Paris. Two other helmets, one *temp.* Henry III., the other of the fifteenth century, with part of the crest remaining, were also rejected. At the very same time a helmet newly made at Vienna, for theatrical purposes, was purchased at the price of £50, and is now in one of the glass cases at the Tower. The only armour at Alton Towers that could possibly have belonged to the great Talbot was suffered by some gentleman sent down by the Tower to pass into the hands of dealers. The back-plate, a most elegant specimen, sold for £10, and is now in the collection of Lord Londesborough.

The present Horse Armoury, at the south-west corner of the White Tower, was completed in 1826, when Meyrick re-arranged the collection. This is a single apartment, about 150 feet long by 34 wide. A row of pillars supporting pointed arches runs the whole length of the interior. The space in front of the columns is occupied by figures, some equestrian and some on foot, clothed in armour from the reign of Henry VI. to that of James II. Several military trophies and emblems adorn the walls and ceilings of the apartment, and the space devoted to the armed figures is divided into several compartments by stands containing weapons of the various periods.

The visitor can pass here from the simple mail of early days by easy steps to the engraved and ornamented armour of Elizabeth's reign.

The Crusaders of Henry III.'s reign brought chain-mail from the East. Mixed plate and chain suits were introduced in the reign of Edward II. In the reign of Richard II. the visors were peaked, and projected from the face like birds' beaks. With Henry IV. armour became all plate, and the steel monster was now fully hatched. With Henry V. came two-handed swords, to hew to

pieces the said armour. In Edward IV.'s days came all sorts of novelties in armour—tuilles to cover the hips, pauldrons for the shoulders, grandegardes, or extra half-breastplates, to cover the left breast. In the time of Richard III, say most authorities, armour attained its highest perfection

The Henry VIII. suit, the first suit in the collection, really belonged to the king whose effigy it covers. The armour is damasked, and the stirrups are curious, from their great size. But one of the finest suits in the world, and belonging to this same burly king, is in the central recess of the south wall.



THE TOWER HORSE ARMOURY

of form and arrangement. The shoes have long, pointed toes. The Richard III suit at the Tower was brought from Spain, and was worn by the Marquis of Waterford at the fantastic Eglinton Tournament in 1839.

In the reign of Henry VII. came in the beautiful German fluted armour. The helmets worn were the round Burgundian, and the shoes were round and large at the toes. The horse-armour, too, is splendid.

"This," says Hewitt, "is one of the most curious suits of armour in the world, having been made to commemorate the union of Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon. The badges of this king and queen, the rose and pomegranate, are engraved on various parts of the armour. On the fans of the genouillères is the sheaf of arrows, the device adopted by Ferdinand, the father of Katharine, on his conquest of Granada. Henry's badges, the portcullis, the fleur-de-lis, and the red dragon, also



appear ; and on the edge of the lamboys, or skirts, are the initials of the royal pair, 'H. K.,' united by a true lovers' knot. The same letters, similarly united by a knot, which includes also a curious love-badge, formed of a half rose and half pomegranate, are engraved on the croupière of the horse.

"But the most remarkable part of the embellishment of this suit consists in the saintly legends which are engraved upon it. These consist of ten

beneath which a fire is blazing, to boil the oil within ; a female saint suffering decapitation ; while in the background is predicted the retribution that awaits the persecutor ; another saint about to suffer decapitation ; St. Agatha led to be scourged ; and St. Agatha being built up in prison.

"Round the lower edge of the horse-armour, many times repeated, is the motto, 'Dieu et mon Droit,' while numerous other decorations—human figures, heraldic badges, arabesque work, and



THE LOWER MENAGERIE ABOUT 1820.

subjects, full of curious costume, and indicating curious manners

"On the breastplate is the figure of St. George on foot, encountering the dragon. On the back-plate appears St. Barbara, with her usual emblems. On the front of the poitrail St. George, on horse-back, is dispatching the dragon ; the armour of his horse is embellished with the rose and pomegranate. Also, on the poitrail, St. George accused before Diocletian ; and another subject, representing some lady of rank, attended by her maids, directing the fortifications of a town or fortress. On the croupière, St. George, stretched on the rack ; a saint receiving martyrdom, by being enclosed as high as the waist in the brazen figure of an ox,

grotesque devices of fabulous and other animals—are continued over the whole suit, both of man and horse. Among these engravings is one of a female figure, bearing on the front of her bodice the German word 'Gluck'—good luck, health, prosperity. From this, it has been suggested by Sir S. Meyrick, we may infer that the suit before us was presented by the Emperor Maximilian to Henry, in honour of his marriage with Katharine of Arragon. We own this inference seems rather a bold one.

"The armour is doubtless of German manufacture, and one of the finest of the period. It was formerly gilt, and when new must have had a most gorgeous appearance. From its discoloration

by time, the elaborate decorations of its surface are almost entirely lost, but might easily be restored by a judicious renewal of the gilding."

"We find another splendid suit of armour, of the reign of Edward VI. It is of the kind called *russet*, which was produced by oxidising the metal, and then smoothing its surface. By this means the gold-work with which it was afterwards damasquined looked much richer than if inlaid on a ground of polished steel, or *white* armour, as it was technically called. The suit before us is covered with the most beautiful filagree-work. The helmet especially is most elaborately ornamented; embossed lions' heads adorn the pauldrons, elbow-pieces, gauntlets, breastplate, genouillères, and solerets; and the whole is in the finest preservation. The helmet, which is a burgonet, is also embellished with a lion's head. In the right hand is a mace, terminating in a spear. This figure was formerly exhibited as Edward the Black Prince.

"The horse-armour, which is a complete suit, is embossed and embellished with the combined badges of Burgundy and Granada. The probabilities are that it belonged to Philip of Flanders, surnamed 'the Fair.' He was the son of the Emperor Maximilian, by Mary, daughter and heiress of Charles the Bold, last Sovereign-Duke of Burgundy, and consequently, in right of his mother, Duke of Burgundy and Count of Flanders. He married Joanna, second daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and sister of Katharine of Arragon, queen of Henry VIII.

"The badge of the pomegranate was borne by all the children of Isabella and Ferdinand the conqueror of Granada. Philip and Joanna, on the death of Isabella, in 1504, became sovereigns of Castile and Arragon, and in 1506, on a voyage to Spain, were obliged by a violent tempest to take shelter in England, where they were detained upwards of three months in a sort of honourable captivity by Henry VII. The armour might have been left behind, in England, on the departure of the royal travellers, or presented by Philip to Henry."

The tilting-suit of the Earl of Leicester is still shown. "That the armour before us was worn by Leicester," says Mr. Hewitt, "there is not the slightest doubt. His initials, 'R. D.,' are engraved on the genouillères. His cognizance of the bear and ragged staff appears on the chanfron of the horse, encircled by the collar of the Garter; and the ragged staff is repeated on every part of the suit. The suit was originally gilt, and 'was kept,' says Sir S. Meyrick, 'in the tilt-yard, where it was exhibited on particular days.' It afterwards

figured in the old horse armoury as that of King James I."

The suit of Sir Henry Lee, champion of Queen Elizabeth, was formerly exhibited as that of William the Conqueror. The fine engraved and gilt suit of the Earl of Essex (1581) was worn by the king's champion at the coronation of George II. The figure of James I. was formerly shown as Henry IV. The suit of Charles I. was given him by the Armourers' Company. It is richly gilt and arabesqued. The suit is specially interesting as being the identical one laid on the coffin of the Duke of Marlborough at his public funeral. The head of the effigy of James II. was carved by Grinling Gibbons as a portrait of Charles II.

The suit long called John of Gaunt's turned out to be an engraved suit for a man-at-arms of the reign of Henry VIII., and the Norman Crusader to have come from the Mogul country. There is a fine suit of Italian armour here, date 1620, once worn by Count Oddi, of Padua. It is ornamented with the imperial eagle, the badge of his house. The devices, formed of swords, pistols, and bayonets, are very ingenious. The large pavois shield (*temp.* James I.) should be noticed. The russet and gold armour is Venetian, of the sixteenth century; and the six pieces of a puffed and engraved suit of the time of Henry VIII. are extremely curious and rare. The ancient German saddle of bone inlaid with figures is of uncertain date. The inscription is—

"I hope the best to you may happen;  
May God help you well in Saint George's name."

The fantastic helmet with horns, made for mock tournaments, is said to have belonged to Henry VIII.'s jester. The crossbows are of all ages. Firearms can here be traced, from the earliest hand-gun of 1430. One flint-lock rifle, of Austrian make (1750), could be fired eighteen times in a minute. Here we see the steel mace combined with the pistol, *temp.* Edward VI. The padded Chinese armour, too, is curious; and there is a curious suit of the Great Mogul, sent to Charles II., made partly of plates and partly of small iron tubes bound in rows. The Elizabethan Armoury contains a goodly store of glaives, black-bills, Lochaber axes, and boar-spears. The great curiosity here is the block on which Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and Lovat laid down their heads; the old heading-axe, said to have taken off the head of Essex; the iron torture-cravat, called in the Tower, "Skeffington's Daughter," from the name of the inventor; the bilboes; the thumbscrews; the Spanish collar of torture, from the Armada; two yew-bows, from the wreck of the *Mary Rose*, sunk off Spithead in the

reign of Henry VIII. ; and a breech-loading match-lock petronel, that belonged to Henry VIII. The relics of Tippoo Sahib have also a special interest.

The grand storehouse for the royal train of artillery, and the small-arms armoury for 150,000 stand of arms, destroyed by fire October 30, 1841, were built in the reign of James II. or William III., since which the Tower has been remodelled, many small dwelling-houses cleared away, and several towers and defences rebuilt. The houses of Petty Wales and the outworks have been removed, as well as the menagerie buildings near the west entrance. In the great fire of 1841 only 4,000 stand of arms were saved out of about 100,000, and the loss was computed at about £250,000. But for the height of the tide and the fulness of the ditch, the whole Tower would have been destroyed. In 1830 the store of arms in the Tower had amounted to 600,000. Among the curiosities destroyed was one of the state swords carried before the Pretender when he was proclaimed in Scotland, in 1715, and a curious wooden gun.

The Train Room contained some interesting naval relics ; among others, the steering-wheel of Lord Nelson's *Victory*, trophies of William III. and General Wolfe, and relics of Waterloo. The earliest guns were of the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV.—hooped guns, with movable chambers. There was also a great treasure which fortunately escaped the fire—a large iron chamber-gun, recovered from the wreck of the *Mary Rose* (Henry VIII.). The Great Harry, which is of brass, weighs five tons (*temp.* Henry VIII.). It has the date 1542, and the English rose engraved upon it is surmounted by the crown of France. There were guns, too, from Ramillies, and relics of the *Royal George*. One old brass German gun, date 1581, had the spirited motto—

“ I sing and spring,  
My foe transfixing.”

One of the finest guns preserved was a brass gun taken from the French. It had formerly belonged to the Knights of Malta. The date is 1773. It is covered with exquisite figures in alto-relievo. In one part is a medallion portrait of the artist, Philip Lattarellus, and in another the portrait of the Grand Master of Malta, supported by two genii. The carriage also is very curious ; its trails are formed of the intertwined figures of two furies holding torches, and grasping a huge snake. The centre of the wheel represents the sun, the spokes forming its rays. There was also saved a small brass gun, presented to the Duke of Gloucester, the son of Queen Anne.

In other parts of the Armoury are ancient British

flint axes, Saxon weapons, a suit of Greek armour, found in a tomb at Cumæ ; kettle-drums from Blenheim ; the cloak in which General Wolfe died ; the sword-sash of that popular Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of York ; Saracenic, Indian, Moorish, New Zealand, and Kaffrarian arms, and even a door-mat suit from the South Seas. In 1854, 2,000 stand of Russian arms, taken at Bomarsund, the first trophies of the war against the Emperor Nicholas, were placed in the Tower. There are also ten small brass cannon to be seen, presented by the brass-founders of London to Charles II. when a boy. Hatton, in 1708, mentions among the curiosities of the Tower the sword which Lord Kinsale took from an officer of the French body-guard, for which deed he and his posterity have the right of remaining covered in the king's presence. A tablet on the staircase marks the spot where the bones of the two murdered princes were discovered.

From the above account it will be seen that the Tower contains as many interesting historical relics as any museum in England. Here the intelligent visitor can trace the progress of weapons from the rude flint axe of the early Briton to the latest rifle that science has invented. Here he can see all the changes of armour, from the rude suits worn at Hastings to the time when the Italians turned the coat of steel into a work of the finest art, and lavished upon it years of anxious and refined labour. There are breastplates in the Tower on which Montfort's spear has splintered, and cuirasses on which English swords struck fire at Waterloo. There are trophies of all our wars, from Cressy and Poitiers to Blenheim and Inkermann, spoils of the Armada, relics of the early Crusade wars, muskets that were discharged at Minden, swords of Marlborough's troopers, shields carried at Agincourt, suits of steel that Elizabeth's champions wore at Cadiz, flags that have been scorched by Napoleon's powder, blades that have shared in struggles with Dane and Indian, Spaniard and Russian. Thanks to Mr. Planché, the Tower Armoury can now be studied in sequence, and with intellectual advantage. The blunders of former days have been rectified, and order once more prevails, where formerly all was confusion and jumble. Thanks to the imperishability of steel, the old war-costumes of England remain for us to study, and with the smallest imagination one can see Harry of Monmouth, in the very arms he wore, ride forth against the French spears, all blazoned with heraldic splendour, and, shouting “ God and St. George for merry England,” scatter the French, as he did when he won his crowning victory.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE TOWER (*continued*).

The Tower of London Officials—Locking-up the Tower—The Tower Menagerie—The Moat—The Church of St. Peter ad Vincula—Early Sufferers for State Errors—Gerald Fitzgerald—Fisher—Lord Seymour of Dudley—The Protector Somerset—The Earl of Essex—Sir Thomas Overbury—Anne Boleyn—The Monuments in St. Peter ad Vincula—A Blood-stained Spot—Historical Treasure Trove—The Waterloo Barracks—The Royal Mint—Nooks and Corners of the Tower—Its Terrible Cells—The Tower Ghost.

THE Constable of the Tower was anciently called "the Constable of London," "the Constable of the Sea," and "the Constable of the Honour of the Tower." William I. chose as the first Constable of his new fortress Geoffrey de Mandeville, who had fought well at Hastings. The Constable *temp.* Edward II. received a dole of twopence from each person going and returning by the Thames on a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella. In the reign of Richard II. he received £100 a year, with fees from prisoners for the "suite of his irons"—for a duke, £20; for an earl, twenty marks; for a baron, £10; for a knight, 100 shillings. Later, he had wine-tolls, which were taken from passing ships by his officers. Taylor the Water-poet farmed this office, and naively confesses that he could make no profit of it till he cheated. The Constable's salary is at present about £1,000 a year. The Duke of Wellington was Constable from 1820 till his death, in 1852, and he was succeeded by that brave old veteran, Viscount Combermere. The Lieutenant of the Tower ranks next to the Constable, and then follow the Tower Major and the Master Gunner. The warders' old dress was obtained for them by the Duke of Somerset, after his release from prison in the reign of Edward VI.

"There are two officers," says Bayley, "who are now joined in the command and custody of the Tower, with the denomination of Deputy-Lieutenant and Major, both of whom are appointed by commission from the Crown, though the patronage is virtually in the Constable, who exercises the power of recommending." These officers, however, were of very modern date, having both sprung up in the course of the last century. The earliest mention we find of a Deputy-Lieutenant is in the time of Queen Anne, and that of a Major not till many years afterwards. The office of Deputy-Lieutenant has been abolished. The civil establishment of the Tower also consists of a chaplain, whose appointment is in the Crown exclusively; the chief bailiff, who has his office by letters patent, at the recommendation of the Constable; a surgeon, who is appointed by Royal Commission at the recommendation of the Constable; the keeper of the regalia, the steward or coroner, the yeoman-gaoler, the

yeoman-porter, and forty yeoman-warders, all of whom have their places by warrant of the Constable.

Locking-up the Tower is an ancient, curious, and stately ceremony. A few minutes before the clock strikes the hour of eleven—on Tuesdays and Fridays, twelve—the head warder (yeoman-porter), clothed in a long red cloak, bearing a huge bunch of keys, and attended by a brother warder carrying a lantern, appears in front of the main guardhouse, and loudly calls out, "Escort keys!" The sergeant of the guard, with five or six men, then turns out and follows him to the "Spur," or outer gate, each sentry challenging as they pass his post, "Who goes there?" "Keys." The gates being carefully locked and barred, the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation, and receiving the same answer as before. Arrived once more in front of the main guardhouse, the sentry there gives a loud stamp with his foot, and asks, "Who goes there?" "Keys." "Whose keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys." "Advance, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well." The yeoman-porter then exclaims, "God bless Queen Victoria!" The main guard respond, "Amen!" The officer on duty gives the word, "Present arms!" The firelocks rattle, the officer kisses the hilt of his sword, the escort fall in among their companions, and the yeoman-porter marches across the parade alone, to deposit the keys in the Lieutenant's lodgings. The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress totally precluded, but even within the walls no one can stir without being furnished with the countersign.

The Tower has a separate coroner, and the public have access to the fortress only by sufferance. When Horwood made his survey of London, 1799, he was denied admission to the Tower, and the refusal is thus recorded upon the map: "The Tower; the internal parts not distinguished, being refused permission to take the survey." The Tower is now open free to the public on Mondays and Saturdays.

Nor must we forget the now extinct menagerie in the Tower. The first royal menagerie in England was at Woodstock, where Henry I. kept some lions and leopards to amuse his ladies and courtiers.

Henry III. having three leopards sent him by the Emperor Frederick II., moved his wild beasts to the Tower, and thus commenced the menagerie which existed there till 1834. Among the national records many orders exist to the sheriffs of London, Bedfordshire, and Buckinghamshire to provide for the animals and their keepers. Thus in 1252 (Henry III.) the London sheriffs were ordered to pay fourpence a day for the maintenance of a white bear, and to provide a muzzle and chain to hold him while fishing or washing himself in the river Thames. In the same reign they are again desired to build a house in the Tower for an elephant, sent to the king by Louis of France—the first ever seen in England since the Roman period. In the reigns of Edward I., Edward II., and Edward III., the lions and leopards were paid for at the rate of sixpence a day, while the keepers received only three-halfpence. At later periods the keeper of the Tower lions was a person of quality, who received sixpence a day, and the same sum for every animal under his charge. Henry VI. gave the post to his marshal, Robert Mansfield, and afterwards to Thomas Rookes, his dapifer.

The post was often held by the Lieutenant or Constable of the Tower, on condition of his providing a sufficient deputy. Our ancient kings had in their household an official called "the Master of the King's Bears and Apes." In a semi-circular enclosure round the Lion Tower, James I. and his court used to come to see lions and bears baited by dogs. In Howel's time there were six lions in the Tower, and probably no other animals. In 1708 Strype enumerates eleven lions, two leopards or tigers (the worthy historian, it seems, knows not which), three eagles, two owls, two cats of the mountain, and a jackal. In 1754 Maitland gives a much larger catalogue. By 1822, however, the Tower menagerie had sunk to a grizzly bear, an elephant, and a few birds. By the diligence of Mr. Cops, the keeper, the collection had increased, in 1829, to the following:—Bengal lion, lioness and cubs, Cape lion, Barbary lioness, tiger, leopard, jaguar, puma, ocelot, caracal, chetah or hunting leopard, striped hyæna, hyæna dog, spotted hyæna, African bloodhound, wolf, clouded black wolf, jackal, civet or musk cat, Javanese civet, grey ichneumon, paradoxurus, brown coati, racoon, American black bear, and grizzly bear.

A century ago, says Cunningham, the lions in the Tower were named after the reigning kings, and it was long a vulgar belief, "that when a king dies, the lion of that name dies after him." Addison alludes to this popular error in his own inimitable way:—"Our first visit," he says in the *Freeholder*,

"was to the lions. My friend (the Tory Fox-hunter), who had a great deal of talk with their keeper, inquired very much after their health, and whether none of them had fallen sick upon the taking of Perth and the flight of the Pretender? And hearing they were never better in their lives, I found he was extremely startled; for he had learned from his cradle that the lions in the Tower were the best judges of the title of our British kings, and always sympathised with our sovereigns."

The Bengal lion of 1829, "George," as the keepers called him, after the reigning king, had been captured when a cub by General Watson, who shot the parents. The general made a goat foster the two cubs during the voyage to England. They were at first allowed to walk in the open yard, the visitors playing with them with impunity. They used to be fed once a day only, on a piece of beef of eight or nine pounds weight. The lioness was perfectly tame till she bore cubs. One of the keepers on one occasion finding her at large, drove her back into her den, though he was only armed with a stick, and evaded the three springs she made at him. The menagerie declining, and the damp position and restricted room being found injurious to the animals, they were transferred to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, in 1834. The refreshment room and ticket office occupy part of the site of the Lion Tower, but the buildings were not entirely removed until 1853. The "washing the Tower lions" on the 1st of April used to be an old London hoax.

The Tower Moat, long an offensive and useless nuisance, was finally drained in 1843, and then filled up and turfed as a small *campus martius* for the garrison. Evergreens are planted on the banks, and on the north-east is a shrubbery garden.

In draining the moat the workmen found several stone shot, supposed to be missiles directed at the fortress during the siege of 1460, when Lord Scales held the Tower for Henry VI., and the Yorkists cannonaded the fortress from a battery in Southwark. Our readers will remember two occasions when the Tower fired on the City: first, when the Bastard Falconbridge attacked the bridge under pretence of aiding the king; and again on Evil May Day, in the reign of Henry VIII., when the Constable of the Tower, enraged at the tumult, discharged his cannon on Cheapside way. In 1792, when there was much popular discontent, several hundred men were employed to repair the Tower fortifications, opening the embrasures, and mounting cannon; and on the west side of the fortress, a strong barricade was formed of old casks, filled with earth and rubble. The gates were closed at

an early hour, and no one but soldiers allowed upon the ramparts. In 1830, when the Duke of Wellington, the Constable, filled the Tower Ditch with water, and cleansed and deepened it, the Radicals declared he was putting the fortress into order against the Reformers, as very likely was the case.

with shrines and sculpture. A letter still existing, and quoted by Strype, from Henry III. (that great builder), desires the keeper of the Tower works to plaster the chancel of St. Peter, and to colour anew the shrine and figure of Mary, and the images of St. Peter, St. Nicholas, St. Katharine, the beam

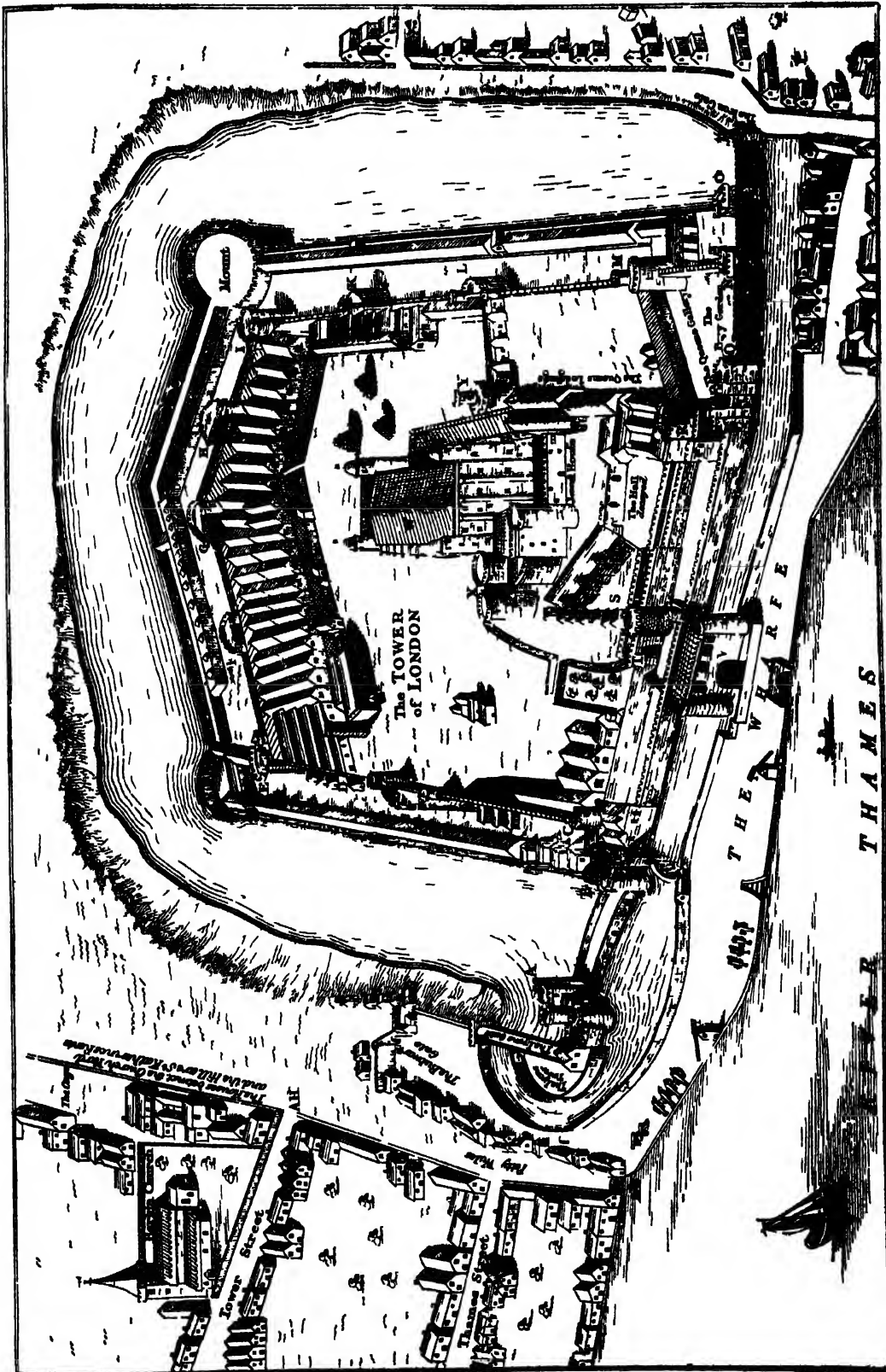


THE TOWER MOAT. (*From a View taken about 1820.*)

The church of St. Peter ad Vincula, situated near to the north-west of the White Tower, was built, or rebuilt, by Edward III.; the private or royal chapel, in the upper part of the keep, having till then been the chief ecclesiastical building within the fortress where so many prisoners have groaned. The earlier church of St. Peter seems to have been large and spacious, fitted up with stalls for the king and queen, and with two chancels, adorned

beyond the altar of St. Peter, and the little cross with its figures, and to erect a painted image of the giant St. Christopher carrying Jesus. There were also to be made two tables, painted with the stories of the blessed St. Nicholas and St. Katharine, before the altars of the said saints. The king also ordered two fair cherubims, with cheerful and joyful countenances, to be made, and erected on the right and left of the great cross in the said





THE TOWER. (From a Survey made in 1597 by W. Haunard and J. Gacoyne.)

A Middle Tower. B Tower at the Gate. C Bell Tower. D Beauchamp Tower. E Devil's Tower. F Flint Tower. G Bowyer Tower. H Brick Tower. I Martin Tower. K Cannable Tower. L Broad Arrow Tower. M Salt Tower. N Well Tower. O Tower above Iron Gate. P Tower above Water Gate. Q Cradle Tower. R Lantern Tower. S Flint Tower. T Windy Tower. V. St. Thomas's Tower. W Cam's, or White Tower. X Cole Harbour. Y Wardrobe Tower. A B. House at Water Gate, called the Ram's Head. A H. End of Tower Street.

church, and also a marble font with pillars, well and handsomely wrought; "and the cost for this you shall be at, by the view and witness of liege men, shall be reckoned to you at the Exchequer."

The interesting old church has been modernised by degrees into a small mean building, with five cinquefoil windows of late Gothic, a rude wooden porch, and a small square bell-turret at the west end. In a bird's-eye view of the Tower Liberties, made in 1597, the church is represented as having battlements, and two of the five windows are bricked up. They continued in that state till after 1739. It is supposed the old windows were destroyed by fire in the reign of Henry VIII. In the reign of Henry III. there was a small cell or hermitage for a male or female recluse behind the church, the inmate daily receiving a penny of the king's charity. The church now consists of a nave, chancel, and north aisle, the nave and aisle being separated by five low pointed arches.

In this building lie many great persons whose heads paid forfeit for their ambition or their crimes. There are innocent men and women, too, among them—victims of cruelty and treachery. Many who lie here headless suffered merely from being unfortunately too nearly allied to deposed royalty. In this little Golgotha are interred mighty secrets now never to be solved; for half the crimes of our English monarchs were wrought out on the little plot outside the church-door of St. Peter ad Vincula.

One of the earliest of the sufferers for state errors who lie in St. Peter's is Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare and Lord Deputy of Ireland, who, committed to the Tower for treasonable practices, died there of a broken heart in 1534. Of the Tower prisoners already mentioned by us there here rest—Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, for vexing Henry VIII. by refusing to deny the Papal supremacy. By his own request he was buried near Sir Thomas More. The next year the body of poor Anne Boleyn was tossed into an old arrow-chest, and hurriedly buried here. Katharine Howard, a really guilty queen, though more deserving contempt than death, came next. In the same reign other graves were filled by Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the king's deposed favourite, and Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, mother of Cardinal Pole. The executioner chased this old countess, who refused to lay her head on the block as a traitor, round the scaffold, and killed her at last after many hasty blows.

The reign of Edward VI. brought some really evil men to the same burying-place. One by one they came, after days of greatness and of sorrow.

First, Thomas Lord Seymour of Dudley, the Lord Admiral, beheaded by order of his brother, the Protector Somerset; then the bad and ambitious Protector himself.

In the reign of Mary were buried here, after execution, that poor unoffending young wife, Lady Jane, the victim of her selfish kinsman's ambition; and then the kinsman himself, John Dudley, Earl of Warwick and Duke of Northumberland. In Elizabeth's mild reign only the Earl of Essex, who so well deserved death, is to be added to the list.

In James's shameless reign the murdered Sir Thomas Overbury was interred here; and in the reign of Charles I. his victim, the great-hearted Sir John Eliot. His son begged to be allowed to convey his father's body to Cornwall, to lie among his ancestors; but Charles, cold and unrelenting, wrote at the foot of the petition, "Let Sir John Eliot's body be buried in the church of that parish where he died." After the Restoration, Okey, the regicide, was buried in the same place. The weak Duke of Monmouth lies beneath the communion-table, and beneath the west gallery are the bodies of Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat. The Dukes of Somerset and Northumberland, Anne Boleyn, and Katharine Howard were buried before the high altar.

The monuments in the church are interesting, because the church of St. Peter escaped the Great Fire. At the west end of the north aisle is a fine enriched table-tomb, to the memory of Sir Richard Cholmondeley, who was for some years Lieutenant of the Tower, and his wife, Lady Elizabeth, both of whom died early in the reign of Henry VIII. The knight's recumbent effigy is in plate-armour, with collar and pendant round his neck. His hands are joined in prayer. His lady wears a pointed head-dress, and the tomb has small twisted columns at the angles, and is divided at the sides into square panels, enclosing blank shields and lozenges. The monument formerly stood in the body of the church. In the chancel stands also a stately Elizabethan monument, to the memory of Sir Richard Blount, and Michael his son, both Lieutenants of the Tower. "Sir Richard, who died in 1560," says Bayley, "is represented on one side, in armour, with his two sons, kneeling; and opposite his wife and two daughters, who are shown, in the dress of the times, on the other. Sir Michael is represented in armour attended by his three sons, his wife and daughter, all in the attitude of prayer." There is also a monument in the chancel to Sir Allan Apsley, a Lieutenant of the Tower, who died in 1630. He was the father of that noble woman, Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, whose

husband was afterwards confined in the Bloody Tower. On the floor of the nave is a small and humble slab, to the memory of Talbot Edwards, gentleman, who died in 1674, aged eighty years. This was the brave old guardian of the regalia, whom Blood and his ruffians nearly killed, and who had at last to sell his long-deferred annuity of £200 for £100 ready money. There is also a monument to Colonel Gurwood, that brave soldier who led the storming party at Ciudad Rodrigo, who edited the "Wellington Despatches," and who died by his own hand, from insanity produced by his wounds. Other officers of the Tower are buried here, and amongst them George Holmes, the first Vice-President of the Society of Antiquaries, and Deputy Keeper of the Records in the Tower (died 1748). On the outside of the church is a monument to the memory of William Bridges Surveyor-General of the Ordnance under Queen Anne.

The blood-stained spot where the private executions formerly took place, nearly opposite the door of St. Peter's Church, is denoted by a large oval of dark flints. Here Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, and Essex perished. It was an old slander against Raleigh that at the execution of Essex he stood at a window opposite, and puffed out tobacco in disdain of him. But in his speech at the scaffold Raleigh declared, with all the solemnity due to such a moment, "My lord of Essex did not see my face at the time of his death, for I had retired far off into the armoury, where I indeed saw him, and shed tears for him, but he saw not me."

Archbishop Laud, in his very minute "Diary," records with the utmost horror the fact, that in the lieutenantancy of Alderman Pennington, the regicide Lord Mayor of London, one Kem, vicar of Low Leyton, in Essex, preached in this very St. Peter's in a gown over a buff coat and scarf.

In the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. the chaplains of St. Peter's received 50s. per annum from the Exchequer. Afterwards the chaplain was turned into a rector, and paid 60s. a year. In 1354 Edward III., however, converted the chapel into a sort of collegiate church, and appointed three chaplains to help the rector, granting them, besides the 60s., a rent of 31s. 8d. from tenements in Tower Hill and Petty Wales. Petty Wales was an old house in Thames Street, near the Custom House, supposed to be where the Princes of Wales used to reside when they came to the City. The chaplains also received a rent of 5s. from the Hospital of St. Katharine, and certain tributes from Thames fishing-boats, together with ten marks from the Exchequer, 20s. from the Constable of the Tower, 10s. from the clerk of the Mint, 13s. 4d. from the

Master of the Mint, and 1d. per week from the wages of each workman or teller of coins at the Mint. The church was exempt from episcopal authority till the time of Edward VI.

Several interesting discoveries of Roman antiquities within the Tower precincts encourage us to the belief in the old tradition that the Romans built a fortress here. In 1777, workmen digging the foundations of a new office for the Board of Ordnance, after breaking through foundations of ancient buildings, found below the level of the present river-bed a double wedge of silver, four inches long, and in the broadest part nearly three inches broad. In the centre was the inscription, "Ex officina Honorii." This ingot is supposed to have been cast in the reign of the Emperor Honorius, A.D. 393, the Roman emperor who, harassed by the Goths, in A.D. 410 surrendered Britain to its own people, and finally withdrew the Roman troops. The unhappy Britons, then overwhelmed by the Picts and Scots, applied for assistance to the Saxons, who soon conquered the people they had come to assist. With this silver ingot were found also three gold coins, one of Honorius, and two of his brother Arcadius. The coins of Arcadius were probably struck at Constantinople, the capital of the Eastern empire. On these coins (reverse) there is a soldier treading a captive under foot. In his left hand the soldier holds the labarum; in the right, a small figure of Victory. In the same spot was also found a square stone, dedicated to the manes of Titus Licinius, and a small glass crown.

In the year 1772 an elegant little open jewelled crown was found near the east side of the White Tower, leading from Cold Harbour. It seems to have been the crown of some image, and was set with emeralds, rubies, and pearls.

The Waterloo Barracks, a large modern Gothic building, that will hold 1,000 men, used as a barrack and armoury, and loopholed for musketry, was completed in 1849, on the site of the Grand Storehouse, burned down in 1841. The first stone was laid in 1845 by the Duke of Wellington, a stone statue of whom, by Milnes, stands near the spot. North-east of the White Tower is another modern castellated range of buildings, for the officers of the garrison. South-eastward are the Ordnance Office and storehouses. The area of the Tower within the walls is twelve acres and five poles, and the circuit outside the ditch is 1,050 yards. The portcullis of the Bloody Tower is one of the last complete relics of feudalism, being the only perfect and usable portcullis in England.

The Royal Mint had its offices in the Tower till 1811, when the present building on Tower Hill

was completed. Stow speaks of the Tower as a citadel to defend or command the City, a royal palace for assemblies or treaties, a state prison for dangerous offenders, the only place for coining in England in his time, an armoury for warlike provisions, the treasury of the jewels of the crown, and the storehouse of the records of the king's courts of justice at Westminster. Many of our poets have specially mentioned the Tower. Of these, Shakespeare stands pre-eminent. In the tragedy of *Richard III.* he shows us the two princes' instinctive horror of the place in which their cruel uncle, the Crookback, wished them to spend the few days before the coronation of the young Edward :—

"*Prince.* I do not like the Tower, of any place.

Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord ?

*Buck.* He did, my gracious lord, begin that place, Which since succeeding ages have re-edified.

*Prince.* Is it upon record, or else reported Successively from age to age, he built it ?

*Buck.* Upon record, my gracious lord."

And in another passage, in *Richard II.*, the poet seems to hint at a similar association :—

"This is the way

To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected Tower."

Gray, in his "*Bard*," apostrophises the building thus :—

"Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,  
With many a foul and midnight murder fed."

Before tearing ourselves from the Tower, we may mention a few nooks and corners of interest not generally known to visitors. In the north-eastern turret of the White Tower was the observatory of that great astronomical rival of Newton, John Flamsteed. Here often he "outwatched the bear." The Ordnance Office gave him £100 a year. The roof of this tower was a promenade for prisoners. In 1708 there were 3,000 barrels of gunpowder stored close to the White Tower. The Record Tower, or Hall Tower, was formerly called the Wakefield Tower, from the Yorkist prisoners confined there after that great battle of the Roses.

The most terrible cells of the fortress, such as those over which Mr. Harrison Ainsworth threw a blue fire, are in the Bowyer Tower, where there is a ghastly hole with a trap-door, opening upon a flight of steps. In the lower chambers of the Devereux Tower are subterranean passages, leading to St. Peter's Church. In the Beauchamp Tower a secret passage has been discovered in the masonry, where spies could cower, and listen to the conversations and soliloquies of poor unsuspecting prisoners. One torture-chamber was called, says

Mr. Hewitt, "*Little Ease*," because it was so small that a prisoner could not stand erect, or even lie down at full length. Other cells are said to have been full of rats, which at high water were driven up in shoals from the Thames. Hatton, in 1708, describes the Tower guns as sixty-two in number; they were on the wharf, and were discharged on all occasions of victories, coronations, festival days, days of thanksgiving, and triumphs. They are now fired from a salutation-battery facing Tower Hill. The prisoners' walks in the Tower, spots of many a mournful hour of regret and contemplation, are specially interesting. There is one—a passage on the leads between the (alarm) Bell Tower and the Beauchamp Tower. The walls are carved with names. In the Garden Tower are also leads where prisoners used to pace; and on Pepys visiting the Tower, March 11, 1669, in order to see Sir W. Coventry, he visited what was then called "*My Lord of Northumberland's Walk*;" at the end of it there was a piece of iron upon the wall with his arms upon it, and holes to put in a peg for every turn made upon the walk. Mrs. Hutchinson especially mentions that her husband was confined in the room of the Bloody Tower where it was said the two princes were murdered. The room that led to it was that in which, it is popularly believed, the Duke of Clarence was drowned. "It was a dark, great room," says the amiable and faithful wife, "with no window in it, and the portcullis of a gate was drawn up within it, and below there sat every night a court of guard."

The council-chamber of the Lieutenant's lodgings, where Guy Fawkes was examined, and perhaps tortured, is said to be haunted, and the soldiers of the Tower have a firm belief that a ghost, in some ambiguous and never clearly-defined shape, appeared on one occasion to a drunken sentry near the Martin Tower, the old Jewel House. It is said that upwards of 1,000 prisoners have been groaning together at one time in the Tower. The person who believes in the Tower ghost can swallow this too. Bayley mentions that the bones of an old ape, which had hidden itself and died in an unoccupied turret, were set down in his time as those of the two murdered princes.

During the Spa Fields riot some of the rioters, including Thistlewood, afterwards the desperate leader of the Cato Street conspirators, came to the Tower walls and tried to persuade the soldiers to join them, offering them £100 each, but failed to win over even a single recruit. In the year 1851 the population of the Tower, including the garrison, was 1,488.

In old times, says Mr. Dixon, in his book on

London Prisons, whenever it was found necessary to carry a prisoner through the streets, the sheriffs received him from the king's lieutenants at the entrance to the City, gave a receipt for him, and took another on delivering him up at the gates of the Tower. The receipt of the Governor of the Tower for the body of the Duke of Monmouth—his living body—is still extant.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE TOWER.

Tower Hill—Some of its Ghastly Association—A Great Whig Downfall—Peregrinating the "Bounds" of the Tower Liberties—Famous Residents on Tower Hill—Lady Raleigh—William Penn—Orway and the Story of his Death—Felton's Knife—Old Houses—Spenser—Great Tower Street and Peter the Great—Bakers' Hall—Thomson the Poet—A Strange Corruption of a Name—Seething Lane—The Old Navy Office

OF Tower Hill, that historical and blood-stained ground to the north-west of the Tower, old Stow says:—"Tower Hill, sometime a large plot of ground, now greatly straitened by encroachments (unlawfully made and suffered) for gardens and houses. Upon this hill is always readily prepared, at the charges of the City, a large scaffold and gallows of timber, for the execution of such traitors or transgressors as are delivered out of the Tower, or otherwise, to the Sheriffs of London, by writ, there to be executed."

Hatton, in 1708 (Queen Anne) mentions Tower Hill as "a spacious place extending round the west and north parts of the Tower, where there are many good new buildings, mostly inhabited by gentry and merchants." The tide of fashion and wealth had not yet set in strongly westward. An old plan of the Tower in 1563 shows us the posts of the scaffold for state criminals, a good deal north of Tower Street and a little northward of Legge Mount, the great north-west corner of the Tower fortifications. In the reign of Edward IV. the scaffold was erected at the charge of the king's officers, and many controversies arose at various times, about the respective boundaries, between the City and the Lieutenant of the Tower.

On the Tower Hill scaffold perished nearly all the prisoners whose wrongs and sorrows and crimes we have glanced at in a previous chapter; the great Sir Thomas More, the wise servant of a corrupt king; the unhappy old Countess of Salisbury, who was chopped down here as she ran bleeding round the scaffold; Bishop Fisher, a staunch adherent to the old faith; that great subverter of the monks, Cromwell, Earl of Essex; and the poet Earl of Surrey—all victims of the same bad monarch.

Then in the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, in ghastly procession after the masked headsman, paced Lord Seymour; in due course followed the brother who put him to death, the proud Pro-

jector Somerset; then that poor weak young noble, Lady Jane Grey's husband, Lord Guildford Dudley; and Sir Thomas Wyatt, the rash objector to a Spanish marriage.

The victims of Charles's folly followed in due time—the dark and arrogant Strafford, who came like a crowned conqueror to his death; then his sworn ally, the narrow-browed, fanatical Laud. The Restoration Cavaliers took their vengeance next, and to Tower Hill passed those true patriots, Stafford, insisting on his innocence to the very last, and Algernon Sydney. The unlucky Duke of Monmouth was the next to lay his misguided head on the block.

Blood ceased to flow on Tower Hill after this execution till the Pretender's fruitless rebellions of 1715 and 1745 brought Derwentwater, "the pride of the North," Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and wily old Lovat to the same ghastly bourne. In 1746 Lord Derwentwater's brother and successor was executed here. He had been a prisoner in the Tower for his share in the rebellion of 1715, but succeeded in escaping. He was identified by the barber, who thirty-one years before had shaved him when in prison.

Chamberlain Clarke, who died in 1831, aged ninety-two (a worthy old City authority, who has been mentioned by us in a previous chapter), well remembered (says Mr. Timbs), as a child, seeing the executioner's axe flash in the sunshine as it fell upon the neck of Derwentwater. At the last execution which took place on Tower Hill, that of Lord Lovat, April 9, 1747, a scaffolding, built near Barking Alley, fell, with nearly 1,000 persons on it, and twelve of them were killed. Lovat, in spite of his awful situation, seemed to enjoy the downfall of so many Whigs.

There is a passage in *Henry VIII.*—a play considered by many persons to be not Shakespeare's writing at all, and by some others only partly his work—that has much puzzled those wise persons,

the commentators. The author of the play, which is certainly not quite in the best Shakespearian manner, makes a door-porter say, talking of a mob, "These are the youths that thunder at a play-house and fight for bitten apples: that no audience but the tribulation of Tower Hill or the

formed upon the parade, including a headsman, bearing the axe of execution; a painter, to mark the bounds; yeomen, warders, with halberds; the Deputy Lieutenant and other officers of the Tower, &c. The boundary-stations are painted with a red "broad arrow" upon a white ground, while



LORD IOVAL. (From Hogarth's Portrait) See page 95.

limbs of Limehouse are able to endure." This passage seems to imply that there were low theatres in Shakespeare's time near Tower Hill and Limehouse: or did he refer to the crowd at a Tower Hill execution, and to the mob of sailors at the second locality?

A curious old custom is still perpetuated in this neighbourhood. The "bounds" of the Tower Liberties are perambulated triennially, when, after service in the church of St. Peter, a procession is

the chaplain of St. Peter's repeats, "Cursed be he who removeth his neighbour's landmark." Another old custom of lighting a bonfire on Tower Hill, on the 5th of November, was suppressed in the year 1854.

The traditions of Tower Hill, apart from the crimson block and the glittering axe, are few, but what there are, are interesting. Poor suffering Lady Raleigh, when driven from the side of her imprisoned husband, as James began to drive him



faster towards death, lodged on Tower Hill with her son who had been born in the Tower.

William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, was born on Tower Hill, October 14, 1644. The house of his father, the Admiral, was "on the east side, within a court adjoining to London Wall." Penn,

ever, already been deeply impressed by the preaching of a Quaker. In old age this good and wise man fell into difficulties, and actually had to mortgage the province of Pennsylvania for £6,600. He died at Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire, in 1716. That tender-hearted poet, Thomas Otway, the



AN OLD HOUSE ON LITTLE TOWER HILL. (*From a Drawing by Smith made in 1792*)

in one of his works, states that "the Lord first appeared to him about the twelfth year of his age, and that between that and the fifteenth the Lord visited him and gave him divine impressions of himself." It was when he was at school at Chigwell, in Essex, that one day, alone in his chamber, he was suddenly "surprised with an inward comfort, and surrounded by a visible external glory, that convinced the youth's excited imagination that he had obtained the seal of immortality. He had, how-

friend of Shadwell—whose poverty and wretchedness Rochester cruelly sneered at in his "Session of the Poets," and whose nature and pathos Dryden praised, though somewhat reluctantly—died, as it is generally thought, of starvation, at the "Bull" public-house on Tower Hill. He was only thirty-four when he died. The stories of his untimely death differ. Dr. Johnson's version is that, being naked and in a rage of hunger, he went to a neighbouring coffee-house, and asked a gentleman for a

shilling. The gentleman generously gave the starving poet a guinea, on which Otway rushed into the nearest baker's, bought a roll, and, eating with ravenous haste, was choked with the first mouthful. But Spence was told by Dennis, the well-known critic, and the great enemy of Pope, that an intimate friend of Otway's being shot by an assassin, who escaped to Dover, *en route* for France, Otway pursued him. In the excitement he drank cold water, and brought on a fever, which carried him off. Goldsmith, in the "Bee," tells a story of Otway having about him when he died a copy of a tragedy which he had sold to Bentley the bookseller for a mere trifle. It was never recovered, but in 1719 a spurious forgery of it appeared.

It was at a cutler's shop on Tower Hill that Felton, that grim fanatic, who believed himself an instrument of Heaven, bought the broad, sharp, ten-penny hunting-knife with which he gave the heavy and sure blow at Portsmouth, that ended the ambition and plots of the first Duke of Buckingham, the mischievous favourite of Charles I.

That admirable antiquarian artist, Smith, has engraved a view of a curious old house on Tower Hill, enriched with medallions evidently of the time of Henry VIII. (probably terra cotta), like those, says Peter Cunningham, at old Whitehall and Hampton Court. It was not unusual, when coins were found upon a particular spot whereon a house was to be erected, to cause such coins to be represented in plaster on the house. A reproduction of this engraving will be found on the previous page.

In Postern Row, the site of the old postern gate at the south-eastern end of the City wall, used, says Timbs, to be the old rendezvous for enlisting soldiers and sailors, and for arranging the iniquitous press-gangs to scour Wapping and Ratcliff Highway. The shops here are hung with waterproof coats, sou'-westers, and other articles of dress; and the windows are full of revolvers, quadrants, compasses, ship's biscuits, &c., to attract sailors.

At the south-west corner of Tower Hill is Tower Dock, where luckless Sir Walter Raleigh, in disguise, after his escape from the Tower in 1618, took boat for Tilbury. That most poetical of all our poets, Edmund Spenser, was born near Tower Hill, in 1552. Very little is known of his parentage, but though poor, it must have been respectable, as he was sent at sixteen to Pembroke College, Cambridge, as a humble student or sizar. He dedicated one of his early poems to Sir Philip Sidney, that star of Elizabethan knighthood, and began his career by going to Ireland (a country whose wild

people he often sketches in his "Fairy Queen"), as secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, the viceroy. He is said to have there commenced his "Fairy Queen," urged on by Sir Walter Raleigh. He seems to have spent about seventeen years in that Patmos, and returned to London poor and heart-broken, having had his castle burnt down, and his infant child destroyed in the fire. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, at the expense of the Earl of Essex. The poems of Spenser furnished many suggestions to Shakespeare, who probably derived from them the story of *King Lear*, and some of the most beautiful of his heroine's names. Spenser himself drew his inspiration from the Italian poets.

The second Duke of Buckingham used often to visit in disguise, in his days of political intrigue, a poor astrologer, who drew horoscopes, near Tower Hill. Science was then making great advances, thanks to the inductive system introduced by Bacon; but even Newton practised alchemy, and witches were still burnt to death.

The parishes and liberties now called the Tower Hamlets, and since 1832 returning two members to the House of Commons, included Hackney, Norton Folgate, Shoreditch, Spitalfields, Whitechapel, East Smithfield, St. Katharine's, Wapping, Ratcliff, Shadwell, Limehouse, Poplar, Blackwall, Bromley, Old Ford, Mile End, Bethnal Green, &c. An alteration was effected by the Reform Bill of 1867, when Hackney was made a separate electoral district, returning two members to Parliament.

Great Tower Street has not many traditions to boast of, though sailors and Tower warders have haunted it for centuries. Its two main antiquarian heroes are the Earl of Rochester and that royal savage, Peter the Great. One of this mad earl's maddest freaks brought him to Tower Street. While in disgrace at court, we believe for his bitter satire on Charles II., called the "History of the Insipids," he robed and bearded himself as an Italian quack or mountebank physician, and under the name of Alexander Bendo, set up at a goldsmith's house, next door to the "Black Swan," in Tower Street, where he advertised that he was sure to be seen "from three of the clock in the afternoon till eight at night." His biographer, Bishop Burnet, mentions this; and it is said that the earl surprised his patients by the knowledge of court secrets he displayed.

The second story of Great Tower Street relates to the true founder of the Russian Empire. This extraordinary man, whose strong shoulder helped his country out of the slough of ignorance and obscurity, was born in 1672, and visited Holland in 1698, to learn the art of shipbuilding, having

resolved to establish a Russian navy. Having worked among the Dutch as a common labourer, he finally came to England for four months, to visit our dockyards and perfect himself in ship-building. While in England he lived alternately in Buckingham Street, Strand, as we shall see hereafter, and at John Evelyn's house at Deptford. After a hard day's work with adze and saw, the young Czar, who drank like a boatswain, used to resort to a public-house in Great Tower Street, and smoke and drink ale and brandy, almost enough to float the vessel he had been helping to construct. "The landlord," says Barrow, Peter's biographer, "had the Czar of Muscovy's head painted and put up for his sign, which continued till the year 1808, when a person of the name of Waxel took a fancy to the old sign, and offered the then occupier of the house to paint him a new one for it. A copy was accordingly made from the original, which maintains its station to the present day as the sign of the 'Czar of Muscovy.' The house has since been rebuilt, and the sign removed, but the name remains. Peter was recalled from his pitch-pots and adzes by the news of an insurrection in Russia, headed by his sister. A year after, he declared war on that 'madman of the North,' Charles XII. of Sweden."

Bakers' Hall hides itself with humility in Harp Lane, Great Tower Street. The "neat, plain building," as Mr. Peter Cunningham calls it, repaired by Mr. James Elmes, the author of the "Life of Wren," was, says Stow, some time the dwelling-house of Alderman Chicheley, Chamberlain of London, who was related to the celebrated Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury, ambassador from Henry IV. to the Pope. He accompanied Henry V. to the French war. His life was spent in a two-handed warfare—against the Pope and against the Wickliffites. This generous prelate improved Canterbury Cathedral and Lambeth Palace, and founded All Souls' College at Oxford. The London bakers were originally divided into "white" and "brown" bakers. The chief supply of bread (says Strype) came from Stratford-le-Bow. By a somewhat tyrannical edict of the City, the Stratford loaves were required to be heavier in weight than the London loaves.

In the uncongenial atmosphere of Little Tower Street, that fat, lazy, and good-natured poet, James Thomson, wrote his fine poem of "Summer," published in 1727. In a letter to Aaron Hill, dated May 24, 1726, he says, "I go on Saturday next to reside at Mr. Watts's academy, in Little Tower Street, in quality of tutor to a young gentleman there." Thomson was the son of a Roxburgh-

shire clergyman, and was educated for the Church—a profession which, however, he never entered. He came to London in 1725, and published his "Winter," a poem whose broadly-painted landscapes remind us of those of Wilson and contemporaneous painters, just as Byron's poems remind us of Turner. In 1730 Thomson went abroad, as travelling tutor, with the son of Lord Chancellor Talbot. There was no return to dingy Little Tower Street for the epicurean poet, who soon after obtained some Government sinecures, among others the post of Surveyor-General to the Leeward Islands, and became patronised by the Prince of Wales. Thomson's poem of the "Seasons" did much to foster our national love of Nature, but the poet's *chef d'œuvre* is, after all, his "Castle of Indolence," a poem full of the poet's idiosyncrasy.

One of the strangest corruptions of the names of London streets occurs in the Tower precincts. A place once called "Hangman's Gains," as if built with the fees of some Tower executioner, should really have been "Ham and Guenne," for here (says Strype) poor refugees from "Hammes and Guynes" were allowed to lodge in Queen Mary's reign, after Calais and its vicinity had been recovered from our strong grip by the French.

Seething Lane, Tower Street, running northward to Crutched Friars, was originally (says Stow) called Sidon Lane, and in his time there were fair and large houses there. The old chronicler of London mentions among its distinguished residents the wily Sir Francis Walsingham, Elizabeth's principal secretary. This great counter-plotter against the Jesuits in Spain died April 5, 1590, and the next night, at ten o'clock, was quietly buried in Paul's Church. Walsingham's name occurs perpetually in Elizabethan annals, and no one by darker or more secret means fought better for Elizabeth against the dangerous artifices of Mary Queen of Scots.

The garrulous, gallant, and inimitable Pepys was living in this lane, to be near his work at the Navy Office, the very year in which the Great Fire broke out. He describes putting his head out of window at the first alarm, and going quietly to sleep again, on the 6th of September, about two of the morning, when his handsome wife called him up and told him of new cries of fire, it being come to Barking Church (Allhallows, Barking), "which is at the bottom of our lane." In Strype's time Seething Lane had become "a place of no great account," but there were still merchants living there.

The old Navy Office in Seething or Sidon Lane had its chief entrance in Crutched Friars, and a smaller one in the lane. It stood, says

Cunningham, on the site of a chapel and college attached to the church of Allhallows, Barking, which had been suppressed and pulled down in the year 1548 (Edward VI.). The consecrated ground remained a garden-plot during the troubles of Edward's reign, the rebellions of Mary's reign, and the glorious days of Elizabeth, till at length Sir William Winter, surveyor of Elizabeth's ships, built

on it a great timber and brick storehouse for merchants' goods, which grew into a Navy Office. Cunningham found among the Audit Office enrolments an entry that in July, 1788, the purchase-money of the old Navy Office, £11,500, was handed over to Sir William Chambers, the architect of the Government offices in the new Somerset House.

## CHAPTER XI.

### NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE TOWER.—THE MINT.

*The Mint at the Tower—The First Silver Penny—Dishonest Minter.—The First English Gold Coinage—Curious Anecdote respecting the Silver Groats of Henry IV.—First Appearance of the Sovereign and the Shilling—Debasement of the Coin in the Reign of Henry VIII and Edward VI.—Ecclesiastical Comptrollers of the Mint—Guineas and Copper Coins—Queen Anne's Farthings—The Sources from which the English Mint has been supplied with Bullion—Alchemists encouraged—The Mint as it is.*

THAT the Romans had a mint in London is certain, and probably on the site of the present Tower. In the Saxon times London and Winchester were the chief places for coining money; but while the "White City," as Winchester was called, had only six "moneys," or minters, London boasted eight. The chief mint of England was in the Tower, at all events from the Conquest till 1811, when, at an outlay of more than a quarter of a million of money, Sir Robert Smirke erected the present quiet and grave building which stands on the east side of Tower Hill. From those portals has since flowed forth that rich Niagara of gold which English wealth has yielded to the ceaseless cravings of national expenditure.

Letting alone the old Celtic ring-money of the ancient Britons, and the rude Roman-British coins of Cunobelin and Boadicea, we may commence a brief notice of English coinage with the silver penny mentioned in the laws of Ina, king of the West Saxons (689—726), the value of which, says Mr. J. Saunders, would be, in current coin, 2½d. The silver penny of King Alfred is the earliest authentic Saxon coin, says that eminent authority, Mr. Ruding, which can be traced with certainty to the London Mint. The penny sank by slow degrees, through the reigns of many adulterating monarchs, from the weight of 22½ grains to about 7 grains. The great object of our monarchs seems to have been to depreciate as far as possible the real value of the coin, and at the same time to keep up its current value. We find, in fact, even such a great and chivalrous king as Edward III. shamelessly trying to give false weight, and busy in passing spurious money.

With this perpetual tampering with the coin,

which pretended to a value it never possessed, clippers and coiners of course abounded. They were given to the crows by hundreds, while the royal forgers escaped scot-free. Justice, so called, like a spider, let the wasps escape, but was down swift upon the smaller fry. Law was red-handed in the Middle Ages, and swift and terrible in its revenges on the poor and the unprivileged. In the reign of Edgar, the penny having lost half its weight, St. Dunstan (himself an amateur goldsmith) refused one Whitsun-day to celebrate mass till three of the unjust moneys had had their guilty right hands struck off.

In the reign of Henry I., when the dealers refused to take the current money in the public markets, the hot-tempered monarch sent over a swift and angry message from Normandy, to summon all the moneys of England to appear at Winchester against Christmas Day. Three honest men alone, out of ninety-four of the minters, escaped mutilation and banishment. In 1212, when Pandulph, the Pope's legate, excommunicated King John at Northampton, the king, who was making quick work with a batch of prisoners (being, no doubt, not in the best of tempers), ordered a priest, who had coined base money, to be immediately hung. Pandulph at once threatened with "bell, book, and candle" any one who should dare touch the Lord's anointed; and on King John at last surrendering the priest, the legate at once set the holy rogue free, in contempt of the royal laws. As for the Jews, who had always an "itching palm" for gold and silver, and filed and "sweated" every bezant they could rake together, Edward I., in an irresistible outburst of business-like indignation and religious zeal, on one occasion hung a batch of 280

of them. But the prudent king did more than this, for he confirmed the privileges of the Moneyers' Company, and entrusted them with the whole coinage of the country. In the following reign a Comptroller of the Mint was appointed, who was to send in his accounts distinct from those of the Warden and Master. The Company consisted of seven senior and junior members, and a provost, who undertook the whole coinage at fixed charges.

With Henry III. English money, says a good authority, began to improve in appearance, and to exhibit more variety. The gold penny of this monarch passed current for twenty pence. This was the first English gold coinage. In the reign of Edward I. silver halfpennies and farthings were for the first time made round, instead of square. About this coinage there is the following story. An old prophecy of Merlin had declared that whenever English money should become round, a Welsh prince would be crowned in London. When Llewellyn, the last Welsh prince, was slain by Edward, his head, probably in ridicule of this prophecy, was crowned with willows and sent to the Tower for exhibition.

Edward III., as national wealth increased national wants, introduced several fresh coins: a gold florin, with its divisions, a gold noble, a groat, and a half-groat. The gold florin, which passed for six shillings (now worth nineteen), soon gave place, says Saunders, to the gold noble or rose-noble, as it was sometimes called, of the value of 6s. 8d., or half a mark. On one side of this coin Edward stands in a tall turreted galley in complete armour, in reference probably to his great naval victory over the French at Sluys, when he made an end of nearly 15,000 of the enemy. The reverse bears a cross fleury, and the mysterious legend, "Jesus autem transiens per medium illorum ibat" (Jesus, however, passing over, went through the midst of them); an inscription which was traditionally supposed to allude to the fact of the gold used for the coin having been made by the famous alchemist Lully, who worked for that purpose in the Tower. In the reign of Henry VI. the rose-noble was called the rial, and promoted to the value of 10s.

The silver groat, says an authority on coins, derived its name from the French word *gros*, as being the largest silver coin then known.

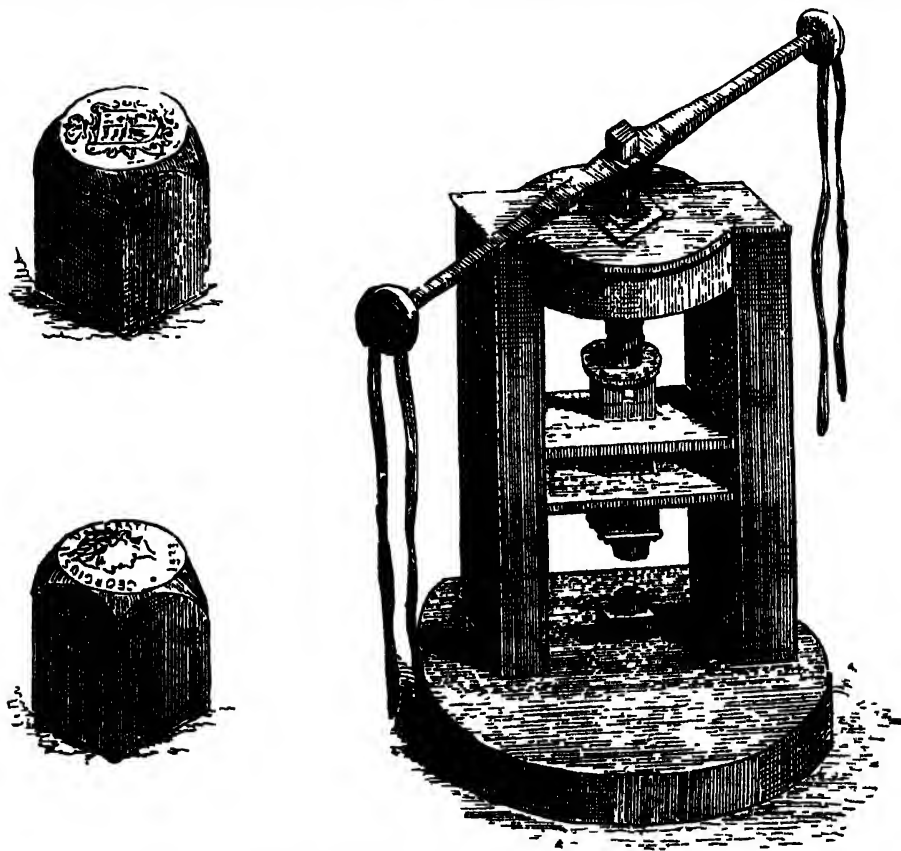
Of the silver groats of Henry V.'s reign, Leake, in his "History of English Money," relates a curious anecdote from Speed. The coin has on one side a cross (so that the coin could be broken into four bits), and on the other a head of the young king, the crown set with three fleurs-de-lis, and the hair flowing as Absalom's. On each side of the niche

are two small circlets, said to be intended for eyelet holes, and to refer to the following story. Towards the close of his reign Henry IV. grew shaken in his mind, and alarmed at his son's loose and unworthy excesses with the Falstaffs of those days, began to fear some violence from his abandoned and undutiful son: "which when," says Speed, "Prince Henry heard of by some that favoured him of the King's Council, in a strange disguise he repaired to his court, accompanied with many lords and noblemen's sons. His garment was a gown of blue satin, wrought full of eyelet holes, and at every eyelet the needle left hanging by the silk it was wrought with. About his arm he wore a dog's collar, set full of SS of gold, the trets thereof being most fine gold. Thus coming to Westminster and the court of his father, having commanded his followers to advance no farther than the fire in the hall, himself, accompanied with some of the king's household, passed on to his presence, and after his duty and obeisance done, offered to make known the cause of his coming. The king, weak then with sickness, and supposing the worst, commanded himself to be borne into a withdrawing chamber, some of his lords attending upon him, before whose feet Prince Henry fell, and with all reverent obeisance spake to him as followeth: 'Most gracious sovereign and renowned father, the suspicion of disloyalty and divulged reports of my dangerous intendments towards your royal person and crown hath enforced at this time and in this manner to present myself and life at your Majesty's dispose. Some faults and misspent time (with blushes I may speak it) my youth hath committed, yet those made much more by such fleeing pick-thanks that blow them stronger into your unwilling and distasteful ears. The name of sovereign ties allegiance to all; but of a father, to a further feeling of nature's obedience; so that my sins were double if such suggestions possessed my heart; for the law of God ordaineth that he which doth presumptuously against the ruler of his people shall not live, and the child that smiteth his father shall die the death. So far, therefore, am I from any disloyal attempts against the person of you, my father, and the Lord's anointed, that if I knew any of whom you stood in the least danger or fear, my hand, according to duty, should be the first to free your suspicion. Yea, I will most gladly suffer death to ease your perplexed heart; and to that end I have this day prepared myself, both by confession of my offences past and receiving the blessed sacrament. Wherefore I humbly beseech your grace to free your suspicion from all fear, conceived against me with this dagger, the stab

whereof I will willingly receive here at your Majesty's hand; and so doing, in the presence of these lords, and before God at the day of judgment, I clearly forgive my death.' But the king, melting into tears, cast down the naked dagger (which the prince delivered him), and raising his prostrate son, embraced and kissed him, confessing his ears to have been over-credulous that way, and promising never to open them against him. But the prince, unsatisfied, instantly desired that at

sovereign, double sovereign, and half-sovereign, of gold, and the testoon, or shilling, of silver. The Saxons had used the word "shilling," but it now first became a current coin. The testoon borrowed its name from the French word, *teste*, "a head," the royal portrait, for the first time presented in profile.

Henry VIII., to his affectionate character as a husband, and his other virtues, pointed out so ably by Mr. Froude, added to them all the merit of being pre-eminent even among English monarchs



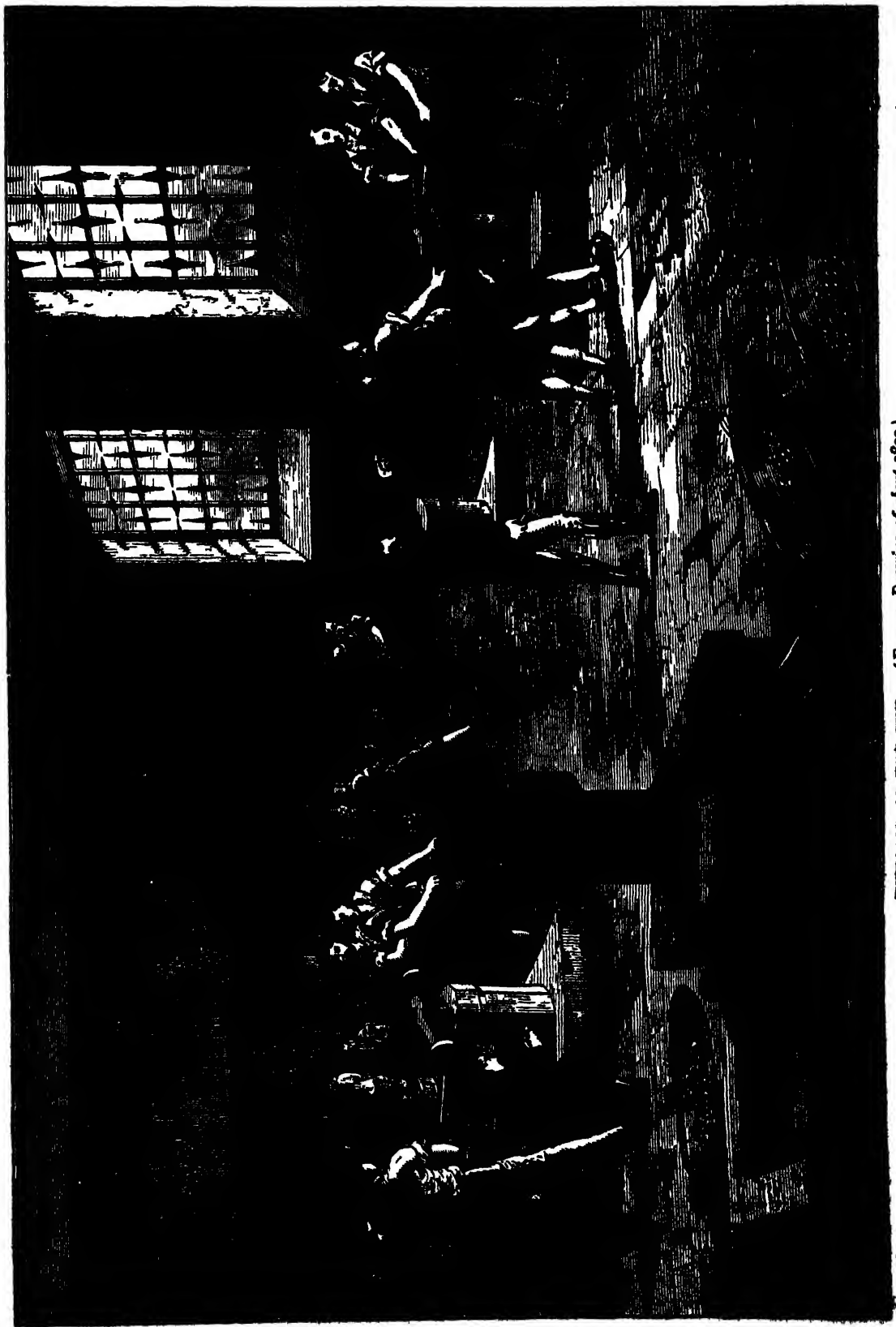
PRESS AND DIES FORMERLY USED IN THE MINT. (GEORGE II.)

least his accusers might be produced, and, if convicted, to receive punishment, though not to the full of their demerits; to which request the king replied that, as the offence was capital, so should it be examined by the peers, and therefore willed him to rest contented until the next Parliament. Thus by his great wisdom he satisfied his father from further suspicion, and recovered his love that nearly was lost."

The gold angel (with St. Michael striking the dragon) and the half-angel were first struck by Edward IV., and, although inferior in value to the noble and half-noble, were intended to pass in their room. Henry VII. originated many new coins—the

for debasing the coinage. Some of the earlier coins of this reign bear the portrait of Henry VII. One coin struck by Henry VIII. was the George noble, so called from the effigy of St. George and the Dragon, well known to all lovers of their sovereign, stamped on the reverse. Henry VIII. also coined a silver crown-piece, which was, however, issued by his son Edward, with the half-crown, sixpence, and threepence. In Edward's reign the debasement of coin grew more shameless than ever. There were now only three ounces of silver left in the pound of coinage metal. In one of his plain-spoken Saxon sermons, old Latimer denounced the custom of having ecclesiastics among the comptrollers of the





INTERIOR OF THE MINT (From a Drawing of about 1830.)

Mint. "Is this their calling?" he cried. "Should we have ministers of the church to be comptrollers of the Mint? I would fain know who comptrolleth the devil at home in his parish, while he comptrolleth the Mint."

Elizabeth, in these things as in most others, listened to wise counsellors. Sir Thomas Gresham was earnest for a pure and honest coinage. The silver was restored to the fair standard—eighteen pennyworths of alloy in the pound of standard metal. The corrupt coin of her father and brother was called in, and ordered to be melted down for re-casting. The sum thus treated amounted to £244,000, which had hitherto passed current for £638,000. The queen herself came to the Tower, struck some pieces with her own hand, and gave them to her suite. The first milled money (the "mill-sixpences" mentioned by Shakespeare) was coined in this reign, and silver three-halfpenny and three-farthing pieces were also coined, in deference to the national dislike of copper money, as is stated in our account of Tokenhouse Yard.

The robbery by Charles I. of £200,000 from the Mint, where it had been deposited for safety by the London merchants, we have before mentioned. Charles coined money from any Cavalier's plate that he could obtain. These coins are often mere rude lozenges of silver, while others are round or octangular. Charles also struck ten-shilling and twenty-shilling pieces. The coins of the early part of Charles's reign were executed by Nicholas Briot, an admirable French engraver; but Cromwell employed Thomas Simon, a pupil of Briot, who far excelled his master, and, indeed, any previous coin-engraver since the time of the Greeks.

Simon was dismissed by Charles II., in spite of an incomparable crown-piece which he executed to prove his skill. Simon attained a finish and perfection since unknown. In this degenerate reign was struck the first guinea—so called from being made from gold brought from Guinea by the African Company, whose badge, the elephant, appears on all coins made from their bullion. The antiquarian croquet, that the name has reference to the French province of Guienne, is absurd. Five-guinea pieces, two-guineas, and half-guineas were also struck in this reign. The copper coinage was also now first originated, and the Mint poured forth floods of halfpence and farthings, disgraced by the figure of Britannia modelled from one of Charles's mistresses, afterwards Duchess of Richmond. Charles II. also coined tin farthings with copper centres. James, and William and Mary, continued these coins, and added a halfpenny of the same kind. This tin coinage was finally re-

called in 1693. Good kings strike good coins. Thus the reign of William and Mary had the purer money, thanks, probably, to Paterson, the originator of the Bank of England. It is recorded that, in 1695, 572 bags of silver coin brought to the Mint, which ought to have weighed over 18,450 pounds, only weighed a little more than half. This single re-coinage, therefore, must have cost the Government nearly two millions.

Queen Anne struck no less than six different farthings; some of these are very scarce. George I. struck the first gold quarter-guinea, and for the first time coins bear the letters "F. D." (*Fidei Defensor*), possibly from the fact that George had no religion at all, and only guarded other people's. Gold seven-shilling pieces, and copper pennies and twopences, first appeared in the reign of George III. The guinea and half-guinea were withdrawn in 1815, when they were replaced by the present sovereign and half-sovereign. Almost the last new pieces were the fourpenny-pieces of William IV., in 1836, and that first approach to the decimal system, the florin, the most insipidly engraved of all our coins, in 1849. Bronze coinage was issued on the 1st of December, 1860.

It is difficult to say from whence our early mints derived their bullion. Edward I., the authorities tell us, drew no less than 704 pounds weight of native silver from Devonshire in one year alone; and down to the reign of George I. money was coined from Welsh and other native mines. In later times Peru sent its silver, Mexico its gold; and, before Californian and Australian gold was discovered, the Ural mountains furnished us with ore.

Our wars, more especially our Spanish wars, have at times brought great stores of the precious metals to the Mint. The day the eldest son of George III. was born there arrived in London twenty wagons of Spanish silver, captured by the *Hermione*. The treasure weighed sixty-five tons, and was valued at nearly a million sterling. The wagons were escorted by light horse and marines, and a band of music. As they passed St. James's Palace George III. and the nobility came to the windows over the palace-gate to see them pass. In 1804 there was a similar procession of treasure from Spanish vessels we had dishonestly seized before the open declaration of war. In 1842 ten wagons brought to the Bank the first portion of the Chinese ransom, amounting to two millions of dollars, and weighing upwards of sixty-five tons.

For many centuries, as Mr. Saunders has shown, our kings, always in want of money, encouraged alchemists, who believed that they could transmute baser metals to gold, if they could only discover

their common base. Thus Lully worked in the Tower for Edward I. Edward III., Henry VI., and Edward IV. also seem to have been deluded by impostors or fanatics to the same belief, which Chaucer ridiculed so admirably.

A modern essayist has graphically described the present method of coining money. "The first place," he says, "that I was conducted to was the Central Office, where the ingots of gold are weighed when they come in from the Bank of England, or from other sources, and where a small piece is cut off each slab for the Mint assayer to test the whole by. A nugget of gold may be of any shape, and is generally an irregular dead yellow lump, that looks like pale ginger-bread; but an ingot of gold is a small brick. After the precious metals have been scrupulously weighed in the Central Office, they are sent to the Melting House down an iron tramway. All the account books in the Mint are balanced by weight, so that even where there is so much money there is no use made of the three columns bearing the familiar headings of £ s. d. The Melting House is an old-fashioned structure, having what I may call the gold kitchen on one side, and the silver kitchen on the other, with just such a counting-house between the two—well provided with clean weights, scales, well-bound books, and well-framed almanacks—as George Barnwell may have worked in with his uncle before he became gay. The counting-house commands a view of both melting kitchens, that the superintendents may overlook the men at their work. Although the Mint contains nearly a hundred persons resident within its walls—forming a little colony, with peculiar habits, tastes, and class feelings of its own—a great many of the workpeople are drawn from the outer world. Dinner is provided for them all within the building; and when they pass in to their day's work, between the one soldier and the two policemen at the entrance gate, they are not allowed to depart until their labour is finished, and the books of their department are balanced, to see that nothing is missing. If all is found right, a properly signed certificate is given to each man, and he is then permitted to go his way.

"The gold kitchen and the silver kitchen are never in operation on the same day, and the first melting process that I was invited to attend was the one in the latter department. The presiding cook, well protected with leather apron and thick coarse gloves, was driving four ingot bricks of solid silver into a thick plumbago crucible, by the aid of a crowbar. When these four pieces were closely jammed down to a level with the surface of the melting-pot, he seasoned it with a sprinkling of

base coin, by way of alloy; placing the crucible in one of the circular recesses over the fiery ovens to boil. The operations in the gold kitchen are similar to this, except that they are on a much smaller scale. A crucible is there made to hold three or four ingots, worth from four to five thousand pounds sterling; and where machinery is employed in the silver kitchen, much of the work is done in the gold kitchen with long iron tongs that are held in the hand.

"When the solid metal has become fluid, a revolving crane is turned over the copper, and the glowing, red-hot crucible is drawn from its fiery recess, casting its heated breath all over the apartment, and is safely landed in a rest. This rest is placed over a number of steel moulds, that are made up, when cool, like pieces of a puzzle, and which look like a large metal mouth-organ standing on end, except that the tubes there present are square in shape and all of the same length. The crucible rest is acted upon by the presiding cook and another man, through the machinery in which it is placed, and is made to tilt up at certain stages, according to regulated degrees. When the molten metal, looking like greasy milk, has poured out of the crucible till it has filled the first tube of the metal mouth-organ, sounding several octaves of fluid notes, like the tone of bottle-emptying, the framework of moulds is moved on one stage by the same machinery, so as to bring the second tube under the mouth of the crucible, which is then tilted up another degree. This double action is repeated until the whole blinking, white-heated interior of the crucible is presented to my view, and nothing remains within it but a few lumps of red-hot charcoal.

"The next step is to knock asunder the framework of moulds, to take out the silver, now hardened into long dirty-white bars, and to place these bars first in a cold-water bath, and then upon a metal counter to cool. These bars are all cast according to a size which experience has taught to be exceedingly eligible for conversion into coin.

"From the silver-melting process, I was taken to the gold-coining department, the first stage in dealing with the precious metals being, as I have before stated, the same. Passing from bars of silver to bars of gold, I entered the Great Rolling Room, and began my first actual experience in the manufacture of a sovereign.

"The bars of gold, worth about twelve hundred pounds sterling, that are taken into the Great Rolling Room are about twenty-one inches long, one and three-eighths of an inch broad, and an inch thick. As they lie upon the heavy truck, before

they are subjected to the action of the ponderous machinery in this department, they look like cakes of very bright yellow soap.

"An engine of thirty horse-power sets in motion the machinery of this room, whose duty it is to flatten the bars until they come out in ribands of an eighth of an inch thick, and considerably increased in length. This process, not unlike mangling, is performed by powerful rollers, and is repeated until the ribands are reduced to the proper gauged thickness, after which they are divided and cut into the proper gauged lengths. Having undergone one or two annealings in brick ovens attached to this department, these fillets may be considered ready for another process, which takes place, after twelve hours' delay, in a place that is called the Drawing Room.

"In this department the coarser work of the Rolling Room is examined and perfected. The fillets or ribands of gold, after being subjected to another rolling process, the chief object of which has been to thin both ends, are taken to a machine called a draw-bench, where their thickness is perfectly equalised from end to end. The thin end of the golden riband is passed between two finely-polished fixed steel cylinders into the mouth of a part of the concrete machine, which is called a 'dog.' This dog is a small iron carriage, travelling upon wheels over a bench, under which revolves an endless chain. In length and appearance this dog is like a seal, with a round, thick head, containing two large eyes that are formed of screws, and having a short-handled inverted metal mallet for a hat. Its mouth is large and acts like a vice, and when it has gripped the thin end of the golden riband in its teeth, its tail is affixed to the endless chain, which causes it to move slowly along the bench, dragging the riband through the fixed cylinders. When the riband has passed through its whole length, the thin end at its other extremity coming more quickly through the narrow space between the cylinders causes it to release itself with a sudden jerk, and this motion partly raises the mallet cap of the backing dog, which opens its broad mouth, and drops its hold of the metal badger which it has completely drawn. A workman now takes the fillet, and punches out a circular piece the exact size of a sovereign, and weighs it. If the golden dump or blank, as it is called, is heavy, the dog and the cylinders are put in requisition once more to draw the riband thinner; but if the weight is accurate (and perfect accuracy at this stage is indispensable), the smooth, dull, impressionless counter, looking like the brass button of an Irishman's best blue coat, is trans-

ferred to another department, called the Press Cutting Room.

"In this room twelve cutting-presses, arranged on a circular platform, about two feet in height, surround an upright shaft and a horizontal revolving fly-wheel; and at the will of twelve boys, who attend and feed the presses, the punches attached to the presses are made to rise and fall at the rate of a stroke a second. The ribands, cut into handy lengths, are given to the boys, who push them under the descending punches as sliding-frames are pushed under table microscopes. The blanks fall into boxes, handily placed to receive them, and the waste—like all the slips and cuttings, trial dumps, failures, &c., in every department—is weighed back to the melting kitchen for the next cooking day.

"From the Weighing Room I followed the dumps that were declared to be in perfect condition to a department called the Marking Room, where they received their first surface impression. This room contains eight machines, whose duty it is to raise a plain rim, or protecting edge, round the surface circumference of the golden blanks. This is done by dropping them down a tube, which conducts them horizontally to a bed prepared for them, where they are pushed backwards and forwards between two grooved 'cheeks' made of steel, which raise the necessary rim by pressure.

"From this department I am taken by my guide to a long bakehouse structure, called the Annealing Room. Here I find several men-cooks very busy with the golden-rimmed blanks, making them into pies of three thousand each, in cast-iron pans with wrought-iron lids, and closed up with moist Beckenham clay. These costly pies are placed in large ovens, where they are baked in intense heat for an hour, and then each batch is drawn as its time expires, and is not opened before the pan becomes cool. The grey plastic loam which was placed round the dish is baked to a red crisp cinder, and the golden contents of the pie are warranted not to tarnish after this fiery ordeal by coming in contact with the atmosphere.

"I next follow the golden annealed blanks to the Blanching Room, where they are put into a cold-water bath to render them cool; after which they are washed in a hot weak solution of sulphuric acid and water to remove all traces of surface impurity. Finally, after another wash in pure water, they are conveyed to a drying-stove, where they are first agitated violently in a heated tub, then turned into a sieve, and tossed about out of sight, amongst a heap of beechwood sawdust, kept hot upon an oven. After this playful process, they are sifted into the upper world once more, and

then transferred to trays, like butchers' trays, which are conveyed to the Stamping Room.

"The Coining-press Room contains eight screw presses, worked from above by invisible machinery. Below, there is a cast-iron platform; and above, huge fly-arms, full six feet long, and weighty at their ends, which travel noisily to and fro, carrying with them the vertical screw, and raising and depressing the upper die. In front of each press, when the machinery is in motion, a boy is sitting to fill the feeding-tube with the bright plain dumps of gold that have come from the sawdust in the Blanching Room. On the bed of the press is fixed one of Mr. Wyon's head-dies, a perfect work of art, that is manufactured in the building, and the self-acting feeding apparatus—a slide moving backwards and forwards, much the same as in the delicate weighing-machines—places the golden dumps one by one on the die. The boy in attendance now starts some atmospheric pressure machinery, by pulling a starting-line; the press and upper die are brought down upon the piece of unstamped gold that is lying on the lower die, along with a collar that is milled on its inner circumference, and which closes upon the coin with

a spring, preventing its undue expansion, and at one forcible but well-directed blow, the blank dump has received its top, bottom, and side impression, and has become a perfect coin of the realm. The feeder advances with steady regularity, and while it conveys another dump to the die, it chips the perfect sovereign down an inclined plane; the upper machinery comes down again; the dump is covered out of sight, to appear in an instant as a coin; other dumps advance, are stamped, are pushed away, and their places immediately taken. Some sovereigns roll on one side instead of going over to the inclined plane, others lie upon the edge of the machinery, or under the butcher's tray that holds the dumps, and the boys take even less notice of them than if they were so many peppermint drops.

"The metal has passed no locked doorway in its progress without being weighed out of one department into another; and it undergoes yet one more weighing before it is placed into bags for delivery to the Bank of England or private bullion-holders, and consigned to a stone and iron strong-room, containing half a million of coined money, until the hour of its liberation draws nigh."

## CHAPTER XII.

### NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE TOWER (*continued*).

The Jewry—Allhallows Church—Terrible Gunpowder Accident near the Church—Famous Men buried at Allhallows—Monumental Brasses—St. Olave's Church—Dr. W. Turner—Sir John Minnes—A Well-known Couplet—Pepys' Wife—"Poor Tom"—Sir J. Radcliffe—Antiquities of the Church—Pepys on Allhallows—St. Dunstan's-in-the-East—Wren's Repairs—The Register Books—Old Roman Tower—The Trinity House and its Corporation—The Present Building—Decorations and Portraits—Famous Masters—A Bit of Old Wall.

Stow describes a Jewish quarter near the Tower. "There was," he says, "a place within the liberties of the Tower called the Jewry, because it was inhabited by Jews, and where there happened, 22nd Henry III., a robbery and a murder to be committed by William Fitz Bernard, and Richard his servant; who came to the house of Joce, a Jew, and there slew him and his wife Henna. The said William was taken at St. Saviour's for a certain silver cup, and was hanged. Richard was called for, and was outlawed. One Miles le Espicer, who was with them, was wounded, and fled to a church, and died in it. No attachment was made by the sheriffs, because it happened in the Jewry, and so belonged not to the sheriffs, but to the Constable of the Tower."

The churches near Tower Hill demand a brief notice. That of Allhallows, Barking, and Our Lady, in Tower Street, Stow mentions as having, in the

early ages, a "faire chapel" of Our Lady on the north side, founded by Richard I., whose lion heart, as the erroneous tradition went, was buried there, under the high altar. Edward I. gave the chapel a statue of the Virgin. Edward IV. permitted his cousin, John Earl of Worcester, to form a brotherhood there, and gave them the advowson of Streat-ham and part of a Wiltshire priory for maintenance. Richard III. rebuilt the chapel, and founded a college of priests, consisting of a dean and six canons, and made Edmund Chaderton, a great favourite of his own, the dean. The college was suppressed and pulled down under Edward VI. The ground remained a garden plot till the reign of Elizabeth, when merchants' warehouses were built there by Sir William Winter, whose wife was buried in the church.

The church derives its name of Barking from the vicarage having originally belonged to the abbey

and convent of Barking, in Essex. The church was much injured in 1649 by an accidental explosion of twenty-seven barrels of gunpowder at a ship-chandler's near the churchyard. A Mr. Leyborn, quoted by Strype, gives the following account of this calamity :—

“Over against the wall of Barking churchyard,” says Leyborn, “a sad and lamentable accident befell by gunpowder, in this manner. One of the houses in this place was a ship-chandler's, who, upon

will instance two, the one a dead, the other a living monument. In the digging, as I said before, they found the mistress of the house of the Rose Tavern, sitting in her bar, and one of the drawers standing by the bar's side with a pot in his hand, only stifled with dust and smoke ; their bodies being preserved whole by means of great timbers falling cross one upon another : this is one. Another is this : the next morning there was found upon the upper leads of Barking Church a young child lying in a cradle,



THE CHURCH OF ALLHALLOWS, BARKING, IN 1750.

the 4th of January, 1649, about seven of the clock at night, being busy in his shop about barrelling up of gunpowder, it took fire, and in the twinkling of an eye blew up not only that, but all the houses thereabouts, to the number (towards the street and in back alleys) of fifty or sixty. The number of persons destroyed by this blow could never be known, for the next house but one was the Rose Tavern, a house never at that time of night but full of company ; and that day the parish dinner was in that house. And in three or four days after, digging, they continually found heads, arms, legs, and half bodies, miserably torn and scorched, besides many whole bodies, not so much as their clothes singed. In the course of this accident I

as newly laid in bed, neither the child nor cradle having the least sign of any fire or other hurt. It was never known whose child it was, so that one of the parish kept it for a memorial ; for in the year 1666 I saw the child, grown to be then a proper maiden, and came to the man that had kept her all that time, where he was drinking at a tavern with some other company then present, and he told us she was the child that was so found in the cradle upon the church leads as aforesaid."

Allhallows, from its vicinity to the Tower, was the burial-place of several State criminals, and many minor Court officials ; the poet Earl of Surrey, Bishop Fisher, and the arbitrary Laud, were buried there, but have been since removed. The



six or seven brasses preserved here 'are, says an authority, among the best in London. The finest is a Flemish brass, Andrew Evyngar, a salter, and his wife, *circa* 1535. There is also an injured brass of William Thynne, Clerk of the Green Cloth, Clerk of the Kitchen, and afterwards "Master of the

and two other reformed preachers, to preach thirty sermons (two a week) at Allhallows, which, he said, would do more good than having masses said for his soul. He also forbid at his funeral the superstitious use of candles, the singing of dirges, and the tolling of bells. In the chancel Strype



ST. DUNSTAN'S-IN THE EAST.

Honourable Household of King Henry VIII., our Sovereign Lord." This worthy man published the first edition of the entire works of Chaucer, in 1532. Strype mentions the monument of Humfry Monmouth, a draper and sheriff, who protected Tindal, and encouraged him in his translation of the Testament, for which he was thrown into the Tower by Sir Thomas More. In his will he appointed Bishop Latimer, Dr. Barnes (the "Hot Gospeller"),

mentions the monument of Dr. Kettlewell, a famous controversial divine, who wrote "Measures of Christian Obedience," and refused to take the oaths on the accession of William of Orange.

In the pavement of the south aisle, near the chancel, is a large brass, to the memory of John Rulche, who died in 1498. There is another, with small figures of a man and his two wives, with the date 1500. From the mouths of the figures rise

labels (as in old caricatures), with pious invocations of "Libera nos," and "Salve nos." Another brass of a nameless knight and his lady is dated 1546; and in the north aisle there is an ecclesiastic and a lady, date probably, says Mr. Godwin, 1437. On a pillar in the south aisle is a brass plate, with doggerel verses to the memory of Armac Aymer, Governor of the Pages of Honour, or Master of the Henchmen, to Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, having served in the royal household fifty-six years. At the north side of the chancel stands a panelled altar tomb, of carved granite, crowned with strawberry leaves. Under a canopy are two groups of figures—the father and three sons, the mother and four daughters. Strype seems to erroneously connect this tomb with that of Thomas Pilke, who founded a chantry here in 1392 (Richard II.). Pilke's is more likely the canopied one on the opposite side of the church, with a plate of brass, on which is represented the resurrection of Christ.

The earliest legend connected with this very old church is one relating to Edward I. That warlike king had a vision, which commanded him to erect an image of the Virgin at Allhallows Barking, promising him if he did, visited it five times every year, and kept the chapel in repair, he should be victorious over all nations, should be King of England when his father died, and conqueror of Wales and Scotland. To the truth of this vision Edward swore before the Pope, and obtained a dispensation of forty days' penance for all true penitents who should contribute towards the lights, ornaments, and repairs of the chapel, and should pray for the soul of King Richard, whose heart was, as it is said, buried before the high altar. The pilgrims and worshippers of Our Lady of Barking continued numerous till the Reformation came and broke up these empty superstitions.

In 1639 the Puritan House of Commons proceeded against Dr. Layfield, the vicar of Allhallows, who had introduced various Popish innovations. The parishioners complained that he had altered the position of the communion-table, set up various images, had erected a cross over the font, placed the letters I.H.S. in forty-one various places, and also that he had bowed several times during the administration of the sacrament. The vicar, however, contrived to escape punishment. At the Great Fire this interesting church had a narrow escape, the vicarage being burned down. The present brick steeple was built in 1659, when the churchwardens put over the clock, which projects from the front of the church, the figure of an angel sounding a trumpet. In 1675 the succeeding

churchwardens removed this figure, and placed it over the altar; but the clergyman being seen to perform genuflections before it, the churchwardens were indicted, and compelled to burn the image.

The church, from an architectural point of view, is well worth a visit. The round massive pillars and sharp-pointed arches of the west end date from the beginning of the thirteenth century, while the eastern portion of the church is Perpendicular and Late Decorated. There is a clerestory, containing seven windows, and the windows of the north and south aisles are of different periods. It is said that many years ago the basement of a wall was found running across the building near the pulpit, showing an earlier and a later structure. The roof and ceiling were constructed in 1814, at a cost of £7,000. The marble font has a carved wooden cover (attributed, of course, to Gibbons), which represents three angels plucking flowers and fruit. On the south side of the building is an old staircase turret, which formerly led to the roof, but is now stopped up. In the porch, on the same side, is a good Tudor doorway.

Dr. Hickes, the great scholar who wrote the "Thesaurus," was vicar of Allhallows for six years (1680–6). Hickes, a Yorkshireman, born in 1642, was chaplain, in 1676, to the Duke of Lauderdale, the mischievous High Commissioner of Scotland, and was sent to Charles's court, with Bishop Burnet, to report the discontent of the Scotch. He was presented to the living of Allhallows by Archbishop Sancroft. At the Restoration of 1688, Dr. Hickes refused to take the oath of allegiance, and afterwards went over to France, to see King James, on the dangerous mission of arranging the consecration of fresh bishops. Hickes was very learned in the fathers and in the old northern languages, and wrote much for Divine right.

Another church of interest in this neighbourhood is St. Olave's, Hart Street, at the corner of Seething Lane. This saint was the warlike King of Norway who helped Ethelred against the Danes. There was a church on this spot at least as long ago as 1319, for we find in that year the prior and brethren of the Holy Cross paying two marks and a half per annum to the rector, and his successors for ever, for any damage that might accrue to them by the building of the priory. The patronage was first vested in the Nevil family, then in that of Lord Windsor; but in 1651 it was bequeathed to the parish by Sir Andrew Riccard, who was Sheriff of London in 1651. Maitland mentions, in the middle aisle, a brass of "a King of Arms, in his coat and crown," date 1427. The most ancient

brass now to be found is apparently that to the memory of John Orgene and Ellyne his wife, date 1584. Near this is a fine monument to that first of our English herbalists, Dr. William Turner, who died in 1614. This deep student was a violent Reformer, whom Bishop Gardiner threw into prison. On his release he went to live abroad, and at Basle became the friend of Gesner, the great naturalist. In the reign of Edward VI. he was made Dean of Wells and chaplain to the Protector Somerset, in which former dignity Elizabeth reinstated him.

On the south side of the communion-table there was, according to Strype, a monument to that brave and witty man, Sir John Minnes, or Minnes, vice-admiral to Charles I., and, after the Restoration, Governor of Dover Castle, and Chief Comptroller of the Navy. Born in the year 1598, and holding a place in the Navy Office in the reign of James I., Minnes, after many years of honest and loyal service, died in 1670, at the Navy Office in Seething Lane, where he must have spent half his long-shore life. He is generally spoken of as a brave, honest, generous fellow and the best of all good company. Some of his poems are contained in a volume entitled "The Muses' Recreation," 1656, and he was the author of a clever scoffing ballad on his brother poet, Sir John Suckling's, foolish vaunts and miserable failure. In "The Muses' Recreation" we find the celebrated lines, so often quoted, and which are almost universally attributed to Butler, whose Hudibrastic manner they so exactly resemble—

"For he that fights and runs away,  
May live to fight another day."

In the chancel, near the monument of Lord Bayning, mentioned by one of Stow's commentators as then hung with coat of arms and streamers, is a monument to the wife of Samuel Pepys, the Secretary to the Navy, who wrote the delightful stultifying "Diary" which we have so often quoted. Who that has read it can forget the portrait of that buxom beauty who was so jealous of pretty Mrs. Knipp, the actress; or how Pepys took her, Jan. 10, 1660, to the great wedding of a Dutch merchant, at Goring House, where there was "great state, cost, and a noble company? But among all the beauties there," says the uxorious husband, "my wife was thought the greatest." Does he not record how she took to wearing black patches, and how she began to study dancing and limning? Mrs. Pepys was the daughter of a French Huguenot gentleman, who had been gentleman carver to Queen Henrietta, and was dismissed for striking one of

the queen's friars, who had rebuked him for not attending mass. Mrs. Pepys had been brought up in a Ursuline convent in France, and this fact was probably remembered when the Titus Oates party endeavoured to connect poor Pepys with the (supposed) murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey. In this same church was also buried Thomas Pepys, brother of the diary-keeper, whose funeral Pepys records with a curious mixture of grief, thrift, and want of feeling. The entry notes some curious customs of the period:—

"18th March, 1664. Up betimes, and walked to my brother's, where a great while putting things in order against anon; and so to Wotton, my shoe-maker, and there got a pair of shoes blacked on the soles against anon for me; so to my brother's. To church, and, with the grave-maker, chose a place for my brother to lie in, just under my mother's pew. But to see how a man's tombes are at the mercy of such a fellow, that for sixpence he would, as his own words were, 'I will juttle them together but I will make room for him,' speaking of the fulness of the middle aisle, where he was to lie; and that he would, for my father's sake, do my brother, that is dead, all the civility he can; which was to disturb other corps that are not quite rotten, to make room for him; and methought his manner of speaking it was very remarkable, as of a thing that now was in his power to do a man a courtesy or not. I dressed myself, and so did my servant Besse; and so to my brother's again; whither, though invited, as the custom is, at one or two o'clock, they come not till four or five. But, at last, one after another they come, many more than I bid; and my reckoning that I bid was 120, but I believe there was nearer 150. Their service was six biscuits apiece, and what they pleased of burnt claret. My cousin, Joyce Norton, kept the wine and cakes above, and did give out to them that served, who had white gloves given them. But, above all, I am beholden to Mrs. Holden, who was most kind, and did take mighty pains, not only in getting the house and everything else ready, but this day in going up and down to see the house filled and served, in order to mine and their great content, I think; the men sitting by themselves in some rooms, and the women by themselves in others, very close, but yet room enough. Anon to church, walking out into the street to the conduit, and so across the street; and had a very good company along with the corps. And being come to the grave as above, Dr. Pierson, the minister of the parish, did read the service for buriall; and so I saw my poor brother laid into the grave; and so all broke up; and I and my wife, and Madam

Turner and her family, to her brother's, and by-and-by fell to a barrell of oysters, cake, and cheese, of Mr. Honiwood's, with him, in his chamber and below, being too merry for so late a sad work. But, Lord! to see how the world makes nothing of the memory of a man an hour after he is dead! And, indeed, I must blame myself, for though at the sight of him dead, and dying, I had real grief for a while, while he was in my sight, yet, presently after, and ever since, I have had very little grief indeed for him."

Last of all of the Pepys family, to Allhallows came the rich Secretary of the Navy, that pleasant *bon vivant* and musician, who was interred, June 4, 1703, in a vault of his own making, by the side of his wife and brother. The burial service was read at nine at night, by Dr. Hickes, author of the "Thesaurus."

Under the organ gallery, at the west end of the church, is a sculptured marble figure, set up by the Turkey Company, to Sir Andrew Riccard, the great benefactor of the parish, and a potent man after the Restoration, being chairman of both the East India Company and the Turkey Company. At the foot of the statue, which formerly stood in one of the aisles, is the following inscription:—

"Sacred be the statue here raised by gratitude and respect to eternize the memory of Sir Andrew Riccard, knight, a citizen, and opulent merchant of London; whose active piety, inflexible integrity, and extensive abilities, alike distinguished and exalted him in the opinion of the wise and good. Adverse to his wish, he was frequently chosen chairman of the Honourable East India Company, and filled, with equal credit, for eighteen successive years, the same eminent station in the Turkey Company. Among many instances of his love to God and liberal spirit towards man, one, as it demands peculiar praise, deserves to be distinctly recorded. He nobly left the perpetual advowson of this parish in trust to five of its senior inhabitants. He died 6th Sept., in the year of our Lord, 1672, of his age, 68.

"Manet post funera virtus."

To one of the walls of the church is affixed part of a sculptured figure in armour, representing Sir John Radcliffe, one of the Sussex family, who died in the year of our Lord, 1568 (Elizabeth). Stow describes this figure as recumbent on an altar-tomb, with a figure of his wife kneeling beside it. A figure something resembling that of his wife is still preserved in the church. Under the north gallery is a full-sized figure in armour kneeling beneath a canopy, inscribed to Peter Chapponius, and dated 1582. There is also a brass plate at the east end of the north aisle commemorating Mr. Thomas Morley, Clerk of the Household of Queen Katherine of Arragon; and Strype mentions one to Philip van Wyllender, musician, and one of the Privy

Chamber to Henry VIII. and Edward VI. The Baynings' monument, before mentioned, presents their painted and well-sculptured effigies under alcoves. Beneath the figure of Paul Bayning, who died in 1616, are some lame and doggrel verses, the concluding lines of which are:—

"The happy sum and end of their affaires,  
Provided well both for their soules and heires."

The registers of St. Olave's, which are well preserved and perfect from the year 1563 to the present time, contain a long list of names with the fatal letter P. (Plague) appended. The first entry of this kind is July 24, 1665—"Mary, daughter of William Ramsay, one of the Drapers' almsmen." Singularly enough, there was at the time of Mr. Godwin's writing, in 1839, a tradition in the parish that the Plague first broke out in this parish in the Drapers' Almshouses, Cooper's Row, which were founded by Sir John Milborn in the year 1535.

The ancient portions of this interesting church are the large east window (with stained glass of the year 1823), the sharp-pointed window at the end of the north aisle, the west window, and the columns and arches of the nave. The other windows are flatter at the top, and the ceilings of the aisles are studded with small stars. The corbels on the north side are formed of angels, holding shields. There was formerly a gallery on the south side of the church, for the august officers of the Navy Office. Here Samuel Pepys must have often dozed solemnly. This gallery was approached by a small quaint staircase on the outside of the church, as seen by an old engraving, published in 1746, by West and Toms. The churchyard gate is adorned with five skulls, in the true pagan churchwarden taste of the last century.

Pepys frequently mentions this church, where all the dresses he was so proud of—even his new lace band, the effect of which made him resolve to make lace bands his chief expense—were displayed to the admiring world of Seething Lane. He and Sir John Minnes were attendants here; and it is specially mentioned on June 6, 1666, when Pepys says:—"To our church, it being the Common Fast-day, and it was just before sermon; but, Lord! how all the people in the church stare upon me, to see me whisper 'the news of the victory over the Dutch' to Sir John Minnes and my Lady Pen! Anon I saw people stirring and whispering below; and by-and-by comes up the sexton from my Lady Ford, to tell me the news which I had brought, being now sent into the church by Sir W. Batten, in writing, and passed from pew to pew." This battle was Monk's decisive victory over De Ruyter. And again, January 30, 1665-6. This day, the day

after Pepys had discoursed of the vanity and vices of the court to Mr. Evelyn, who had proposed a hospital for sailors, and whom he found "a most worthy person," the chronicler writes:—"Home, finding the town keeping the day solemnly, it being the day of the king's murder; and they being at church, I presently into the church. This is the first time I have been in the church since I left London for the Plague; and it frightened me indeed to go through the church, more than I thought it could have done, to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyard where people have been buried of the plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while."

The register of St. Olave's shows that in this parish, from July 4 to December 5, 1665, there were buried 326 people. On the 31st of January Pepys notices his hope that the churchyard of St. Olave's will be covered with lime; and on February 4, when he slinks to church reluctantly, to hear the vicar, who had been the first to fly and the last to return, preach, he is much cheered at finding snow covering the dreaded graves.

St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, another church of this district, Stow describes as "a fair, large church, of an ancient building, and within a large churchyard;" and speaks of the parish as full of rich merchants, Salters and Ironmongers. Newcourt's list of St. Dunstan rectors commences in 1312, and Stow records the burial of John Kennington, parson in 1372, the earliest date he gives in connection with the church. Strype mentions as a "remarkable passage" concerning this building, that in the Middle Ages, according to Archbishop Chicheley's register, Lord l'Estrange and his wife did public penance from St. Paul's to this church, "because they gave a cause of murder in this same church, and polluted it." The old churchwarden's books, which begin in the fifteenth century, specify sums paid for playing "at organs" and "blowing of the organs," and money spent in garlands, and by priests in drinking, on St. Dunstan's Eve.

The church being seriously damaged in the Great Fire, Wren was employed to repair it. The lofty spire mentioned by Newcourt had gone, and Wren erected the present curious one, supported on four arched ribs—an idea taken from the church of St. Nicholas, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a fine Gothic building of the fifteenth century.

Mr. Godwin complains that though this church was one of Wren's best works in the Pointed style, yet still that the mouldings of the tower are too Italian, the clock-case out of character, and the sunk panels on the pinnacles very shallow and tame.

Another critic calls the old St. Dunstan's a mole-hill compared to the Newcastle "Mountain," the latter tower being twenty feet less in width, much higher, and with two storeys more. Nevertheless, Wren was proud of this church; and being told one morning that a hurricane had damaged many London spires, he remarked, "Not St. Dunstan's, I am quite sure." There is a vulgar tradition about the shape of this steeple, which cannot be given here.

In digging the foundations for the present church the workmen found immense walls of chalk and rubble stretching in all directions, especially northwards, where the monks are supposed to have dwelt. Opposite there was a bricked-up porch, which had been used as a bonehouse. The old Purbeck marble floor was worn away several inches by the monks' sandals, and there were in the same porch some side benches of stone, and a curious window with four columns. Glazed tiles of the old church-floor were found two feet below the pavement, and at the east end fragments of a large mullioned window.

In the interior Wren washed his hands of the Gothic, using Doric and Corinthian columns, and circular-headed windows with key-stones. In 1810 the church became ruinous, the roof of the nave thrusting out the wall seven inches. Mr. Laing then prepared plans for a new church, which was begun in 1817, and opened in 1821. This modern Gothic building cost about £36,000. The east-end window is of the florid Perpendicular style, and is said to be an exact copy of the one discovered in pulling down the old building. The roof of the centre aisle is remarkable for some elegant fan-groining, and the side aisles have flat panelled ceilings in the corrupt Gothic style of fifty years ago.

The register-books of St. Dunstan's, which date back as far as 1558, escaped the Great Fire, and are in a fine state of preservation. The church contains many tablets of the seventeenth century, and one large monument on the south side of the church to Sir William Russel, a charitable London alderman, who died in 1705. The worthy man, in flowing Queen Anne wig, shoes, and buckles, lies on his left side, regretting the thirteen shillings he left the sexton of St. Dunstan's for ever, to keep his monument clean. Strype mentions the tomb of Alderman James, who, before the Reformation, left large sums to this church for his funeral, and for chanting priests. At his interment ten men of the brotherhood of Jesus, in this church, were to carry six-pound torches of wax, and six shillings and eightpence was given to every priest and clerk.

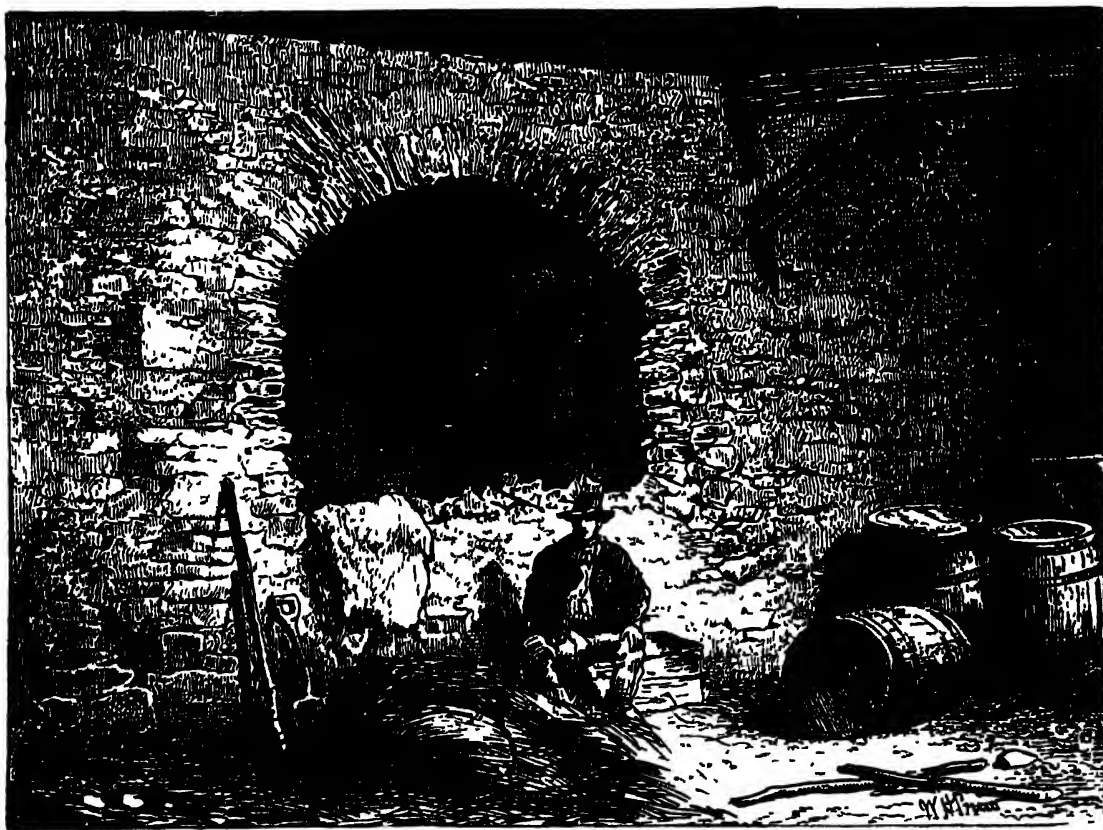


for singing dirge and mass of requiem, till "his month's mind were finished."

That excellent man and delightful writer, Fuller, mentions St. Dunstan's-in-the-East when talking of his singular gift of memory. It is said that Fuller could "repeat five hundred strange words after twice hearing them, and could make use of a sermon *verbatim*, if he once heard it." Still further, it is said that he undertook, in passing from Temple Bar to the extremity of Cheapside, to tell, at his return, every sign as it stood in order on both sides

me in the vestry before credible people, that he, in Sidney College, had taught me the *art of memory*. I returned unto him, *That it was not so*, for I could not remember *that I had ever seen him before!* which, I conceive, was a real refutation."

At the lower end of a street now no longer existing, named the Vineyard, in the neighbourhood of the Tower, there used to be the basis of a Roman tower, about eight feet high, supporting a building of three storeys, in the wall of which was fixed a large stone, with the following inscription:—



ROMAN WALL ON TOWER HILL.

of the way (repeating them either backwards or forwards), and that he performed the task exactly. This is pretty well, considering that in that day every shop had its sign. That many, however, of the reports respecting his extraordinary memory were false or exaggerated, may be gathered from an amusing anecdote recorded by himself. "None alive," says he, "ever heard me pretend to the *art of memory*, who in my book ('Holy State') have decried it as a trick, no art; and, indeed, is more of fancy than memory. I confess, some years since, when I came out of the pulpit of St. Dunstan's East, one (who since wrote a book thereof) told

"Glory be to God on high, who was graciously pleased to preserve the lives of all the people in this house, twelve in number, when the old wall of the bulwark fell down three stories high, and so broad as three carts might enter a breast, and yet without any harm to any of their persons. The Lord sanctify this his great providence unto them. Amen and Amen.

"It was Tuesday, the 23rd September, 1651."

One of the most interesting places on Tower Hill, next to the Mint (on whose site, by-the-by, once stood a tobacco warehouse), is Trinity House, a corporation for the increase and encouragement



of navigation, the examination of pilots, the regulation of lighthouses and buoys, and, indeed, all naval matters not under the express jurisdiction of the Admiralty.

The old Trinity House stood in Water Lane, Lower Thames Street, a little north-west of the Custom House; the spot is now Trinity Chambers. Hatton, in 1708, describes the second house, built after the Great Fire, as "a stately building of brick and stone (adorned with ten bustos), built anno

down in 1787, was situated at Deptford. In 1680 its first lighthouse was erected, all lighthouses which had previously existed on the English coast having been built by private individuals, under a patent from the Crown. It was not till the year 1854 that the private rights in light-dues were abolished, and the exclusive right of lighting and buoying the coast given over to the Trinity House Board. They also bind and enroll apprentices to the sea; examine the mathematical boys of Christ's



THE TRINITY HOUSE.

1671." Pepys, who lived close by, mentions going to see Tower Street on fire, from Trinity House on one side to the "Dolphin" Tavern on the other. This ancient and useful guild was founded by Sir Thomas Spert, Comptroller of the Navy to Henry VIII., and commander of the *Great Eastern* of that age, the *Harry Grace de Dieu*, a huge gilt four-master, in which Henry VIII. sailed to Calais, on his way to the Field of the Cloth of Gold. It was incorporated in 1529, by the name of "The Master, Wardens, and Assistants of the Guild, or Fraternity, or Brotherhood of the Most Glorious and Undividable Trinity, and of St. Clement, in the parish of Deptford Strond, in the county of Kent," and the mother house, pulled

Hospital; examine mathematical masters for the navy, and place and alter all the buoys, beacons, and sea-marks along the English coast. By an Act passed in the 8th Elizabeth, they also survey the channel of the Thames and other ports. To them once belonged the power of ballasting all ships going out of the Thames, the ballast to be taken from the more dangerous shelves, and where the river needed deepening; and, at request of masters, they could also certify to goods "damified" by evil stowing. They gave licences to poor, aged, and maimed mariners to row "upon the river of Thames" without licence from the Watermen's Company. They could prevent foreigners serving on board our ships without licence; they heard

and determined complaints by officers and men in the merchant service; and, lastly, they could punish seamen for mutiny and desertion.

The Trinity House bye-laws of the reign of James II. contain some curious regulations. Every master homeward bound, for instance, was to unshot his guns at Gravesend, on penalty of twenty nobles.

The corporation consists of a master, deputy-master, thirty-one elder brethren, and an unlimited number of humbler members. In Pennant's time it consisted of a master, four wardens, eight assistants, and eighteen elder brethren, and they seem to have been known as "the Thirty-one Brethren." The elder brothers are generally selected from old commanders in the navy and merchant service; and now and then a compliment is paid to a prince or a nobleman who could not, perhaps, steer a collier to Newcastle. The revenue of the corporation, about £300,000 a year, arises from tonnage, ballastage, beaconage, and licensing pilots; and this sum, after defraying the expenses of light-houses, and paying off the portion of the debt incurred by the purchase of all existing private rights in lighthouses, is chiefly expended in maintaining poor disabled seamen and their widows and orphans, by pensions in the corporation hospital at Deptford Strand, which the master and brethren visit in their state yacht, in grand procession, on Trinity Monday.

The powers of the Trinity House in old times are fully described by Strype. They decided on maritime cases referred to them by the Admiralty judges; they examined and gave certificates to masters of the navy; they examined pilots for the royal navy and for the merchant service. Bum-boats with fruit, wine, and strong waters were not permitted by them to board vessels. Every mariner who swore, cursed, or blasphemed on board ship, was by their rules to pay one shilling to the ship's poor-box. Every mariner who got drunk was fined one shilling. No mariner, unless sick, could absent himself from prayers without forfeiting sixpence.

The previous building is shortly dismissed by Pennant with the remark that it was unworthy of the greatness of its design. The present Trinity House was built in 1793-5, by Samuel Wyatt. It is of the Ionic order. On its principal front are sculptured the arms of the corporation (a cross between four ships under sail), medallions of George III. and Queen Charlotte, genii with nautical instruments, the four principal lighthouses on the coast, &c.

The interior contains busts of Vincent, Nelson, Howe, and Duncan; William Pitt, and Captain J.

Cotton, by Chantrey; George III., by Turnerelli, &c. The Court-room is decorated with impersonations of the Thames, Medway, Severn, and Humber; and among the pictures is a fine painting, twenty feet long, by Gainsborough, of the elder brethren of Trinity House. In the Board-room are portraits of James I. and II., Elizabeth, Anne of Denmark, Earl Craven, Sir Francis Drake, Sir J. Leake, and General Monk; King William IV., the Prince Consort, and the Duke of Wellington, three of the past masters; and George III., Queen Charlotte, and Queen Adelaide.

Of one of the portraits Pennant gives a pleasant biography. "The most remarkable picture," says the London historian, "is that of Sir John Leake, with his lank grey locks, and a loose night-gown, with a mien very little indicative of his high courage and active spirit. He was the greatest commander of his time, and engaged in most actions of note during the reigns of King William and Queen Anne. To him was committed the desperate but successful attempt of breaking the boom, previous to the relief of Londonderry. He distinguished himself greatly at the battle of La Hogue; assisted at the taking of Gibraltar; and afterwards, as Commander-in-Chief, reduced Barcelona, took Carthagen, and brought Sardinia and Minorca to submit to Charles, rival to Philip for the crown of Spain. He was made a Lord of the Admiralty, but declined the offer of being the head of the commission; at the accession of George I., averse to the new family, he retired, but with the approving pension of £600 a year. He lived privately at Greenwich, where he died in 1720, and was buried in a manner suitable to his merits, in the church at Stepney."

The museum contains a flag taken from the Spanish Armada by Sir Francis Drake, a model of the *Royal William*, 150 years old, and two colossal globes, given by Sir Thomas Allan, admiral to Charles II.; pen-and-ink views of sea-fights (the same period), and models of lighthouses, floating lights, and lifeboats.

The office of the master of the corporation, at various times, has been held by princes and statesmen. From 1816, when Lord Liverpool occupied the office of master, it was held in succession by the Marquis Camden, the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.), Marquis Camden again, the Duke of Wellington, the Prince Consort, and Viscount Palmerston. The present master is the Duke of Edinburgh.

Behind the houses in Trinity Square, in George Street, Tower Hill, stands one of the four remaining portions of the old London wall. We have already mentioned it in our chapter on Roman London.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## ST. KATHERINE'S DOCKS.

St. Katherine's Hospital—Its Royal Benefactors in Former Times—The Fair on Tower Hill—Seizure of the Hospital Revenues at the Reformation—The Dreadful Fire of 1672—Three Luckless Gordon Rioters—St. Katherine's Church—The only Preferment in the Right of the Queen Consort—St. Katherine's Docks—Unloading Ships there—Labourers employed in them—Applicants for Work at the Docks—A Precarious Living—Contrasts.

BEFORE entering the gate of St. Katherine's Docks, where great samples of the wealth of London await our inspection, we must first make a brief mention of the old hospital that was pulled down in 1827, to make a fresh pathway for London commerce. This hospital was originally founded in 1148 by Matilda of Boulogne, wife of the usurper Stephen, for the repose of the souls of her son Baldwin and her daughter Matilda, and for the maintenance of a master and several poor brothers and sisters. In 1273, Eleanor, widow of Henry III., dissolved the old foundation, and refounded it in honour of the same saint, for a master, three brethren, chaplains, three sisters, ten bedeswomen, and six poor scholars. Opposed to this renovation, Pope Urban IV., by a bull, endeavoured in vain to reinstate the expelled prior and brotherhood, who had purloined the goods and neglected their duties. And here, in the same reign, lived that great alchemist, Raymond Lully, whom Edward III. employed in the Tower to try and discover for him the secret of transmutation.

Another great benefactress of the hospital was the brave woman, Philippa of Hainault, wife of that terror of France, Edward III. She founded a chantry and gave houses in Kent and Herts to the charity, and £10 in lands per annum for an additional chaplain.

In after years Henry V. confirmed the annual £10 of Queen Philippa for the endowment of the chantries of St. Fabian and St. Sebastian, and his son Henry VI. was likewise a benefactor to St. Katherine's Hospital. But the great encourager of the charity was Thomas de Bekington, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, who, being master of the hospital in the year 1445, obtained a charter of privileges, to help the revenue. By this charter the precincts of the hospital were declared free from all jurisdiction, civil or ecclesiastical, except that of the Lord Chancellor. To help the funds, an annual fair was to be held on Tower Hill, to last twenty-one days from the feast of St. James. The district had a special spiritual and a temporal court.

Henry VIII. and Katherine of Arragon founded in this place the guild or fraternity of St. Barbara,

which was governed by a master and three wardens, and included in its roll Cardinal Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Buckingham, the Earls of Shrewsbury and Northumberland, and their ladies. In 1526 the king confirmed the liberties and franchise of this house, which even escaped dissolution in 1534, in compliment, it has been supposed, to Queen Anne Bolcyn, whom the king had then lately married.

In the reign of Edward VI., however, all the meshes of the Reformers' nets grew smaller. Now the small fry had all been caught, the lands of St. Katherine's Hospital were taken possession of by the Crown. Greediness and avarice soon had their eye on the hospital; and in the reign of Elizabeth, Dr. Thomas Wylson, her secretary, becoming the master, surrendered up the charter of Henry VI., and craftily obtained a new one, which left out any mention of the liberty of the fair on Tower Hill. He then sold the rights of the said fair to the Corporation of London for £466 13s. 4d. He next endeavoured to secure all the hospital estates, when the parishioners of the precinct began to cry aloud to Secretary Cecil, and stopped the plunderer's hand.

In 1672 a dreadful fire destroyed one hundred houses in the precincts, and another fire during a great storm in 1734 destroyed thirty buildings. During the Gordon riots of 1780 a Protestant mob, headed by Macdonald, a lame soldier, and two women—one a white and one a negro—armed with swords, were about to demolish the church, as being built in Popish times, when the gentlemen of the London Association arrived, and prevented the demolition. Macdonald and the two women were afterwards hanged for this at a temporary gallows on Tower Hill.

The church pulled down to make way for the docks (religion elbowed off by commerce) in 1825, was an interesting Gothic building, (exclusive of the choir) 69 feet long, 60 feet broad. The altar was pure Gothic, and the old stalls, of 1340-69, were curiously carved with grotesque and fanciful monsters; the organ, by Green, was a fine one, remarkable for its swell; and the pulpit, given by Sir Julius Cæsar (James I., *vide* our chapter on

Chancery Lane), was a singular example of bad taste. Round the six sides ran the following inscription:—

"Ezra the scribe stood upon a pulpit of wood, which he had made for the preachin."—Neh. viii. 4.

The chief tombs were those of John Holland, Duke of Exeter, his duchess, and sister. This duke fought in France in the wars of Henry VI., and died in 1447. He was High Admiral of England and Ireland, and Constable of the Tower. We shall describe his tomb when we come to it in Regent's Park, in the transplanted hospital, where it now is. Gibbon, the herald, an ancestor of the great historian, was also buried here.

The Queen Consorts of England are by law the perpetual patronesses of this hospital, with unlimited power. This is the only preferment in the gift of the Queen Consort. When there is no Queen Consort, the Queen Dowager has the right of nomination. The business of the establishment and appointment of subordinate officers is transacted in chapter by the master, brothers, and sisters. Among the eminent masters of this hospital we may mention Sir Julius Cæsar, Sir Robert Ayton, a poet of the time of Charles I., and the Hon. George Berkeley, husband of Mrs. Howard, the mistress of George II. A curious MS. list of plate and jewels, in the Harleian Library, quoted by Dr. Ducarel, shows that the hospital possessed some altarcloths and vestments of cloth of gold and crimson velvet, green damask copes, and silken coats, for the image of St. Katherine. The Duke of Exeter left the church a beryl cup, garnished with gold and precious stones, a gold chalice, eleven silver candlesticks, &c., for the priests of his chantry chapel.

St. Katherine's Docks were begun in 1827, and publicly opened in 1828—a Herculean bit of work, performed with a speed and vigour unusual even to English enterprise.

The site of the docks, immediately below the Tower of London, is bounded on the north by East Smithfield, on the west and south by Tower Hill and Foss-side Road, while on the east they are separated from the London Docks by Nightingale Lane. The amount of capital originally raised by shares was between one and two million pounds, and was borrowed on the security of the rates to be received by the Company, for the liquidation of which debt a sinking fund was formed. Independently of the space actually occupied by the docks and warehouses, the Company possess freehold waterside property of the value of £100,000, which they were obliged to purchase by the terms of the Act of Parliament, and which yields a

large annual rental, capable of very considerable improvement. In clearing the ground for this magnificent speculation, 1,250 houses and tenements were purchased and pulled down—no less than 11,300 inhabitants having to seek accommodation elsewhere.

The area thus obtained was about 24 acres, of which 11½ acres are devoted to wet docks. The first stone was laid on the 3rd of May, 1827, and upwards of 2,500 men were employed on the work of construction from day to day.

The second ship that entered was the *Mary*, 343 tons, a Russian trader. She was laden with every description of Russian produce, and exhibited on board the pleasing spectacle of forty veteran pensioners from Greenwich, all of whom had served under Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar.

The permanent establishment of persons employed about the dock was for a long time only 100 officers and 120 labourers.

The last report of the Company in June, 1873, showed the earnings for six months had been £546,345 11s. 1d.; the expenditure (exclusive of interest on debenture stock, &c.) to have been £348,479 11s. 2d.; showing a half-year's balance of £197,865 19s. 11d. The number of loaded foreign ships which had entered the docks during the previous six months had been 696, measuring 468,629 tons. The goods landed had been 261,117 tons, and the stock of goods in the warehouses was 309,819 tons.

Mr. Mayhew, in his "London Labour," has some valuable notes on the unloading of ships in these docks, and on the labourers employed for that purpose:—

"The lofty walls," says Mr. Mayhew, "which constitute it, in the language of the Custom House, a place of special security, enclose an area capable of accommodating 120 ships, besides barges and other craft.

"Cargoes are raised into the warehouses out of the hold of a ship without the goods being deposited on the quay. The cargoes can be raised out of the ship's hold into the warehouses of St. Katherine's in one-fifth of the usual time. Before the existence of docks, a month or six weeks was taken up in discharging the cargo of an East Indiaman of from 800 to 1,200 tons burden; while eight days were necessary in the summer, and fourteen in the winter, to unload a ship of 350 tons. At St. Katherine's, however, the average time now occupied in discharging a ship of 250 tons is twelve hours, and one of 500 tons two or three days, the goods being placed at the same time in the warehouse. There have been occasions when even greater dispatch

has been used, and a cargo of 1,100 casks of tallow, averaging from 9 cwt. to 10 cwt. each, has been discharged in seven hours. This would have been considered little short of a miracle on the legal quays less than fifty years ago. In 1841, about 1,000 vessels and 10,000 lighters were accommodated at St. Katherine's Dock. The capital expended by the dock company exceeds £2,000,000 of money.

"The business of this establishment is carried on by 35 officers, 105 clerks and apprentices, 135 markers, samplers, and foremen, 250 permanent labourers, 150 preferable ticket labourers, proportioned to the amount of work to be done. The average number of labourers employed on any one day, in 1860, was 1,713, and the lowest number 515; so that the extreme fluctuation in the labour appears to be very nearly 1,200 hands. The lowest sum of money that was paid in 1848 for the day's work of the entire body of labourers employed was £64 7s. 6d., and the highest sum £214 2s. 6d.; being a difference of very nearly £150 in one day, or £900 in the course of the week. The average number of ships that enter the dock every week is 17; the highest number that entered in any one week in 1860 was 36, and the lowest 5, being a difference of 31. Assuming these to have been of an average burden of 300 tons, and that every such vessel would require 100 labourers to discharge its cargo in three days, then 1,500 extra hands ought to have been engaged to discharge the cargoes of the entire number in a week. This, it will be observed, is very nearly equal to the highest number of the labourers employed by the Company in the year 1848."

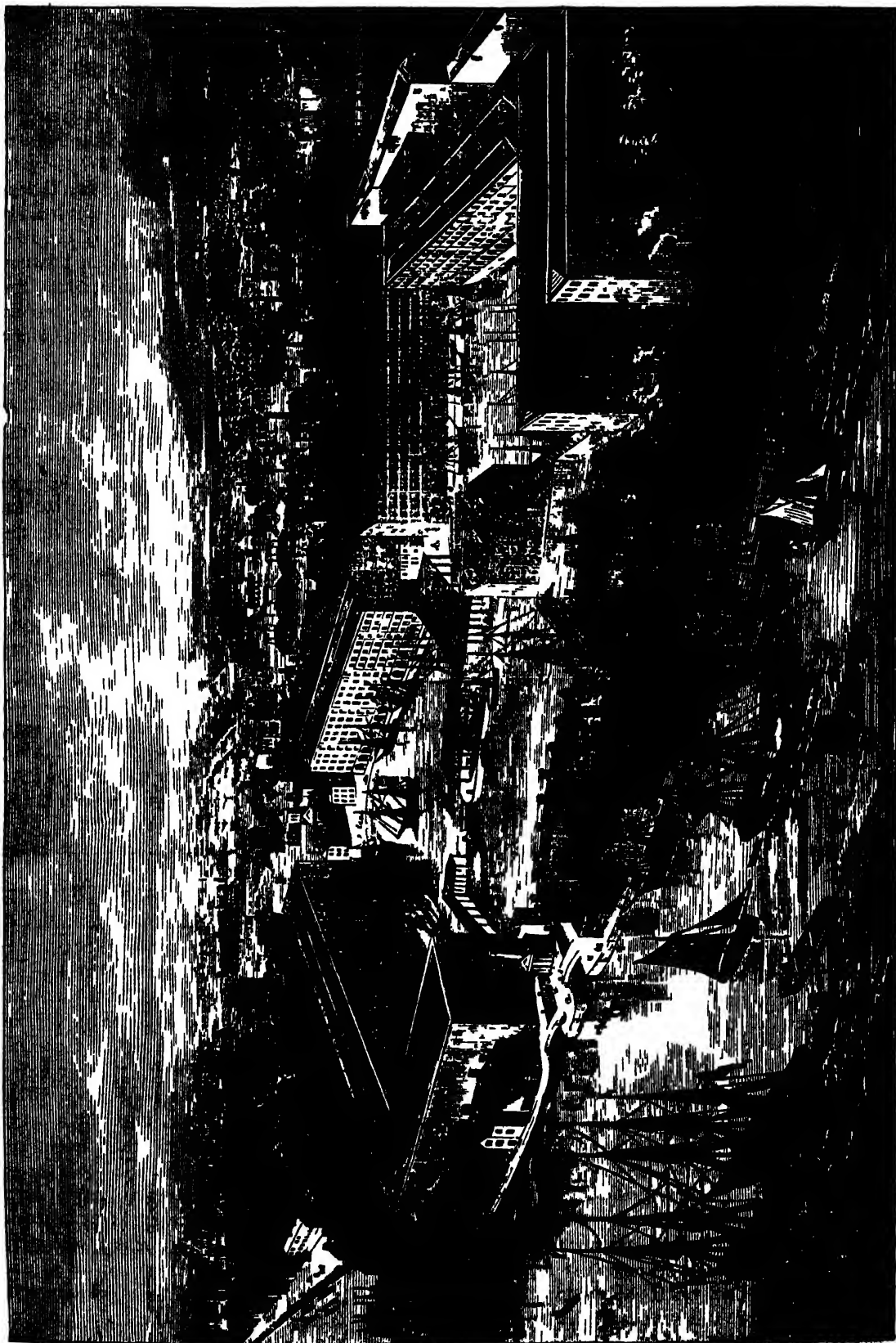
"Those persons," says Mr. Mayhew, "who are unable to live by the occupation to which they have been educated, can obtain a living there without any previous training. Hence we find men of every calling labouring at the docks. There are decayed and bankrupt master butchers, master bakers, publicans, grocers, old soldiers, old sailors, Polish refugees, broken-down gentlemen, discharged lawyers' clerks, suspended Government clerks, almsmen, pensioners, servants, thieves—indeed, every one who wants a loaf and is willing to work for it. The London dock is one of the few places in the metropolis where men can get employment without either character or recommendation; so that the labourers employed there are naturally a most incongruous assembly. Each of the docks employs several hundred hands to ship and discharge the cargoes of the numerous vessels that enter; and as there are some six or

seven of such docks attached to the metropolis, it may be imagined how large a number of individuals are dependent on them for their subsistence."

The dock-work, says Mr. Mayhew, speaking of the dock labourers, whom he especially observed, may be divided into three classes. 1. Wheel-work, or that which is moved by the muscles of the legs and weight of the body. 2. Jigger, or winch-work, or that which is moved by the muscles of the arm. In each of these the labourer is stationary; but in the truck-work, which forms the third class, the labourer has to travel over a space of ground greater or less in proportion to the distance which the goods have to be removed.

The wheel-work is performed somewhat on the principle of the tread-wheel, with the exception that the force is applied inside, instead of outside, the wheel. From six to eight men enter a wooden cylinder or drum, upon which are nailed battens; and the men, laying hold of ropes, commence treading the wheel round, occasionally singing the while, and stamping time in a manner that is pleasant from its novelty. The wheel is generally about sixteen feet in diameter, and eight to nine feet broad; and the six or eight men treading within it will lift from sixteen to eighteen hundredweight, and often a ton, forty times an hour, an average of twenty-seven feet high. Other men will get out a cargo of from 800 to 900 casks of wine, each cask averaging about five hundredweight, and being lifted about eighteen feet, in a day and a half. At trucking, each man is said to go on an average thirty miles a day, and two-thirds of that time he is moving one and a-half hundredweight, at six miles and a-half per hour.

This labour, though requiring to be seen to be properly understood, must still appear so arduous, that one would imagine it was not of that tempting nature that 3,000 men could be found every day in London desperate enough to fight and battle for the privilege of getting two-and-sixpence by it; and even if they fail in "getting taken on" at the commencement of the day, that they should then retire to the appointed yard, there to remain hour after hour in the hope that the wind might blow them some stray ship, so that other gangs might be wanted, and the calling foreman seek them there. It is a curious sight to see the men waiting in these yards to be hired at fourpence an hour, for such are the terms given in the after part of the day. There, seated on long benches ranged round the wall, they remain, some telling their miseries and some their crimes to one another, whilst others doze away their time. Rain or sunshine, there





can always be found plenty to catch the stray shilling or eightpence. By the size of the shed you can tell how many men sometimes remain there in the pouring rain, rather than lose the chance of the stray hour's work. Some loiter on the bridges close by, and presently, as their practised eye or ear tells them that the calling foreman is in want of another gang, they rush forward in a stream towards the gate, though only six or eight at most can be hired out of the hundred or more that are waiting

vessels coming. It is a terrible proof how many of our population live on the very brink of starvation, and toil, like men in a leaky boat, only to keep off death.

In no single spot of London, not even at the Bank, could so vivid an impression of the vast wealth of England be obtained as at the Docks. Here roll casks of Burgundy, as they rolled in the reign of Edward III, on the eve of Poitiers; and there by their side are chests of tea, marked



ST. KATHARINE'S HOSPITAL.—THE BROTHERS' HOUSES IN 1751

there. Again the same mad fight takes place as in the morning.

If you put the vessels belonging to the port of London at 3,000, and the steamers at 250 or 300, and the crews of which at 35,000 men and boys, it will be seen that the dock labourers required must be very numerous. Mr. Mayhew calculated that beside the great wealth of our docks there flows a parallel current of misery: a single day's east wind sometimes deprives 2,500 dock labourers of a day's living. He puts the men of this class at about 12,000 (it is, perhaps, even more now), and proves that their wages collectively vary from £1,500 a day to £500, and that 8,000 men are even thrown out of employ by a wind that prevents

all over with eastern characters, fresh from an empire where no English factory existed till the year 1680, after many unsuccessful efforts to baffle Portuguese jealousy; and near them are bales of exquisite silk from Yokohama—a place hardly safe for Englishmen till 1865. So our commerce has grown like the Jin, who arose from the leaden bottle, till it has planted one foot on Cape Horn and another on the Northern Pole. "How long will it continue to grow?" says the mournful philosopher. Our answer is, "As long as honour and truthfulness are the base of English trade; as long as freedom reigns in England; as long as our religion is heart-felt, and our Saxon nature energetic, patient, brave, and self-reliant."

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE TOWER SUBWAY AND LONDON DOCKS.

London Apoplectic—Early Subways—The Tower Subway—London Breweries in the time of the Tudors—The West India, East India, and London Docks—A Tasting Order for the Docks—The "Queen's Pipe"—Curious "Treasure Trove."

It has long been a question with English engineers, whether, as the wealth and population of the City increase, London must not some day or other be double-decked. The metropolis is growing plethoric, to use a medical metaphor—it makes so much blood; and if something is not done, a stoppage must ensue. A person disposed to fat sometimes grows larger the more depletive his diet; so increased railways (like the Metropolitan) seem rather to increase than lessen the general traffic. When that undertaking was opened in 1863 it was feared that the omnibuses from Paddington and Hyde Park would be driven off the line, for in the first year the railway carried 9,500,000 passengers. A little later it carried nearly 40,000,000 passengers; and since it began it has carried 150,000,000 persons to and fro. Yet at the present moment there are more omnibuses on this line of route from the West to the City than there were when the railway started, and they are earning one penny per mile a day more than they were before it was opened. These facts seem almost astounding; but the surprise disappears when we remember the fact, that in dealing with London passenger traffic we are dealing with a population greater than that of all Scotland, and more than two-thirds that of all Ireland; a population, too, which increases in a progressive ratio of about 42,000 a year. But with all this increase of numbers, which literally means increase of difficulty in moving about, the great streets most frequented grow not an inch wider. Fleet Street and "Old Chepe" are nearly as narrow as in the days of Elizabeth, when the barrier stood at Ludgate; and Thames Street, which is no wider than it was in the days of Alfred, is congested with its traffic twelve hours out of the twenty-four.

A few years ago Mr. Barlow, a very practical engineer, came forward to meet this crying want, and offered, at a cost of £16,000, in less than a year, to bore a subway through the bed of the Thames. The idea was not a new one. As early as 1799 an attempt had been made to construct a tunnel under the Thames between Gravesend and Tilbury; and in 1804 a similar work was actually begun between Rotherhithe and Limehouse, but after proceeding 1,000 feet, broke in; fifty-four engineers of the day deciding that such a work not only would never commercially pay, but was also impracticable.

Brunel's scheme of the Thames Tunnel cost half a million of money, and took twenty-one years' labour to complete.

Mr. Barlow's tunnel, from Tower Hill to Tooley Street, was of course looked upon as chimerical. Mr. Barlow, with less ambition and genius, but more common sense and thriftiness than his great predecessor, took good care to remember that the crown of Brunel's arches, in some places, came within four feet of the river water. In the Tower subway the average distance preserved is thirty feet, and in no place is there less than eighteen feet of sound London clay between the arch and the tide-way. The cardinal principle of Mr. Barlow was to sink deep into the London clay, which is as impervious to water as stone, and in which no pumping would be required.

The works were begun on February 16, 1869, by breaking ground for the shaft on the north side of the river; in February, 1870, numerous visitors were conveyed from one shaft-head to the other. The tunnel commences, as we have said, at Tower Hill, where a hoarding encloses a small square of ground, not larger than an ordinary sitting-room, for which, however, the Government made the Company pay at the rate of about £240,000 an acre. In the centre of this is a little circular shaft, about fourteen feet diameter and sixty feet deep, and at the end of this, facing south, a clean, bright, vaulted chamber, which serves as a waiting-room. At the end of this chamber is the tunnel, a tube of iron not unlike the adit of a mine, which, in its darkness and silence, heightened by the knowledge that this grim-looking road runs down deeply below the bed of the river, gives it at first sight anything but an inviting appearance. The length of the whole tunnel is about 1,340 feet, or as nearly as possible about a quarter of a mile. From Tower Hill it runs in a south-west direction, and, passing under Barclay's brewery, opens under a shaft similar to that at entering, but only fifty feet deep, and out of this the passengers emerge within a few yards of Tooley Street, close to the railway station. From the Tower Hill shaft to the centre of the river the tunnel makes a dip of about one in thirty. From this point it rises again at the same incline to what we may call the Tooley Street station.

The method of constructing the tunnel, we need hardly remark, from its excessive cheapness, was simple in the extreme. It has been built in 18-inch lengths of cast-iron tubing, perfectly circular, each 18-inch circle being built up of three segments, with a key-piece at the top, which, fitting in like a wedge, holds the rest with the rigidity of a solid casting. The cast-iron shield used for excavation was less than two and a half tons weight. In front of the shield, which was slightly concave, was an aperture about two feet square, closed with a sliding iron water-tight door, and at the back of the shield were iron sockets, into which screw-jacks fitted, and, when worked by hand, forced the shield forward. The mode of advance was this. When a shaft on Tower Hill had been bored to a sufficient depth below the London clay, the shield was lowered and placed in its required position. The water-tight door we have spoken of as in the centre was then opened. Through this aperture sufficient clay, just of the consistency of hard cheese, was cut away by hand till a chamber was made large enough for a man, who entered and worked till there was room for two, and these soon made a circular space exactly the size of the shield and about two feet deep. This done, the miners came out, and with their screw-jacks forced the shield forward into the space which they had cut, but with the long telescope-like cap of the shield still over them. Under cover of this an 18-inch ring was quickly put in and bolted together; and while this was doing, the clay was being excavated from the front of the shield as before. Thus every eight hours, night and day, Sundays and week days, the shield went forward eighteen inches, and eighteen inches length of iron was added to the tube, which so advanced at the rate of 5 feet 4 inches every twenty-four hours.

The clay was so completely water-proof, that water had to be sent down to the workmen in cans to mix with the cement. No traces of fresh-water shells were found; but very large clay-stones and a great many sharks' teeth and marine shells. So perfect were Mr. Barlow's calculations, that the two opposite tunnels met within a quarter of an inch. The small interval between the iron and the clay was filled with blue lias cement, which coats the tube and protects it from oxidation. The gain to the East-end of London by this successful and cleverly executed undertaking is enormous, and the intercourse between the north and south banks of the Thames is greatly facilitated; and the conception has been seized upon by Mr. Bateman as the basis of his well-known suggestion for a submarine tube to carry a railway from England to France. The

Thames tube is 7 feet in clear internal diameter, and it originally carried a railway of 2 feet 6 inches gauge. On this railway formerly ran an omnibus capable of conveying twelve passengers. The omnibus was constructed of iron; it was light, but very strong, and ran upon eight wheels, and was connected with a rope of steel wire by means of a gripe that could be at any time tightened or relaxed at pleasure, and at each end of the tunnel this wire ran over a drum worked by means of a stationary engine.

If the carriage was stopped in the centre of the tunnel, the beat of the paddles of the steamers above could be heard, and even the hammering on board ships. In time there will be subways at Gravesend, Woolwich and Greenwich; and it has also been proposed to form one from St. George's Church in the Borough to Cannon Street. The Tower subway is now only used for foot-passengers, at a charge of one halfpenny.

On the river side, below St. Katharine's, says Pennant, on we hardly know what authority, stood, in the reign of the Tudors, the great breweries of London, or the "bere house," as it is called in the map of the first volume of the "*Civitates Orbis*." They were subject to the usual useful, yet vexatious, surveillance of the olden times; and in 1492 (Henry VII.) the king licensed John Merchant, a Fleming, to export fifty tuns of ale "called berre;" and in the same thrifty reign one Geoffrey Gate (probably an officer of the king's) spoiled the brew-houses twice, either by sending abroad too much beer unlicensed, or by brewing it too weak for the sturdy home customers. The demand for our stalwart English ale increased in the time of Elizabeth, in whose reign we find 500 tuns being exported at one time alone, and sent over to Amsterdam, probably, as Pennant thinks, for the use of our thirsty army in the Low Countries. The exportation then seems to have been free, except in scarce times, when it was checked by proclamation; but even then royal licences to brew could be bought for a consideration.

From the old brew-houses of Elizabeth in London, that have long since passed into dream-land, we must now guide our readers forward, under swinging casks and between ponderous wheels that seem to threaten instant annihilation, into the broad gateway of the London Docks, the most celebrated and central of all the semi-maritime brotherhood. The St. Katharine's Dock, with its twenty-four acres of water, can already accommodate 10,000 tons of goods, while the capital of the Company exceeds two million pounds. But all this dwindles into comparative insignificance

beside the leviathan docks we have now to describe, which grasp an extent of 100 acres, and offer harbour-room for 500 ships and 34,000 tons of goods; the capital of the Company amounting to the enormous amount of four millions. Yet these again are dwarfed by the West India Docks, their richer neighbours, which are three times as extensive as the London Docks, having an area of no less than 295 acres, with water to accommodate 1,400 vessels, and warehouse-room for 180,000 tons of merchandise; the capital of the Company is more than six millions of pounds, and the value of goods which have been on the premises at one time twenty millions. Lastly, the East India Docks occupy 32 acres, and afford warehouse-room for 15,000 tons of goods.

The London Docks, built by Rennie, were opened in 1805. In 1858 two new docks were constructed for the larger vessels now built, and they have 28 feet depth of water. The wool floors were enlarged and glass-roofed in 1850. The annual importation is 130,000 bales. The vast tea warehouse, with stowage for 120,000 chests of tea, was completed in 1845, at a cost of £100,000. Six weeks are allowed for unloading a ship: a farthing a ton per week is charged for the first two weeks, then a halfpenny per week per ton. The great jetty and sheds, built in 1839, cost £60,000.

"As you enter the dock," says Mr. Mayhew, in a pleasant picture of the scene, "the sight of the forest of masts in the distance, and the tall chimneys vomiting clouds of black smoke, and the many-coloured flags flying in the air, has a most peculiar effect; while the sheds with the monster wheels arching through the roofs look like the paddle-boxes of huge steamers. Along the quay you see, now men with their faces blue with indigo, and now gaugers with their long brass-tipped rule dripping with spirit from the cask they have been probing. Then will come a group of flaxen-haired sailors, chattering German; and next a black sailor, with a cotton handkerchief twisted turban-like round his head. Presently a blue-smocked butcher, with fresh meat and a bunch of cabbages in the tray on his shoulder; and shortly afterwards a mate, with green paroquets in a wooden cage. Here you will see sitting on a bench a sorrowful-looking woman, with new bright cooking tins at her feet, telling you she is an emigrant preparing for her voyage. As you pass along this quay the air is pungent with tobacco; on that, it overpowers you with the fumes of rum; then you are nearly sickened with the stench of hides and huge bins of horns; and shortly afterwards the atmosphere is fragrant with coffee and spice.

Nearly everywhere you meet stacks of cork, or else yellow bins of sulphur, or lead-coloured copper ore. As you enter this warehouse the flooring is sticky, as if it had been newly tarred, with the sugar that has leaked through the casks; and as you descend into the dark vaults, you see long lines of lights hanging from the black arches, and lamps flitting about midway. Here you sniff the fumes of the wine, and there the peculiar fungus-smell of dry rot; there the jumble of sounds as you pass along the dock blends in anything but sweet concord. The sailors are singing boisterous nigger songs from the Yankee ship just entering; the cooper is hammering at the casks on the quay; the chains of the cranes, loosed of their weight, rattle as they fly up again; the ropes splash in the water; some captain shouts his orders through his hands: a goat bleats from some ship in the basin; and empty casks roll along the stones with a heavy, drum-like sound. Here the heavily-laden ships are down far below the quay, and you descend to them by ladders; whilst in another basin they are high up out of the water, so that their green copper sheathing is almost level with the eye of the passenger; while above his head a long line of bowsprits stretches far over the quay, and from them hang spars and planks as a gang-way to each ship.

"This immense establishment is worked by from 1,000 to 3,000 hands, according as the business is either brisk or slack. Out of this number there are always 400 to 500 permanent labourers, receiving on an average 16s. 6d. per week, with the exception of coopers, carpenters, smiths, and other mechanics, who are paid the usual wages of those crafts. Besides these, there are many hundred—from 1,000 to 2,500—casual labourers, who are engaged at the rate of 2s. 6d. per day in the summer, and 2s. 4d. in the winter months. Frequently, in case of many arrivals, extra hands are hired in the course of the day, at the rate of 4d. an hour. For the permanent labourers a recommendation is required, but for the casual labourers no character is demanded. The number of the casual hands engaged by the day depends, of course, upon the amount of work to be done; and we find that the total number of labourers in the dock varies from 500 to 3,000 and odd. On the 4th of May, 1849, the number of hands engaged, both permanent and casual, was 2,794; on the 26th of the same month it was 3,012; and on the 30th it was 1,189. These appear to be the extreme of the variation for that year."

There are few Londoners with curiosity or leisure who have not at some time or other obtained "a

tasting order for the docks." To all but the most prudent that visit has led to the same inglorious result. First there is "a coy, reluctant, amorous delay," a shy refusal of the proffered goblet, gradually an inquiring sip, then another; next arises a curious, half-scientific wish to compare vintages; and after that a determination, "being in for it," to acquire a rapid, however shallow, knowledge of comparative ages and qualities. On that supervenes a garrulous fluency of tongue that leads to high-flown remembrances of Spanish and French towns, illustrated by the songs of the peasantry of various countries. Upon that follows a lassitude and mute melancholy, which continues till the cooper seems suddenly to turn a screw which has long been evidently loose, and shoots you out into the stupefying open air. The chief features of such a visit are gravely treated by a writer in *Household Words*:—

"Proceeding down the dock-yard," says the writer in question, "you see before you a large area literally paved with wine-casks, all full of the most excellent wines. On our last visit, the wine then covering the ground was delicious Bordeaux, as you might easily convince yourself by dipping a finger into the bung-hole of any cask; as, for some purpose of measurement or testing the quality, the casks were most of them open. This is, in fact, the great depôt of the wine of the London merchants, no less than 60,000 pipes being capable of being stored away in the vaults here. One vault alone, which formerly was seven acres, has now been extended under Gravel Lane, so that at present it contains upwards of twelve acres. These vaults are faintly lit with lamps, but, on going in, you are at the entrance accosted with the singular demand, 'Do you want a cooper?' Many people, not knowing its meaning, say, 'No, by no means.' The meaning of the phrase is, 'Do you want to taste the wines?' when a cooper accompanies you, to pierce the casks and give you the wine. Parties are every day, and all day long, making these exploratory and tasting expeditions. Every one, on entering, is presented with a lamp, at the end of a lath about two feet long, and you soon find yourselves in some of the most remarkable caving in the world. From the dark vaulted roof overhead, especially in one vault, hang strange figures, black as night, light as gossamer, and of a yard or more of length, resembling skins of beasts, or old shirts dipped in soot. They are fed to this strange growth by the fumes of the wine. For those who taste the wines the cooper bores the heads of the pipes, which are ranged throughout these vast cellars on either hand, in thousands and tens of thousands,

and draws a glassful. These glasses, though shaped as wine-glasses, resemble much more goblets in their size, containing each as much as several ordinary wine-glasses. What you do not drink is thrown upon the ground; and it is calculated that at least a hog-head a day is thus consumed."

In the centre of the great east vault of the wine cellars, you come to a circular building without any entrance; it is the root and foundation of the Queen's Pipe. Quitting the vault and ascending to the warehouse over it, you find that you are in the great tobacco warehouse, called the Queen's Warehouse, because the Government rent the tobacco warehouses here for £14,000 per annum. "This one warehouse has no equal," says a writer on the subject, "in any other part of the world; it is five acres in extent, and yet it is covered with a roof, the framework of which is of iron, erected, we believe, by Mr. Barry, the architect of the new Houses of Parliament, and of so light and skilful a construction, that it admits of a view of the whole place; and so slender are the pillars, that the roof seems almost to rest upon nothing. Under this roof is piled a vast mass of tobacco in huge casks, in double tiers—that is, two casks in height. This warehouse is said to hold, when full, 24,000 hog-heads averaging 1,200 pounds each, and equal to 30,000 tons of general merchandise. Each cask is said to be worth, duty included, £200, giving a sum total of tobacco in this one warehouse, when filled, of £4,800,000 in value! Besides this there is another warehouse of nearly equal size, where finer kinds of tobacco are deposited, many of them in packages of buffalo-hide, marked 'Giron,' and Manilla for cheroots, in packages of sacking lined with palmetto-leaves. There is still another warehouse for cigars, called the Cigar Floor, in which there are frequently 1,500 chests, valued at £100 each, at an average, or £150,000 in cigars alone."

The dock kiln, or "the Queen's Pipe," are objects of general curiosity not to be forgotten in our description of the London Docks. The kiln is the place where useless or damaged goods that have not paid duty are destroyed. It is facetiously called "the Queen's Pipe" by the Custom House clerks and tide-waiters.

"On a guide-post in the docks is painted in large letters, 'To the kiln.' Following this direction, you arrive at the centre of the warehouse, and at the Queen's Pipe. You enter a door on which are rudely painted the crown royal and the initials 'V. R.,' and find yourself in a room of considerable size, in the centre of which towers up the kiln, a furnace of the conical kind, like a glass-house or porcelain furnace; on the door of the furnace are again painted

the crown and the 'V. R.' Here you find in the furnace a huge mass of fire, and around are heaps of damaged tobacco, tea, and other articles, ready to be flung upon it. This fire never goes out day or night from year to year. There is an attendant who supplies it with its fuel as it can take it, and

some time ago set the chimney of the kiln on fire, is now rarely burnt; and strange are the things that sometimes come to this perpetually burning furnace. On one occasion, the attendant informed us he burnt 900 Australian mutton-hams. These were warehoused before the duty came off. The owner



THE TOWER SUBWAY.

men, during the day-time, constantly come laden with great loads of tobacco, cigars, and other stuff, condemned to the flames. Whatever is forfeited, and is too bad for sale, be it what it will, is doomed to the kiln. At the other docks damaged goods, we were assured, are buried till they are partly rotten, and then taken up and disposed of as rubbish or manure. Here the Queen's Pipe smokes all up, except the greater quantity of the tea, which, having

suffered them to remain till the duty ceased, in hopes of their being exempt from it; but this not being allowed, they were left till so damaged as to be unsaleable. Yet a good many, the man declared, were excellent; and he often made a capital addition to his breakfast from the roast that, for some time, was so odoriferously going on. On another occasion he burnt 13,000 pairs of condemned French gloves." (*Household Words*, ii. 357.)





THE THAMES TUNNEL (as it appeared when originally opened for traffic).

"In one department of the place," says the same writer, "often lie many tons of the ashes from the furnace, which are sold by auction, by the ton, to gardeners and farmers, as manure and for killing insects, to soap-boilers, and chemical manufacturers. In a corner are generally to be found piled cart-loads of nails, and other pieces of iron, which have been swept up from the floors, or which

have remained in the broken pieces of casks and boxes which go to the kiln. Those which have been sifted from the ashes are eagerly bought up by gunsmiths, sorted, and used in the manufacture of gun-barrels, for which purpose they are highly esteemed, as possessing a toughness beyond all other iron, and therefore calculated pre-eminently to prevent bursting."

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE THAMES TUNNEL, RATCLIFF HIGHWAY, AND WAPPING.

Sub river Tunnel in the Coal mining Districts—First Proposal for a Tunnel under the Thames—Its Commencement—A Dangerous Irruption—Brave Labourers—A Terrible Crisis—Narrow Escapes—The Last Irruptions—The Tunnel opened for Traffic—Ratcliff Highway—The Wild Beast Shop—The Marr and Williamson Murders—Swedenborg—Wapping—Hanging the Pirates in Chains—Townsend's Evidence—Capture of Jeffreys—Stag Hunting in Wapping—Boswell's Futile Exploration—The Fuchsia—Public-house Signs—Wapping Old Stairs—Shadwell and its Springs.

SUB-RIVER tunnels are not unfrequent in the coal-mining districts of the north of England. The beds of both the Tyne and the Wear are pierced in this manner; while at Whitehaven, and at the Botallack mines in Cornwall, the bed of the ocean has been penetrated for long distances, the tunnel at the former place extending upwards of a mile beneath the sea. At the close of the last century a North-country engineer proposed a sub-aqueous passage to connect North and South Shields, but the scheme was never carried out. The same gentleman then proposed the tunnel from Gravesend to Tilbury, mentioned by us in the preceding chapter; but it was soon abandoned as impracticable, as was also a Cornish miner's proposal to connect Rotherhithe with Limehouse.

In 1823, however, a bolder, more reckless, and far-seeing mind took up the project, and Mr. Brunel (backed by the Duke of Wellington and the eminent Dr. Wollaston) seriously submitted a plan of a tunnel to the public, and so practical a man soon obtained listeners. With his usual imaginative sagacity he had gone to Nature, and there found allies. The hard cylindrical shell of the soft-footed teredo (*Calamitas navium*, as Linnæus calls it), which eats its way, in small tubular tunnels, even through the tough timbers of men-of-war, had suggested to the great engineer a shield under which his workmen could shelter.

The communication between the Surrey shore and the Wapping side was most important, as the wharves for the coasting trade of England lay chiefly on the Surrey bank, and traffic had to be conveyed by carts to the Tower-side docks. In 1829, out of 887 wagons and 3,241 carts that passed

over London Bridge southwards, 480 of the first and 1,700 of the second were found to turn down Tooley Street. It was also ascertained that the 350 watermen of the neighbourhood took over the Thames no less than 3,700 passengers daily.

In 1824 a company was formed to construct a tunnel, and an Act of Parliament was obtained. The preliminary step was three parallel borings like cheese-tastings, made beneath the bed of the Thames, in the direction of the proposed tunnel. As to the level to be taken, Mr. Brunel consulted the geologists, who for once were not happy in their theories. They informed the engineer that below a certain depth a quicksand would be found and he must therefore keep above it, and as close as possible to the stratum of firm clay forming the bed of the river. The Tower Subway has since shown the absurdity of this theory, and the folly of not making preliminary experiments, however costly. If the tunnel had been begun in a different place, and at the deep level of the Tower Subway Mr. Brunel would have saved twenty years of labour, many lives, and about a quarter of a million of money.

In March, 1825, the laborious and for a long time unsuccessful work was begun, by erecting a round brick cylinder 42 feet high, 150 feet in circumference, and 150 feet distant from the river. The excavators then commenced on the inside, cutting away the earth, which was raised to the top of the shaft by a steam-engine placed there, which also relieved them from the water that occasionally impeded their progress. The engine raised 400 gallons a minute, and at a later stage served to draw carriages along the temporary tunnel railway

and also hoisted up and let down all things required by the masons. The bricklayers kept heightening their little circular fort as they themselves sank deeper in the earth. By this shaft Mr. Brunel congratulated himself he had evaded the bed of gravel and sand 26 feet deep, and full of land-water, which had annoyed his predecessors. When the shaft was sunk to its present depth of 65 feet, another shaft of 25 feet diameter was sunk lower; and at the depth of 80 feet the ground suddenly gave way, and sand and water were, as Mr. Saunders describes it, "blown up with some violence."

The tunnel itself was begun at the depth of 63 feet. Mr. Brunel proposed to make his tunnel 38 feet broad and 22½ feet high, leaving room within for two archways each 15 feet high, and each wide enough for a single carriage-way and a footpath. The wonderful teredo shield, a great invention for a special object, consisted of twelve separate divisions, each containing three cells, one above another. When an advance was required, the men in their cells pulled down the top poling-board defences, and cut away the earth about six inches; the poling-boards in each division below were then *seriatim* removed, and the same amount of earth removed, and then replaced. "Each of the divisions," says a describer of the shield, "was then advanced by the application of two screws, one at its head and one at its foot, which, resting against the finished brick-work of the tunnel, impelled the shield forward into the new-cut space. The other set of divisions then advanced." As the miners were at work at one end of the cells, the bricklayers at the other were busy as bees forming the brick walls of the tunnel, top, sides, and bottom, the crushing earth above being fended off by the shield till the bricklayers had finished. Following the shield was a rolling stage in each archway, for the assistance of the men in the upper cells.

The difficulties, however, from not keeping to the stiff, firm, and impervious London clay, proved almost insuperable, even to Mr. Brunel. The first nine feet of the tunnel, driven through firm clay, in the early part of the year 1826, were followed by a dangerously-loose watery sand, which cost thirty-two anxious days' labour. From March to September all went well, and 260 feet of the tunnel were completed. On the 14th of September Brunel prophesied an irruption of the river at the next tide. It came, but the precautions taken had rendered it harmless. By the 2nd of January, 1827, 350 feet were accomplished, but loose clay forced itself through the shield. In April, the bed of the river had to be explored in a diving-bell. Bags of clay were used to fill up depressions.

A shovel and hammer, accidentally left in the river, were afterwards found in the shield during an influx of loose ground, eighteen feet below. In May, however, came the long-expected disaster, chiefly caused by two vessels coming in at a late tide, and mooring just above the head of the tunnel, causing a great washing away of the soil round them. Mr. Beamish, the resident assistant engineer, thus graphically describes the irruption:—

"As the water," he writes, "rose with the tide, it increased in the frames very considerably between Nos. 5 and 6, forcing its way at the front, then at the back; Ball and Compton (the occupants) most active. About a quarter before six o'clock, No. 11 (division) went forward. Clay appeared at the back. Had it closed up immediately. While this was going forward my attention was again drawn to No. 6, where I found the gravel forcing itself with the water. It was with the utmost difficulty that Ball could keep anything against the opening. Fearing that the pumpers would now become alarmed, as they had been once or twice before, and leave their post, I went upon the east stage to encourage them, and to choose more shoring for Ball. Goodwin, who was engaged at No. 11, where indications of a run appeared, called to Rogers, who was in the act of working down No. 9, to come to his assistance. But Rogers, having his second poling (board) down, could not. Goodwin again called. I then said to Rogers, 'Don't you hear?' upon which he left his poling for the purpose of assisting Goodwin; but before he could get to him, and before I could get fairly into the frames, there poured such an overwhelming volume of water and sludge as to force them out of the frames. William Carps, a bricklayer, who had gone to Goodwin's assistance, was knocked down and literally rolled out of the frames on the stage, as though he had come through a mill-sluice, and would undoubtedly have fallen off the stage had I not caught hold of him, and with Rogers' assistance helped him down the ladder. I again made an attempt to get into the frames, calling upon the miners to follow; but all was dark (the lights at the frames and stage being all blown out), and I was only answered by the hoarse and angry sounds of Father Thames's roarings. Rogers (an old sergeant of the Guards), the only man left upon the stage, now caught my arm, and gently drawing me from the frames, said, 'Come away, pray, sir, come away; 'tis no use, the water is rising fast.' I turned once more; but hearing an increased rush at No. 6, and finding the column of water at Nos. 11 and 12 to be augmenting, I reluctantly descended. The cement casks, compo-boxes, pieces

of timber were floating around me. I turned into the west arch, where the enemy had not yet advanced so rapidly, and again looked towards the frames, lest some one might have been overtaken; but the cement casks, &c., striking my legs, threatened seriously to obstruct my retreat, and it was with some difficulty I reached the visitors' bar" (a bar so placed as to keep the visitors from the unfinished works), "where Mayo, Bertram, and others were anxiously waiting to receive me. . . . I was glad of their assistance; indeed, Mayo fairly dragged me over it. Not bearing the idea of so precipitate a retreat, I turned once more; but vain was the hope! The wave rolled onward and onward; the men retreated, and I followed. Met Gravatt coming down. Short was the question, and brief was the answer. As we approached I met I. [Isambard] Brunel. We turned round: the effect was splendid beyond description. The water as it rose became more and more vivid, from the reflected lights of the gas. As we reached the staircase a crash was heard, and then a rush of air at once extinguished all the lights. . . . Now it was that I experienced something like dread. I looked up the shaft, and saw both stairs crowded; I looked below, and beheld the overwhelming wave appearing to move with accumulated velocity.

"Dreading the effect of the reaction of this wave from the back of the shaft upon our staircase, I exclaimed to Mr. Gravatt, 'The staircase will blow up!' I. Brunel ordered the men to get up with all expedition; and our feet were scarcely off the bottom stairs when the first flight, which we had just left, was swept away. Upon our reaching the top, a bustling noise assailed our ears, some calling for a raft, others for a boat, and others again a rope; from which it was evident that some unfortunate individual was in the water. I. Brunel instantly, with that presence of mind to which I have been more than once witness, slid down one of the iron ties, and after him Mr. Gravatt, each making a rope fast to old Tillet's waist, who, having been looking after the packing of the pumps below the shaft, was overtaken by the flood. He was soon placed out of danger. The roll was immediately called—*not one absent.*"

The next step was to repair the hole in the river-bed. Its position being ascertained by the diving-bell, three thousand bags of clay, spiked with small hazel rods, were employed to effectually close it. In a few weeks the water was got under, and by the middle of August the tunnel was cleared of the soil that had washed in, and the engineer was able to examine his shattered fortifications. In all essentials the structure remained perfectly sound,

though a part of the brickwork close to the shield had been washed away to half its original thickness, and the chain which had held together the divisions of the shield had snapped like a cotton thread. The enemy—so powerless when kept at a distance, so irresistible at its full strength—had driven deep into the ground heavy pieces of iron belonging to the shield.

Amid all these dangers the men displayed great courage and perseverance. Brunel's genius had roused them to a noble and generous disregard of the opposing principles of nature. The alarms were frequent, the apprehension incessant. At any moment the deluge might come; and the men worked, like labourers in a dangerous coal mine, in constant terror from either fire or water. Now and then a report like a cannon-shot would announce the snap of some portion of the overstrained shield; sometimes there were frightened cries from the foremost workers, as the earth and water rushed in and threatened to sweep all before them. At the same time during these alarming irruptions, large quantities of carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen would burst into fire, and wrap the whole place in a sudden sheet of flame. Those who witnessed these explosions describe the effect of the fire dancing on the surface of the water as singularly beautiful. The miners and bricklayers, encouraged by the steadfast hand at the helm, got quite accustomed to these outbursts, and, at the shout of "Fire and water!" used to cry, "Light your pipes, my boys," reckless as soldiers in the trenches.

But still worse than these violent protests of Nature was a more subtle and deadly enemy. The air grew so thick and impure, especially in summer, that sometimes the most stalwart labourers were carried out insensible, and all the workmen suffered from headache, sickness, and cutaneous eruptions. It was a great struggle, nobly borne. They shared Brunel's anxieties, and were eager for a share of his fame, for he had inspired the humblest hodman with something of his own high impulse. "It was touching," writes a chronicler of the tunnel, "to hear the men speak of Brunel. As in their waking hours these men could have no thought but of the tunnel, so, no doubt, did the eternal subject constantly mingle with their dreams, and harass them with unreal dangers. One amusing instance may be mentioned. Whilst Mr. Brunel, jun., was engaged one midnight superintending the progress of the work, he and those with him were alarmed by a sudden cry of 'The water! the water!—wedges and straw here!' followed by an appalling silence. Mr. Brunel hastened to the spot, where the men were found perfectly safe. They had fallen fast

asleep from fatigue, and one of them had been evidently dreaming of a new irruption."

By January, 1828, the middle of the river had been reached, and no human life had yet been sacrificed. But, as if the evil principle had only retired to prepare for a fresh attack, a terrible crisis now came. "I had been in the frames," says Mr. Brunel, jun., in a letter written to the directors on the fatal Saturday, August 12th, 1828, "with the workmen throughout the whole night, having taken my station there at ten o'clock. During the workings through the night no symptoms of insecurity appeared. At six o'clock this morning (the usual time for shifting the men) a fresh set came on to work. We began to work the ground at the west top corner of the frame. The tide had just then begun to flow, and finding the ground tolerably quiet, we proceeded by beginning at the top, and had worked about a foot downwards, when, on exposing the next six inches, the ground swelled suddenly, and a large quantity burst through the opening thus made. This was followed instantly by a large body of water. The rush was so violent as to force the man on the spot where the burst took place out of the frame (or cell) on to the timber stage behind the frames. I was in the frame with the man; but upon the rush of the water I went into the next box, in order to command a better view of the irruption; and seeing there was no possibility of their opposing the water, I ordered all the men in the frames to retire. All were retiring except the three men who were with me, and they retreated with me. I did not leave the stage until those three men were down the ladder of the frames, when they and I proceeded about twenty feet along the west arch of the tunnel. At this moment the agitation of the air by the rush of the water was such as to extinguish all the lights, and the water had gained the height of the middle of our waists. I was at that moment giving directions to the three men, in what manner they ought to proceed in the dark to effect their escape, when they and I were knocked down and covered by a part of the timber stage. I struggled under water for some time, and at length extricated myself from the stage; and by swimming and being forced by the water, I gained the eastern arch, where I got a better footing, and was enabled, by laying hold of the railway rope, to pause a little, in the hope of encouraging the men who had been knocked down at the same time with myself. This I endeavoured to do by calling to them. Before I reached the shaft the water had risen so rapidly that I was out of my depth, and therefore swam to the visitors' stairs, the stairs of the workmen being occupied by

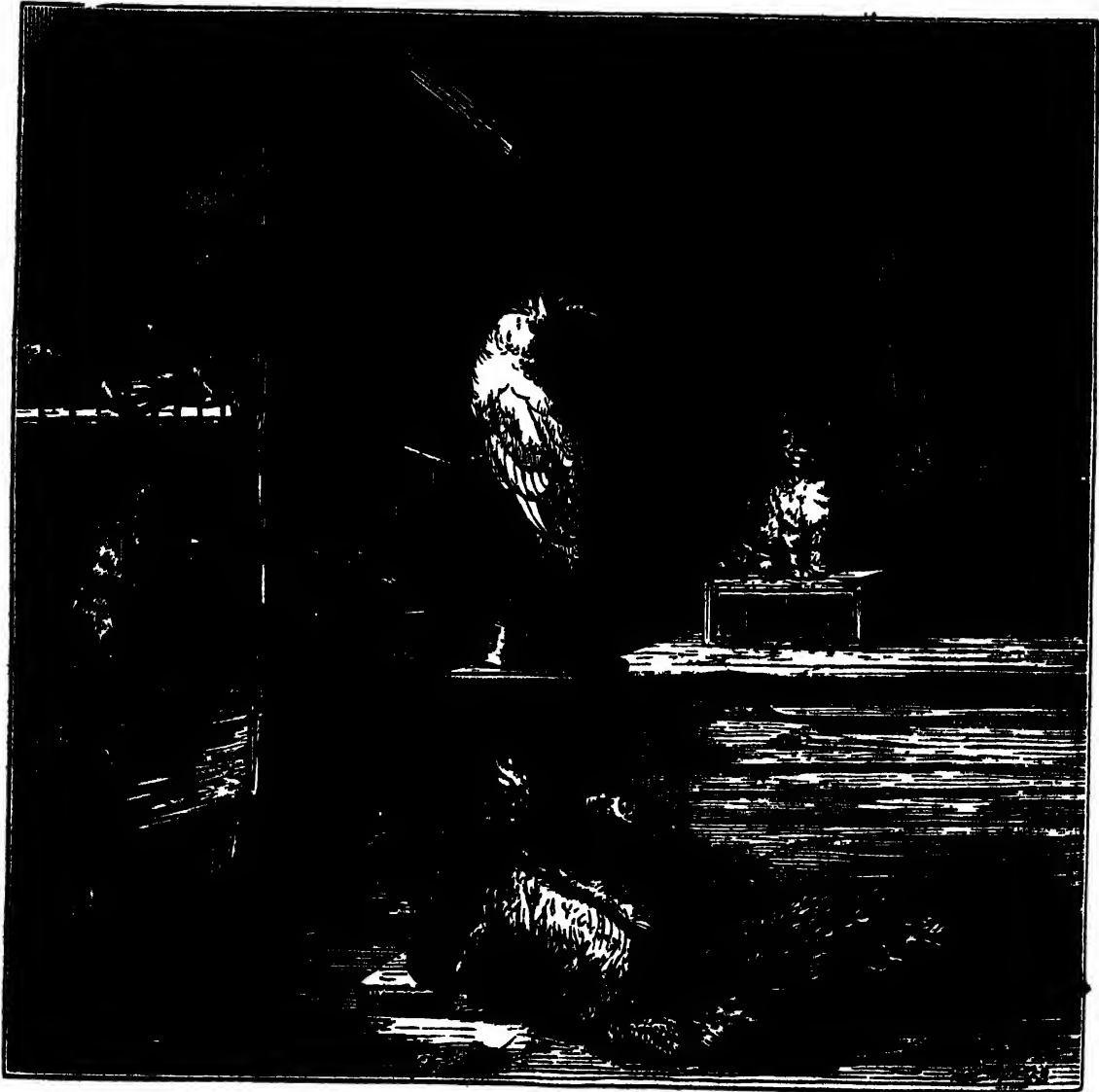
those who had so far escaped. My knee was so injured by the timber stage that I could scarcely swim or get up the stairs, but *the rush of the water carried me up the shaft*. The three men who had been knocked down with me were unable to extricate themselves, and I grieve to say they are lost, and, I believe, also two old men and one young man in other parts of the work."

This was a crisis indeed. The alarmists grew into a majority, and the funds of the company were exhausted. The hole in the river-bed was discovered by the divers to be very formidable; it was oblong and perpendicular, and measured about seven feet in length. The old mode of mending was resorted to. Four thousand tons of earth (chiefly clay, in bags) were employed to patch the place. The tunnel remained as substantial as ever, but the work was for seven years suspended. Brunel, whose tenacity of purpose was unshakable, was almost in a state of frenzy at this accident. So far his plan had apparently failed, but the engineer's star had not yet forsaken him. In January, 1835, the Government, after many applications, agreed to make some advances for the continuation of the work, and it was once more resumed with energy. The progress was at first very slow; for, of sixty-six weeks, two feet four inches only per week were accomplished during the first eighteen, three feet nine inches per week during the second eighteen, one foot per week during the third eighteen, and during the last twelve weeks only three feet four inches altogether. This will excite little surprise when we know, says a clever writer on the subject, that the ground in front of the shield was, from excessive saturation, almost constantly in little better than a fluid state; that an entire new and artificial bed had to be formed in the river in advance; and brought down by ingenious contrivances till it was deep enough to occupy the place of the natural soil where the excavation was to be made, and that then there must be time allowed for its settlement, whenever the warning rush of sand and water was heard in the shield. Lastly, owing to the excavation being so much below that of any other works around the tunnel, it formed a drain and receptacle for all the water of the neighbourhood. This was ultimately remedied by the sinking of the shaft on the Wapping side. Yet it was under such circumstances that the old shield injured by the last irruption was taken away and replaced by a new one. This was executed by Brunel without the loss of a single life. But now fresh difficulties arose: the expenditure had been so great that the Lords of the Treasury declined to make further advances without the sanction of Parliament. The

examination of Mr. Brunel and the assistant engineers before a Parliamentary Committee led, however, to favourable results, and the work was again renewed.

In August, 1837, a third irruption and several narrow escapes occurred. The water had gradu-

a platform constructed by Mr. Brunel in the east arch only a few weeks before. As the water still continued rising, after the men left, Mr. Page, the acting engineer, and four others, got into the boat, in order to reach the stages and see if any change had taken place; but after passing the 600 feet mark in



A WILD-BEAST SHOP. (See page 134.)

ally increased at the east corner, since two p.m. on the 23rd, rushing into the shield with a hollow roar, as though it fell through a cavity in the river-bed. A boat was then sent into the tunnel, to convey material to block up the frames. Notwithstanding, the water gained upon the men, and rapidly rose in the tunnel. About four p.m., the water having risen to within seven feet of the crown of the arch, it was thought wise for the men to retire, which they did with great courage, along

the tunnel the line attached to the boat ran out, and they returned to lengthen it. This accident saved their lives, for while they were preparing the rope the water surged up the arch ten or twelve feet. They instantly made their way to the shaft, and Mr. Page, fearing the men might get jammed in the staircase, called to them to go steadily; but they, misunderstanding him, returned, and could hardly be prevailed upon to go up. Had the line been long enough, all the persons in the boat must







have perished, for no less than a million gallons of water now burst into the tunnel in a single minute. The lower gas-lights were now under water, and the tunnel was almost in darkness. The water had now risen to within fifty feet of the entrance of the tunnel, and was advancing in a wave. As Mr. Page and his assistants arrived at the second landing of the visitors' stairs, the waves had risen up to the knees of the last man.

The next irruption was in November, 1837,

ground rushed in immediately, and knocked the men out of their cells, and they fled in a panic; but finding the water did not follow, they returned, and by great exertions succeeded in stopping the run, when upwards of 6,000 cubic feet of ground had fallen into the tunnel. The fall was attended with a noise like thunder, and the extinguishing of all the lights. At the same time, to the horror of Wapping, part of the shore in that place sank, over an area of upwards of 700 feet, leaving a



ST. DUNSTAN'S, STEPNEY (From a View taken in 1803)

when the water burst in about four in the morning, and soon filled the tunnel. Excellent arrangements had been made for the safety of the men, and all the seventy or more persons employed at the time escaped, but one—he alone did not answer when the roll was called; and some one remembered seeing a miner going towards the shield when all the rest were escaping. The fifth and last serious irruption occurred on March 6, 1838. It was preceded by a noise resembling thunder, but no loss of life occurred.

The last feeble struggle of the river against its persistent enemy was in April, 1840. About eight a.m., it being then low water, during a movement of the poling-boards in the shield, a quantity of gravel and water rushed into the frame. The

cavity on the shore of about thirty feet in diameter, and thirteen feet in depth. Had this taken place at high water, the tunnel would have been filled; as it was, men were sent over with bags of clay and gravel, and everything rendered secure by the return of the tide.

Sometimes sand, nearly fluid, would ooze through minute cracks between the small poling-boards in the shield, and leave large cavities in the ground in front. On one of these occasions the sand poured in all night, and filled the bottom of the shield. In the morning, on opening one of the faces, a hollow was discovered, eighteen feet long, six feet high, and six feet deep. This cavity was filled up with brickbats and lumps of clay. One of the miners was compelled to lay himself down in the

cavity, for the purpose of building up the further end, though at the risk of being buried alive.

At last, on the 13th of August, 1841, Sir Isambard Brunel passed down the shaft on the Wapping side of the Thames, and thence, by a small drift-way through the shield, into the tunnel, and emerged on the opposite side. The difficulties of the great work had at last been surmounted.

The tunnel measures 1,200 feet. The carriage-ways were originally intended to consist of an immense spiral road, winding twice round a circular excavation 57 feet deep, in order to reach the proper level. The extreme diameter of this spiral road was to be no less than 300 feet. The road itself was to have been 40 feet wide, and the descent very moderate. The tunnel is now turned into a part of the East London Railway, and forms a junction between the Great Eastern Railway and the various branches of the Brighton Railway on the south of the Thames.

Ratcliff Highway, now called St. George Street, is the Regent Street of London sailors, who, in many instances, never extend their walks in the metropolis beyond this semi-marine region. It derives its name from the manor of Ratcliffe in the parish of Stepney. Stow describes it as so increased in building eastward in his time that, instead of a large highway, "with fair elm-trees on both the sides," as he had known it, it had joined Limehurst or Lime host, corruptly called Limehouse, a mile distant from Ratcliffe. In Dryden's miscellaneous poems, Tom, one of the characters, remarks that he had heard a ballad about the Protector Somerset sung at Ratcliff Cross.

The wild-beast shops in this street have often been sketched by modern essayists. The yards in the neighbourhood are crammed with lions, byenas, pelicans, tigers, and other animals in demand among the proprietors of menageries. As many as ten to fifteen lions are often in stock at one time, and sailors come here to sell their pets and barter curiosities. The ingenious way in which animals are stored in these out-of-the-way places is well worth seeing.

Ratcliff Highway has not been the scene of many very memorable events. In 1811, however, it was startled by a series of murders that for a time struck all London with terror, and produced a deep conviction in the public mind that the old watchmen who then paraded the City were altogether insufficient to secure the safety of its inhabitants. Mr. Marr, the first victim, kept a lace and pelisse shop at No. 29, Ratcliff Highway. At about twelve at night on Saturday, December 7, 1811, he sent out his servant-girl to purchase some oysters for supper,

while he shut up the shop-windows. On the girl's return, in a quarter of an hour, she rang the bell, but obtained no answer. As she listened at the key-hole, she thought she could hear a person breathing at the same aperture; she therefore gave the alarm. On the shop being broken open, Mr. Marr was found dead behind the counter, Mrs. Marr and the shop-boy dead in another part of the shop, and a child murdered in the cradle. The murderer had, it was supposed, used a ship-mallet, and had evidently come in on pretence of purchasing goods, as Marr had been reaching down some stockings when he was struck. Very little if any money was missed from the till. Twelve days after, before the horror and alarm caused by these murders could subside, other crimes followed. On the 19th of December, Williamson, the landlord of the King's Arms public-house, Old Gravel Lane, Ratcliff Highway, with his wife, and female servant were also murdered. An apprentice who lodged at the house, coming down-stairs in alarm at hearing a door slam, saw the murderer stooping and taking the keys out of the pocket of Mrs. Williamson. The murderer heard him, and pursued him up-stairs; but the lad, fastening his sheets to a bed, let himself down out of window into the street. The murderer, a sailor named Williams, escaped, though the house was almost instantly surrounded; but was soon after captured at a sailors' boarding-house, where a knife stained with blood was afterwards found secreted. The wretch hanged himself in prison the night of his arrest. His body was placed on a platform in a high cart, with the mallet and ripping chisel, with which he had committed the murders, by his side, and driven past the houses of Marr and Williamson. A stake was then driven through his breast, and his carcase thrown into a hole dug for the purpose, where the New Road crosses and Cannon Street Road begins.

It was remembered afterwards by a girl to whom the murderer had been attached, that he had once asked her if she should be frightened if she awoke in the night and saw him standing with a knife by her bedside. The girl replied, "I should feel no fear, Mr. Williams, when I saw your face." Very little was discovered of the man's antecedents, but it is said that the captain of the East Indiaman in which he had sailed had predicted his speedy death by the gallows. These murders excited the imagination of De Quincey, the opium-eater, who wrote a wonderful though not strictly accurate version of the affair. Macaulay, writing of the alarm in England at the supposed murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, says, "Many of our readers can remember the state of London just after the

murder of Marr and Williamson; the terror which was on every face; the careful barring of doors; the providing of blunderbusses and watchmen's rattles. We know of a shopkeeper who on that occasion sold 300 rattles in about ten hours. Those who remember that panic may be able to form some notion of the state of England after the death of Godfrey."

In the Swedish Church, Princes Square, Ratcliff Highway, lies buried that extraordinary man, Emmanuel Swedenborg, who died in 1772, and after whom the Swedenborgians—or New Jerusalem Church—are called. The New Jerusalem Church was organised in 1787, fifteen years after the death of Swedenborg, by a few admirers of his writings.

We now come to Wapping, that nautical hamlet of Stepney, a long street extending from Lower East Smithfield to New Crane. It was begun in 1571, to secure the manor from the encroachments of the river, which had turned this part of the north bank of the Thames into a great wash or swamp; the Commissioners of Sewers rightly imagining that when building once began, the tenants would not fail to keep out the river, for the sake of their own lives and properties. Stow calls it Wapping-in-the-Wose, or Wash; and Strype describes it as a place "chiefly inhabited by seafaring men, and tradesmen dealing in commodities for the supply of shipping and shipmen."

It must have been a dirty, dangerous place in Stow's time, when it was chiefly remarkable as being the place of execution for pirates. Stow says of it—"The usual place for hanging of pirates and sea-rovers, at the low-water mark, and there to remain till three tides had overflowed them; was never a house standing within these forty years, but since the gallows being after removed farther off, a continual street, or filthy strait passage, with alleys of small tenements or cottages built, inhabited by sailor's victuallers, along by the river of Thames, almost to Radcliffe, a good mile from the Tower."

Pirates were hung at East Wapping as early as the reign of Henry VI., for in a "Chronicle of London," edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, we read that in this reign two bargemen were hung beyond St. Katharine's, for murdering three Flemings and a child in a Flemish vessel; "and there they hengen till the water had washed them by ebbing and flowyd, so the water bett upon them." And as late as 1735 we read in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "Williams the pirate was hanged at Execution Dock, and afterwards in chains at Bugsby's Hole, near Blackwall." Howell, in his

"Londinopolis," 1657, says, "From the Liberties of St. Katharine to Wapping, 'tis yet in the memory of man, there never was a house standing but the gallows, which was further removed in regard of the buildings. But now there is a continued street, towards a mile long, from the Tower all along the river, almost as far as Radcliffe, which proceedeth from the increase of navigation, mariners, and trafique." In one of those wild romantic plays of the end of the Shakespearean era, *Fortune by Land and Sea*, a tragi-comedy by Thomas Heywood and William Rowley, the writer fixes one scene near Execution Dock, where two pirates, called Purser and Clinton, are brought to die. (One of these men delivers himself of a grand rhapsody—

"How many captains that have aw'd the seas  
Shall fall on this unfortunate piece of land!  
So let the commanded islands; some to whom  
The Indian names paid tribute, the Turk vailed.

"But now our sun is setting; night comes on;  
The watery wilderness o'er which we reigned  
Proves in our ruins peaceful. Merchants trade,  
Fearless abroad as in the rivers' mouth,  
And free as in a harbour. Then, fair Thames,  
Queen of fresh water, famous through the world,  
And not the least through us, whose double tides  
Must overflow our bodies; and, being dead,  
May thy clear waves our scandals wash away,  
But keep our valours living."

The audience, no doubt, sympathised with these gallant filibusters, whose forays and piracies against Spain would be thought by many present very venial offences.

In 1816 Townsend, the celebrated Bow Street runner, was examined before a Committee of the House of Commons, on the decrease of highwaymen, and other questions connected with the police of the metropolis. He was particularly questioned as to the advantage of hanging men in chains. The sturdy old officer, with the memorable white hat, was strongly for the custom. "Yes," he said, "I was always of that opinion, and I recommended Sir William Scott to hang the two men that are hanging down the river. I will state my reason. We will take for granted that those men were hanged, as this morning, for the murder of those revenue officers. They are by law dissected. The sentence is that afterwards the body is to go to the surgeons for dissection. There is an end of it—it dies. But look at this. There are a couple of men now hanging near the Thames, where all the sailors must come up; and one says to the other, 'Pray, what are those two poor fellows there for?' 'Why,' says another, 'I will go and ask.' They ask. 'Why, these two men are hung and

gibbeted for murdering His Majesty's revenue officers.' And so the thing is kept alive."

In one of Hogarth's series of the Idle and Industrious Apprentices, the artist has introduced a man hanging in chains farther down the river; and a friend of the author remembers seeing a pirate hung in chains on the Thames bank, and a crow on his shoulder, pecking his flesh through the iron netting that enclosed the body.

Wapping, it will be remembered, was in 1688 the scene of the capture of the cruel minister of James II., Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, who, trying to make his escape in the disguise of a common seaman, was surprised in a mean ale-house, called the "Red Cow," in Anchor-and-Hope Alley, near King Edward's Stairs, in Wapping. He was recognised by a poor scrivener, whom he had once terrified when in his clutches, as he was lolling out of window, confident in his security. The story of his capture is related with much vividness and unction by Macaulay:—

"A scrivener," says the historian, "who lived at Wapping, and whose trade was to furnish the seafaring men there with money at high interest, had some time before lent a sum on bottomry. The debtor applied to equity for relief against his own bond, and the case came before Jeffreys. The counsel for the borrower, having little else to say, said that the lender was a trimmer. The chancellor instantly fired. 'A trimmer! Where is he? Let me see him. I have heard of that kind of monster. What is it made like?' The unfortunate creditor was forced to stand forth. The chancellor glared fiercely on him, stormed at him, and sent him away half dead with fright. 'While I live,' the poor man said, as he tottered out of the court, 'I shall never forget that terrible countenance.' And now the day of retribution had arrived. The 'trimmer' was walking through Wapping, when he saw a well-known face looking out of the window of an ale-house. He could not be deceived. The eyebrows, indeed, had been shaved away. The dress was that of a common sailor from Newcastle, and was black with coal-dust; but there was no mistaking the savage eye and mouth of Jeffreys. The alarm was given. In a moment the house was surrounded by hundreds of people, shaking bludgeons and bellowing curses. The fugitive's life was saved by a company of the Trainbands; and he was carried before the Lord Mayor. The mayor was a simple man, who had passed his whole life in obscurity, and was bewildered by finding himself an important actor in a mighty revolution. The events of the last twenty-four hours, and the perilous state of the city which was under his charge, had disordered his

mind and his body. When the great man, at whose frown, a few days before, the whole kingdom had trembled, was dragged into the justice-room begrimed with ashes, half dead with fright, and followed by a raging multitude, the agitation of the unfortunate mayor rose to the height. He fell into fits, and was carried to his bed, whence he never rose. Meanwhile, the throng without was constantly becoming more numerous and more savage. Jeffreys begged to be sent to prison. An order to that effect was procured from the Lords who were sitting at Whitehall; and he was conveyed in a carriage to the Tower. Two regiments of militia were drawn out to escort him, and found the duty a difficult one. It was repeatedly necessary for them to form, as if for the purpose of repelling a charge of cavalry, and to present a forest of pikes to the mob. The thousands who were disappointed of their revenge pursued the coach with howls of rage to the gate of the Tower, brandishing cudgels, and holding up halters full in the prisoner's view. The wretched man meantime was in convulsions of terror. He wrung his hands, he looked wildly out, sometimes at one window, sometimes at the other, and was heard, even above the tumult, crying, 'Keep them off, gentlemen! For God's sake, keep them off!' At length, having suffered far more than the bitterness of death, he was safely lodged in the fortress, where some of his most illustrious victims had passed their last days, and where his own life was destined to close in unspeakable ignominy and terror."

Styrie records the fact that on July 24, 1629, King Charles I., having hunted a stag all the way from Wanstead, in Essex, ran him down at last, and killed him in Nightingale Lane, "in the hamlet of Wapping, in a garden belonging to a man who had some damage among his herbs, by reason of the multitude of people there assembled suddenly."

Dr. Johnson, in one conversation with that excellent listener, Boswell, talked much of the wonderful extent and variety of London, and observed that men of curious inquiry might see in it such modes of life as only few could imagine. "He in particular," says Boswell, "recommended us to 'explore' Wapping, which we resolved to do. We accordingly carried our scheme into execution in October, 1792; but, whether from that uniformity which has in modern times to a great degree spread through every part of the metropolis, or from our want of sufficient exertion, we were disappointed."

Joseph Ames, that well-known antiquary and lover of old books, who wrote "Typographical Antiquities, or the History of Printing in England," was a



ship-chandler in a humble alley of Wapping, where he died in 1758. This worthy old student is described as a person of vast application and industry in collecting old printed books and prints, and other curiosities, both natural and artificial. His curious notices of Caxton's works, and of very rare early books, were edited and enlarged, first by Herbert, and lastly by that enthusiastic bibliomaniac, T. F. Dibdin. Another celebrated native of Wapping was John Day, a block and pump maker, who originated that popular festivity, Fairlop Fair, in Hainault Forest.

Amongst the ship and boat builders of Wapping, the rope makers, biscuit bakers, mast, oar, and block makers, many years ago, a prying rascal observed in a small window a pretty West Indian flower, which he purchased. It proved to be a fuchsia, which was then unknown in England. The flower became popular, and 300 cuttings from it were the next year sold at one guinea each.

Among the thirty-six taverns and public-houses in Wapping High Street and Wapping Wall, says Mr Timbs, are the signs of the "Ship and Pilot," "Ship and Star," "Ship and Punchbowl," "Union Flag and Punchbowl," the "Gun," "North American Sailor," "Golden Anchor," "Anchor and Hope," the "Ship," "Town of Ramsgate," "Queen's Landing," "Ship and Whale," the "Three Mariners," and the "Prospect of Whitby."

Between 288 and 304, Wapping, are Wapping Old Stairs, immortalised by Dibdin's fine old song,

" 'Your Molly has never been false,' she declares,  
'Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs.' "

Going still further east we come to Shadwell, which, like Wapping, was a hamlet of Stepney, till 1669, when it was separated by Act of Parliament. It derives its name, it is supposed by Lysons, from a spring dedicated to St. Chad. Its extent is very small, being only 910 yards long, and 760 broad. In Lysons' time, the only land in the parish not built on was the Sun Tavern Fields, in which were rope-walks, where cables were made, from six to twenty-three inches in girth; the rest of the parish was occupied by ships' chandlers, biscuit bakers, ship-builders, mast makers, sail-makers, and anchor-smiths. The church of St. Paul was built in the year 1656, but it was not consecrated till 1671. It was rebuilt in 1821 on the old site. There were waterworks established in Shadwell by Thomas Neale, Esq., in 1669.

About 1745 a mineral spring, which was called Shadwell Spa, was discovered by Walter Berry, Esq., when sinking a well in Sun Tavern Fields. It was said to be impregnated with sulphur, vitriol, steel, and antimony. A pamphlet was written by Dr. Linden, in 1749, to prove it could cure every disease. The water was found useful in cutaneous diseases. It was then employed for extracting salts, and for preparing a liquor with which the calico-printers fix their colours. The waters of another mineral spring in Shadwell resemble those of the postern spring on Tower Hill. Cook's almshouses at Shadwell are mentioned by the local historians.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### STEPNEY.

Derivation of the Name—Noble Families in Stepney—An Attack of the Plague—The Parish Church—Monuments—"The Cruel Knight"—Sir John I cake—Celebrated Incumbents—Colet—Pace—Roger Crib, "The English Hermit"—Dissenting Congregation at Stepney—Greenhill—Mead—Shadwell—Stepney "Parishioners."

AT Stepney, two and a half miles east of St. Paul's Cathedral, we reach the eastern boundary of the radius we have defined for our work. This parish was anciently called Stūbenhede, Stebenhythe, or Stebunhethē. In 1299, probably because it was an out-of-the-way nook, between marshes and the river, it was the seat of a parliament summoned by Edward I. to meet at the mansion house of Henry Walleis, then Mayor of London. At an early date the manor was held by the Bishops of London, who had a palace, called Bishop's Hall, now in the parish of Bethnal Green. In the fourteenth century John de Pulteney, who was four times Mayor of London, owned property in this parish. From

the reign of Edward I. various injunctions were made at Stepney to prevent the frequent floods from the Thames, to inquire into the state of the banks and ditches, and to prevent all negligent tenants and delinquents.

Alienated by Bishop Ridley, the manor of Stepney was given by Edward VI. to the Wentworths. From Lord Wentworth it descended to Thomas, Earl of Cleveland, whose estates were confiscated in 1652, when Sir William Ellis, Cromwell's solicitor, was made steward of the manor, a place then valued at £200 per annum. After the Restoration the Earl of Cleveland recovered his manor, which continued in his family till the year 1720, when

it was sold by the representatives of Philadelphia, Lady Wentworth, to John Wicker, Esq., whose son alienated it to his brother-in-law Sir George Colebrooke in the year 1754. In 1664, Charles II., at the Earl of Cleveland's request, instituted a weekly court of record at Stepney, and a weekly market at Ratcliffe Cross, afterwards transferred to Whitechapel, and an annual Michaelmas fair at Mile End Green, afterwards transferred to Bow. In the first year of Charles I., Stepney was ravaged by

of the Marquis of Worcester's house, where the famous Dr. Meade was born in 1673.

The parish church, dedicated to St. Dunstan and All Saints, was built in the fourteenth century. It has a low broad tower, strengthened with buttresses, and surmounted by a turret and dome. In it was buried the illustrious Sir Thomas Spert, Comptroller of the Navy in the time of Henry VIII., commander of the *Harry Grâce de Dieu*, and the founder of the Trinity House. Here also



OLD GATEWAY AT STEPNEY. (From a View published by N. Smith, 1791.)

the plague, which had broken out from time to time in London since Elizabeth's reign. This terrible disease carried off here 2,978 persons. At the commencement of the Civil War, Stepney, then a mere flat, extending to Blackwall, was strongly fortified for the defence of the City. In 1665 the plague again broke out in Stepney, and with such terrible effect that it swept off 6,583 persons in one year, besides 116 sextons and gravediggers. In 1794 a fire consumed more than half the hamlet of Ratcliffe, and spread to the shipping in the river. Stepney had a traditional reputation for healthiness till the cholera of 1849 and 1866, when many cases occurred in the neighbourhood. The Stratford College, founded in 1826, was built on the site

a writer to the *Spectator* discovered that remarkably absurd epitaph—

"Here Thomas Saffin lies interred—ah, why?  
Born in New England did in London die.  
Was the third son of eight, begot upon  
His mother Martha by his father John.  
Much favoured by his prince he 'gan to be,  
But nipt by death at th' age of twenty-three.  
Fatal to him was that we small-pox name,  
By which his mother and two brethren came  
Also to breathe their last, nine years before,  
And now have left their father to deplore  
The loss of all his children, with his wife,  
Who was the joy and comfort of his life.

Deceased, June 18, 1687."

"On the outside of Stepney Church," says Lysons, "over the south porch, is a representation of the



PETTICOAT LANE (See p. 244)

Crucifixion, rudely carved; and on the west wall, an imperfect *basso relievo* (not better executed) of a figure adoring the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus. Within the west porch is a stone, on which are these lines:—

“Of Carthage wall I was a stone,  
O mortals read with pity!  
Time consumes all, it spareth none,  
Man, mountain, town, nor city.  
Therefore, O mortals! now bethink  
You whereunto you must,  
Since now such stately building,  
Lies buried in the dust.

Thomas Hughes, 1663.”

“On the east wall of the chancel (on the outside),” says the same author, “is the monument of Dame Rebecca Berry, wife of Thomas Elton, of Stratford Bow, and relict of Sir John Berry, 1696. The arms on this monument are—Paly of six, on a bend three mullets (Elton) impaling, a fish, and in the dexter chief point an annulet between two bends wavy. This coat of arms has given rise to a tradition that Lady Berry was the heroine of a popular ballad called ‘The Cruel Knight; or, Fortunate Farmer’s Daughter;’ the story of which is briefly this:—A knight, passing by a cottage, hears the cries of a woman in labour; his knowledge in the occult sciences informs him that the child then born was destined to be his wife. He endeavours to elude the decrees of fate, and avoid so ignoble an alliance, by various attempts to destroy the child, which are defeated. At length, when grown to woman’s state, he takes her to the sea-side, intending to drown her, but relents; at the same time throwing a ring into the sea, he commands her never to see his face again, on pain of instant death, unless she can produce that ring. She afterwards becomes a cook, and finds the ring in a cod-fish, as she is dressing it for dinner. The marriage takes place, of course. The ballad, it must be observed, lays the scene of this story in Yorkshire. The incident of the fish and ring occurs in other stories, and may be found in the ‘Arabian Nights’ Entertainments.”

Amongst the epitaphs in Stepney Church is that to Sir John Leake, 1720:—

“To the memory of the Honourable Sir John Leake, Knt., Rear-Admiral of Great Britain, Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of Her late Majesty Queen Anne’s fleet, and one of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. Departed this life the 21st of August, 1720, ætāt 64 years, 1 month, 17 days; who, anno 1689, in the *Dartmouth*, by engaging Kilmore Castle, relieved the city of Londonderry, in Ireland; also, anno 1702, with a squadron at Newfoundland, he took and destroyed fifty-one sail of French, together with all their settlements. Anno 1704 he forced the van of the French fleet at the Malaga engagement; relieved Gibraltar twice,

burning and taking thirteen sail of French men-of-war. Likewise, anno 1706, relieved Barcelona, the present Emperor of Germany besieged therein by Philip of Spain, and took ninety sail of corn-ships; the same year taking the cities of Carthage and Alicant, with the islands of Ivica, Majorca, Sardinia, and Minorca.”

This celebrated officer was son of Captain Richard Leake, Master Gunner of England; he was born at Rotherhithe, in the year 1656. Whilst a captain he distinguished himself in several engagements. In Queen Anne’s reign he was five times Admiral of the Fleet, and commanded with such undeviating success, that he acquired the appellation of “the brave and fortunate.” On the accession of George I. he was dismissed from all employ, and retired into private life. The veteran died in 1720, and was buried in a family vault in Stepney Church. His son, Captain Richard Leake, who died a few months before him, seems to have been a worthless profligate, who married disgracefully, ran through his money, and then lived on his father. His nativity had, it is said, been cast by his grandfather, who pronounced that he would be very vicious, very fortunate, so far as prize-money was concerned, and very unhappy.

The living of Stepney was held by Archbishop Segrave, and by Bishop Fox, the founder of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Of the Stepney district churches St. Philip’s is said to have been the first district Gothic church built in the east of London. It was erected in 1829, at a cost of £7,000. There are also a synagogue and Jews’ burial-ground at Stepney, and numerous almshouses and hospitals, such as Deacon’s City Paupers’ House, the German and Portuguese Jews’ Hospitals, Drapers’ Hospital, Trinity Almshouses, Gibson’s, or Cooper’s Almshouses.

In 1372 the rectory of Stepney was valued at sixty marks a year, and the vicarage at twelve. In the Parliamentary survey, taken in 1650, the vicarage is set down at the value of £70 per annum. The ancient rectory stood near the east end of the church; and in Lysons’ time the brick wall which enclosed the site still remained.

Colet, the founder of St. Paul’s School, and the sworn friend of Erasmus, was vicar here, and still resided in Stepney after being made Dean of St. Paul’s. Sir Thomas More, writing to him, then abroad, says, “If the discommodities of the City offend you, yet may the country about your parish of Stepney afford you the like delights to those which that affords you wherein you now keepe.” The dean’s house was at the north end of White Horse Street, Ratcliffe. Upon his founding St. Paul’s School he gave it to the head-master as a country residence; but Stepney having in a great

measure lost its rural delights, the masters have not resided there for many years. The site (now two messuages called Colet Place) was, in Lysons' time, still let for their advantage. In the front was a bust of the dean.

Richard Pace, who was presented to the vicarage in 1519, had been in the service of Cardinal Bainbridge, who having recommended him at Court, the king had made him Secretary of State, and employed him in matters of the highest importance. He was afterwards made Dean of St. Paul's, but kept the vicarage till 1527, when he was sent as ambassador to Venice. Whilst there he either thwarted some plan of Wolsey, or did not lend himself enough to the ambitious schemes of that proud cardinal, for he fell into dis-grace, and at his return was thrown into the Tower for two years. These misfortunes affected his brain, and he suffered from mental disease, from which he never wholly recovered. After his release he retired to Stepney, where he died in 1532, and was buried in the church, near the great altar. Erasmus, who was a friend of Pace, speaks highly of his amiable character, his pleasant manner, and his integrity. He wrote a book on the unlawfulness of King Henry's marriage with the widow of his brother Arthur, a Preface to Ecclesiastes, and some Latin epistles and sermons. William Jerome, presented to the vicarage of Stepney in 1537, was executed in 1540 on a charge of heresy.

Roger Crab, gent., one of the old celebrities of Bethnal Green, and who was buried at Stepney, September 14, 1680, was one of the eccentric characters of the seventeenth century. The most we know of him is from a pamphlet, now very rare, written principally by himself, and entitled, "The English Hermit; or, the Wonder of the Age." It appears from this publication that he had served seven years in the Parliamentary army, and had his skull cloven to the brain in their service; for which he was so ill requited that he was once sentenced to death by the Lord Protector, and afterwards suffered two years' imprisonment. When he had obtained his release he set up a shop at Chesham as a haberdasher of hats. He had not been long settled there before he began to imbibe a strange notion, that it was a sin against his body and soul to eat any sort of flesh, fish, or living creature, or to drink wine, ale, or beer. Thinking himself at the same time obliged to follow literally the injunction to the young man in the Gospel, he quitted business, and disposing of his property, gave it to the poor, reserving to himself only a small cottage at Ickenham, where he resided, and a rood of land for a garden, on the produce of

which he subsisted at the expense of three farthings a week, his food being bran, herbs, roots, dock-leaves, mallows, and grass; his drink, water. How such an extraordinary change of diet agreed with his constitution the following passage from his pamphlet will show, and give, at the same time, a specimen of the work:—"Instead of strong drinks and wines, I give the old man a cup of water; and instead of roast mutton and rabbits, and other dainty dishes, I give him broth thickened with bran, and pudding made with bran and turnip-leaves chopt together, and grass; at which the old man (meaning my body), being moved, would know what he had done, that I used him so hardly; then I show'd him his transgression: so the warres began; the law of the old man in my fleshly members rebelled against the law of my mind, and had a shrewd skirmish; but the mind, being well enlightened, held it so that the old man grew sick and weak with the flux, like to fall to the dust; but the wonderful love of God, well pleased with the battle, raised him up again, and filled him full of love, peace, and content of mind, and he is now become more humble; for now he will eat dock-leaves, mallows, or grass." The pamphlet was published in 1655. Prefixed to it is a portrait of the author, cut in wood, which, from its rarity, bears a very high price. Over the print are these lines—

"Roger Crab that feeds on herbs and roots is here;

But I believe Diogenes had better cheer.

*Rara avis in terris."*

A passage in this man's epitaph seems to intimate that he never resumed the use of animal food. It is not one of the least extraordinary parts of his history that he should so long have subsisted on a diet which, by his own account, had reduced him almost to a skeleton in 1655. It appears that he resided at Bethnal Green at the time of his decease. A very handsome tomb was erected to his memory in the churchyard at this place, which being decayed, the ledger-stone was placed in the pathway leading across the churchyard to White Horse Street. Strype says of the man, "This Crab, they say, was a Philadelphian, a sweet singer."

A congregation of Protestant Dissenters was established in Stepney in the year 1644 by William Greenhill, who was afterwards vicar of Stepney. He was ejected soon after the Restoration, and was succeeded by Matthew Mead. This eminent Puritan divine was appointed to the cure of the new chapel at Shadwell by Cromwell, but in 1662, being ejected for nonconformity, succeeded Greenhill as pastor of the Dissenting congregation at Stepney. In 1683, being accused of being privy to the Rye House Plot, he fled to Holland till the

danger was over. He was author of the "Young Man's Remembrancer," "The Almost Christian Tried and Cast," "The Good of Early Obedience," "A Sermon on Ezekiel's Wheels," and several other single sermons. His son Richard, the celebrated physician, who for nearly half a century was at the head of his profession, author of several valuable medical treatises, and possessor of one of the most valuable collection of books, MSS., antiques, paintings, &c., that ever centered in a private individual, was born at Stepney, in the apartments over the ancient brick gateway opposite the rectory, August 11th, 1673. He first began practice in 1696, at his native place, in the very house where he was born, and met with that success which was a prognostic of his future eminence. Dr. Mead died in the year 1754, and was buried in the Temple Church. The meeting-house was erected in 1674 for Mr. Mead, who, in the ensuing year, instituted the May-day sermons, for the benefit of young persons.

Shadwell was separated from the parish of Stepney in the year 1669; St. George's-in-the-East, in the year 1727; Spitalfields, in 1729; Limehouse, in 1730; Stratford-Bow, the same year; and Bethnal Green, in 1743.

Sir Thomas Lake, who was afterwards Secretary of State to James I., resided at Stepney in 1595; Isabel, Countess of Rutland, had a seat there in

1596; Nathaniel Bailey, author of the useful and well-known English Dictionary, "An Account of London," and other works, lived at Stepney; Capt. Griffiths, an ancient Briton, who, by the gallant and extraordinary recovery of his fishing-boat from a French frigate, attracted the notice of King William IV., and became afterwards captain of a man-of-war, was an inhabitant of Stepney, and was buried there. He was known by the name of "Honour and Glory Griffiths," from the circumstance, it is said, of his addressing his letters to "their Honours and Glories at the Admiralty." There was also at Stepney, in Lysons' time, an old gateway of a large mansion that once belonged to Henry, the first Marquis of Worcester. An engraving of this very interesting specimen of old brickwork will be found on page 138.

It is an old tradition of the East End of London that all children born at sea belong to Stepney parish. The old rhyme runs—

"He who sails on the wide sea  
Is a parishoner of Stepney."

This rather wide claim on the parochial funds has often been made by paupers who have been born at sea, and who used to be gravely sent to Stepney from all parts of the country; but various decisions of the superior courts have at different times decided against the traditional law.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### WHITECHAPEL

*Strype's Account*—Mention of Whitechapel by Beaumont and Fletcher and Defoe—St. Mary Matfilion—Its Great Antiquity—Old Religious Customs—"Judas the Traitor"—Burials at Whitechapel—The Executioner of Charles I. Rosemary Lane—Petticoat Lane and the Old Clothes Sales—Poverty in Whitechapel—The London Hospital—The Danish Church—The Sailors' Home—Goodman's Fields Theatre.

"WHITECHAPEL," says Strype, "is a spacious fair street, for entrance into the City eastward, and somewhat long, reckoning from the laystall east unto the bars west. It is a great thoroughfare, being the Essex road, and well resorted unto, which occasions it to be the better inhabited, and accommodated with good inns for the reception of travellers, and for horses, coaches, carts, and wagons."

Whitechapel is mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher, in their *Knight of the Burning Pestle*. "March fair, my hearts!" says Ralph. "Lieutenant, beat the rear up! Ancient, let your colours fly; but have a great care of the butchers' hooks at Whitechapel; they have been the death of many a fair ancient" (ensign).

"I lived," says Defoe, in his "Memoirs of the

Plague," "without Aldgate, about midway between Aldgate Church and Whitechapel Bars, on the left-hand or north side of the street; and as the distemper had not reached to that side of the City, our neighbourhood continued very easy; but at the other end of the town the consternation was very great, and the richer sort of people, especially the nobility and gentry from the west part of the City, thronged out of town with their families and servants in an unusual manner; and this was more particularly seen in Whitechapel—that is to say, the broad street where I lived."

Although the church of St. Mary, Whitechapel, was at first only a chapel of ease to Stepney, it is of great antiquity, since there is record of Hugh de Fulbourne being rector there in the year 1329. As



early as the 21st of Richard II., according to Stow, the parish was called *Villa beatæ Mariæ de Matfellow*, a name the strangeness of which has given rise to many Whitechapel legends. According to Stow, the name of Matfellow was given it about the year 1428 (6th Henry VI.), from the following circumstance:—A devout widow of the parish had long time cherished and brought up of alms a certain Frenchman or Breton born, who most "unkindly and cruelly," by night, murdered the said widow as she slept in her bed, and afterwards flew with such jewels and other stuff of hers as he might carry; but was so freshly pursued, that for fear he took sanctuary in the church of St. George, Southwark, and challenging the privileges there, abjured the king's land. Then the constable, in charge of him brought him into London to convey him eastward, but as soon as he was come into Whitechapel, the wives there cast upon him so many missiles and so much filth, that notwithstanding all the resistance of the constables, they slew him out of hand; and for this feat, it was said, the parish purchased the name of St. Mary Matfellow.

Now, that this event may have occurred in the reign of Henry VI. is very probable; but as the parish was called Matfellow more than a hundred years before, it is very certain that the name of Matfellow did not arise from this particular felon. Strype thinks that the word Matfellow is somehow or other derived from the Hebrew or Syriac word "Matfel," which signifies a woman recently delivered of a son—that is, to the Virgin, recently delivered. Perhaps the church may have been dedicated to "Mary matri et filio," which in time was corrupted into Matfellow. The name of the White Chapel was probably given the new chapel in admiration of its stateliness, or from the white-wash that even in the Middle Ages was frequently used by builders.

The inhabitants of this parish, says Strype, were anciently bound, annually, at the feast of Pentecost, to go in a solemn procession to the cathedral church of St. Paul's, in the City of London, to make their oblations, as a testimony of their obedience to the Mother Church; but upon the erection of the conventual church of St. Peter, Westminster, into a cathedral, and the county of Middlesex appropriated by Henry VIII. for its diocese, of which this parish being a part, the inhabitants were obliged to repair annually to St. Peter's, as they formerly did to St. Paul's; which practice proving very troublesome, and of no service, Thomas Thirlby, bishop of the new see, upon their petition, agreed to ease them of that trouble, provided the rector and churchwardens

would yearly, at the time accustomed, repair to his new cathedral, and there, in the time of Divine service, offer at the high altar the sum of fifteen pence, as a recognition of their obedience.

The street, or way, says Strype, leading from Aldgate to Whitechapel Church, remaining in its original unpaved state, it became thereby so very bad that the same was almost rendered impassable, not only for carriages, but likewise for horses; wherefore it, together with divers others on the west side of the City of London, was appointed to be paved by an Act of Parliament, in the year 1572.

In the year 1711 the advowson of Whitechapel was purchased by the principal and scholars of King's Hall and College, of Brasenose College, in Oxford. The Bishop of London is now patron.

Pennant, always vivacious and amusing, tells a story of a hellish picture of the Last Supper placed above the altar in this church, in the reign of Queen Anne by the then High Church rector. Dr. White Kennet, at that time Dean of Peterborough, had given great offence to the Jacobites, by writing in defence of the Hanoverian succession, and in revenge the rector introduced the dean among the Apostles in the character of Judas. He clad him in a black robe, between cloak and gown, and a short wig, and, to brand him beyond mistake, put a black velvet patch on his forehead, such as the dean wore to hide a dreadful injury received in his youth; beneath was written, "Judas, the traitor." The dean generously treated the matter with contemptuous silence; but the Bishop of London interfered, and caused the obnoxious picture to be removed. It was afterwards replaced, but the libellous likeness was expunged.

The register of St. Mary Matfellow, Whitechapel, records the burial of two remarkable persons—Brandon, the supposed executioner of Charles I., and Parker, the leader of the Mutiny at the Nore. Brandon was a ragman, in Rosemary Lane. The entry is—"1649. June 2. Richard Brandon, a man out of Rosemary Lane." And to this is added the following memorandum: "This R. Brandon is supposed to have cut off the head of Charles I." This man is said to have confessed that he had £30 for his work, and that it was paid him (why, we know not) in half-crowns, within an hour after the axe fell. He took an orange, stuck with cloves, and a handkerchief, out of the king's pocket, when the body was removed from the scaffold. For the orange he was offered twenty shillings by a gentleman in Whitehall, but he refused the sum, and afterwards sold the orange for ten shillings, in Rosemary Lane. This Brandon was the son of

Gregory Brandon, and claimed the headman's axe by inheritance. The first person he had beheaded was the Earl of Strafford; but, after all, there is still doubts as to who struck the death-blow at King Charles, and some say it was that Cornet Joyce who once arrested the king. Whitechapel Church was rebuilt in 1875—8, but was totally destroyed by fire, in August, 1880.

Rosemary Lane, now re-christened Royal Mint Street, is described by Mr. Mayhew as chiefly inhabited by dredgers, ballast-heavers, coal-whippers, watermen, lumpers, &c., as well as the slop-workers and "sweaters" employed in the Minories.

"One side of the lane," says Mayhew, in his "London Labour," "is covered with old boots and shoes; old clothes, both men's, women's, and children's; new lace, for edgings, and a variety of cheap prints and muslins, and often of the commonest kinds (also new); hats and bonnets; pots; tins; old knives and forks, old scissors, and old metal articles generally; here and there is a stall of cheap bread or American cheese, or what is announced as American; old glass; different descriptions of second-hand furniture, of the smaller size, such as children's chairs, bellows, &c. Mixed with these, but only very scantily, are a few bright looking swag-barrows, with china ornaments, toys, &c. Some of the wares are spread on the ground, on wrappers, or pieces of matting or carpet; and some, as the pots, are occasionally placed on straw. The cotton prints are often heaped on the ground, where are also ranges or heaps of boots and shoes, and piles of old clothes, or hats or umbrellas. Other trades place their goods on stalls or barrows, or over an old chair or clothes-horse. And amidst all this motley display the buyers and sellers smoke, and shout, and doze, and bargain, and wrangle, and eat, and drink tea and coffee, and sometimes beer."

Rag Fair, or Rosemary Lane, Wellclose Square, is mentioned in a note to Pope's "Dunciad," as "a place near the Tower of London, where old clothes and frippery are sold." Pennant gives a humorous picture of the barter going on there, and says, "The articles of commerce by no means belie the name. There is no expressing the poverty of the goods, nor yet their cheapness. A distinguished merchant engaged with a purchaser observing me look on him with great attention, called out to me, as his customer was going off with his bargain, to observe that man, 'for,' says he, 'I have actually clothed him for fourteen pence.'" It was here, we believe, that purchasers were allowed to dip in a sack for old wigs—a penny the dip. Noblemen's suits come here at last, after undergoing many vicissitudes.

In the *Public Advertiser* of Feb. 17, 1756, there is an account of one Mary Jenkins, a dealer in old clothes in Rag Fair, selling a pair of breeches to a poor woman for sevenpence and a pint of beer. While the two were drinking together at a public-house, the lucky purchaser found, on unripping the clothes, eleven guineas of gold quilted in the waist-band (eleven Queen Anne guineas), and a £30 bank-note, dated 1729, of which note the purchaser did not learn the value till she had sold it for a gallon of twopenny purl.

Petticoat Lane, according to Stow, was formerly called Hog Lane. It is now called Middlesex Street. The old historian gives a pleasant picture of it as it was forty years before he wrote. "This Hog Lane stretcheth north towards St. Mary Spittle," he says, "without Bishopsgate, and within these forty years it had on both sides fair hedges of elm-trees, with bridges, and easy stiles to pass over into the pleasant fields, very commodious for citizens therein to walk about, and otherwise to recreate and refresh their dull spirits in the sweet and wholesome air which is now within a few years made a continual building throughout of garden-houses and small cottages; and the fields on either side be turned into garden-plots, tenter yards, bowling-alleys, and such like."

Styke says that some gentlemen of the Court and City built their houses here for the sake of the fresh air. At the west of the lane, the same historian mentions, there was a house called, in Styke's boyhood, the Spanish ambassador's, who in the reign of James I. dwelt there, probably the famous Gondomar. A little way from this, down a paved alley on the east side, Styke's father lived, in a fair large house with a good garden before it, where Hans Jacobson, King James's jeweller, had dwelt. After that, French Protestant silk-weavers settled in the part of the lane towards Spittlefields, and it soon became a continuous row of buildings on both sides of the way.

"Petticoat Lane," says Mr. Mayhew, "is essentially the old clothes' district. Embracing the streets and alleys adjacent to Petticoat Lane, and including the rows of old boots and shoes on the ground, there is, perhaps, between two and three miles of old clothes. Petticoat Lane proper is long and narrow, and to look down it is to look down a vista of many-coloured garments, alike on the sides and on the ground. The effect sometimes is very striking, from the variety of hues, and the constant fitting or gathering of the crowd into little groups of bargainiers. Gowns of every shade and every pattern are hanging up, but none, perhaps, look either bright or white; it is a

vista of dinginess, but many-coloured dinginess, as regards female attire. Dress-coats, frock-coats, great-coats, livery and gamekeepers' coats, paletots, tunics, trowsers, knee-breeches, waistcoats, capes, pilot coats, working jackets, plaids, hats, dressing-gowns, shirts, Guernsey frocks, are all displayed. The predominant colours are black and blue, but there is every colour; the light drab of some aristocratic livery, the dull brown-green of velveteen, the deep blue of a pilot-jacket, the variegated figures

and shoes. Handkerchiefs, sometimes of a gaudy orange pattern, are heaped on a chair. Lace and muslins occupy small stands, or are spread on the ground. Black and drab and straw hats are hung up, or piled one upon another, and kept from falling by means of strings; while incessantly threading their way through all this intricacy is a mass of people, some of whose dresses speak of a recent purchase in the lane."

"Whitechapel," says Mr. Hollingshead, in his



KIRBY CASTLE, BETHNAL GREEN. (THE BLIND BEGGAR'S HOUSE).

of the shawl dressing-gown, the glossy black of the restored garments, the shine of newly-turpented black satin waistcoats, the scarlet and green of some flaming tartan—these things, mixed with the hues of the women's garments, spotted and striped, certainly present a scene which cannot be beheld in any other part of the greatest City in the world, nor in any other portion of the world itself.

"The ground has also its array of colours. It is covered with lines of boots and shoes, their shining black relieved here and there by the admixture of females' boots, with drab, green, plum, or lavender-coloured 'legs,' as the upper part of the boot is always called in the trade. There is, too, an admixture of men's 'button-boots,' with drab-cloth legs; and of a few red, yellow, and russet-coloured slippers; and of children's coloured morocco boots

"Ragged London," in 1861, "may not be the worst of the many districts in this quarter, but it is undoubtedly bad enough. Taking the broad road from Aldgate Church to Old Whitechapel Church—a thoroughfare in some parts like the high street of an old-fashioned country town—you may pass on either side about twenty narrow avenues, leading to thousands of closely-packed nests, full to overflowing with dirt, misery, and rags." Inkhorn Court is an Irish colony, with several families in one room. Tewkesbury Buildings is a colony of Dutch Jews. George Yard contains about one hundred English families; the inhabitants are chiefly dock-labourers. The other half of the residents are thieves, costermongers, stallkeepers, professional beggars, rag-dealers, brokers, and small tradesmen. The Jewish poor are independent and self-sup-

porting, and keep up the ceremonies of their nation under the most adverse circumstances.

The London Hospital, situated in Whitechapel, and founded in 1740, is one of the most useful and extensive charities of the kind in the metropolis. The building was erected in 1752, from the designs of Mr. B. Mainwaring, and originally contained only thirty-five wards and 439 beds. The amount of fixed income is about £13,000, derived from funded property, voluntary donations, legacies, &c.

The School for the Children of Seamen, in Welclose Square, occupies the site of the British and Foreign Sailors' Church, which was originally known as the Danish Church. The old building was erected in 1696, by Caius Gabriel Cibber, the sculptor, at the expense of Christian V., King of Denmark, for the use of the Danish merchants and sailors of London. Christian VII. visited the church in 1768, and both Caius Cibber, and his more celebrated son, Colley Cibber, were buried there.

Well Street is so named from a well in Goodman's Fields. In this street, and extending back to Dock Street, is the Sailors' Home, an institution founded in 1830, which unites as far as possible the advantages of a club with the comforts that home can give. Seamen are here lodged and boarded at a reasonable expense, and consequently shielded from the extortions of those "land sharks" who are ever ready to make a prey of them. The Home includes a library and recreation rooms, and also a school of navigation. The edifice covers the ground formerly occupied by the Royalty Theatre, which was opened in 1787, when Braham first appeared on the stage as "Cupid." The Royalty was burnt down in 1826, but was rebuilt in 1828, and reopened as the Royal Brunswick Theatre. During the rehearsal of *Guy Mannering*, a few days after opening, the roof fell in, when ten persons were killed and several seriously injured.

The original Goodman's Fields Theatre, once a throwster's shop, in Leman Street, or in Argyll

Street, Goodman's Fields, was built in 1729, by Thomas Odell, a dramatic author, and the first licensee of the stage under Walpole's Licensing Act. A sermon preached at St. Botolph's Church, Aldgate, against the new theatre, frightened Odell, who sold the property to a Mr. Henry Giffard, who opened the new house in the year 1732. He, however, was soon scared away, and removed, in 1735, to Lincoln's Inn Fields; but he managed to return in 1741, bringing with him David Garrick, who had appeared in private at St. John's Gate, and now essayed the character of "Richard III." with enormous success. Horace Walpole writes his friend Mann about him, but says, "I see nothing wonderful in it. The Duke of Argyll says he is superior to Betterton." Gray the poet, in an extant letter, says, "Did I tell you about Mr. Garrick, the town are gone mad after? There are a dozen dukes of a night at Goodman's Fields, sometimes, and yet I am still in the opposition."

This theatre was pulled down, says Cunningham, about 1746; a second theatre was burnt down in 1802.

Goodman's Fields were originally part of a farm belonging to the Abbey of the Nuns of St. Clair. "At the which farm," says Stow, "I myself, in my youth, have fetched many a halfpenny-worth of milk, and never had less than three ale-pints for a halfpenny in summer, nor less than one ale-quart for a halfpenny in winter, always hot from the kine, as the same was milked and strained. One Trolop, and afterwards Goodman, were the farmers there, and had thirty or forty kine to the pail."

In 1720 Strype describes the streets as chiefly inhabited by thriving Jews. There were also tilters for clothworkers, and a cart-way out of Whitechapel into Well Close. The initials of the streets, Pescod, or Prescott, Ayliffe, Leman, and Maunsell, formed the word "palm." In 1678 a great many Roman funeral urns, with bars and silver money, and a copper urn, were found here, proving Goodman's Fields to have been a Roman burial-place.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### BETHNAL GREEN.

Origin of the Name—The Ballad of the Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green—Kirby's Castle—The Bethnal Green Museum—Sir Richard Wallace's Collection—Nichol Street and its Population—The French Hospital in Bethnal Green and its present Site.

ACCORDING to Mr. Lysons, Bethnal Green probably derives its name from the old family of the Bathons, who had possessions in Stepney in the reign of Edward I.

The old ballad of "the Beggar of Bethnal Green," written in the reign of Elizabeth, records the popular local legend of the concealment under this disguise of Henry de Montfort, son of the

redoubtable Earl of Leicester. He was wounded at Evesham, fighting by his father's side, and was found among the dead by a baron's daughter, who sold her jewels to marry him, and assumed with him a beggar's attire, to preserve his life. Their only child, a daughter, was the "Pretty Bessie" of the ballad in Percy.

"My father, shee said, is soone to be seene,  
The seely blind beggar of Bednall Green,  
That daylye sits begging for charitie,  
He is the good father of pretty Bessie."

"His markes and his tokens are knownen very well,  
He alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell;  
A seely old man, God knoweth, is hee,  
Yet hee is the father of pretty Bessie."

The sign-posts at Bethnal Green have for centuries preserved the memory of this story; the beadies' staffs were adorned in accordance with the ballad; and the inhabitants in the early part of the century, used to boldly point out an ancient house on the Green as the palace of the Blind Beggar, and show two special turrets as the places where he deposited his gains.

This old house, called in the Survey of 1703 Bethnal Green House, was in reality built in the reign of Elizabeth by John Kirby, a rich London citizen. He was ridiculed at the time for his extravagance, in some rhymes which classed him with other similar builders, and which ranked Kirby's Castle with "Fisher's Folly, Spinila's Pleasure, and Megse's Glory." It was eventually turned into a madhouse. Sir Richard Gresham, father of the builder of the Royal Exchange, was a frequent resident at Bethnal Green.

The opening, in 1872, of an Eastern branch of the South Kensington Museum at Bethnal Green was the result of the efforts of Mr. (now Sir) H. Cole, aided by Sir Antonio Brady, the Rev. Septimus Hansard, rector of Bethnal Green, Mr. Clabon, Dr. Millar, and other gentlemen interested in the district, and was crowned with success by the princely liberality of Sir Richard Wallace (the inheritor of the Marquis of Hertford's thirty years' collection of art treasures), who offered to the education committee the loan of all his pictures and many other works of art. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present at the opening of the Museum, which took place June 24, 1872.

Sir Richard Wallace's collection, which occupied the whole of the upper galleries, comprised not only an assemblage of ancient and modern paintings in oil, by the greatest masters of past or modern times, a beautiful gallery of water-colour drawings, miniatures, and enamels by French, German, and British artists, but also some fine specimens of

bronzes, art porcelain and pottery, statuary, snuff-boxes, decorative furniture, and jewellers' and goldsmiths' work. The collection was strongest in Dutch and modern French pictures. Cuyyp was represented by eleven pictures, Hobbema by five, Maes by four, Metzsu by six, Mieris by nine, Netscher by four, Jan Steen by four, Teniers by five, Vanderneer by six, A. Vandevelde by three, W. Vandevelde by eight, Philip Wouvermans by five, Rubens by eleven, Rembrandt by eleven, Vandyck by six. In the Italian school the collection was deficient in early masters, but there were excellent specimens of Da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Carlo Dolce, and Canaletto. Of the Spanish school there were fine specimens of Murillo and Velasquez. The French school was well represented—Greuze by twenty-two works, Watteau by eleven, Boucher by eleven, Lancret by nine, and Fragonard by five. There were forty-one works by Horace Vernet, thirteen by Bellangé, four by Pils, fifteen by Delaroche, five by Ary Scheffer, two by Delacroix, two by Robert Fleury, five by Géricault, six by Prud'hon, twelve by Roqueplan, thirty-one by Decamps, and fifteen by Meissonier.

In the English collection Sir Joshua Reynolds stood pre-eminent. His matchless portrait of "Nelly O'Brien" stood out as beautiful and bewitching as ever, though the finer carnations had to some extent flown. The childish innocence of the "Strawberry Girl" found thousands of admirers, though the picture has faded to a disastrous degree; and "Love me, Love my Dog," had crowds of East-end admirers.

Among the superb portraits by Reynolds, in his most florid manner, "Lady Elizabeth Seymour-Conway," and "Frances Countess of Lincoln," daughters of the first Marquis of Hertford, and one of "Mrs. Hoare and Son" (a masterpiece), were the most popular. The mildness and dignity of Reynolds was supplemented by the ineffable grace and charm of Gainsborough. Novices in art were astonished at the *naïveté* of "Miss Haverfield," one of the most delightful child-portraits ever painted. The fine works of Bunington, a painter of genius little known, astonished those who were ignorant of his works. Among his finest productions at Bethnal Green were "The Ducal Palace at Venice," "The Earl of Surrey and the Fair Geraldine," and "Henri IV. of France and the Spanish Ambassador." This king, to the horror of the proud hidalgo, is carrying his children pick-a-back.

Among the French pictures there were eleven first-rate Bouchers. This *protégé* of Madame de Pompadour was a great favourite with the Marquise,

and at Bethnal Green one saw him at his best. There was a portrait of "The Pompadour," quite coquettishly innocent, and those well-known pictures, "The Sleeping Shepherdess," the "Amphitrite," and the "Jupiter disguised as Diana." Three sacred pictures by Philippe de Champagne, showed us French religious art of the most ascetic kind, presenting a striking contrast to the gaiety and license of French art in general. In Greuze we find the affected simplicity and the forced sentiment of the age before the Revolution in its most graceful form. "The Bacchante," "The Broken Mirror," "The Broken Eggs," and the peerless portrait of "Sophie Arnould," enabled even those unacquainted with the charm of this painter to appreciate his merits. Lancret, the contemporary of Boucher, was represented by many works, among which the critics at once decided on the pre-eminence of "The Broken Necklace," and a portrait of the famous dancer, "Mlle. Camargo." Lepicié was represented by his "Teaching to Read," and "The Breakfast," capital pieces of character. Watteau, that delightful painter of theatrical landscape, was a favourite of the Marquis, and at Bethnal Green appeared his fairy-like "Landscape with Pastoral Groups," his delightful "Conversation Humourieuse," and his inimitable "Arlequin and Colombine." What painter conveys so fully the enjoyment of a *fête champêtre* or the grace of coquettish woman? A dazzling array of twenty-six Decamps included the ghastly "Execution in the East," and that wonderful sketch of Turkish children, "The Breaking-up of a Constantinople School." The fifteen Paul Delaroche's comprised "The Repose in Egypt," one of the finest pictures in the collection; "The Princes in the Tower hearing the approach of the Murderers," and that powerful picture, "The Last Sickness of Cardinal Mazarin." Amongst the specimens of that high-minded painter, Ary Scheffer, we had the "Francesca da Rimini," one of the most touching of the painter's works, and the "Margaret at the Fountain." The contents of the Museum are occasionally varied by loan collections of works of art and industry; but that of Sir Richard Wallace has been the most important as yet brought together within its walls.

"Nichols Street," says a newspaper writer of 1862, writing of Bethnal Green in its coarser aspects, "New Nichols Street, Half Nichols Street, Turville Street, comprising within the same area numerous blind courts and alleys, form a densely crowded district in Bethnal Green. Among its inhabitants may be found street-vendors of every kind of produce, travellers to fairs, tramps, dog-fanciers, dog-

stealers, men and women sharpers, shoplifters, and pickpockets. It abounds with the young Arabs of the streets, and its outward moral degradation is at once apparent to any one who passes that way. Here the police are *certain* to be found, day and night, their presence being required to quell riots and to preserve decency. Sunday is a day much devoted to pet pigeons and to bird-singing clubs; prizes are given to such as excel in note, and a ready sale follows each award. Time thus employed was formerly devoted to cock-fighting. In this locality, twenty-five years ago, an employer of labour, Mr. Jonathan Duthiot, made an attempt to influence the people for good, by the hire of a room for meeting purposes. The first attendance consisted of one person. Persistent efforts were, however, made; other rooms have from time to time been taken and enlarged, there is a hall for Christian instruction, and another for educational purposes; illustrated lectures are delivered; a loan-library has been established, also a clothing-club and penny bank, and training-classes for industrial purposes."

Mr. Smiles, in his "Huguenots in London," has an interesting page on the old French Hospital in Bethnal Green:—"Among the charitable institutions founded by the refugees for the succour of their distressed fellow-countrymen in England," says Mr. Smiles, "the most important was the French Hospital. This establishment owes its origin to a M. de Gastigny, a French gentleman, who had been Master of the Buckhounds to William III., in Holland, while Prince of Orange. At his death, in 1708, he bequeathed a sum of £1,000 towards founding an hospital, in London, for the relief of distressed French Protestants. The money was placed at interest for eight years, during which successive benefactions were added to the fund. In 1716, a piece of ground in Old Street, St. Luke's, was purchased of the Ironmongers' Company, and a lease was taken from the City of London of some adjoining land, forming altogether an area of about four acres, on which a building was erected, and fitted up for the reception of eighty poor Protestants of the French nation. In 1718, George I. granted a charter of incorporation to the governor and directors of the hospital, under which the Earl of Galway was appointed the first governor. Shortly after, in November, 1718, the opening of the institution was celebrated by a solemn act of religion, and the chapel was consecrated amidst a great concourse of refugees and their descendants, the Rev. Philip Menard, minister of the French chapel of St. James's, conducting the service on the occasion.



"From that time the funds of the institution steadily increased. The French merchants of Toulon, who had been prosperous in trade, liberally contributed towards its support, and legacies and donations multiplied. Lord Galway bequeathed a thousand pounds to the hospital, in 1720, and in the following year Baron Hervart de Huningue gave a donation of £4,000. The corporation were placed in the possession of ample means, and they accordingly proceeded to erect additional buildings, in which they were enabled,

by the year 1760, to give an asylum to 234 poor people."

The French Hospital has recently been removed from its original site to Victoria Park, where a handsome building has been erected as an hospital, for the accommodation of forty men and twenty women, after the designs of Mr. Robert Lewis Roumieu, architect, one of the directors, Mr. Roumieu being himself descended from an illustrious Huguenot family—the Roumieux of Languedoc.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### SPITALFIELDS.

*The Priory of St Mary, Spittle—A Royal Visit—The Spital Sermons—A Long Sermon—Rom in Remains—The Silk Weavers—French Names, and Modern Versions of them—Riots in Spitalfields—Bird Lancers—Small Heads—"Cat and Dog Money"*

THE Priory of St. Mary of the Spittle was founded by Walter Brune and Rosia his wife, in the year 1197. It was surrendered at the dissolution to King Henry, and at that time the hospital which belonged to the priory was found to contain one hundred and eighty beds. In place of the hospital many large mansions were built, and among these Strype especially mentions that of Sir Horatio Pallavicini, an Italian merchant, who acted as ambassador to Queen Elizabeth; and in the reign of James I. we find the Austrian ambassador lodging there.

In the year 1559 Queen Elizabeth came in state to St. Mary Spittle, attended by a thousand men in harness, and ten great guns, with drums, flutes, and trumpets sounding, and morris-dancers bringing two white bears in a cart.

Long after the Dissolution of monasteries, part of the hospital churchyard remained, with a pulpit cross within a walled enclosure, at which cross, on certain days every Easter, sermons were preached. Opposite that pulpit was a small two-storeyed building, where the alderman and sheriffs came to hear the sermons, with their ladies at a window over them. Foxe, in his "Book of Martyrs," repeatedly mentions these Spital sermons.

The preaching at the Spittle seems to have been a custom of great antiquity. It is said that Dr. Barrow once preached a sermon on charity at the Spittle, before the Lord Mayor and aldermen, which occupied three hours and a half. Being asked, after he came down from the pulpit, if he was not tired, "Yes, indeed," said he, "I began to be weary with standing so long."

In 1594 a gallery was built near the pulpit for

the governor and children of Christ's Hospital; and in 1617 we find many of the Lords of King James's Privy Council attending the Spital sermons, and afterwards dining with the Lord Mayor, at a most liberal and bountiful dinner at Billingsgate.

"It appears," says Bingham, speaking of the Spital sermons, "it was usual in those times that on Good Friday a divine of eminence should, by appointment, expatiate on Christ's Passion, in a sermon at Paul's Cross; on the three days next Easter, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, a bishop, a dean, and a doctor of divinity, should preach at the Spital concerning the Resurrection; and on Low Sunday another learned divine was to rehearse the substance of the other four, in a fifth sermon. At this the Lord Mayor and Corporation always attended, robed in violet gowns, on Good Friday and Easter Wednesday, and on the other days in scarlet. This custom continued till the Great Rebellion, in 1642, when it was discontinued. However, it was revived after the Restoration, except that instead of being preached at Paul's Cross, which had been demolished, the sermons were in the choir of the cathedral. After the Great Fire they were discontinued, both at St. Paul's Church and at the Spital, and the Easter sermons were delivered at some appointed church, and at last at St. Bridget's, in Fleet Street, where they continued invariably till the late repairs of that church, when they were removed to Christ Church, Newgate Street, where they still continue."

In 1576, says Stow, in treating of a brick-field near the Spital churchyard, there were discovered many Roman funeral urns, containing copper coins of Claudius, Vespasian, Nero, Antoninus Pius, and

Trajan, lachrymatories, Samian ware lamps, and small images, also Saxon stone coffins. There was found there a skull, which some believed to be a giant's, though others took it for an elephant's. Some of these stone coffins are still preserved in the vaults of Christ Church.

Bagford, in Leland's "Collectanea," mentions the Priory of St. Mary Spittle as then standing, strongly built of timber, with a turret at one angle. Its ruins, says Mr Timbs, were discovered early in the last century, north of Spital Square The

of Nantes, settled here, and thus founded the silk manufacture in England; introducing the weaving of lustrings, alamodes, brocades, satins, paduasoyes, ducapes, and black velvets. In 1713 it was stated that silks, gold and silver stuffs, and ribbons were made here, as good as those of French fabric, and that black silk for hoods and scarves was made actually worth three hundred thousand pounds. During the reigns of Queen Anne, George I, and George II, the Spitalfields weavers greatly increased, in 1832, 50,000 persons were entirely de-



ST HELEN'S PRIORY, AND LEATHERSELLERS' HALL (From a View, by Mulcolm, 1799)

pulpit, destroyed during the Civil Wars, stood at the north-east corner of the square. In the map of Elizabeth's reign the Spittle Fields are at the north-east extremity of London, with only a few houses on the site of the Spital. A map published a century later shows a square field bounded with houses, with the old artillery-ground, which had formerly belonged to the priory, on the west. Culpeper, the famous herbalist, occupied a house then in the fields, and subsequently a public-house at the corner of Red Lion Court.

This is the great district for silk-weavers. "Spital Square," says Mr. Timbs, "at the south-east corner, has been the heart of the silk district since 'the poor Protestant strangers, Walloons and French,' driven from France by the revocation of the Edict

pendent on the silk-manufacture, and the looms varied from 14,000 to 17,000. Of these great numbers are often unemployed, and the distribution of funds raised for their relief has attracted to Spitalfields a great number of poor persons, and thus pauperised the district. The earnings of weavers, in 1854, did not exceed ten shillings per week, working fourteen to sixteen hours a day. The weaving is either the richest, or the thinnest and poorest. The weavers are principally English, and of English origin, but the manufacturers, or masters, are of French extraction, and the Guillebauds, the Desormeaux, the Chabots, the Turquands, the Mercerons, and the Chauvets trace their connection with the refugees of 1685. Many translated their names into English, by which the



SIR PAUL PINDAR'S LODGE.  
(From a View published by N. Smith, 1791.)

THE "SIR PAUL PINDAR."  
(From an Original Sketch.)

ROOM IN SIR PAUL PINDAR'S HOUSE. (From a Drawing by J. T. Smith, 1820)  
(See p. 152.)

old families may still be known: thus, the Le-mâitres called themselves Masters; the Le-roys, King; the Tonneliers, Coopers; the Lejeunes, Young; the Leblanca, White; the Lenoirs, Black; the Loiseaux, Bird."

Riots among the Spitalfields weavers, for many a century, were of frequent occurrence. Any decline of prices, or opposition in trade, set these turbulent workmen in a state of violent effervescence. At one time they sallied out in parties, and tore off the calico gowns from every woman they met. Perhaps the greatest riot was in 1765, when, on the occasion of the king going to Parliament to give his assent to the Regency Bill, they formed a great procession, headed by red flags and black banners, to present a petition to the House, complaining that they were reduced to starvation by the importation of French silks. They terrified the House of Lords into an adjournment, insulted several hostile members, and in the evening attacked Bedford House, and tried to pull down the walls, declaring that the duke had been bribed to make the treaty of Fontainebleau, which had brought French silks and poverty into the land. The Riot Act was then read, and detachments of the Guards called out. The mob then fled, many being much hurt and trampled on. At a yet later date mobs of Spitalfields weavers used to break into houses and cut the looms of men who were working with improved machinery. Many outrages were com-

mitted by these "cutters," and many lives were lost in scuffles and fights.

The older houses inhabited by the weavers have wide latticed windows in the upper storeys, to light the looms. Being nearly all bird-fanciers, the weavers supply London with singing-birds; and half the linnets, woodlarks, goldfinches, and greenfinches sold in the metropolis are caught by Spitalfields weavers in October and March. They are fond of singing-matches, which they determine by the burning of an inch of candle.

Spitalfields weavers are said to have extremely small heads,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  or  $6\frac{3}{4}$  inches being the prevailing width, although the average size of the male head in England is 7 inches. We do not know whether the weavers still continue the old clothworkers' habit of singing at their looms, as mentioned by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. "I would I were a weaver," says Falstaff; "I could sing all manner of songs." And Cutbeard, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, remarks, "He got his cold with sitting up late, and singing catches with clothworkers."

Spitalfields was a hamlet of Stepney until 1729, when it was made a distinct parish, and Christ Church was consecrated. Among the parochial charities, says Mr. Timbs, is "Cat and Dog Money," an eccentric bequest to be paid on the death of certain pet dogs and cats.

In one of the houses in Spital Square lived Pope's friend, the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke.

## CHAPTER XX.

### BISHOPSGATE.

The Old Gate—The "White Hart"—Sir Paul Pindar's House: its Ancient Glories and Present Condition—The Lodge in Half-moon Alley—St. Helen's and the Nuns' Hall—The Tombs—Sir Julius Cæsar—Sir John Crosby—Modern Improvements The Windows—Crosby Hall and its History—Allusions to it in Shakespeare—Famous Tenants of Crosby Hall—Richard Crookback—Sir Thomas More—Bonvici.

BISHOPSGATE, according to Stow, was probably built by good Bishop Erkenwald, son of King Offa, and repaired by Bishop William, the Norman, in the reign of the Conqueror. Henry III. confirmed to merchants of the Hanse certain privileges by which they were bound to keep Bishopsgate in repair, and in the reign of Edward IV. we find them rebuilding it. The gate was adorned with the effigies of two bishops, probably Bishop Erkenwald and Bishop William, and with effigies supposed to have represented King Alfred and Alred, Earl of Mercia, to whom Alfred entrusted the care of the gate. It was rebuilt several times. The latest form of it is shown on page 154. The rooms over the gate were, in Strype's time, allotted

to one of the Lord Mayor's carvers. Pennant notices an old inn, the "White Hart," not far from this gate, which was standing until a few years back.

The old house where Sir Paul Pindar, a great City merchant of the reign of James I., lived, still exists in Bishopsgate Street, with some traces of its ancient splendour. This Sir Paul was ambassador for James I. to the Grand Legion, and helped to extend English commerce in Turkey. He brought back with him a diamond valued at £30,000, which James wished to buy on credit, but prudent Sir Paul declined this unsatisfactory mode of purchase, and used to lend it to the monarch on gala days. Charles I. afterwards purchased the

precious stone. Sir Paul was appointed farmer of the Customs to James I., and frequently supplied the cravings for money both of James and Charles. In the year 1639 Sir Paul was esteemed worth £236,000, exclusive of bad debts. He expended £10,000 in the repairing of St. Paul's Cathedral, yet, nevertheless, died in debt, owing to his generosity to King Charles. The king owed him and the other Commissioners of the Customs £300,000, for the security of which, in 1649, they offered the Parliament £100,000, but the proposition was not entertained. On his death affairs were left in such a perplexed state, that his executor, William Toomer, unable to bear the work and the disappointment, destroyed himself. Mr. J. T. Smith, in his "Topography of London," has a drawing of a room on the first floor of this house. The ceiling was covered with panelled ornamentations, and the chimney-piece, of carved oak and stone, was adorned with a badly-executed *basso-relievo* of Hercules and Atlas supporting an egg-shaped globe. Below this were tablets of stag hunts. The sides of the chimney-piece were formed by grotesque figures, the whole being a very splendid specimen of Elizabethan decorative art. In 1811 the whole of the ornaments, says Mr. Smith, were barbarously cut away to render the room, as the possessors said, "a little comfortable." The Pindar arms, "a chevron argent, between three lyon's heads, erased ermine crowned or," were found hidden by a piece of tin in the centre of the ceiling. The walls are covered with oak wainscoting, crowned with richly carved cornices. The house, No. 169, is now a public-house, "The Sir Paul Pindar's Head."

"The front towards the street," says Mr. Hugo, "with its gable bay windows, and matchless panel-work, together with a subsequent addition of brick on its northern side, is one of the best specimens of the period now extant. The edifice was commenced in one of the closing years of the reign of Elizabeth, on the return from his residence in Italy of its great and good master. It was originally very spacious, and extended for a considerable distance, both to the south side and to the rear of the present dwelling. The adjoining tenements in Half-moon Street, situated immediately at the back of the building, which faces Bishopsgate Street, though manifesting no external signs of interest, are rich beyond expression in internal ornament. The primary arrangement, indeed, of the mansion is entirely destroyed. Very little of the original internal wood-work remains, and that of the plainest character. But, in several of the rooms on the first floors of the houses just referred to, there still exist some of the most glorious ceilings which our country can furnish.

They are generally mutilated, in several instances the half alone remaining, as the rooms have been divided into two or more portions, to suit the needs of later generations. These ceilings are of plaster, and abound in the richest and finest devices. Wreaths of flowers, panels, shields, pateras, bands, roses, ribands, and other forms of ornamentation, are charmingly mingled, and unite in producing the best and happiest effect. One of them, which is all but perfect, consists of a large device in the centre, representing the sacrifice of Isaac, from which a most exquisite design radiates to the very extremities of the room. In general, however, the work consists of various figures placed within multangular compartments of different sizes, that in the centre of the room usually the largest. The projecting ribs, which in their turn enclose the compartments, are themselves furnished with plentiful ornamentation, consisting of bands of oak-leaves and other vegetable forms; and, in several instances, have fine pendants at the points of intersection. The cornices consist of a rich series of highly-ornamented mouldings. Every part, however, is in strict keeping, and none of the details surfeit the taste or weary the eye."

At a little distance, in Half-moon Alley, stood an old structure, now pulled down, ornamented with figures, which is traditionally reported to have been the keeper's lodge in the park attached to Sir Paul's residence; and mulberry-trees, and other park-like vestiges in this neighbourhood, grew almost within memory.

St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, occupies the site of Roman buildings. The ground in the neighbourhood is intersected with chalk foundations, and in 1836 a Roman tessellated pavement (red, white, and grey) was discovered under a house at the south-west angle of Crosby Square. A similar pavement was found in 1712 on the north side of Little St. Helen's gateway. There is mention of a church priory here, dedicated to the mother of Constantine, as early as 1180, when it was granted to the canons of St. Paul's Cathedral by one Ranulph and Robert his son. About 1210 a priory of Benedictine nuns was founded here by William Fitzwillam, a goldsmith, and dedicated to the Holy Cross and St. Helen. The priory included a hall, hospital, dormitories, cloisters, and offices. The Nuns' Hall, at the north of the present church, was purchased by the Leather-sellers' Company, who used it as a common hall till 1799, when it was pulled down to make room for St. Helen's Place.

A crypt extended from the north side of the church under Leathersellers' Hall, and in the wall

which separated this crypt from the church were two ranges of oblique apertures, through which mass at the high altar could be viewed. A canopied altar of stone, affixed to the wall, indicates the position of one set of these "nuns' gratings." The priory of St. Helen's was much augmented in 1308 by William Basing, a London sheriff, and when it was surrendered to Henry VIII. its annual revenue was £376 6s. During the Middle Ages the church was divided from east to west by a partition, to separate the nuns from the parishioners; but after the dissolution this was removed. Sir Thomas Gresham, according to Stow, promised this church a steeple in consideration of the ground taken up by his monument.

However, architects praise this church as picturesque, with its two heavy equal aisles, and its pointed arches. There is a transept at the east end, and beyond it a small chapel, dedicated to the Holy Ghost. Against the north wall is a range of seats formerly occupied by the nuns. The church is a composite of various periods. St. Helen's, says Mr. Godwin, contains perhaps more monuments (especially altar-tombs) than any other parish church in the metropolis, and these give an especial air of antiquity and solemnity to the building. Here is the ugly tomb containing the embalmed body of Francis Bancroft. He caused the tomb to be built for himself in 1726. He is said to have made, by greedy exactions, a fortune of nearly £28,000, the whole of which he left to the almshouses and the Drapers' Company. In a small southern transept is a most singular table monument in memory of Sir Julius Cæsar, Privy Counsellor to James I., Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Master of the Rolls, who died about 1636. The epitaph, written by himself, engraved on a large deed, sealed and folded, the string to the seal represented as breaking, purports to be an engagement on the part of the deceased to pay the debt of Nature whenever God shall please and require it. The tomb, the work of Nicholas Stone, cost £110.

On the south side of the chancel, on a stone

altar-tomb, are recumbent figures of a knight in armour, and a lady. The knight is Sir John Crosby, who died in the year 1475, the builder of Crosby Hall, who contributed largely to the church. Behind this is a large columned and canopied monument in memory of Sir William Pickering, famous for worth in learning, arts, and warfare. His effigy in armour reclines on a piece of sculptured matting, folded at one end to represent a pillow. Strype says he died in 1542. But the greatest of all the monuments at St. Helen's is that of Sir Thomas Gresham, a large sculptured altar-tomb covered with a marble slab. Another curious monument near Gresham's is that of Matthew

Bond, captain of the London Trained Bands in the time of the Armada. He is represented sitting within a tent, with two sentries standing outside, and an attendant bringing up a horse. There were also buried here Sir John Lawrence, the good Lord Mayor who behaved so nobly in the Plague year, and Sir John Spencer, the rich Lord Mayor of Elizabeth's reign, whose daughter ran away with Lord Compton, escaping from her father's house in a baker's basket.

The charity-box in the church vestibule is supported by a curious

carved figure of a mendicant. Mr. Godwin, writing in 1839, laments the ill-proportioned turret of St. Helen's, and the poor carvings of the mongrel Italian style.

The recent restorations and improvements have greatly increased the attractions of St. Helen's, while the magnificent stained-glass windows, that have been added to the sacred edifice, are modern works eminently worthy of the objects of ancient art, and the fine sculptures to be found within the walls. Of these windows one is in the memory of Sir Thomas Gresham, and has been contributed by the Gresham Committee, while two others have been erected at the expense of the family of Mr. McDougall. The magnificent window, in memory of the late Alderman Sir William Copeland, is a most striking work; but is not inferior in interest to the restoration, which was made at the expense of



BISHOPSGATE.



the churchwardens, Mr. Thomas Rolfe, jun., and Mr. George Richardson, of a beautiful window in stained glass, composed of the fragments of the ancient window, which was too dilapidated to remain. Several other fine memorial windows have been added to the building, amongst which are those contributed by the vicar, the Rev. J. E. Cox, and by Mr. W. Williams, of Great St. Helen's, who has taken a deep interest in the work of restoration. Some other splendid examples of stained glass were contributed by Mr. Alderman Wilson and Mr. Deputy Jones; and the fine communion window was presented by the late Mr. Kirkman Hodgson, M.P., and his brother, Mr. James Stewart Hodgson. The tomb of Sir John Crosby has been renovated, as well as that of Sir John Spencer, which has been restored and removed under the direction of the Marquis of Northampton and Mr. Wadmore, who has himself contributed a window in memory of Bishop Robinson, and has superintended the entire restoration.

"Not a stone now remains," says Mr. Hugo, "to tell of the old priory of St. Helen's and its glories. A view of the place, as it existed at the close of the last century, which is happily furnished by Wilkinson in his 'Londina,' represents the ruins of edifices whose main portions and features are of the Early English period, and which were probably coeval with the foundation of the priory. These he calls the 'Remains of the Fraternity.' He had the advantage of a personal examination of these beautiful memorials. 'The door,' he says, 'leading from the cloister to the Fraternity, which the writer of this well remembers to have seen at the late demolition of it, was particularly elegant; the mouldings of the upper part being filled with roses of stone painted scarlet and gilt; the windows of the Fraternity itself, also, which were nearly lancet-shaped, were extremely beautiful.' He also gives two views of the beautiful 'crypt,' and one of the hall above it; the former of which is in the Early English style, while the latter has ornamental additions of post-Dissolution times. It appears by his plan that there were at least two 'crypts,' one under the hall and another to the south, under what would be called the withdrawing-room."

Perhaps one of the most interesting old City mansions in London is Crosby Hall, now turned into a restaurant. It is one of the finest examples of Gothic domestic architecture of the Perpendicular period, and is replete with historical associations. It was built about 1470 by Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolstapler, on ground leased from Dame Alice Ashfield, Prioress of the Convent of St. Helen's. For the ground, which had a frontage of

110 feet in the "Kinge's Strete," or "Bishoppesgate Strete," he paid £11 6s. 8d. a year. Stow says he built the house of stone and timber, "very large and beautiful, and the highest at that time in London." Sir John, member of Parliament for London, alderman, warden of the Grocers' Company, and mayor of the Staple of Elans, was one of several brave citizens knighted by Edward IV. for his brave resistance to the attack on the City made by that Lancastrian filibuster, the Bastard Falconbridge. Sir John died in 1475, four or so years only after the completion of the building. He was buried in the church of St. Helen's, where we have already described his tomb. The effigy is fully armed, and the armour is worn over the alderman's mantle, while round the neck there is a collar of suns and roses, the badge of the House of York, to which that knight had adhered so faithfully.

In 1470 Crosby Hall became a palace, for the widow of Sir John parted with the new City mansion to that dark and wily intriguer, Richard, Duke of Gloucester. "There," says Sir Thomas More, "he lodged himself, and little by little all folks drew unto him, so that the Protector's court was crowded and King Henry's left desolate."

Shakespeare, who was a resident in St. Helen's in 1598 (a fact proved by the parish assessments), has thrice by name referred, in his *Richard III.*, to this old City mansion, as if he found pleasure in immortalising a place familiar to himself. It was in the Council Chamber in Crosby Hall that the mayor, Sir Thomas Billesden, and a deputation of citizens, offered Richard the crown.

It was at the same place that Richard persuaded Anne to await his return from the funeral of the murdered King Henry:—

*Gloucester.* And if thy poor devoted servant may  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

*Anne.* What is it? [designs]

*Gloucester.* That it would please thee leave these sad  
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby House.

*Richard III.*, Act i., Scene 2.

Other allusions also occur, as—

*Gloucester.* Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

*1st Murderer.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

*Gloucester.* Well thought upon; I have it here about me.

\* [Gives the warrant.]

When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.

*Richard III.*, Act i., Scene 3.

*Gloucester.* Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

*Catesby.* You shall, my lord.

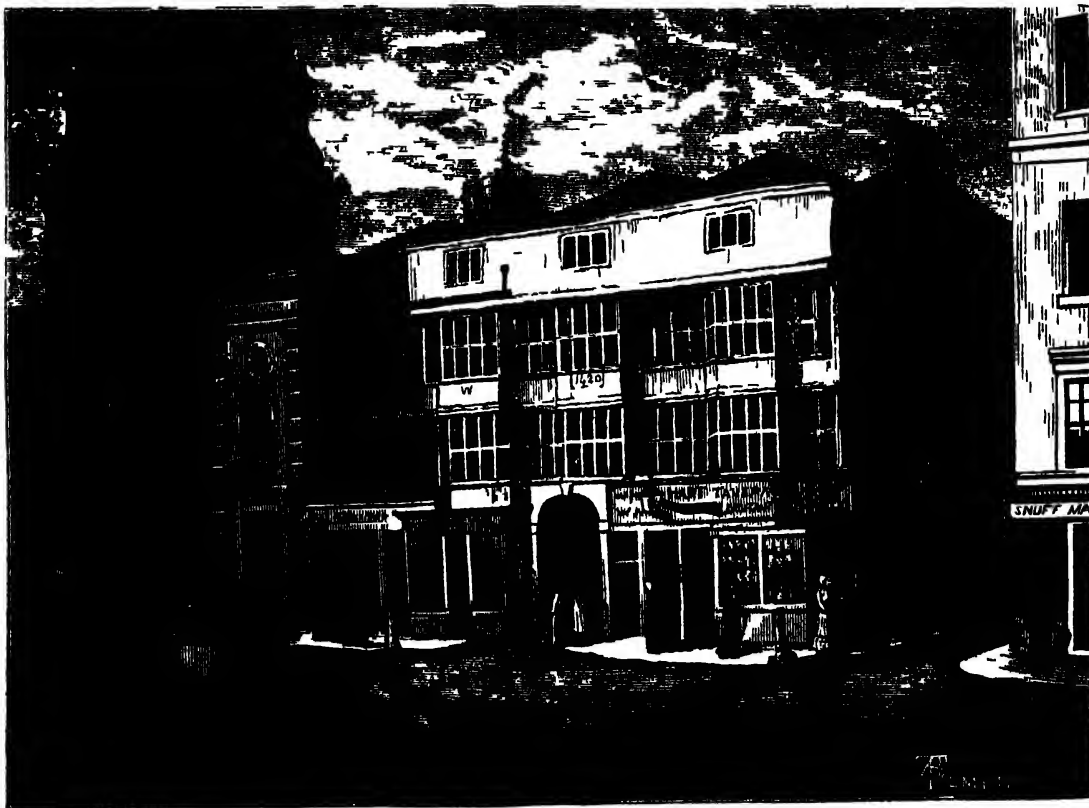
*Gloucester.* At Crosby House there shall you find us both.

*Richard III.*, Act iii., Scene 1.

On the 27th of June, 1483, Richard left Crosby Hall for his palace at Westminster.

In 1501 Sir Bartholomew Reed spent his brilliant mayoralty at this house at Crosby Place and here he entertained the Princess Katharine of Arragon two days before her marriage with Prince Arthur, and not long after the ambassadors of the Emperor Maximilian when they came to condole with Henry VII. on the death of the prince. Sir John Rest, Lord Mayor in 1516, was its next dis-

ting "their leisure to liberal studies and profitable reading, although piety was their first care. No wrangling, no idle word, was heard in it; every one did his duty with alacrity, and not without a temperate cheerfulness." In 1523 Sir Thomas More sold Crosby Hall to his "dear friend" Antonio Bonvici, a merchant of Lucca, the same person to whom, twelve years after, the chancellor sent an affecting farewell letter, written in the Tower with a piece of charcoal the night before his execution.



THE "WHITE HART," BISHOPSGATE STREET, IN 1810.

tinguished tenant, at whose show there appeared the grand display of "four giants, one unicorn, one dromedary, one camel, one ass, one dragon, six hobby-horses, and sixteen naked boys."

Then came a distinguished tenant, indeed, a man fit to stock it with wisdom for ever, and to purge it of the old stains of Richard's crimes. Between 1516 and 1523, says the Rev. Thomas Hugo, Crosby Hall was inhabited by the great Sir Thomas More, first Under Treasurer, and afterwards Lord High Chancellor of England. Here philosophy and piety met in quiet converse, and Erasmus compares More's house to the Academy of Plato, or rather to a "school and an exercise of the Christian religion;" all its inhabitants, male and female, apply-

After the dissolution of the Convent of St. Helen Bonvici purchased Crosby Hall and messuages of the king for £207 18s. 4d. In 1549 Bonvici forfeited the property by illegally departing the kingdom, and Henry VIII. granted Crosby Hall to Lord Darcy. Bonvici afterwards returned and resumed possession. By him the mansion was left to Germaine Cyoll, who had married a cousin of Sir Thomas Gresham, who lived opposite Crosby House. The weekly bequest of Cycillia Cyoll, wife of this same Cyoll, is still distributed at St. Helen's Church.

In 1566 Alderman Bond purchased the house for £1,500, and repaired and enlarged it, building, it is said, a turret on the roof. The inscription

on Bond's tomb in St. Helen's Church describes him as a merchant adventurer, and most famous in his age for his great adventures by both sea and land. Bond entertained the Spanish ambassador at Crosby Hall, as his sons afterwards did the Danish ambassador.

From the sons of Alderman Bond, Crosby Hall was purchased, in 1594, by Sir John Spencer, for £2,560. This rich citizen kept his mayoralty here in 1594; and during his year of office a

house afterwards became a temporary prison for "malignants," like Gresham College and Lambeth Palace.

In 1672 the great hall of the now neglected house was turned into a Presbyterian chapel. Two years later the dwelling-houses which adjoined the hall, and occupied the present site of Crosby Square, were burnt down, but the hall remained uninjured. While used as a chapel (till 1769), twelve different ministers of eminence occupied the pulpit, the first



CROSBY HALL IN 1790.

masque was performed by the gentlemen students of Gray's Inn and the Temple, in the august presence of Queen Elizabeth. Spencer built a large warehouse close to the hall. It was during this reign that Crosby House was for a time tenanted by the Dowager Countess of Pembroke, "Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother" (immortalised by Ben Jonson's epitaph); and at her table Shakespeare may have often sat as a welcome guest.

On the death of Sir John, in 1609, the house descended to his son-in-law, Lord Compton, afterwards Earl of Northampton, but whether he resided there is uncertain. The earl's son, Spencer, was killed, fighting for King Charles, in 1642. The

being Thomas Watson, previously rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and the author of the tract, "Heaven taken by Storm," which is said to have been the means of the sudden conversion of the celebrated Colonel Gardiner. In 1678 a sale was announced at Crosby Hall, of "tapestry, a good chariot, and a black girl of about fifteen." The Withdrawing-room and Throne-room were let as warehouses to the East India Company. It then was taken by a packer, and much mutilated; and in 1831 the premises were advertised to be let upon a building lease. It was greatly owing to the public spirit of Miss Hackett, a lady who lived near it, that this almost unique example of domestic Gothic

architecture was ultimately preserved. In 1831 this lady made strenuous efforts for its conservation, and received valuable assistance from Mr. W. Williams, of Great St. Helen's, and other residents. In 1836 it was reinstated and partially restored by public subscription, after which it was re-opened by the Lord Mayor, W. T. Copeland, Esq., M.P., a banquet in the old English style being held on the occasion. From 1842 to 1860 Crosby Hall was occupied by a literary and scientific institute. It has since been converted into a restaurant.

It is conjectured that this fine old house was originally composed of two quadrangles, separated by the Great Hall, a noble room forty feet high.

The oriel of the hall is one of the finest specimens remaining; the timber roof is one of the most glorious which England possesses. The Throne-room and Council-room have suffered much. A fine oriel in one of these has been removed to Buckinghamshire, and both ceilings have been carried off. No original entrance to the hall now remains, except a flat arched doorway communicating with the Council-chamber. The main entrance, Mr. Hugo thinks, was no doubt under the minstrel's gallery, at the south end. In the centre of the oriel ceiling is still to be seen, in high relief, the crest of Sir John Crosby—a ram trippant, argent, armed and hoofed, or.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### BISHOPSGATE (*continued*).

Old Houses and Architectural Relics—St. Botolph's Church and its Records—St. Ethelburga—Sir Thomas Gresham's House—Gresham College—Sir Kenelm Digby—The New College—Jews' Synagogue in Great St. Helen's—The Leathersellers' Hall—The "Bull" Inn Burbage—Hobson—Milton's Epitaph—Teasel Close and the Trained Bands—Devonshire Square—Fisher's "Folly"—Houndsditch and its Inhabitants—The Old-Clothes Men—Hand Alley—Bevis Marks—The Papey—Old Broad Street—The Excise Office—Sir Astley Cooper—A Roman Pavement Discovered—St. Peter-le-Poer—Austin Friars—Winchester House—Allhallows-in-the-Wall—London Wall—Ston College.

THE Ward of Bishopsgate having partially escaped the Great Fire, is still especially rich in old houses. In most cases the gable ends have been removed, and, in many, walls have been built in front of the ground floors up to the projecting storeys; but frequently the backs of the houses present their original structure. Mr. Hugo, writing in the year 1857, has described nearly all places of interest; but many of these have since been modified or pulled down. The houses Nos. 81 to 85 inclusive, in Bishopsgate Street Without, were Elizabethan. On the front of one of these the date, 1590, was formerly visible. In Artillery Lane the same antiquary found houses which, at the back, preserved their Elizabethan character. In No. 19, Widegate Street, there was a fine ceiling of the time of Charles I. The houses adjoining Sir Paul Pindar's, numbered 170 and 171, possessed ceilings of a noble character, and had probably formed part of Sir Paul Pindar's. The lodge in Half-moon Street, now destroyed, had a most noble chimney-piece, probably executed by Inigo Jones, besides wainscoted walls and rich ceilings. No. 26, Bishopsgate Street Without, possessed two splendid back rooms, with decorations in the style of Louis XIV., full of flowing lines. In Still Alley, in 1857, there were several Elizabethan houses, since modernised. White Hart Court (though the old inn was gone before) boasted a row of four houses, of beautiful design, in the Inigo Jones manner.

In the house No. 18, at the corner of Devon-

shire Street, Mr. Hugo discovered, as he imagined, a portion of the Earl of Devonshire's house, or that of Lord John Powlett. It was of the Elizabethan age, and one room contained a rich cornice of masks, fruit, and leaves, connected by ribands. In another there were, over the fireplace, the arms of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, and Shakespeare's friend. At the corner of Houndsditch, No. 8, Bishopsgate Street Without, there was an Elizabethan house; and at the opposite corner, No. 7, was a house with fine staircases, and walls and ceilings profusely decorated *à la Louis Quatorze*. Just beyond, a tablet, surmounted with the figure of a mitre inserted in the wall, a little north of Camomile Street, marks the site of the old Bishops' Gate.

At 66, Bishopsgate Street Within, there was a finely-groined undercroft, of the fourteenth century. At the end of Pea Hen Court, Mr. Hugo, in his antiquarian tour of 1857, records a doorway of James I. In Great St. Helen's Place, the same antiquary found, at No. 2, a good doorway and staircase of Charles I.; and at Nos. 3 and 4, some Elizabethan relics. Nos. 8 and 9 he pronounced to be modern subdivisions of a superb house. On the front was the date, 1646. It was of brick, ornamented with pilasters, and contained a matchless staircase and a fine chimney-piece. Nos. 11 and 12, Great St. Helen's, Mr. Hugo noted as a red brick house, with pilasters of the same material. The simple but artistic doorways he had little

hesitation in attributing to Inigo Jones: he supposed them to have been erected about 1633, the year Inigo designed the south entrance of St. Helen's Church.

At No. 3, Crosby Square, Mr. Hugo found a fine doorway (*temp.* Charles II.), in the style of Wren. This square was built in 1677, on the site of part of Crosby Hall. At Crosby Hall Chambers, No. 25, Bishopsgate Street Within, the street front had lost all ancient peculiarities, except two beautiful festoons of flowers inserted between the windows of the first and second floors.

The church of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, stands on the banks of the City Ditch, and was rebuilt in 1725-28 by James Gold, an architect otherwise unknown. It contains a monument to the good and illustrious Sir Paul Pindar. The inscription describes him as nine years resident in Turkey, faithful in negotiations foreign and domestic, eminent for piety, charity, loyalty, and prudence; an inhabitant twenty-six years, and a bountiful benefactor to the parish, having left great bequests to many of the London hospitals and other institutions. Bishopsgate Church has proved a Bishop's Gate in more senses than one, for Dr. Mant, Dr. Grey, and Dr. Blomfield, successively its rectors, became bishops during the present century. The churchyard of St. Botolph's is adorned with a fountain.

The registers of the church (says Cunningham) record the baptism of Edward Alleyn, the player (born 1566); the marriage, in 1609, of Archibald Campbell, Earl of Argyll, to Ann Cornwallis, daughter of Sir William Cornwallis; and the burials of the following persons of distinction:—1570, Sept. 13, Edward Allein, poet to the Queen; 1623, Feb. 17, Stephen Gosson, rector of this church, and author of "The School of Abuse; containing a pleasant invective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such-like Caterpillars of a Common-

wealth," 4to, 1579; 1628, June 21, William, Earl of Devonshire (from whom Devonshire Square, adjoining, derives its name); 1691, John Riley, the painter.

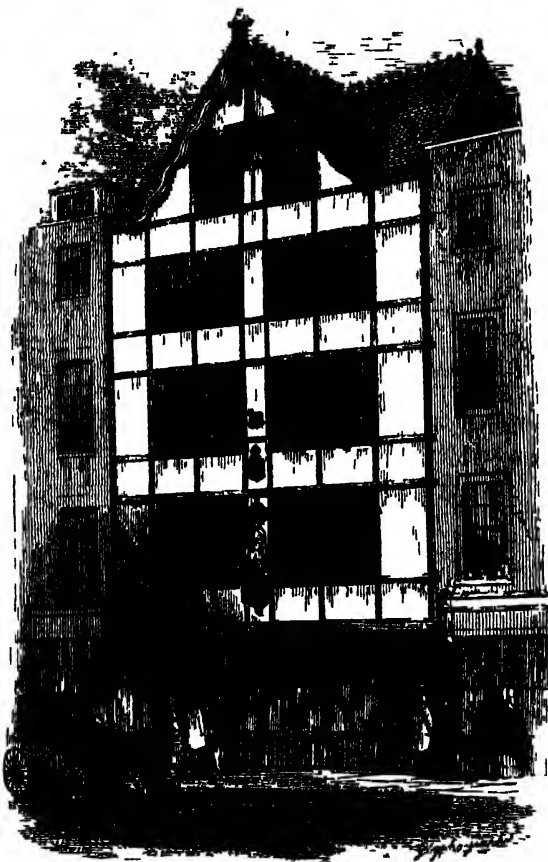
St. Ethelburga, a church a little beyond St. Helen's, half hidden with shops, escaped the Great Fire, and still retains some Early English masonry. It was named from the daughter of King Ethelbert, and is mentioned as early as the year 1366; the advowson was vested in the prioress and nuns of

St. Helen's, and so continued till the dissolution. One of Dryden's rivals, Luke Milbourne, was minister of this church. Pope calls him "the fairest of critics," because he exhibited his own translation of Virgil to be compared with that which he condemned.

The General Post Office, at first fixed at Sherborne Lane, was next removed to Cloak Lane, Dowgate, and then, till the Great Fire, to the Black Swan, Bishopsgate Street.

One of the glories of old Bishopsgate was the mansion built there by Sir Thomas Gresham, in 1563. It consisted (says Dean Burgon, his best biographer) of a square court, surrounded by a covered piazza, and had spacious offices adjoining. It was girdled by pleasant gardens, and extended from Bishops-

gate Street, on the one side, to Broad Street on the other. The first plan of the college which afterwards occupied this house was to have seven professors, who should lecture once a week in succession on divinity, astronomy, music, geometry, law, medicine, and rhetoric. Their salaries, defrayed by the profits of the Royal Exchange, were to be £50 per annum, a sum equal to £400 or £500 at the present day. To the library of this college the Duke of Norfolk, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, presented two thousand volumes from his family library. From the meetings of scientific men at these lectures the Royal



STREET FRONT OF CROSEY HALL. (See page 158.)

Society originated, and was incorporated in 1663 by Charles II. The society afterwards removed to Arundel House, in the Strand. The Gresham College Lectures were commenced in 1597, the year after Lady Gresham's death, when the house became free. They were read in term-time, every day but Sunday, in Latin, at nine a.m., and in English at two p.m.

Aubrey mentions that that strange being, Sir Kenelm Digby, admiral, philosopher, and doctor, after the death of his beautiful wife, retired into Gresham College for two or three years, to avoid envy and scandal. He diverted himself with his chemistry, and the professors' learned talk. He wore, says the gossip, a long morning cloak, a high-crowned hat, and he kept his beard unshorn, and looked like a hermit, as signs of sorrow for his beloved wife, whom he was supposed to have poisoned by accident, by giving her vipers' flesh in broth, to heighten her beauty. In Johnson's time the attendance at the lectures had dwindled to nothing, and we find the terrible doctor telling Boswell, that ready listener, that if the professors had been allowed to take only sixpence a lecture from each scholar, they would have been "emulous to have had many scholars." Gresham College was taken down in 1768, the ground on which it stood made over to the Crown for a perpetual rent of £500 per annum, the lectures being read in a room above the Royal Exchange. A new college was subsequently erected in Gresham Street, and the first lecture read in it November 2, 1843. The music and other practical lectures are still well attended, but the Latin lectures are often adjourned, from there being no audience.

The new college, at the corner of Basinghall Street, is a handsome stone edifice, designed by George Smith. It is in the enriched Roman style, and has a Corinthian entrance portico. Over the entrance are the arms of Gresham, the City of London, and the Mercers' Company, in the last of which a demi-virgin, with dishevelled hair, is modestly conspicuous. The interior contains a large library and professors' rooms, and on the first floor a theatre, to hold 500 persons. The building cost upwards of £7,000. The professors' salaries have been raised, to compensate them for their rooms in the old college. In Vertue's print, in Ward's "Lives of the Gresham Professors," 1740, Dr. Woodward and Dr. Mead, Gresham professors, are represented as drawing swords. This refers to an actual quarrel between the two men, when Mead obtained the advantage, and commanded Woodward to beg his life. "No, doctor," said the vanquished man, "that I will not, till I am your patient." But he never-

theless at last wisely yielded, and Vertue has represented him tendering his sword to his conqueror.

One of the largest of the Jews' synagogues in London was built by Davies, in 1838, in Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. It is in rich Italian style, with an open loggia of three arches, resting upon Tuscan columns. The sides have Doric piers, and Corinthian columns above, behind which are the ladies' galleries, in the Oriental manner of the Jews, fronted with rich brass-work. There are no pews. The centre floor has a platform, and seats for the principal officers, with four large brass-gilt candelabra. At the south end is "the ark," a lofty semicircular-domed recess, consisting of Italian-Doric pilasters, with *verde antico* and porphyry shafts, and gilt capitals; and Corinthian columns with sienna shafts, and capitals and entablature in white and gold. In the upper storey the inter-columns are filled with three arched windows of stained glass, arabesque pattern, by Nixon, the centre one having "Jehovah," in Hebrew, and the tables of the Law. The semi-dome is decorated with gilded rosettes on an azure ground; there are rich festoons of fruit and flowers between the capitals of the Corinthian columns, and ornaments on the frieze above, on which is inscribed in Hebrew, "Know in whose presence thou standest." The centre of the lower part is fitted up with recesses for books of the Law, enclosed with polished mahogany doors, and partly concealed by a rich velvet curtain, fringed with gold; there are massive gilt candelabra, and the pavement and steps to the ark are of fine veined Italian marble, partly carpeted. Externally, the ark is flanked with an arched panel, that on the east containing a prayer for the Queen and Royal Family in Hebrew, and the other a similar one in English. Above the ark is a rich fan-painted window, and a corresponding one, though less brilliant, at the north end. The ceiling, which is flat, is decorated with thirty coffers, each containing a large flower aperture, for ventilation. This synagogue appears to have been removed from Leadenhall Street.

Leathersellers' Hall, at the east end of St. Helen's Place, was rebuilt about 1815, on the site of the old hall, which had formed part of the house of the Black Nuns of St. Helen's, taken down in 1799. The original site had been purchased by the Company soon after the surrender of the priory to Henry VIII. The old hall contained a curiously-carved Elizabethan screen, and an enriched ceiling, with pendants. Beneath the present hall runs the crypt of the Priory of St. Helen's, which we have already described. In the yard belonging to the hall is a curious pump, with a mermaid pressing



her breasts, out of which, on festive occasions, wine used formerly to run. It was made by Caius Gabriel Cibber, in 1679, as payment to the Company of his livery fine of £25. The Leather sellers were incorporated by the 21st of Richard II., and by a grant of Henry VII. the wardens were empowered to inspect sheep, lamb, and calf leather throughout the kingdom.

It was at the "Bull" Inn, Bishopsgate Street, that Shakespeare's friend, Burbage, and his fellows, obtained a patent from Queen Elizabeth for erecting a permanent building for theatrical entertainments. Tarlton, the comedian, often played here. The old inns of London were the first theatres, as we have before shown. Anthony Bacon (the brother of the great Francis), resided in a house in Bishopsgate Street, not far from the "Bull" Inn, to the great concern of his watchful mother, who not only dreaded that the plays and interludes acted at the "Bull" might corrupt his servants, but also objected on her own son's account to the parish, as being without a godly clergyman. The "Four Swans," and the "Green Dragon," lately pulled down, were fine old inns, with galleries complete. It was at the "Bull" that Hobson, the old Cambridge carrier eulogised by Milton, put up. The *Spectator* says that there was a fresco figure of him on the inn walls, with a hundred-pound bag under his arm, with this inscription on the said bag—

"The fruitful mother of an hundred more."

Milton's lines on this sturdy old driver are full of kindly regret, and are worth remembering—

"On the University Carrier, who sickened in the time of the Vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reason of the Plague.

"Here lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,  
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;  
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one,  
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.  
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,  
Death was half glad when he had got him down;  
For he had, any time these ten years full,  
Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the 'Bull';  
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,  
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;  
But lately finding him so long at home,  
And thinking now his journey's end was come,  
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,  
In the kind office of a chamberlain,  
Show'd him his room, where he must lodge that night,  
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light;  
If any ask for him, it shall be said,  
'Hobson has slept, and 's newly gone to bed.'"

The original portrait and parchment certificate of Mr. Van Harn, a frequenter of the house, were long preserved at the "Bull" Inn. This worthy is said to have drank 35,680 bottles of wine in this

hostelry. In 1649 five Puritan troopers were sentenced to death for a mutiny at the "Bull."

The first Bethlehem Hospital was originally a priory of canons, with brothers and sisters, formed in 1246, in Bishopsgate Without, by Simon Fitz Mary, a London sheriff. Henry VIII., at the dissolution, gave it to the City of London, who turned it into an hospital for the insane. Stow speaks vaguely of an insane hospital near Charing Cross, removed by a king of England, who objected to mad people near his palace. The hospital was removed from Bishopsgate to Moorfields, in 1675, at a cost of "nigh £17,000."

The first Artillery Ground was in Teasel Close, now Artillery Lane, Bishopsgate Street Without. Stow describes Teasel Close as a place where teasels (the *tesal* of the Anglo-Saxons, *Dipsacus fullonum*, or fullers' teasel of naturalists) were planted for the clothworkers, afterwards let to the cross-bow makers, to shoot matches at the popinjay. It was in his day closed in with a brick wall, and used as an artillery yard; and there the Tower gunners came every Thursday, to practise their exercise, firing their "brass pieces of great artillery" at earthen butts. The Trained Bands removed to Finsbury in 1622.

Teasel Close was the practice-ground of the old City Trained Band, established in 1585, during the alarm of the expected Spanish Armada. "Certain gallant, active, and forward citizens," says Stow, "voluntarily exercising themselves for the ready use of war, so as within two years there was almost 300 merchants, and others of like quality, very sufficient and skilful to train and teach the common soldiers." The alarm subsiding, the City volunteers again gave way to the grave gunners of the Tower, warriors as guiltless of blood as themselves. In 1610, martial ardour again rising, a new company was formed, and weekly drill practised with renewed energy. Many country gentlemen from the shires used to attend the drills, to learn how to command the country Trained Bands. In the Civil Wars, especially at the battle of Newbury, these London Trained Bands fought with firmness and courage. Lord Clarendon is even proud to confess this. "The London Trained Bands," he says, "and auxiliary regiments (of whose inexperience of danger, or any kind of service beyond the easy practice of their postures in the Artillery Garden, men had till then too cheap in estimation) behaved themselves to wonder, and were in truth the preservation of that army that day. For they stood as a bulwark and rampire to defend the rest; and when their wings of horse were scattered and dispersed, kept their ground so steadily, that though Prince Rupert himself led up the choice horse to

charge them, and endured their storm of small shot, he could make no impression upon their stand of pikes, but was forced to wheel about; of so sovereign benefit and use is that readiness, order, and dexterity in the use of their arms, which hath been so much neglected."

Lord High Chamberlain to Queen Elizabeth, took it. The Queen lodged here during one of her visits to the City, and here probably the Earl presented his royal mistress with the first pair of perfumed gloves brought to England. The mansion afterwards fell to the noble family of Cavendish,



ST. ETHELBURGA'S CHURCH, 1870. (*See page 159.*)

Devonshire Square, a humble place now, was originally the site of a large house with pleasure-gardens, bowling-greens, &c., built and laid out by Jasper Fisher, one of the six clerks in Chancery, a Justice of the Peace, and a freeman of the Goldsmiths' Company. The house being considered far too splendid for a mere clerk in Chancery, much in debt, was nicknamed "Fisher's Folly." After Fisher's downfall, Edward, Earl of Oxford,

William Cavendish, the second Earl of Devonshire, dying in it about the year 1628. The family of Cavendish appear to have been old Bishopsgate residents, as Thomas Cavendish, Treasurer of the Exchequer to Henry VIII., buried his lady in St. Botolph's Church, and by will bequeathed a legacy for the repair of the building. The Earls of Devonshire held the house from 1620 to 1670, but during the Civil Wars, when the sour-faced preachers

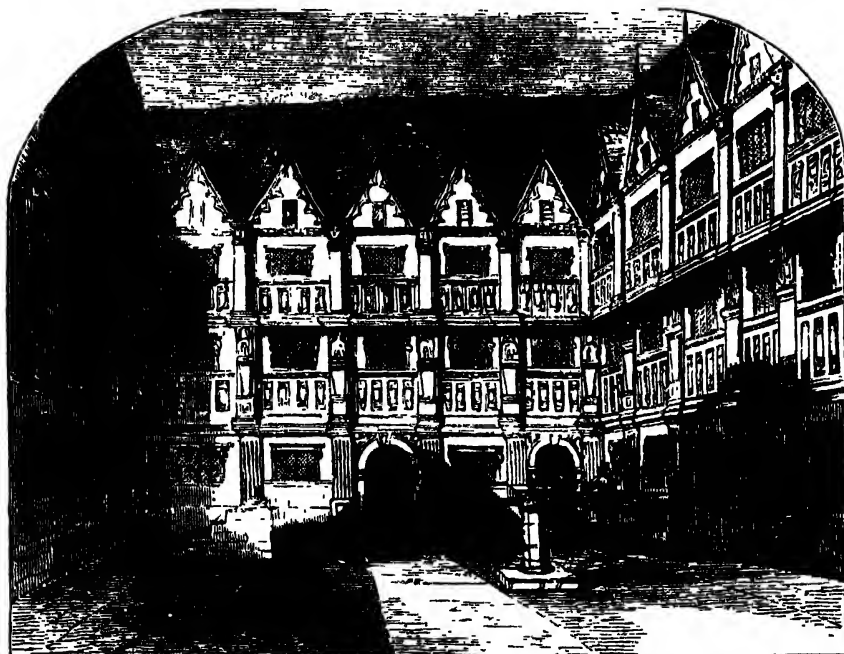
were all-powerful, the earl's City mansion became a conventicle, and resounded with the unctuous groans of the crop-eared listeners. Butler, in his "Hudibras," says the Rump Parliament resembled

"No part of the nation  
But Fisher's Folly congregation."

About the close of the seventeenth century, when the Penny Post was started, one of the inventors, Mr. Robert Murray, clerk to the Commissioners of the Grand Excise of England, set up a Bank of Credit at Devonshire House, where men depositing their goods and merchandise were furnished with

in London—the Danish king cried, "I like the treason, but detest the traitor. Behead this fellow, and as he claims the promise, place his head on the highest pinnacle of the Tower." Edric was then drawn by his heels from Baynard's Castle, tormented to death by burning torches, his head placed on the turret, and his scorched body thrown into Houndsditch.

Stow speaks of the old City ditch as a filthy place, full of dead dogs, but before his time covered over and enclosed by a mud wall. On the side of the ditch over against this mud wall was a field at



SIR THOMAS GRESHAM'S HOUSE IN BISHOPSGATE STREET. (See page 159.)

bills of current credit at two-thirds or three-fourths of the value of the said goods.

Hatton, in 1708, calls the square "a pretty though very small square, inhabited by gentry and other merchants;" and Strype describes it as "an airy and creditable place, where the Countess of Devonshire, in my memory, dwelt in great repute for her hospitality."

Houndsditch, which may be called an indirect tributary of Bishopsgate, though not a dignified place, has a legend of its own. Richard of Cirencester says that here the body of Edric, the murderer of his sovereign Edmund Ironside, was contemptuously thrown by Canute, whom he had raised to the throne. When Edric, flushed with his guilty success, came to claim of Canute the promised reward of his crime—the highest situation

one time belonging to the Priory of the Holy Trinity, which being given, at the dissolution, to Sir Thomas Audley, was handed over by him to Magdalen College, Cambridge, of which he was the founder.

Brokers and sellers of disconsolate cast-off apparel took kindly to this place immediately after the Reformation, settling in this field of the priory; while the old dramatists frequently allude to the Jew brokers and usurers of this district, of the "melancholy" of which Shakespeare has spoken. "Where got'st thou this coat, I marle?" says Well-bred in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*; to which Brainworm answers, "Of a Houndsditch man, sir; one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker." And Beaumont and Fletcher call the place contemptuously Dogsditch:—

"More knavery, and usury,  
And foolery, and brokery than Dogs-ditch."

In the reign of Henry VIII. three brothers named Owens set up in this field a foundry for brass ordnance, and the rest of the place was turned into garden ground. At the end of the reign of Edward VI. pleasant houses for respectable citizens began to be erected.

"This field," says Stow, "as all others about the City, was enclosed, reserving open passage thereinto for such as were disposed. Towards the street were some small cottages of two storeys high, and little garden plots, backward, for poor bedrid people (for in that street dwelt none other), builded by some Prior of the Holy Trinity, to whom that ground belonged.

"In my youth I remember devout people, as well men as women of this City, were accustomed oftentimes, especially on Fridays weekly, to walk that way purposely, and there to bestow their charitable alms, every poor man or woman lying in their bed within their window, which was towards the street, open so low that every man might see them; a clean linen cloth lying in their window, and a pair of beads, to show that there lay a bedrid body, unable but to pray only. 'This street was first paved in the year 1503.'

The favourite localities of the Jew old-clothesmen were Cobb's Yard, Roper's Buildings, and Wentworth Street.

"The Jew old-clothesmen," says Mr. Mayhew, "are generally far more cleanly in their habits than the poorer classes of English people. Their hands they always wash before their meals, and this is done whether the party be a strict Jew or 'Meshumet,' a convert or apostate from Judaism. Neither will the Israelite ever use the same knife to cut his meat that he previously used to spread his butter, and he will not even put his meat upon a plate that has had butter on it; nor will he use for his soup the spoon that has had melted butter in it. This objection to mix butter with meat is carried so far, that, after partaking of the one, Jews will not eat of the other for two hours. The Jews are, generally, when married, most exemplary family men. There are few fonder fathers than they are, and they will starve themselves sooner than their wives or children should want. Whatever their faults may be, they are good fathers, husbands, and sons. Their principal characteristic is their extreme love of money; and, though the strict Jew does not trade himself on the Sabbath, he may not object to employ either one of his tribe, or a Gentile to do so for him.

"The capital required for commencing in the old

clothes line is generally about £1. This the Jew frequently borrows, especially after holiday time, for then he has generally spent all his earnings, unless he be a provident man. When his stock-money is exhausted, he goes either to a neighbour or to a publican in the vicinity, and borrows £1 on the Monday morning, 'to strike a light with,' as he calls it, and agrees to return it on the Friday evening, with a shilling interest for the loan. This he always pays back. If he were to sell the coat off his back he would do this, I am told, because to fail in so doing would be to prevent his obtaining any stock-money in the future. With this capital he starts on his rounds about eight in the morning, and I am assured he will frequently begin his work without tasting food rather than break into the borrowed stock-money. Each man has his particular walk, and never interferes with that of his neighbour; indeed, while upon another's beat, he will seldom cry for clothes. Sometimes they go half 'rybeck' together—that is, they will share the profits of the day's business; and when they agree to do this, the one will take one street, and the other another. The lower the neighbourhood the more old clothes are there for sale. At the East-end of the town they like the neighbourhood frequented by sailors; and there they purchase of the girls and the women the sailors' jackets and trousers. But they buy most of the Petticoat Lane, the Old Clothes Exchange, and the marine-store dealers; for, as the Jew clothes-man never travels the streets by night-time, the parties who then have old clothes to dispose of usually sell them to the marine-store or second-hand dealers over-night, and the Jew buys them in the morning. The first that he does on his rounds is to seek out these shops, and see what he can pick up there. A very great amount of business is done by the Jew clothes-man at the marine-store shops at the West as well as at the East-end of London."

Within a short distance of Houndsditch stood Hand Alley, built on the site of one of the receptacles for the dead during the raging of the great Plague in 1665. "The upper end of Hand Alley, in Bishopsgate Street," writes Defoe, "which was then a green, and was taken in particularly for Bishopsgate parish, though many of the carts out of the City brought their dead thither also, particularly out of the parish of St. Allhallows-in-the-Wall: this place I cannot mention without much regret. It was, as I remember, about two or three years after the Plague was ceased, that Sir Robert Clayton came to be possessed of the ground. It was reported, how true I know not, that it fell to the king for want of heirs, all those

who had any right to it being carried off by the pestilence, and that Sir Robert Clayton obtained a grant of it from Charles II. But however he came by it, certain it is the ground was let out to be built upon, or built upon by his order. The first house built upon it was a large fair house, still standing, which faces the street or way now called Hand Alley, which, though called an alley, is as wide as a street. The houses, in the same row with that house northward, are built on the very same ground where the poor people were buried, and the bodies, on opening the ground for the foundations, were dug up; some of them remaining so plain to be seen, that the women's skulls were distinguished by their long hair, and of others the flesh was not quite perished, so that the people began to exclaim loudly against it, and some suggested that it might endanger a return of the contagion. After which the bones and bodies, as they came at them, were carried to another part of the same ground, and thrown all together into a deep pit dug on purpose, which now is to be known in that it is not built on, but is a passage to another house at the upper end of Rose Alley, just against the door of a meeting-house. . . . There lie the bones and remains of near 2,000 bodies, carried by the dead-carts to their graves in that one year."

A turning from Houndsditch, of unsavoury memory, leads to Bevis Marks. Here formerly stood the City mansion and gardens of the abbots of Bury. The corruption of Bury's Marks to Bevis Marks is undoubted, though not obvious. Stow describes it as 'one great house, large of rooms, fair courts, and garden plots,' some time pertaining to the Bassets, and afterwards to the abbots of Bury. Bury Street, where the old house stood, was remarkable for a synagogue of Portuguese Jews, and a Dissenting chapel, where the good Dr. Watts was for many years pastor.

Towards Camomile Street, close to London Wall, stood the Papey, a religious house belonging to a brotherhood of St. John and St. Charity (our readers will remember Shakespeare talks of "By Gis and by St. Charity"), founded in 1430, by three charity priests. The members were professional mourners, and are often so represented on monuments. The original band consisted of a master, two wardens, chaplains, chantry priests, conductors, and other brothers and sisters. Sir Francis Walsingham, Elizabeth's astute and wily secretary, afterwards inhabited the house.

Old Broad Street, as late as the reign of Charles I., was (says Cunningham) one of the most fashionable streets in London. In Elizabeth's

reign, Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, lived here, and, in Charles's time, Lords Weston and Dover. Here at the same time was a glass-house, where Venice glasses (then so prized) were made by Venetian workmen. Mr. James Howell, author of the "Familiar Letters" which bear his name, was (says Strype) steward to this house. When Howell, unable to bear the heat of the place, gave up his stewardship, he said, if he had stayed much longer, he should in a short time have melted to nothing among these hot Venetians. The place afterwards became Pinners' Hall, and then a Dissenting Chapel. The Pinners, or Pinmakers, were incorporated by Charles I. In February, 1659-60 Monk drew up his forces in Finsbury, dined with the Lord Mayor, had conference with him and the Court of Aldermen, retired to the "Bull's Head," in Cheapside, and quartered at the glass-house, in Broad Street, multitudes of people following him, and congratulating him on his coming into the City, amid shouting, clashing bells, and lighted bonfires.

In Old Broad Street the elder Dance built the Excise Office in 1768, which was removed in 1848 to Somerset House. This Government Office originally stood on the west side of Ironmonger Lane, where was formerly the mansion of Sir J. Frederick. For £500 a year the trustees of the Gresham estates annihilated Gresham College. Dance's building, of stone and brick, was much praised for its simple grandeur. Charles I. seems to have intended to levy excise duties as early as 1626, but the Parliament stopped him. The Parliament, however, to maintain their forces, were compelled to found an Excise Office, in 1643, and ale, beer, cider, and perry were the first articles taxed, together with wine, silks, fur, hats, and lace. There were riots in London about the new system, and the mob burnt down the Excise House in Smithfield. The Excise revenue at first amounted to £1,334,532. The first act after the Restoration was to abolish excise on all articles except ale, &c., which produced an annual revenue of £666,383. The duties on glass and malt were first imposed in William's reign, and the salt duty was then re-imposed. Queen Anne's expensive wars led to duties on paper and soap; and her revenue from excise amounted to £1,738,000 a year. In the reign of George I. the produce of the Excise averaged £2,340,000. Sir Robert Walpole did all he could to extend the Excise, while Pitt carried out all Walpole had attempted. In 1793, no fewer than twenty-nine articles were subject to the Excise laws, and the gross revenue from them amounted to ten millions and a half. In 1797, the number of officers employed in England was 4,777. In

the first twenty years after the peace, the reduction of duties led to the dismissal of 847 Excise officers.

One of the most distinguished inhabitants of Broad Street, many years ago, was the great surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper. "He was then," says "Aleph," "attached to Guy's Hospital, having a large class of pupils, and a numerous morning levee of City patients. His house was a capacious corner tenement in Broad Street, on the right-hand side of the wide-paved court leading by St. Botolph's Church into Bishopsgate Street. When patients applied they were ushered into a large front room, which would comfortably receive from forty to fifty persons. It was plainly furnished; the floor covered with a Turkey carpet, a goodly muster of lumbering mahogany horse-hair seated chairs, a long table in the centre, with a sprinkling of tattered books and stale periodicals, 'Asperne's Magazine,' and the 'British Critic,' and a dingy, damaged pier-glass over the chimney. Sir Astley Cooper's earnings during the first nine years of his practice progressed thus—First year, 5 guineas; second, £26; third, £64; fourth, £96; fifth, £100; sixth, £200; seventh, £400; eighth, £600; ninth, £1,100. But the time was coming when patients were to stand for hours in his ante-rooms waiting for an interview, and were often dismissed without being admitted to the consulting-room. His man Charles, with infinite dignity, used to say to the disappointed applicants when they reappeared next morning, 'I am not at all sure that we shall be able to attend to you, for we are excessively busy, and our list is full for the day; but if you'll wait, I'll see what can be done for you.'"

The largest sum Sir Astley ever received in one year was £21,000, but for a series of years his income was more than £15,000 per annum. As long as he lived in the City his gains were enormous, though they varied, the state of the money market having a curious effect on his fees. Most of his City patients paid their fee with a cheque, and seldom wrote for less than £5 5s. Mr. Coles, of Mincing Lane, for a long period paid him £600 a year. A City man, who consulted him in Broad Street, and departed without giving any fee, soon after sent a cheque for £63 10s. A West Indian millionaire gave Sir Astley his largest fee. He had undergone successfully a painful operation, and paid his physicians, Lettsom and Nelson, with 300 guineas each. "But you, sir," cried the grateful old man, sitting up in bed, and addressing Cooper, "shall have something better. There, sir, take that!" It was his nightcap, which he flung at the surprised surgeon. "Sir," answered Cooper, "I'll pocket the affront," and on reaching home he

found in the cap a draft for 1,000 guineas. When Sir Astley left Broad Street he established himself in Spring Gardens, and there, too, his practice was very considerable.

Cardinal Newman was born in Broad Street, where his father was a banker.

In 1854, on taking down the Excise Office, at about fifteen feet lower than the foundation of Gresham House, was found a pavement twenty-eight feet square. It is a geometrical pattern of broad blue lines, forming intersections of octagon and lozenge compartments. The octagon figures are bordered with a cable pattern, shaded with grey, and interlaced with a square border, shaded with red and yellow. In the centres, within a ring, are expanded flowers, shaded in red, yellow, and grey; the double row of leaves radiating from a figure called a truelove-knot, alternately with a figure something like the tiger-lily. Between the octagon figures are square compartments bearing various devices; in the centre of the pavement is Ariadne, or a Bacchante, reclining on the back of a panther; but only the fore-paws, one of the hind-paws, and the tail remain. Over the head of the figure floats a light drapery forming an arch. Another square contains a two-handled vase. In the demi-octagons, at the sides of the pattern, are lunettes; one contains a fan ornament, another a bowl crowned with flowers. The lozenge intersections are variously embellished with leaves, shells, truelove-knots, chequers, and an ornament shaped like a dice-box. At the corners of the pattern are truelove-knots. Surrounding this pattern, in a broad cable-like border, are broad bands of blue and white alternately.

The church of St. Peter le Poor, Old Broad Street, stands near the site of old Paulet House. Stow thinks this may once have been a poor parish, and so gives its name to the saint, "though at this present time there be many fair houses possessed by rich merchants and others." The church being in a ruinous condition, was pulled down in 1788, rebuilt by Jesse Gibson, and consecrated by Bishop Porteus in 1792.

Old Broad Street leads us into the interesting region of Austin Friars, a district rich in antiquities. Here once stood a priory of begging friars, founded, in 1243, by Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, and dedicated to St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, in Africa. The church was ornamented "with a fine spired steeple, small, high, and straight," which Stow admired. At the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. granted the friars' house and grounds to William Paulet, first Marquis of Winchester, Comptroller



of the Household, and Lord High Treasurer, who made the place his town residence. The church was reserved, and given by Edward VI., to the Dutchmen of London, to have their services in, "for avoiding of all sects of Ana-Baptists, and such like." The decorated windows of the church are still preserved, but the spire and the splendid tombs mentioned by Stow are gone.

"Here," says Mr. Jesse, "lies the pious founder of the priory, Humphrey de Bohun, who stood godfather at the font for Edward I., and who afterwards fought against Henry III., with the leagued barons, at the battle of Evesham. Here were interred the remains of the great Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, the most powerful subject in Europe during the reigns of King John and Henry III., and no less celebrated for his chequered and romantic fortunes. Here rests Edmund, son of Joan Plantagenet, 'the Fair Maid of Kent,' and half-brother to Richard II. Here lies the headless trunk of the gallant Fitzallan, tenth Earl of Arundel, who was executed in Cheapside in 1397. Here also rest the mangled remains of the barons who fell at the battle of Barnet, in 1471, and who were interred together in the body of the church; of John de Vere, twelfth Earl of Oxford, who was beheaded on Tower Hill with his eldest son, Aubrey, in 1461; and, lastly, of the gallant and princely Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham—'poor Edward Bohun'—who, having fallen a victim to the vindictive jealousy of Cardinal Wolsey, was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1521."

The Rev. Mr. Hugo says that the old conventual church of Austin Friars had all the magnificence of a cathedral; it consisted of the present nave, 153 feet in length, 183 broad, with ample transepts and choir. There are visible thirty-six monumental slabs; seventeen with one or more small figures, and sixteen with one or more shields and small inscriptions at the foot. The church suffered extensively by fire in 1862, and its roof and clerestory have been "restored" in a most singular manner.

In Austin Friars (1735) Richard Gough the antiquary was born; and here, at No. 18, lived James Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses." A second James Smith coming to the place, after he had been many years a resident here, produced so much confusion to both, that the last comer waited on the author and suggested, to prevent future inconvenience, that one or other had better leave, hinting, at the same time, that he should like to stay. "No," said the wit, "I am James the First, you are James the Second; you must abdicate."

Lord Winchester died in 1572, and his son, having sold the monuments at Austin Friars for £100, took the lead off the roof, and made stabling of the church ground. In 1602 the fourth marquis was so poor as to be compelled to part with Austin Friars to John Swinnerton, a London merchant, afterwards Lord Mayor. Fulke Greville (Sir Philip Sidney's friend), who lived in Austin Friars, wrote in alarm at this change to the Countess of Shrewsbury, one of his neighbours. Lady Warwick seems to have been another tenant of the Friary.

In Winchester Street, adjoining Austin Friars, stood Winchester House, built by the first Marquis of Winchester, who also founded Basing House. This nobleman died in 1572, in his ninety-seventh year, having lived under nine sovereigns, and having 103 persons immediately descended from him. When this marquis was asked how he had retained royal favour and power under so many conflicting sovereigns, he replied, "By being a willow, and not an oak." Mr. Jesse visited the house before its demolition, in 1839, and found the old Paulet motto, "Aimez Loyaulte," on many of the stained-glass windows. This was the motto that the Marquis of Winchester, during the gallant defence of Basing House, engraved with a diamond on every window of his mansion. It was in apartments of this house in Austin Friars that Anne Clifford, daughter of the Countess of Cumberland, was married to her first husband, Richard, third Earl of Dorset, on the 25th of February, 1608-9. It was this proud lady (already mentioned by us) who returned the defiant answer to the election agents of Charles II., "Your man shall not stand."

In 1621, the Earl of Strafford (a victim of the sham Popish plot), when representing York, took up his residence in Austin Friars, with his young children and the fair wife whom he lost in the following year, and whom he alluded to in his trial as "a saint in heaven." In Austin Friars died, in 1776, James Heywood, who had been one of the popular writers in the *Spectator*. He is said to have been originally a wholesale linendraper in Fish Street Hill.

Nearly at the end of Little Winchester Street is the Church of Allhallows-in-the-Wall. It escaped the Great Fire, but, becoming ruinous, was taken down in 1764, and the present church built by the younger Dance. In the chancel is a tablet to the Rev. W. Beloe, the well-known translator of Herodotus, who died in 1817, after having held the rectory of the parish for twenty years. The altar-piece, a copy of Pietro di Cortona's "Ananias restoring Paul to Sight," was the gift of Sir N. Dance. The parish books, commencing 1455,

record the benefactions of an anchoite who lived near the church.

London Wall, an adjoining street, is interesting, as indicating the site of that portion of the old City wall that divided the City Liberty from the Manor of Finsbury. The old Bethlehem Hospital, taken

Aldgate, Houndsditch, Bishopsgate, along London Wall, to Fore Street; through Cripplegate and Castle Street to Aldersgate; and through Christ's Hospital, by Newgate and Ludgate, to the Thames.

In this street stood, till 1880, Sion College, built on the site of the Priory of Elsing Spital. Elsing was

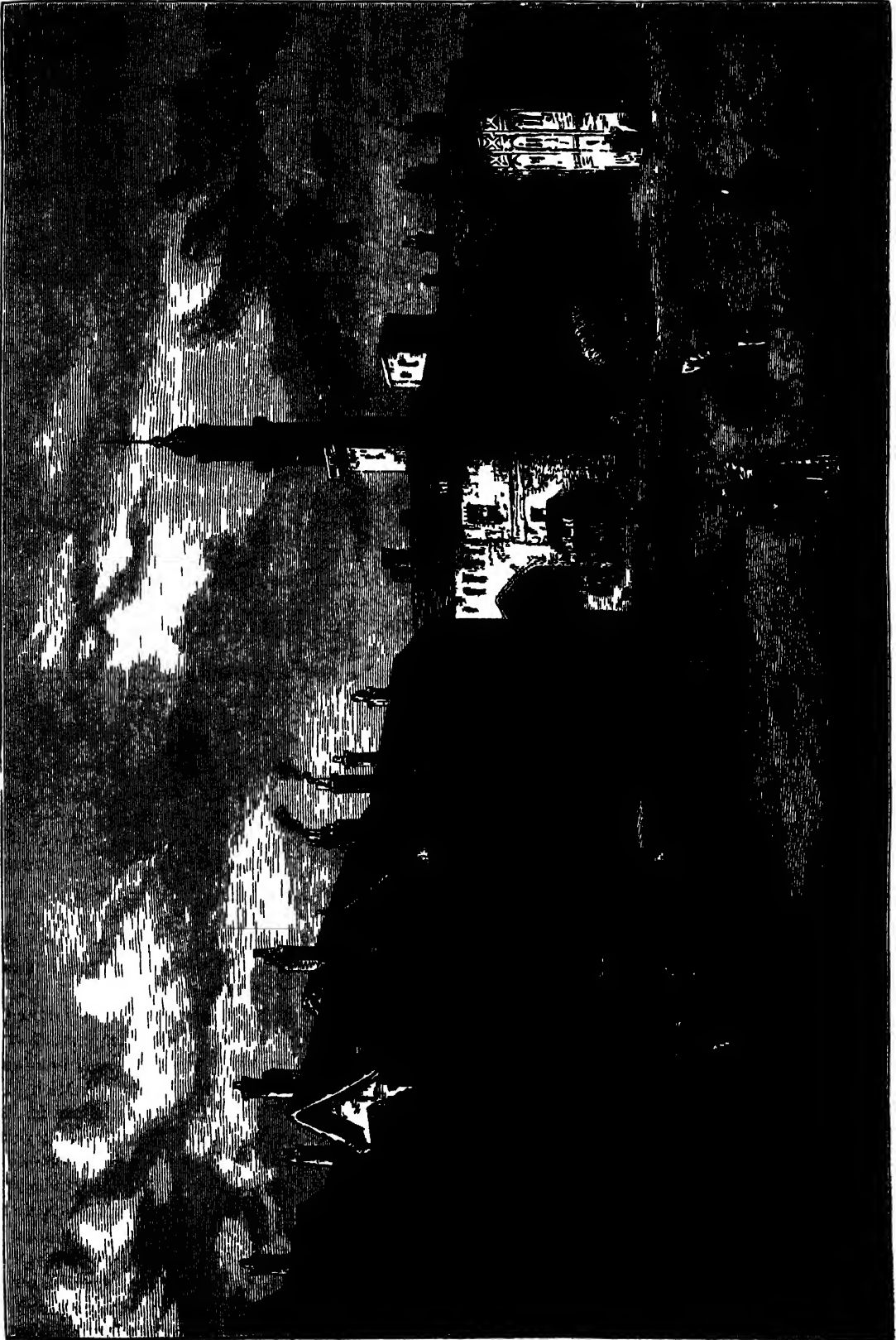


THE FOUR SWANS' INN (Taken shortly before its demolition) See page 161.

down in 1814, was built against the portion of the wall then removed. Hughson says the Roman work was found uncommonly thick, the bricks being double the size of those now used, and the centre filled in with large loose stones. The level of the street has been raised two feet within the last fifty years. The old Roman wall, it will be remembered, ran from the Tower through the Minorities to

a London mercer, who, about 1329, founded an hospital for one hundred blind men on the site of a decayed nunnery. The house was subsequently turned into a priory, consisting of four canons regular, to minister to the blind, Elsing himself being the first prior.

The ground so long consecrated to charity was purchased, in pursuance of the will of Dr. Thomas



CORNHILL IN 1630. (From a View published by Boydell.)

White, vicar of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, and in 1623 a college was erected, governed by a president, two deans, and four assistants. Dr. John Simson, rector of St. Olave's, Hart Street, and one of Dr. White's executors, founded a library. It contains the Jesuit books seized in 1679, and half the library of Sir Robert Cooke, the gift of George Lord Berkeley, in the reign of Charles II., but a third of the books were destroyed in the Great Fire. By the Copyright Act of Queen Anne, the library received a gratuitous copy of every work published, till 1836, when the college received instead a Treasury grant of £363 a year. The library contains more than 50,000 volumes, and is open to

the public by an order from one of the Fellows. The College contains a curious old picture of the "Decollation of St. John the Baptist," with an inscription in Saxon characters, supposed to have come from Elsing's old priory. There are also a few good portraits.

Defoe, in his "Journey through England," 1722, speaks of Sion College as designed for the use of the clergy in and round London, where expectants could lodge till they were provided with houses in their own parishes. There was also a hospital for ten poor men and ten poor women. The College was transferred to a new site on the Thames Embankment purchased in 1880.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### CORNHILL, GRACECHURCH STREET, AND FENCHURCH STREET.

Mediæval Cornhill—The Standard—St. Michael's, Cornhill—St. Peter's—The First London Printers—A Comedian's Tragedy—Dreadful Fire in Cornhill—The First Coffee-house in London—"Garraway's"—Burchin Lane—St. Bennet Gracechurch—George Fox—Fenchurch Street—Denmark House—St. Dionis Backchurch—The Church of St. Margaret Pattens—Billiter Street—Ironmongers' Hall—Mincing Lane—The Clothworkers' Company—The Mark Lane Corn Exchange—The Corn Ports of London—Statistics and Curiosities of the Corn Trade—An Old Relic.

WHAT we have already written of the discovery of Roman antiquities on the site of the Royal Exchange will serve to show how completely Cornhill traverses the centre of Roman London.

A corn-market, says Stow, was, "time out of mind, there holden." Drapers were its earliest inhabitants. Lydgate speaks of it as a place where old clothes were bought, and sometimes stolen—

"Then into Corn Hyl anon I yode,  
Where was mutch stolen gere amonge;  
I saw where hongre myne owne hoodle,  
That I had lost amonge the thronge;  
To buy my own hood I thought it wronge,  
I knew it well as I dyd my crede,  
But for lack of money I could not spede."

The two great ornaments of mediæval Cornhill were the Tun, a round house, or temporary prison; and the Standard, a water conduit, and point of measurement.

The Tun, says Stow, was built in the year 1282, by Henry Wallis, Mayor of London, as a prison for night offenders. For breaking open the prison and releasing prisoners, certain citizens, in the reign of Edward I., were fined 20,000 marks. Abandoned priests were sometimes locked up here. In 1401 the Tun was turned into a conduit, and a cage, stocks, and pillory added, for scolds and cheating bakers. Rascals of various kinds were, in Edward IV.'s reign, compelled to ride from Newgate to this pillory, in Cornhill, and there

stand, with papers detailing their offences tied to their heads.

The Standard was a conduit, with four spouts, made by Peter Morris, a German, in the year 1582, and supplied with Thames water, conveyed by leaden pipes from the vicinity of St. Magnus' Church. It stood at the east end of Cornhill, at its junction with Gracechurch Street, Bishopsgate Street, and Leadenhall Street. The water ceased to run between 1598 and 1603, but the Standard itself remained long after. It was much used as a point of measurement of distances; and Cunningham says that several of our suburban milestones are still inscribed with "so many miles from the Standard in Cornhill." There was a Standard in Cornhill as early as the 2nd of Henry V.

Cornhill, considering its commercial importance, is a street by no means full of old memories.

St. Michael's, Cornhill, is one of seven London churches dedicated to the Archangel Michael, the patron saint of France. It formerly faced Cornhill, but in the reign of Edward IV. it was blocked out by four houses, and it may now be described as standing on the east side of St. Michael's Alley. It is probable that a Saxon church first stood here; but the earliest record of the fabric is previous to 1133. In that year the Abbot of Evesham granted it to Sparling, a priest, for the rent of one mark a year, and lodging, salt, water, and firing to the abbot, whenever he came to London.

In 1503 the Abbey of Evesham ceded it to the Drapers' Company for an annuity of £5 6s. 8d.

William Rous, sheriff of London in 1429, and who was buried in the chapel of St. Mary in this church, left £100 to found an altar in the chancel, and £40 towards a new tower, the old one having been burnt down in 1421. At the south side of the church there was originally a cloister, and in the churchyard a pulpit-cross, built by Sir John Rudston, Lord Mayor of London, who was buried beneath it. In the church is interred one of our old chroniclers, Alderman Fabian, who died in 1511. He is well known for his "Chronicles of England and France," which he termed "The Concordance of Histories." Here also rest the remains of the ancestors of another useful London chronicler, who was born in this parish, where his predecessors had resided for three generations. Stow's father and grandfather were both buried here. The grandfather, a tallow-chandler, with due remembrance of candles sold by him for such purposes, directs in his will that from All Hallows' Day till the Candlemas following a watching-candle burn on all the seven altars of the church from six o'clock till past seven, in worship of the seven sacraments. He also gave to a poor man and woman, every Sunday in one year, one penny to say five paternosters and aves and a credo for his soul.

The old church, all but the tower, was destroyed by the Great Fire, and Wren commenced the present building in 1672. The tower itself had to be rebuilt in 1721. The body of the church is in the Italian style, divided by Doric columns and arches. The tower is perpendicular, in imitation of the chapel tower at Magdalen College, Oxford, and it rises to the height of 130 feet. Wren spoiled his rival tower by a mixture of Italian details. This church was magnificently decorated in 1859, from designs by Sir G. G. Scott.

The chronicler Stow has the following legend, relating how the devil came down to St. Michael's belfry in a storm of lightning:—"Upon St. James's Night," says our venerable author, "certain men in the loft next under the bells, ringing of a peal, a tempest of lightning and thunder did arise: an ugly-shapen sight appeared to them coming in at the south window and lighted on the north. For fear whereof they all fell down, and lay as dead for the time, letting the bells ring and cease of their own accord. When the ringers came to themselves, they found certain stones of the north window to be raised and scratched, as if they had been so much butter printed with a lyon's claw; the same stones were fastened there again, and so remain till this day. I have seen them oft, and have put

a feather or small stick into the holes where the claws had entered three or four inches deep."

A brass slab preserved at St. Peter's, Cornhill, claims that building as the first Christian church founded in London. The legendary founder was Lucius, the first Christian king, A.D. 179. It is said to have remained the metropolitan church of the kingdom till the coming of St. Augustine, four hundred years after.

In the reign of Henry III. one Geoffrey Russell, who had been implicated in a murder said to have been committed by another man in St. Peter's Churchyard, fled for sanctuary to St. Peter's Church. In the year 1243, one of the priests attached to St. Peter's, Cornhill, was murdered. The patronage of the rectory came into the hands of Sir Richard Whittington, and others, who conveyed it, in 1411, to the Lord Mayor and Commonalty of London. Among the celebrated rectors we must not forget Dr. William Beveridge, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph. Dr. Beveridge (died 1708) was an eminent theological writer, famous for his Syriac Grammar, and his laborious work on the Apostolical Canons. The old church was destroyed by the Great Fire, and the present edifice erected in 1686 by Sir Christopher Wren. The tower of brick is surmounted by a small leaden cupola and spire, crowned by an enormous key. The church contains a tablet recording the death, in a great fire, January 18th, 1782, of the seven children of James Woodmason, of Leadenhall Street. Leading from the church, it is said, is a subterranean passage, entered by a flight of steps from the belfry. Some "London tavern" apprentices are reported, many years ago, to have explored this passage, which is now bricked up. Many years ago a stone coffin and urn were found within the enclosure of the church.

One of the most celebrated taverns in Cornhill was the "Pope's Head," mentioned as early as the reign of Edward IV. Here, in the reign of Henry VI., wine was sold at a penny a pint, without charge for bread. Stow seems to think the "Pope's Head" had once been a royal palace. In his time the ancient arms of England (three leopards supported by two angels) were to be seen engraved in stone on the walls. It was here that the Alicant and English goldsmiths decided their wager, as we have already mentioned in our chapter on the Goldsmiths' Company. In 1615, Sir William Craven, father of the first Earl of Craven, left the "Pope's Head" to the Merchant Taylors' Company, for charitable purposes, and the Company had in 1849 nine houses on that spot. The first edition of Speed's "Great Britain" (folio, 1611) was sold by John Sudbury and George Humble in Pope's Head

Alley, at the sign of the "White Horse." This firm, says Cunningham, were the first printsellers established in London. Ben Jonson mentions the pamphlets of Pope's Alley, and Peacham, in his "Complete Gentleman," alludes to the printsellers. Before the Great Fire, the alley was famous for its traders in toys and turners' ware. In Strype's time (thirty years later) it was especially affected by cutlers. The "Pope's Head" tavern was the scene of a fray, in April, 1718, between Quin, the actor, and his fellow-comedian Bowen. The latter, a hot-headed Irishman, jealous of Quin's success, sent for him to the "Pope's Head." As soon as Quin entered, Bowen, in a transport of envy and rage, planted his back against the door, drew his sword, and bade Quin draw his. Quin in vain remonstrated, but at last drew in his own defence, and tried to disarm his antagonist. Bowen eventually received a mortal wound, of which he died in three days, confessing at last his folly and madness. Quin was tried, and honourably acquitted.

Cornhill has been the scene of two dreadful fires. The first, in 1748, commenced at a peruke-maker's, in Exchange Alley, and burnt from ninety to one hundred houses, valued at £200,000, and many lives were lost. This conflagration swept away a few historical houses, including the London Assurance Office, the "Fleece" and "Three Tuns" taverns, "Tom's" and the "Rainbow" coffee-houses, the "Swan" tavern, "Garraway's," "Jonathan's," and the "Jerusalem" coffee-houses, in Exchange Alley, besides the "George and Vulture" tavern. It likewise destroyed No. 41, Cornhill, a few doors from Birchin Lane, the house where, in 1716, the poet Gray had been born. Gray's father was an Exchange broker. The house was rebuilt, and was, in 1774, occupied by Natzell, a perfumer. In 1824 the occupant was also a perfumer. The second great fire, in 1765, also commenced at a peruke-maker's, in Bishopsgate Street, near Leadenhall Street. It made a clean sweep of all the houses from Cornhill to St. Martin Outwich; and the church parsonage, Merchant Taylors' Hall, and several houses in Threadneedle Street, were much damaged. The "White Lion" tavern, purchased the evening before for £3,000, all the houses in White Lion Court, five houses in Cornhill, and several houses in Leadenhall Street, were burnt, and several lives lost.

No. 15, Cornhill, with an old-fashioned front, is the shop of Messrs. Birch, the celebrated cooks and confectioners. We have already mentioned Mr. Birch, Lord Mayor in 1815-16, as the poet and orator, who wrote the "Adopted Child," and other dramatic works. He annually presented the mayor with a splendid cake, to keep Twelfth Night.

At a corner house half-way between Cornhill and Lombard Street, Thomas Guy, the wealthy stationer, commenced business. He was the son of a lighterman at Horsleydown, and was apprenticed to a Cheapside bookseller, as before mentioned by us. The "Lucky Corner" was subsequently Pidding's Lottery Office. There were other lottery offices in Cornhill, including that of Carroll, Lord Mayor in 1846.

Change Alley, Cornhill, recalls the days of the South Sea Bubble, and brings up recollections of Addison, Pope, and Gay. The latter poet mentions it in his verses to his friend Snow, the goldsmith and banker, near Temple Bar, who had been caught by the Bubble:—

"Why did 'Change Alley waste thy precious hours  
Among the fools who gaped for golden show'rs?  
No wonder if we found some poets there,  
Who live on fancy, and can feed on air;  
No wonder they were caught by South Sea schemes,  
Who ne'er enjoyed a guinea but in dreams."

In St. Michael's Alley, in the time of the Commonwealth, the first London coffee-house was established. It was opened, about the year 1652, by Bowman, the ex-coachman of Mr. Hodges, a Turkey merchant. His first partner was Pasque Rosee, a Levantine servant of the same merchant. Bowman afterwards dissolved partnership, and obtained leave to pitch a tent and sell the "sooty drink," at first so much villified by the jealous vintners, in St. Michael's churchyard. Four years after, Bowman's apprentice set up a coffee-house opposite St. Michael's Church. The novelty was soon over, in spite of the lampooners, who declared it made men unfruitful, and that to drink the new liquor was to ape the Turks and insult one's canary-drinking ancestors. "Were it the mode," says the writer of "Coffee in its Colours" (1663), "men would eat spiders."

"Garraway's," the coffee-house celebrated for two centuries, in Exchange Alley, is now pulled down. It was here that, after the Restoration, Garraway issued the following shop-bill:—"Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees, till the year 1657. The said Thomas Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in leaf, and drink made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants and travellers into those eastern countries; and upon knowledge and experience of the said Garway's continued care and



industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, and gentlemen of quality, have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house, in Exchange Alley aforesaid, to drink the drink thereof. . . . These are to give notice that the said Thomas Garway hath tea to sell from 16s. to 50s. a pound."

Defoe (1722) mentions Garraway's as frequented about noon by people of quality who had business in the City, and the more considerable and wealthy citizens. Dean Swift, in his ballad on the South Sea Bubble, calls Change Alley "a narrow sound though deep as hell," and describes the wreckers watching for the shipwrecked dead on "Garraway's cliffs." Two excellent anecdotes of Dr. Radcliffe, the eminent physician of the reigns of William III. and Queen Anne, connect him with Garraway's. The first relates to Dr. Hannes, a quack, who had ordered his servant to stop a number of gentlemen's coaches between Whitehall and the Royal Exchange, and inquire whether they belonged to Dr. Hannes, as if he was called to a patient. Not hearing of him in any coach, the fellow ran up into Exchange Alley, and entering Garraway's Coffee House, made the same interrogatories both above and below. At last, Dr. Radcliffe, who was usually there about Exchange time, and planted at a table with several apothecaries and surgeons that flocked about him, cried out, "Dr. Hannes was not there," and desired to know "Who wanted him?" The fellow's reply was, such a lord and such a lord; but he was taken up with the dry rebuke, "No, no, friend, you are mistaken; the doctor wants those lords."

"A famous physician (Dr. Radcliffe) ventured 5,000 guineas upon a project in the South Sea. When he was told at Garraway's that 'twas all lost, 'Why,' says he, 'tis but going up 5,000 pair of stairs more.' This answer deserved a statue."

Steele, in the *Tatler*, mentions receiving some French wine as a taster of 216 hogsheads, to be put up at £20 the hogshead at Garraway's.

Garraway's was closed after a joyous existence of 216 years. As a place of sale, exchange, auction, and lottery, it was never excelled. Here tea was first sold, and here the South Sea Bubbles met.

"Jonathan's" was another well-known Change Alley coffee-house of the old times. It is described in the *Tatler* as "the general mart for stock-jobbers;" and Addison, in the *Spectator*, No. 1, says, "I sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at 'Jonathan's.'" Mrs. Centlivre has laid one of the scenes of her *Bold Stroke for a Wife* at "Jonathan's." While the business goes on she

makes the coffee-boys cry, "Fresh coffee, gentlemen! fresh coffee! Bohea tea, gentlemen!"

In Freeman's Court, Cornhill, taken down about 1848 to build larger houses, Defoe carried on the business of hose-factor in 1702.

In Cowper's Court is one of the oldest-established of the City coffee-houses and news-rooms, the "Jerusalem." It was originally located in Bishopsgate Street, but removed to its present site about two centuries ago. The house was rebuilt after the fire in 1748, and again in 1879. Its "subscription-room" is much frequented by merchants and others connected with the shipping interests. Here, in 1845, John Tawell, the Slough murderer, was captured. He had been in the habit of visiting the "Jerusalem" in pursuit of information respecting his property in Sydney; and to this haunt, after committing the murder, he was traced through the agency of the electric wires.

Finch Lane derived its name from Robert Finke, the worthy citizen who built St. Bennet-Finke, the church pulled down to enlarge the Exchange.

Birchin Lane is thus described by Stow, the Herodotus of old London:—"Then have ye Birchover Lane, so called of Birchover, the first builder and owner thereof, now corruptly called Birchin Lane. . . . This lane, and the High Street, near adjoining, hath been inhabited for the most part with wealthy drapers; from Birchin Lane, on that side the street down to the Stocks, in the reign of Henry VI., had ye for the most part dwelling fripperers or upholders, that sold old apparel and household stuffs."

Dekker, in his "Gull's Horn Book," speaks of the whalebone doublets of Birchin Lane; and one of Middleton's characters purchases there "a captain's suit, a valiant buff doublet, stuffed with points, and a pair of velvet slops scored thick with lace." In Strype's time Birchin Lane was still famous for old clothes. Garrick, always a strategist, kept up his interest in the City, says Sir John Hawkins, by appearing about twice a winter at Tom's Coffee House, Birchin Lane, the usual rendezvous of young merchants at 'Change time. Poor Chatterton, writing to his sister, May 30, 1770, with his usual air of feigned success, says, "There is such a noise of business and politics in the room (Tom's) that my inaccuracy in writing here is highly excusable. My present profession obliges me to frequent places of the best resort."

Some London streets seem determined never to distinguish themselves. No mediæval scuffle has ever occurred in them; no celebrated church hoards its monuments; no City hall cherishes its relics there; no celebrated person has honoured it by

birth or death. Gracechurch Street is one of these unambitious streets. It derived its name, says Stow, from the grass or herb market there kept in old time, and which gave its name to the parish church of St. Bennet.

St. Bennet Gracechurch, described by Stow, was destroyed in the Great Fire, and another structure, recently pulled down, erected from Wren's designs in 1685. It is now united with the parishes of Allhallows, Lombard Street, and St. Leonard's,

"There was one Banks, in the time of Tarlton, who served the Earl of Essex, and had a horse of strange qualities, and being at the 'Crosse Keyes' in Gracious Streete, getting money with him, as he was mightily resorted to, Tarlton then, with his fellowes, playing at the 'Bel' by, came into the 'Crosse Keyes,' amongst many people, to see fashions, which Banks perceiving, to make the people laugh, saies, 'Signior,' to his horse, 'go fetch me the veriest fool in the company.' The



GARRAWAY'S COFFEE-HOUSE. (From a sketch taken shortly before its demolition.) See page 172.

Eastcheap. The register, says Cunningham, records the following burial:—"1559, April 14, Robert Burges, a common player," probably from the theatre in the yard of the "Cross Keys." In Gracechurch Street, Tarlton, the favourite clown of Elizabeth's time, a droll, short, flat-nosed fellow, who sang comic songs to the music of a pipe and tabor (he was probably the representative of Touchstone, and others of Shakespeare's jesters), lodged at the sign of the "Saba," probably to be near the "Cross Keys." He was chosen scavenger by the ward, and was constantly complained of for not keeping the streets clean. In the old book called "Tarlton's Jests," an early "Joe Miller," the following story is told of this street:—

jade comes immediately, and with his mouth draws Tarlton forth. Tarlton, with merry words, said nothing but 'God a mercy, horse!' . . . Ever after it was a by-word through London, 'God a mercy, horse!' and is to this day."

Taylor, the water poet, in his little Directory, the "Carriers' Cosmographie" (1637), mentions the "Tabard, near the Conduit," and the "Spread Eagle," both in "Gracious Street." In White Hart Court was a Quakers' meeting-house; and here, in 1690, at the house of Henry Goldney, died that strange, but honest fanatic, George Fox, the founder of the sect. Fox was the son of a Leicestershire weaver, and being "converted" at nineteen, betook himself to itinerant preaching. He was examined

by Cromwell on one occasion, and kindly treated ; and on the rumour that Oliver was going to make himself king, Fox went to him and personally remonstrated. Fox preached at this meeting-house in White Hart Court only a few days before his death. Penn says of Fox that he had an extra-

"Throw but a stone, the giant dies." A happy image, in singularly small compass.

Fenchurch Street, another thoroughfare scanty in memories, and therefore still open for future fame, took its name from the marshy ground on the banks of the Langbourne. Indeed, even in Stow's



INTERIOR OF CLOTHWORKERS' HALL. (See page 178.)

ordinary gift in "opening" the Scriptures, and that above all he excelled in prayer. In Nag's Head Court died, in 1737, Matthew Green, the hypochondriacal author of "The Spleen." He held a post in the Custom House, and was nephew to a clerk of Fishmongers' Hall. His pleasant poem was posthumous, and was printed by "Leonidas" Glover. It was approved by Pope and Gray, and will certainly live, if only for the celebrated line—

time, the ward was called Langbourne or Fennie-about ; yet at that date some crotchety antiquaries insisted that it was called Fenchurch from *fenum*, or hay sold there, as Gracechurch from its grass and herbs.

In this street, which runs from Gracechurch to Aldgate, formerly stood Denmark House, the residence, in the reign of Philip and Mary (1557), of the first Russian ambassador sent to England.

The Russian Company had just started, and our merchants, eager for barbaric furs, gold, and amber, treated the Muscovite duke's envoy with prudent respect. They met him, with their velvet gowns and gold chains, at Tottenham. At Islington Lord Montacute, the Queen's pensioner, welcomed his approach, and at the same place the Lord Mayor and aldermen, in a blaze of scarlet, came up, and accompanied him to Master Dimmocks' in Fenchurch Street.

Of all London saints perhaps St. Dionis or Dionysius, the Areopagite, is the least honoured; and yet St. Dionis was the St. Denis of France. St. Dionis is called Backchurch, as some think, from there having originally been a church to St. Gabriel in the centre of the roadway, behind which stood St. Dionis; but this is doubtful. This church, mentioned as early as 1288, was rebuilt in the reign of Henry VI., and again after the Great Fire under Wren's supervision. The church, which stood close by Lime Street, was pulled down in 1877-8 to make room for shops and warehouses, and the parish united with that of Allhallows, Lombard Street. Sir Arthur Ingram, a Spanish merchant, who was commemorated by a monument in the church of St. Dionis, gave his name to Ingram Court in this street, and was a great benefactor to the church.

At the "King's Head," now the "London Tavern," No. 53, Fenchurch Street, the Princess Elizabeth, when released from the Tower by her harsh sister Mary, is said to have dined, after attending divine service at the church of Allhallows Staining, in Mark Lane. The young lady, always a fair trencherwoman, exulting in freedom and fresh air, partook freely of pork and peas. This royal act of condescension was celebrated till quite recently by an annual dinner of the chief parishioners. In the coffee-room they still show, with honest pride, the metal dish and cover said to have been occupied by the afore-mentioned peas and pork. Another legend has it that the princess, on quitting Allhallows, gave the clerk a handsome fee, which he celebrated by an annual dinner given to his chief patrons. The old tavern was rebuilt, and its name altered, in 1877. The building, as it now stands, is one of the most extensive and elaborately-furnished establishments of its kind in London.

The Church of St. Margaret Pattens was so called, says Stow, because pattens were usually made and sold in this neighbourhood, but more probably, we think, from the church being specially decorated on its roof with such "patines of bright gold" as those to which Shakespeare, in the *Merchant*

*of Venice*, compares the stars. The venerable shade of Stow will forgive us this trifling rebellion to his dictum. This church is mentioned as early as 1344, was in Whittington's gift, and was rebuilt after the Great Fire. In 1538, the rood, having been left in the churchyard to receive oblations, was destroyed by some too zealous Reformer. The altar-piece is by Carlo Maratti. The great antiquary, Dr. Birch, rector of the parish nearly nineteen years, is buried here. Above the altar are some finely-carved flowers.

In Fenchurch Street, on the site of Northumberland Alley, stood the first town residence of the Earls of Northumberland. The gardens were afterwards converted into bowling-alleys for all comers.

St. Catherine Coleman, close to where Northumberland House once stood, derived its name from a large garden belonging to one Coleman (date uncertain). This church escaped the Great Fire, and was rebuilt in 1734.

Pepys has the following interesting allusion to Fenchurch Street, in connection with the Plague. "June 10, 1665," he says, "to my great trouble, hear that the Plague is come into the City (though it hath these three or four weeks since its beginning been wholly out of the City); but where should it begin but in my good friend and neighbour's, Dr. Burnett, in Fenchurch Street; which, in both points, troubles me mightily.

"June 11.—I saw poor Dr. Burnett's door shut; but he hath, I hear, gained great good-will among his neighbours, for he discovered it himself first, and caused himself to be shut up of his own accord; which was very handsome."

Out of respect to Fenchurch Street, we may mention its small tributary, Billiter Street, a name corrupted from Belzettar, a forgotten builder or owner. Strype describes the place as consisting of poor and ordinary houses, formerly inhabited by needy, beggarly people. The inhabitants were then brokers and chandlers, residing in very old and ruinous timber houses. The chief ornament of it was Billiter Square, which Strype describes as "a very handsome, open, and airy place, graced with good new-brick buildings very well inhabited."

Ironmongers' Hall in Fenchurch Street is a building with a history and traditions of its own. The iron that supplied London in the Middle Ages was chiefly worked in Sussex, Surrey, and Kent.

The earliest account, says Mr. Herbert, we have of the Ironmongers as a guild is in the 37th year of Edward III., when on occasion of the various Crafts or Mysteries making their offerings to the king for his French wars, the Ironmongers sub-

scribed £6 18s. 4d. The same Company, in the 50th of Edward III., sent four of their members to the Common Council. Near this period, and for a long time afterwards, the Ironmongers appear to have united the professions both of merchant and trader, for, whilst they had large warehouses and yards, whence they exported and sold bar-iron and iron rods, they had also shops, wherein they displayed abundance of manufactured articles, which they purchased from the workmen in town and country, and of which they afterwards became the general retailers. Ironmonger Lane was one of the first spots on which the trade congregated. Many of the rich Ironmongers were buried in the church of the adjacent united parishes of St. Olave Jewry and St. Martin, Ironmonger Lane.

The Ironmongers were incorporated in the 3rd of Edward IV., their arms having been granted to them several years before. Their records are ancient; their first court-book commences in 1541, but they have documents and records of a still earlier date. Some of the entries are curious, and of these we select a few of the most interesting. In 1562, they provide 19 soldiers for the Queen's service; 1565, pay £75 towards building the Royal Exchange; 1566, provide three soldiers for the Queen's service, Ireland; 1575, they lend the Queen £60; 1577, supply 100 men as soldiers; 1578, provide seven seamen; 1579, provide 73 men for the defence of the kingdom; 1591, contribute £344 to help send forth ten ships of war and a pinnace; 1596, lend Government £172; 1630 pay £35 16s., being their proportion of a fine exacted from the City for not apprehending the murderers of John Lamb (see Vol. I., page 421); 1642, pay for the service of Parliament £3,400; 1643, pay Parliament £9 10s. every week for four months, and sell their plate to try to raise £1,700 to help Parliament.

The ancient livery hood was crimson and puce. In choosing wardens it was usual at the election dinner to bring in garlands, preceded by minstrels, and try them on each person, till they arrived at the stewards-elect. Worthy Mr. Evelyn (September 4, 1671) mentions this ceremony, and describes how the solemn procession came to the upper table and drank to the new stewards.

The present Ironmongers' Hall is the third or fourth building erected on the same site. The present hall was designed by T. Holden, in 1748. It was then a handsome stone building, with a rustic base and Ionic pilasters, balustraded roof, and carved tympanum. The vestibule was divided by six Tuscan columns, and the state room was adorned with Ionic ornaments, an orchestra and

grand buffet. The master and wardens' chairs stood against the west wall, in front of the king's arms, while the blue semi-oval ceiling was stuccoed with heraldic bearings, satyrs' heads, cornucopias, palm-branches, flowers, and scrolls. The banquetting-hall has since been decorated in the Louis Quatorze taste, in papier-mache and *carton-pierre* imitative oak aided by oak carvings. The hall contains portraits of Mr. Thomas Betton, a Turkey merchant, who left £26,000, Sir Robert Jeffery (giver of the Company's almshouses in the Kingsland Road), Sir James Cambell, and other benefactors, and a fine full-length of Lord Hood, by Gainsborough, given by that admiral to the Company, in 1783, when his lordship was received into the Company without fee or previous nomination. The Ironmongers' arms are argent, on a chevron gules, three swivels or between three steel gads azure crest on a wreath, two scaly lizards, erect, combatant proper (*i.e.*, vert); motto, "God is our strength." The lizards should properly be salamanders, but the Ironmongers insist on the lizards, and even named their Irish estate after them.

Mincing Lane was so called from houses there belonging to the "Minchuns," or nuns, of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street. Of old time, says Stow, there dwelt in this lane Genoese traders called "galley-men," because they brought their wines and other merchandise to Galley Wharf, in Thames Street. They used amongst themselves small silver halfpence called, in London, "galley halfpence," forbidden by Act of Parliament in the reigns of Henry IV. and Henry VI. These coins were broader than English halfpence, but not so thick and strong.

Mincing Lane is specially mentioned by Pepys, *à propos* of the Great Fire:—"19th June, 1668," he says, "between two and three in the morning we were waked with the maids crying out, 'Fire, fire, in Marke Lane!' So I rose and looked out, and it was dreadful, and strange apprehensions in me and us all of being presently burnt. So we all rose, and my care presently was to secure my gold and plate and papers, and could quickly have done it, but I went forth to see where it was; and the whole town was presently in the streets; and I found it in a new-built house that stood alone in Minchin Lane, over against the Clothworkers' Hall, which burned furiously; the house not yet quite finished; and the benefit of brick was well seen, for it burnt all inward, and fell down within itself; so no fear of doing more hurt."

The original Clothworkers' Hall, in Mincing Lane, was purchased by the Fullers, in the year 1455

(Henry VI.), ever to remain in their fellowship. The spot is remarkable as the boundary of the Great Fire of London, which partly destroyed the hall. Pepys speaks of the building as being "in one body of flame for three days and nights, the cellars being full of oil."

The Clothworkers, says Herbert, seem to have sprung, like the Fullers, from the very ancient guild of Weavers. The trade had formerly several subdivisions, of which the Fullers, the Burrellers, and the Testers were the chief. The Burrellers were inspectors and measurers of cloth. In the reign of Edward IV. the Shearmen were separated from the Drapers and Tailors, and were incorporated. Henry VII. granted them additional privileges, and Henry VIII. united them with the Fullers, and gave the joint fraternity the name of Clothworkers. There were endless disputes between the Clothworkers and Dyers for precedence, till at last the Clothworkers settled down as twelfth and last of the great companies, and the Dyers took rank as first of the minor ones. Shearmen, the old title of the Clothworkers, had no reference to removing the wool from the sheep, but applied to the manner of clipping the nap in the process of cloth manufacture. The Clothworkers are especially mentioned in a statute concerning the woollen manufacture, in the reign of Edward VI., which contained clauses requiring the clothiers' seal on cloth, and forbidding over-stretching, and adding chalk, or flour, or starch, and the use of iron cards. Queen Elizabeth confirmed the right of the Clothworkers, and Charles I. (who, as well as his father, was a member of the fraternity) confirmed their charter. There were five degrees in the Company—apprentices, freemen (also called yeomen and bachelors), householders, the fellowship, and wardens. The government consisted of a court of assistants, including only those who had been masters and wardens.

Pepys himself was a member of this Company, and left it a quaint and valuable old cup, which still shines out among the meaner plate on the occasion of grand dinners, "when beards wag all." The hall after the Great Fire seems to have been restored with green wood, which soon fell into decay. It must have been a fine building, for the banqueting-hall was a lofty wainscoted room, adorned with a great oak screen, with figures of James I. and Charles I., and two stained-glass windows. These windows contained, among other devices, the arms of Pepys and Sir John Robinson. The latter worthy was Lieutenant of the Tower, President of the Artillery Company, and Lord Mayor in 1663, when he entertained, in Clothworkers' Hall,

Charles II. and his Queen, the Queen-Dowager, and the Duke and Duchess of York. Mr. Samuel Angell was the architect of the new hall, which occupies the old position in Mincing Lane. It was completed in 1860, and is now, with its fine oak carving and splendid mirrors, a good specimen of a Company's Hall—the ceiling, in white and gold, being ornamented in a rather unusual, but most tasteful manner, with life-size figures in relief. At one end of the hall stand the statues of James I. and Charles I., very dazzling in their covering of pure gilding. The ground on which the hall is built has been enlarged by the addition of a very large piece of land purchased by the Company quite recently. This is the site of the old church and graveyard of Allhallows Staining. The body of the church itself has been pulled down, and its place is occupied by houses built and let on lease to tenants. The churchyard is to remain as an open space, and will still admit air and light to the hall. But the old tower still remains; the Company, by arrangement with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, being bound not only not to demolish it, but to keep it in repair. Anything more absurd than this restriction cannot be imagined. The crumbling old tower is not by any means ornamental, and it can serve no purpose on earth except that of obstructing and incommoding the property of the Company. The real estates held by this Company are very large, and comprise a great deal of valuable house property in London. The Irish estates were let as far back as 1769 for £600 per annum, and a fine of £28,000. They have, however, been sold since the last rebuilding of the hall. The Company have schools at Sutton Valence, in Kent, and in the Isle of Man, and almshouses at Sutton Valence, in Islington, and other places. The charities were estimated in 1836 at about £1,400 per annum, but they are now vastly increased. This Company has numbered many royal personages among its members, and among them the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge. Prince Albert was also a member, and the Company have a large picture of his late Royal Highness, with a sister painting of Her Majesty, executed by Herrick in 1863. In proof of the honour in which the Clothworkers were held two centuries ago, we may quote the words of the panegyrist, Elkanah Settle:—"The grandeur of England is to be attributed to its golden fleece (which is the crest of this Company), the wealth of the loom making England a second Peru, and the back of the sheep, and not the entrails of the earth, being its chief mine of riches. The silkworm is no spinster of ours, and our wheel



and web are wholly the Clothworkers'. Thus, as trade is the soul of the kingdom, so the greatest branch of it lies in the Clothworkers' hands, and though our naval commerce brings us in both the *or* and the *argent*, and indeed the whole wealth of the world, yet, when thoroughly examined, it will be found 'tis your cloth sends out to fetch them. And thus, whilst the Imperial Britannia is so formidable to her foes and so potent to her friends, . . . to the Clothworkers' honour it may justly be said, 'Tis your shuttle nerves her arm, and your woof that enrobes her glory.'"

Howes relates that "James I., being in the open Hall, inquired who was master of the Company; and the Lord Mayor answering, 'Sir William Stone,' to whom the king said, "Wilt thou make me free of the Clothworkers?" 'Yea,' quoth the master, 'and think myself a happy man that I live to see this day.' Then the king said, 'Stone, give me thy hand; and now I am a Clothworker.'"

The Clothworkers' arms, granted in the reign of Henry VIII., are sable, a chevron ermine between two habricks, in chief argent, and a thistle in base, or; crest, a ram passant, or; supporters, two griffins, or; pellette. Motto—"My trust is in God alone."

At the north-east corner of Mark Lane, says Stow, was the manor of a knight of Richard II., called by the pretty name of Blanch Appleton, afterwards corrupted into Blind Chapel Court. In the reign of Edward IV. basket-makers and wire-drawers were allowed to practise their trade in Blanch Appleton. Mark Lane was originally called Mart Lane, from some fair of uncertain date there established.

The Church of Allhallows, standing in Mark Lane, recently pulled down by the Clothworkers' Company to enlarge their hall, was given, in 1367, by the Bishop of London to the Abbey and Convent of our Lady of Grace, near the Tower of London. The right of presentation eventually came into the possession of the Grocers' Company. According to Stow, the church was called Stane or Stayning, to distinguish it at an early period when many London churches were erected of timber. The churchwardens' books of Allhallows are perfect from as far back as 1491, and abound with some interesting facts as to prices and manners and customs. In 1492 the great beam light of the church is mentioned as weighing more than 40 pounds, and cost 1d. the pound. In 1587 there is a shilling paid to the ringers for expressing joy at the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. In 1606 a shilling is paid for painting three red crosses on the doors of houses infected with the plague. In the Great Plague of 1665, 165 persons

died in the parish, and that year £3 17s. 6d. is paid for street fires to purify the air. In 1688, the ringers are paid for expressing joy at King James's return from Faversham, and two days after for more joy at the Prince of Orange's arrival, for the purpose of dethroning James I. The church escaped the Great Fire, but, as if tired of standing, fell down suddenly in 1671, nearly burying a sexton who was digging a grave. The tower contains six bells, the greater number of which are dated 1682-3. Two of them, however, are much older. Malcolm says the date upon one is 1485.

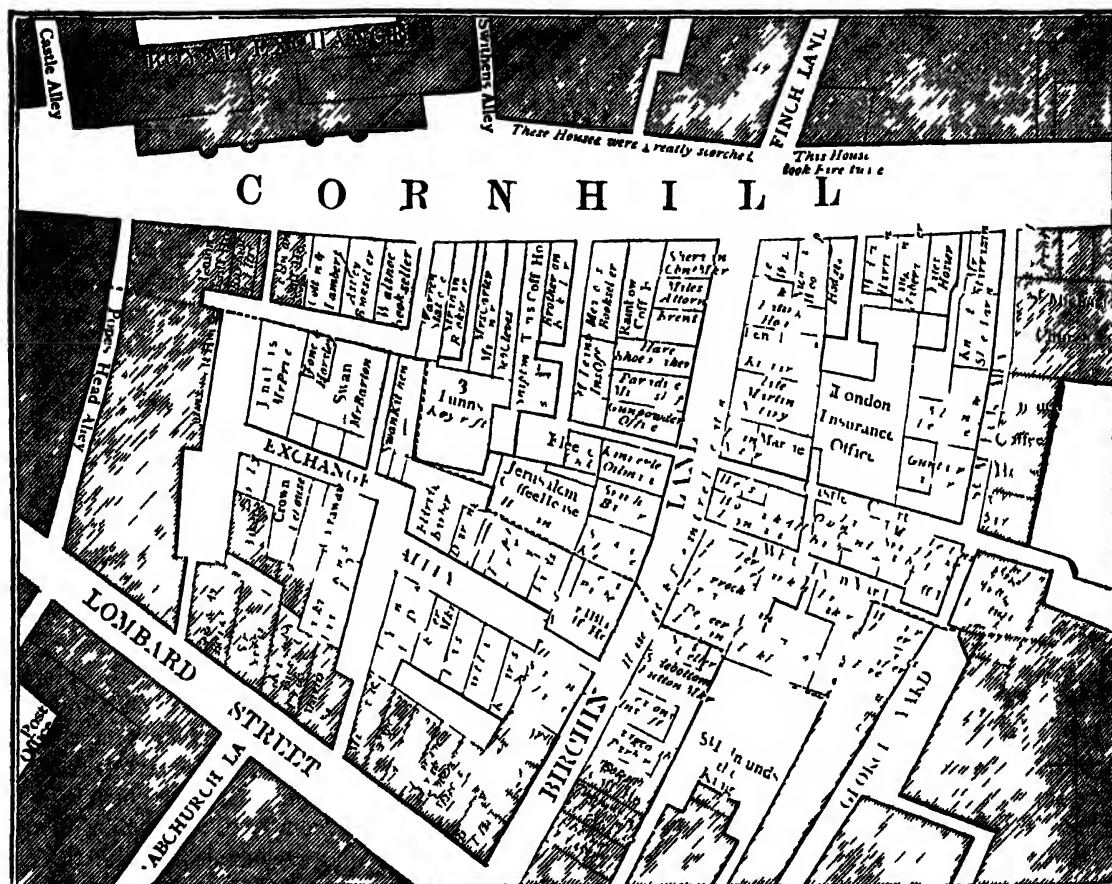
The Corn Exchange in Mark Lane was projected and opened in 1747. A new Exchange was rebuilt by Mr. G. Smith in 1827, and opened the next year; and the old Exchange, which adjoined it, is now (1880) being rebuilt. On building the second Corn Exchange a fine Roman pavement was discovered. The old building had an open colonnade with modern Doric pillars, and the interior court has been compared to the *atrium*, or place of audience, of a Pompeian house. The New Corn Exchange is in the Grecian and Doric style. The portico is surmounted by the imperial arms, and the interior is lighted by a lantern with vertical lights in the centre space within the columns, and the compartments on each side have skylights in their ceilings. The stands of the corn-factors, to the number of eighty and upwards, are along the sides of the building. On them are placed small bags and wooden bowls, with samples of different kinds of grain, and behind is a desk for the factor or his clerk, with something of the convenience of a counting-house. Lightermen and granary-keepers have stands as well as corn-merchants, factors, and millers. The seed-market is held in another part of the building. In the north wing is a tavern and coffee-room, and an opening in the south side of the wing communicated with the old Corn Exchange.

As some London corn merchants were said, as far back as half a century ago, to turn over in a year nearly a million and a half of money, it may be supposed that Mark Lane is a strictly busy place, and that the factors there do not scoop up handfuls of corn or toss wheat up in the air for mere amusement. In two months alone in 1841 there arrived in London 787 vessels from foreign ports, laden with foreign corn, a fact which proves the ceaseless cry for bread of hungry England, unable to fully supply its own wants, and dependent on the energy of the Mark Lane dealers.

In the Middle Ages, London, a mere bantling then, with no great appetite, depended in simple faith for corn on Kent and Essex alone. In Stow's

time Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Kent, and Sussex were the chief competitors in the London corn trade. Speculators in corn were looked upon in old times with suspicion, and even detestation, while regraters, or holders back of corn, were formerly branded as ruthless enemies of the human race. In 1542 corn-dealers were prohibited having more than ten quarters in their possession at one time, and justices could examine a farmer's barns and sell the superfluous stock. Heavy penalties

Simon Eyre, another Lord Mayor, established a public granary, such as Joseph did in Egypt, at Leadenhall. In 1521 a mayor found the City granaries nearly empty, and had to lay in a provision of wheat. In 1546 two aldermen were appointed weekly in rotation to see that the markets were well supplied. When prices rose the companies were compelled to send in for sale certain specified quantities of corn, and then to provide a fresh stock. In 1590, they were called on,

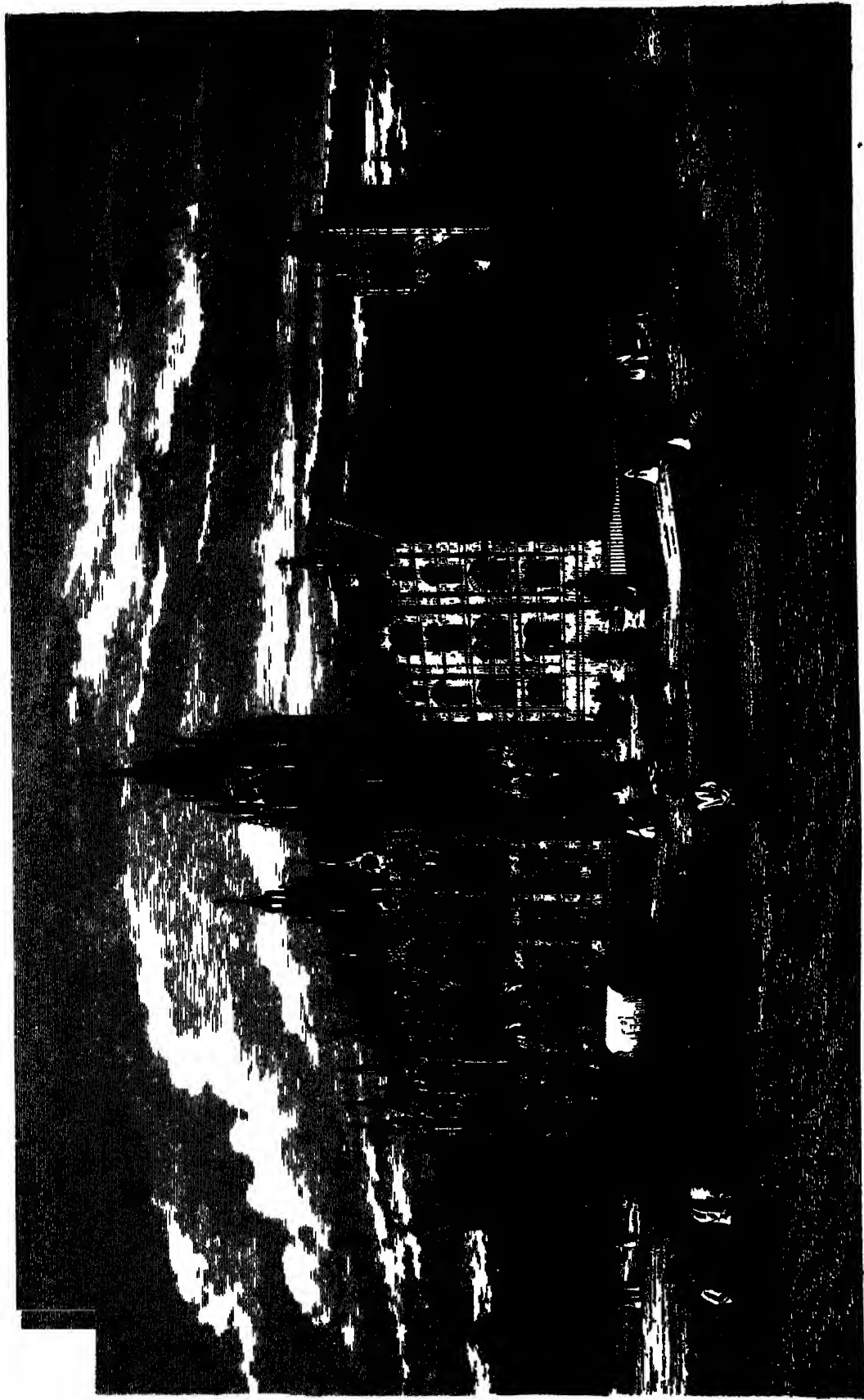


PLAN SHOWING THE EXTENT OF THE GREAT FIRE IN CORNHILL IN 1748 (See page 172)

were inflicted two years afterwards on persons who bought corn to sell again. Farmers buying corn for seed were required to sell an equal quantity of store corn; while corn dealers were required to take out an annual licence, and not to engross or forestall, or buy out of open market, except under an express permission.

Dearths frequently occurring in the Middle Ages, the livery companies were required to keep stores of corn, as we have already mentioned in previous chapters. Sir Stephen Brown is the first Lord Mayor praised by Stow for sending to Dantzic for cheap corn in time of scarcity, and Sir

at two different periods, to purchase 18,000 quarters. The Bridgemaster had the charge of buying the corn, which was at one period entirely stored in the Bridge House. The money to purchase the grain for the City granaries was raised by loans and contributions from the mayor and aldermen, the City companies, and sometimes from the citizens. The companies often grumbled, clamoured for a return of their money, and were sometimes paid in store corn, which they by no means wanted. In 1596 the companies built their own granaries, and were allowed to keep their supply there. The difficulty with the companies grew worse and worse,



COLUMBIA OLD & NEW LONDON PLATE 14

## COLUMBIA MARKET



and the refusals to buy corn became more frequent, till at last the Great Fire, that fierce reformer of many abuses, swept away the Bridge House and all the other granaries, and thus at last the custom of laying up corn and interfering with the natural balance of trade ceased altogether.

The German Steel Yard merchants were at one period the sole importers of foreign corn, and in times of scarcity were not allowed to sell either to bakers or brewers without the City's licence.

each of whom had three men under him. The chief corn-markets of London were Cornhill and Michael-le-Quern, at the west end of Cheapside. Bread Street was the mediæval bakers' market. The Fellowship of Bakers held four hall-motes during the year, to punish offences of their craft. In 1370 a Stratford baker, for selling loaves smaller than the assize, was drawn on a hurdle through London streets with a fool's cap on his head; while round his neck dangled his meagre loaves.



THE OLD INDIA OFFICE, LEADENHALL STREET, IN 1803

In one special year bakers were forbidden to buy any meal, except at the City's store, the Bridge House, where the quantity each might take, and the price, were fixed by the Lord Mayor. Such were the fetters in which trade had to move in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when so many feudal restrictions were still in existence. As an instance of the power of the City in the reign of her successor, it has been mentioned that in 1622 the Court tried to borrow thirty or forty quarters of wheat, and the City would only lend ten.

The ancient corn-ports of London were, as we have shown, Queenhithe and Billingsgate. The chief corn-warehouse was at Queenhithe. There was a principal meter there, and eight master porters,

The old assize of bread compelled bakers to regulate the size of their loaves by the price of corn. The assize was regulated in Queen Anne's reign, and not finally abolished till 1815. The Bakers' Company used formerly to present two new-baked loaves to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, to be fairly weighed. They were made out of wheaten corn, purchased by four "sworn and discreet men", at the markets of Grasschurch, St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, and Queenhithe. London bakers were formerly, except at Christmas, forbidden to sell household loaves at a higher price than twopence, or to sell by retail spice-cakes, buns, or biscuits, except for funerals, and at the festivals of Christmas and Easter.

The London corn-mills were latterly chiefly at London Bridge. Besides Leadenhall and the Bridge House there were granaries at one time at Bridewell and Christchurch. At the beginning of the last century the metropolitan corn-market was held at Bear Quay, in Thames Street. Queenhithe was at the same period the great market for flour and meal, and the "White Horse" Inn meal-market, situated near Holborn Bridge, was much frequented.

The system of factorage is only about 180 years old. Tradition has it that it began with a number of Essex farmers, who used to leave samples of corn with the landlord of an inn at Whitechapel where they put up, and to whom they paid commission, to save the trouble of attending the market every week. The ancestors of one of the oldest commission-houses began with a stand on Tower Hill.

"Such great events from little causes spring."

Kentish, Essex, and Suffolk corn arrives in sacks; foreign and Irish corn, and English oats and barley in loose bulk. The Kentish hoys sometimes bring joint-stock cargoes. The operation of unloading and measuring was, under the old system, very skilfully managed. Two fellowship porters all but filled the bushel with wooden shovels, the meter completed the bushel, and one of the men passed the strike over the surface. The sack was then filled and shot into the lighter. At purchase the grain was again measured.

By a recent Act of Parliament the City's rights of measuring corn, worth as much as £13,000 a year, were done away with. Corn is now sold by weight, the only charge being three-sixteenths of a penny per hundredweight, to pay for the ex-sworn meters, as compensation to the City, this charge to continue for thirty years.

The London terms of the factors are one month's open credit, and the buyer has to lodge any objection as to quality, bulk, &c., at the factor's stand before eleven o'clock on the following market day, or else has to abide by his bargain. The centre of the market is devoted, at the entrance end, to shipbrokers of all classes, and also to masters of small craft, and lightermen; in the middle assemble the great Greek merchants, who almost monopolise the importation of corn from every part of the world; they here give directions to factors who are selling their arrived cargoes, and to agents who are negotiating with country merchants and factors from all parts of the kingdom, either personally or by telegraph, for the sale of cargoes shipping at foreign ports, or

on passage, or arrived on the coast at Plymouth or Queenstown. There are sometimes as many as 100 cargoes at ports of call, the size of each one being from 4,000 to 5,000 quarters up to 8,000 quarters, and sometimes as much as 13,000 quarters, waiting for a destination, which is notified to them by telegraph as soon as a contract is made. Not only is the United Kingdom supplied in this way, but also any part of the Continent where corn may be required.

The upper part of the market is the place of assembling for oil seed-crushers, and here the Greeks again are the great importers of all kinds of oil-seeds.

A strict and punctual system governs all the proceedings of the establishment. The market opens at eleven o'clock by ring of bell, and factors never name a price for goods till then. At two o'clock a notice bell is rung, and at half-past two the final bell, when the doors of the market are closed until three, when the sweepers begin to clear up the spilt samples, which bring in a good revenue to the company.

The next market adjoining, and in communication with the old Exchange, is the "London Corn Exchange," which is commonly called the New Corn Market, to distinguish it from the other. The exterior is much more imposing than the old market, which is very simple. Originally some dealers clubbed together and acquired some property opposite the old Exchange, and in opposition to it, and set up a few small stands, but they subsequently formed a company, and acquired the present site. This may be called the retail market, as the standholders are principally dealers, who sell corn lying in their own river-side warehouses to shopkeepers, livery-stables, &c., and they buy, generally from factors on the old market, the grain ex-ship. Some of these dealers are also factors in the old market. Here also the malt-factors and maltsters attend, as the Greeks do in the other market; and also a great many country dealers, who sell home-grown barley. The stands are arranged round the interior, and smaller stands fill up the centre opening.

A staircase at the entrance of the old Exchange, and the property of the same company, leads to "Jack's Coffee House," the assembly for London and country millers, who examine their purchases, &c., after the market is over. The room is crammed between three and four o'clock. At the rear of the old Exchange is a handsome building, which was erected in 1860; the upper storeys are divided into offices, and the ground-floor forms a large subscription-room.



Granaries are numerous about Bermondsey and Shad Thames, but they abound on both sides of the river, from Greenwich to Vauxhall. The foreign corn is stored in bonded granaries near the Commercial Docks. In the times of the high duties corn-merchants have been known to throw 2,000 quarters of wheat into the river at one time rather than pay the high tax, or keep it subject to long granary rent.

The supply of foreign corn to this country has undergone many changes from time to time; formerly our supplies were chiefly from the Baltic and South Russian ports, but now the United States is the chief contributor, and we also get wheat from Australia, California, the Cape, and New Zealand.

The cultivation of grain has undergone a mar-

vellous change since 1830, the English farmer preferring cattle-rearing to corn-growing: thus in 1830 the supply of foreign corn to the port of London, as measured by the sworn meters, was 1,132,580 quarters, and of English 3,154,270 quarters; whereas, in the year 1871 the quantities were, foreign, 2,471,394 quarters; English, 662,567 quarters. The total of foreign grain and flour imported into London during 1871 was 20,400,905 cwt., according to Custom House Returns.

No. 33, Mark Lane, opposite the Corn Exchange, is a large and very ancient house, with fine oak carving over the gateway, and inside. Horses used to be lodged inside the gateway, and there are still the wooden pegs used for hanging up saddles and harness. This house must have been the residence of a great City grandee.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### LEADENHALL STREET AND THE OLD EAST INDIA HOUSE.

The Old East India House—Façade of the Old Building—The Ground floor—Distinguished Servants of the Company—The Real Commencement of our Trade with India—Injustice of the Stuarts towards the East India Company—Disensions—The Company's Court of Directors rendered subordinate to the Government—Abolition of the Company's Trading Powers—The General Court of Proprietors—The Board of Control—"John Company's," Establishment—Despatches and Letters from India—Charles Lamb as Clerk in the Old East India House—The Government of the Indian Army transferred to the Crown—The Present Council of India—Peter Anthony Motteux's "India House"—Lime Street—Colonel Turner

"It does not appear to be ascertained where the East India Company first transacted their business," says an historian of the great Company, "but the tradition of the house is, that it was in the great room of the 'Nag's Head Inn,' opposite Bishopsgate Church, where there is now a Quakers' Meeting House. The maps of London constructed soon after the Great Fire place the India House in Leadenhall Street, on a part of its present site. It is probably the house, of which a unique plate is preserved in the British Museum, surmounted by a huge, square-built mariner, and two thick dolphins. In the indenture of conveyance of the dead stock of the Company, dated 22nd July, 1702, we find that Sir William Craven, of Kensington, in the year 1701, leased to the Company his large house in Leadenhall Street, and a tenement in Lime Street, for twenty-one years, at £100 a year. Upon the site of this house what is called the old East India House was built in 1726; and several portions of this old house long remained, although the subsequent front, and great part of the house, were added in 1799, by Mr. Jupp.

The façade of the old building was 200 feet in length, and was of stone. The portico was composed of six large Ionic fluted columns on a raised

basement, and it gave an air of much magnificence to the whole, although the closeness of the street made it somewhat gloomy. The pediment was an emblematic sculpture by Bacon, representing the commerce of the East protected by the King of Great Britain, who stood in the centre of a number of figures, holding a shield stretched over them. On the apex of the pediment rose a statue of Britannia. Asia, seated on a dromedary, was at the left corner, and Europe, on horseback, at the right.

"The ground floor," says a writer in "Knight's London," describing the old India House in 1843, "is chiefly occupied by Court and Committee Rooms, and by the Directors' private rooms. The Court of Directors occupy what is usually termed the 'Court Room,' while that in which the Court of Proprietors assemble is called the 'General Court Room.' The Court Room is said to be an exact cube of thirty feet; it is splendidly ornamented by gilding and by large looking-glasses; and the effect of its too great height is much diminished by the position of the windows near the ceiling. Six large pictures hang from the cornice, representing the three Presidencies, the Cape, St. Helena, and Tellicherry. A fine piece of sculpture, in white marble, is fixed over the chimney; Britannia is

seated on a globe by the sea-shore, receiving homage from three female figures, intended for Asia, Africa, and India. Asia offers spices with her right hand, and with her left leads a camel; India presents a large box of jewels, which she holds half open; and Africa rests her hand upon the head of a lion. The Thames, as a river-god, stands upon the shore, a labourer appears cording a large bale of merchandise, and ships are sailing in the distance. The whole is supported by two caryatid figures, intended for Brahmins, but really fine old European-looking philosophers.

"The General Court Room, which until the abolition of the trade was the old sale-room, is close to the Court Room. Its east side is occupied by rows of seats which rise from the floor near the middle of the room towards the ceiling, backed by a gallery where the public are admitted. On the floor are the seats for the chairman, secretary, and clerks. Against the west wall, in niches, are six statues of persons who have distinguished themselves in the Company's service; Lord Clive, Warren Hastings, and the Marquis Cornwallis occupy those on the left, and Sir Eyre Coote, General Lawrance, and Sir George Pococke those on the right. It is understood that the statue of the Marquis Wellesley will be placed in the vacant space in the middle. The Finance and Home Committee Room is the best room in the house, with the exception of the Court Rooms, and is decorated with some good pictures. One wall is entirely occupied by a representation of the grant of the Dewannee to the Company in 1765, the foundation of all the British Power in India; portraits of Warren Hastings and of the Marquis Cornwallis stand beside the fireplace; and the remaining walls are occupied by other pictures, among which may be noticed the portrait of Mirza Abul Hassan, the Persian Envoy, who excited a good deal of attention in London in the year 1809. The upper part of the house contains the principal offices and the library and museum. In the former is, perhaps, the most splendid collection of Oriental MSS. in Europe, and, in addition, a copy of almost every printed work relating to Asia."

Our trade with India may date its real commencement from the last day of the sixteenth century, when 215 London merchant adventurers, elated by the capture of a Portuguese ship laden with Indian gold, pearls, spices, silks, and ivory, obtained a charter to trade with Hindostan for fifteen years. King James, with some reluctance (being, no doubt, tampered with by courtiers), renewed the charter, in 1609, "for ever," providing that it might be recalled on three years' notice from the Crown. In

1612, after twelve voyages had been made to the East Indies, the whole capital subscribed, amounting to £429,000, was united, and the management taken out of the hands of the original twenty-four managers. The Company suffered at first from the ordinary rapacity and injustice of the Stuarts. In 1623 (James I.), just as a fleet was starting for India, the Duke of Buckingham (then High Admiral) refused to allow it to sail till the Company had paid up a disputed Admiralty claim of £10,000, and £10,000 claimed by the king. In 1635, Charles I., breaking the charter, allowed a Captain Weddell, for some heavy bribe, to trade to India for five years. In 1640, the same unjust king compelled the Company (on bonds never entirely paid) to sell him their whole stock of Indian pepper in their warehouses, which he instantly re-sold at a lower price, at an eventual loss of £50,000. In 1655 the Republican Government, nobly antagonistic to royal monopolies, from which the people had so long groaned, under both the Tudors and the Stuarts, threw the trade to India entirely open, but the Company was reinstated in its power two years afterwards. In 1661, Charles II. (no doubt for a pretty handsome consideration) granted the Company a fresh charter, with the new and great privilege of making peace or war. Now the Company's wings began to grow in earnest. In 1653, Madras was made a presidency; in 1662, Bombay was ceded to England by the Portuguese, who gave it to Charles as part of the dower of poor ill-starred Catherine of Braganza; and in 1692 Calcutta was purchased by the ambitious traders, who now began to feel their power, and the possibilities of their new colony. From 1690 to 1693 there were great disputes as to whether the king or Parliament had the right of granting trade charters; and on William III. granting the Company (rich enough now to excite jealousy) a new charter for twenty-one years, an angry inquiry was instituted by the Tories, who discovered that the Company had distributed £90,000 among the chief officers of state. A prorogation of Parliament dropped the curtain on these shameful disclosures.

In 1698 the old Company was dissolved, and a new Company (which had outbid the old in bribes) was founded, rivalled, in 1700, by the old Company, which had obtained a partial resumption of its powers. In 1708, however, the two Companies, which had only injured each other, were united, and called "The United Company of Merchants of England, trading to the East Indies," a title which it retained till its trading privileges were abolished, in 1834. On the renewal of the charter in 1781 (George III.), the Government made important

changes in the charter, and required all despatches to be submitted to them before they were forwarded to India. The Government was already jealous of the imperial power of a Company which had the possibility of conquering 176 millions of people. In 1784 the blow indeed came, with the establishment of the Board of Control, "by which, in everything but patronage and trade," says a well-informed writer on the subject, "the Company's Court of Directors was rendered subordinate to the Government" of the time being. In 1794 private merchants were allowed to export goods in the Company's ships, another big slice out of the cake. By the year 1833 the private trading had begun to exceed, in value of goods, those carried by the Company. In 1833 an Act was passed to enable the Company to retain power until 1854, but abolishing the China monopoly, and all trading. This was cutting off the legs of the Company, and, in fact, preparing it for death. Their warehouses and most of their property were then sold, and the dividend was to be 10½ per cent, chargeable on the revenues of India, and redeemable by Parliament after the year 1874. The amount of dividend guaranteed by the Act was £630,000, being 10½ per cent. on a nominal capital of £6,000,000. The real capital of the Company was estimated, in 1832, at upwards of £21,000,000, including cash, goods, and buildings, and £1,294,768 as the estimated value of the East India House and the Company's warehouses, the prime cost of the latter having been £1,100,000. The Company was henceforth to be entitled the East India Company, and its accounts were to be annually laid before Parliament. The old privileges of the Company were now limited.

The General Court of Proprietors was formerly composed of the owners of India stock. After 1693 no one who had less than £1,000 stock could vote. Later still, the qualification was lowered to £500, and the greatest holders had no more. By the last law (that of 1773) the possession of £1,000 only gave one vote; £3,000, two; £6,000, three; and £10,000 the greatest number allowed—namely, four. The Court of Proprietors elected the Court of Directors, framed bye-laws, declared the dividends, and controlled grants of money above £600, and additions to salary above £200. Latterly the functions of this general court were entirely deliberative, and the vote was by ballot. In 1843 there were 1,880 members of the Court of Proprietors. The meetings in old times were very stormy, and even riotous; the debates virulent. In 1763, Clive, as unscrupulous as he was brave, laid out £100,000 in India stock, to introduce nominees of his own, who would vote at his pleasure. The directors were

then appointed annually; latterly they were elected for four years, six retiring yearly, and the chairman and deputy-chairman, who communicated with the Government, did the greater part of the work.

The Board of Control, established by the Act of 1784, was nominated by the Crown, and (after 1793) consisted of an unlimited number of members, all of whom, except two, were to be of the Privy Council, including the two principal Secretaries of State and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Three only of the commissioners were paid, and all changed with the Ministry. They had supreme power to keep or send despatches; had access to all books, accounts, papers, and documents in the East India House, orders, or secret despatches; and communicated with the Secret Committee.

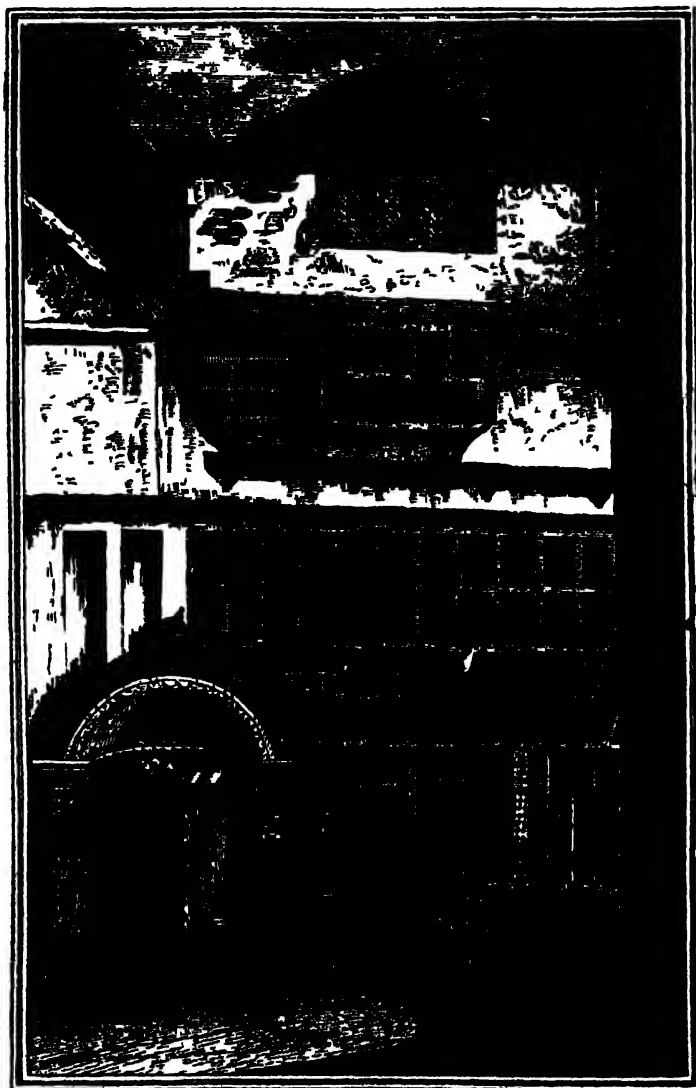
In old times "John Company" employed nearly 4,000 men in its warehouses, and, before the trade with India closed, kept more than 400 clerks to transact the business of this greatest company that the world had ever seen. The military department superintended the recruiting and storing of the Indian army. There was a shipping department, a master-attendant's office, an auditor's office, an examiner's office, an accountant's office, a transfer office, and a treasury. The buying office governed the fourteen warehouses, and so worked the home market, having often in store some fifty million pounds weight of tea, 1,200,000 lbs. being sometimes sold in one day, at the annual tea sales. The tea and indigo sales were bear-garden scenes.

The despatches and letters from India poured ceaselessly into the India House. From 1793 to 1813 they made 9,094 large folio volumes; while from 1813 to 1829, the number increased to 14,414 folios. In a debate on East India matters, in 1822, Canning mentioned, in eulogy of the Company's clever and careful clerks, that he had known one military despatch accompanied by 119 papers, and containing altogether 13,511 pages. These were the men who had heard of Clive and Warren Hastings, and remembered that Macaulay had spoken of Indian writers as fallen from their high estate, because then (1840) they could only expect, at forty-five, to return to England with £1,000 a year pension and £30,000 of savings. They never forgot, we may be sure, that India yielded £17,000,000 in taxes.

It must never be forgotten, in describing the old East India House, that that most delightful of all our humourists, Charles Lamb, was a patient, humble, and plodding clerk at its desks for thirty years. "My printed works," he used to say, with his quaint stutter, "were my recreations; my real works may be found on the shelves in Londonhall

Street, filling some hundred folios." His half painful feelings of pleasure on at last regaining his freedom, he has himself beautifully described ; and in one of the best of his essays he has sketched the most fantastic of his fellow-clerks. James Mill,

the successor to poor old dead-and-gone "John Company," November 1, 1858. The East India House, in Leadenhall Street, was sold with the furniture in 1861, and pulled down in 1862. The handsome pile of the East India Chambers now



OLD HOUSE FORMERLY IN LEADENHALL STREET.

the learned author of the "History of India," and worthy Hoole, the heavy translator of "Tasso," were also clerks in the India House.

In 1858, in consequence of the break-up occasioned by the mutiny, and the disappearance of the Company's black army, the government of the vast Indian empire was transferred to the Crown ; the Board of Control was abolished, and a Council of State for India was instituted. The Queen was proclaimed in all the great Indian cities, as

occupies its site, and the museum was transferred to Whitehall.

The Council of India now consists of fifteen members, at £1,200 a year each, payable, together with the salary of the Secretary of State, out of the revenue of India. The old twenty-four directors received £300 a year each, and £500 for their "chairs." At first eight of the council were appointed by the Queen, and seven by the Court of East India Directors, from their own body. In



THE FLOWER SERMON IN ST CATHERINE CREE CHURCH.

future, vacancies in the Council will be filled up by the Secretary of State for India.

At the "Two Fans," in Leadenhall Street, Peter Anthony Motteux, a clever but rather unprincipled dramatic writer of the beginning of the eighteenth century, kept an India house, for the sale of Japan wares, fans, tea, pictures, arrack, rich brocades, Dutch silks, Flanders lace and linens. Such houses were then often used by fashionables as places of assignation. Motteux was a Protestant refugee from Rouen. He wrote or translated seventeen plays, including some of Molière's; produced a tragedy called *Beauty in Distress*; translated "Don Quixote" and "Rabelais," and was eventually found murdered on his birthday, 1717-18, in a notorious house in Star Court, Butcher Row, Temple Bar. Steele inserts a letter in the *Spectator*, No. 288, professedly written by Motteux, and calling attention to his shop.

The following fragment of a song of Motteux's, taken from *The Mock Doctor*, a translation of *Le Medecin malgré lui*, has always seemed to us full of spirit and French gaiety:—

"Man is for woman made,  
And woman made for man;  
As the spur is for the jade,  
As the scabbard for the blade,  
As for liquor is the can,  
So man's for woman made,  
And woman made for man."

Lime Street, Leadenhall Street, is supposed to have got its name from lime having been once

upon a time sold there. It was a street rendered famous, in the time of Pepys, by the great robbery committed by an old rascally Cavalier colonel on his friend Tryan, a rich merchant. Under date of the 8th of January, 1663-4, that omnivorous news-collector, Pepys, records:—"Upon the 'Change, a great talk there was of one Mr. Tryan, an old man, a merchant in Lime Street, robbed last night (his man and maid being gone out after he was a-bed), and gagged and robbed of £1,050 in money, and about £4,000 in jewels, which he had in his house as security for money. It is believed that his man is guilty of confederacy, by their ready going to his secret till, in his desk, wherein the key of his cash-chest lay." On the 10th, which was Sunday, Pepys goes on: "All our discourse to night was about Mr. Tryan's late being robbed and that Colonel Turner (a mad, swearing, confident fellow, well known by all, and by me), one much indebted to this man for his very livelihood was the man that either did or plotted it; and the money and things are found in his hand, and he and his wife now in Newgate for it; of which we are all glad, so very a known rogue he was." On the next day it is added, "The general talk of the town still is of Colonel Turner, about the robbery; who, it is thought, will be hanged." And so he was. When the old Cavalier was on the ladder he related all his exploits in the wars and, before he was turned off he kissed his hand to some ladies at a window near.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### LEADENHALL STREET (*continued*).

The Old Market—St. Catherine Cree Church—Laud's Folly at the Consecration—The Lion and the Flower Sermons—St. Mary Axe—A Roman Pavement—House of the De Veres—St. Andrew Undershaft—Sawing up the Maypole—Stow's Monument.

THE original Leadenhall Market was a mansion which belonged to Sir Hugh Neville, in 1309, and was converted into a granary, and probably a market for the City, by Sir Simon Eyre, a draper, and Lord Mayor of London in 1445. It appears to have been a large building roofed with lead, and at that time thought, we presume, grand and remarkable.

There was a large chapel on the east side of old Leadenhall Market, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, by Sir Simon Eyre. To this chapel were attached, for daily service of the market people, master, five secular priests, six clerks, two choristers, and three schoolmasters, for whose support Eyre left 3,000 marks. In the reign of Edward IV. a fraternity of sixty priests was established in this

chapel. During a scarcity in 1512 (Henry VIII.) a great store of corn was laid up in the Leadenhall granary, and the mayor used to attend the market at four a.m. In the year 1534 it was proposed to make Leadenhall a merchants' Bourse, but the plan dropped through. At Henry VIII.'s death, in 1547, the Bishop of Winchester, the king's almoner, gave alms publicly to the poor at Leadenhall for twelve consecutive days. In Strype's time Leadenhall (now celebrated for its poultry) was a market for meat and fish, a market for raw hides, a wool market, and an herb market.

"The use of Leadenhall, in my youth," says Strype, "was thus:—In a part of the north quadrant, on the east side of the north gate, were the common beams for weighing of wool and other wares, as



had been accustomed; on the west side the gate was the scales to weigh meal; the other three sides were reserved (for the most part) to the making and resting of the pageants shewed at Midsummer in the watch. The remnant of the sides and quadrants were employed for the stowage of woolsacks, but not closed up; the lofts above were partly used by the painters in working for the decking of pageants and other devices, for beautifying of the watch and watchmen. The residue of the lofts were letten out to merchants, the woolwinders and packers therein to wind and pack their wools."

Leadenhall Market, says Pennant, "is the wonder of foreigners, who do not duly consider the carnivorous nation to which it belongs." When Don Pedro de Ronquillo, the Spanish ambassador, visited Leadenhall, he told Charles II. with admiration that he believed there was more meat sold in that market than in all the kingdom of Spain in a whole year. In 1730 Leadenhall Market was partly rebuilt, and in 1814 the leather-market was restored, the chapel and other old buildings being removed.

The engraving on page 106 shows an old house formerly standing in Leadenhall Street. The door at the side appears to have been the entrance to an old Jewish synagogue.

St. Catherine Cree (or Christ Church) is the memorable building where Archbishop Laud performed some of those dangerous ceremonials that ultimately contributed to bring him to the scaffold. Between the years 1280 and 1303 this church was built as a chapel for the parish of St. Catherine, in the churchyard of the priory of the Holy Trinity, Christ Church, founded by Matilda, wife of Henry I., who united the parishes of St. Mary Magdalen, St. Michael, St. Catherine, and the Trinity. Of the church of St. Michael (at the angle formed by the junction of Leadenhall and Fenchurch Streets) the crypt existed at the date of Mr. Godwin's writing in 1839, with pointed arched groining and clustered columns, the shafts of which were said to be sunk about fourteen feet deep in the earth.

Henry VIII., at the dissolution, gave the priory and the church to Lord Audley, who bequeathed it to Magdalen College, Cambridge. In Stow's time the high street had been so often raised by pavements round St. Catherine's, that those who entered had to descend seven steps. In the year 1628 the church, all but the tower was pulled down, and the present building commenced. The new building was consecrated by Archbishop Laud, then Bishop of London, Jan. 16, 1630-31. Rushworth gives the following account of the opening:—

"St. Catherine Cree Church being lately re-

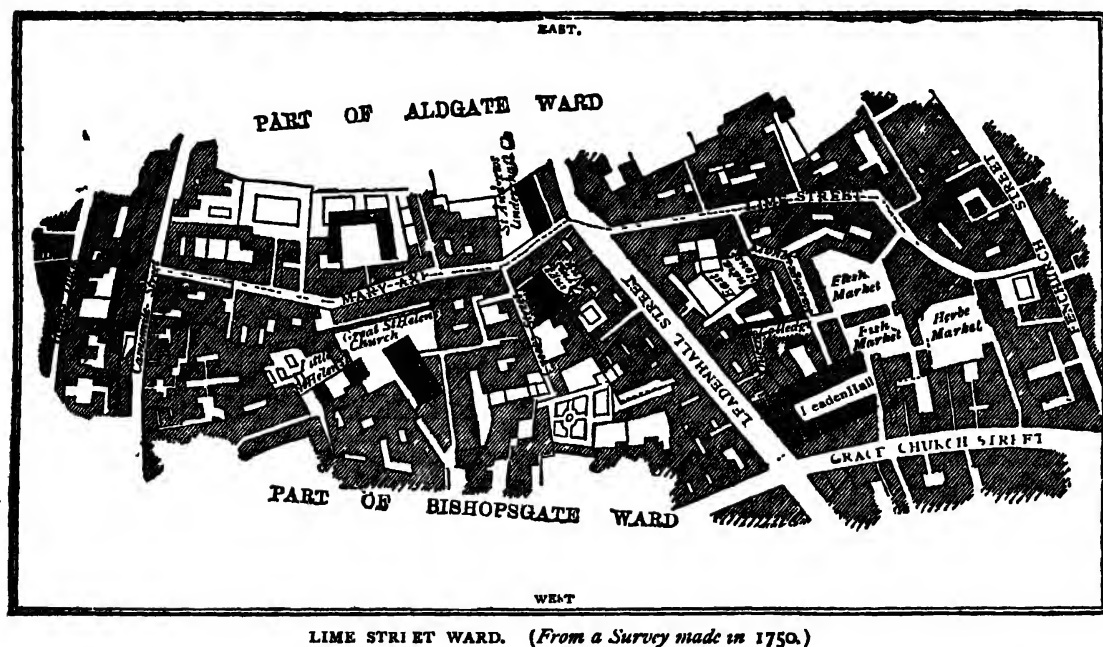
paired, was suspended from all divine services, sermons, and sacraments, till it was consecrated. Wherefore Dr. Laud, Lord Bishop of London, on the 16th January, being the Lord's Day, came thither in the morning to consecrate the same. Now, because great exceptions were taken at the formality thereof, we will briefly relate the manner of the consecration. At the bishop's approach to the west door of the church, some that were prepared for it cried with a loud voice, 'Open, open, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may come in.' And presently the doors were opened, and the bishop, with three doctors, and many other principal men, went in, and immediately falling down upon his knees, with his eyes lifted up, and his arms spread abroad, uttered these words: 'This place is holy, this ground is holy; in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I pronounce it holy.' Then he took up some of the dust, and threw it up into the air several times in his going up towards the church. When they approached near to the rail and communion-table, the bishop bowed towards it several times, and returning they went round the church in procession, saying the Hundredth Psalm, after that the Nineteenth Psalm, and then said a form of prayer, 'Lord Jesus Christ,' &c.; and concluding, 'We consecrate this church, and separate it unto Thee, as holy ground, not to be profaned any more to common use.' After this, the bishop being near the communion-table, and taking a written book in his hand, pronounced curses upon those that should afterwards profane that holy place, by musters of soldiers, or keeping profane law-courts, or carrying burdens through it; and at the end of every curse he bowed towards the east, and said, 'Let all the people say, Amen.' When the curses were ended, he pronounced a number of blessings upon all those that had any hand in framing and building of that sacred church, and those that had given, or should hereafter give, chalices, plate, ornaments, or utensils; and at the end of every blessing he bowed towards the east, saying, 'Let all the people say, Amen.'

"After this followed the sermon, which being ended, the bishop consecrated and administered the sacrament in manner following:—As he approached the communion-table he made several lowly bowings, and coming up to the side of the table where the bread and wine were covered, he bowed seven times; and then, after the reading of many prayers, he came near the bread, and gently lifted up the corner of the napkin wherein the bread were laid; and when he beheld the bread, he laid it down again, flew back a step or two, bowed three several times towards it. Then he drew

near again, and opened the napkin and bowed as before. Then he laid his hand on the cup, which was full of wine, with a cover upon it, which he let go again, went back, and bowed thrice towards it; then he came near again, and lifting up the cover of the cup, looked into it, and seeing the wine, he let fall the cover again, retired back, and bowed as before. Then he received the sacrament, and gave it to some principal men; after which, many prayers being said, the solemnity of the consecration ended."

In the Middle Ages morality plays were acted in the churchyard of St. Catherine Cree. In an old parish book, quoted by Malcolm, under the date

an ambassador to France from Queen Elizabeth. The tomb, of marble or alabaster, "now (1839)," says Mr. Godwin, "painted stone-colour, is canopied, and has a recumbent effigy." There is also a small tablet, supported by two figures of monks (beginning of seventeenth century). At the west end is an indifferent bas-relief by the elder Bacon. There is also a man more illustrious than these said to be buried here, and that is the great Holbein. The great painter is said to have died in the parish of St. Andrew Undershaft, and Strype gives this as the place of his interment, adding that the Earl of Arundel had wished to erect a monument to his



1565, there is an entry of certain players, who for licence to play their interludes in the churchyard paid the sum of 27s. 8d.

The most interesting ceremonial to be witnessed in this church is the annual "flower sermon" on Whit-Monday, which is largely attended: the congregation all wear flowers, and a large bouquet is placed on the pulpit before the preacher.

It is generally thought by good authorities that this church was restored under the direction of Inigo Jones. The building displays a strange mixture of Gothic and Greek architecture, yet is still not without a certain picturesqueness. The east window is square-headed; Corinthian columns support a clerestory, and the groined ceiling is coarse and ugly. The chief monument in the church is one to the memory of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, chief butler of England, a chamberlain, and

memory, but was unable to discover the exact spot of his grave. The close of Holbein's career, however, is wrapped in obscurity. Walpole observes that "the spot of his interment is as uncertain as that of his death;" and he might have added, that there is quite as much doubt about the time.

St. Mary Axe, so called originally from a shop with the sign of an axe, is a street which runs from Lime Street into Camomile Street, on the line of the old Roman wall, and so named (like Wormwood Street) from the rough herbs that grew among the old Roman stones. The church of St. Mary, long since vanished, was, says Stow, after the union of the parish with that of St. Andrew Undershaft, turned into a warehouse. The Smiths, in one of the best of the "Rejected Addresses," in imitation of Crabbe, play very wittily on the name of St. Mary Axe—

"Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,  
That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary."

Near this spot stood, in the reign of Henry V., the London residence of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford. Richard, Earl of Oxford, fought at Agincourt, and died in France, 1417, two years after that great victory.

In Leadenhall Street, opposite the East India House, in 1803, was found the most magnificent Roman tessellated pavement yet discovered in London. It lay at only nine and a half feet below the street, but a third side had been cut away for a sewer. It appeared to have been the floor of a room more than twenty feet square. In the centre was Bacchus upon a tiger, encircled with three borders (inflexions of serpents, cornucopiæ, and squares diagonally concave), with drinking-cups and plants at the angles. Surrounding the whole was a square border of a bandeau of oak, and lozenge figures and true-lover's knots, and a five-feet outer margin of plain red tiles. The pavement was broken in taking up, but the pieces were preserved in the library of the East India Company. A fragment of an urn and a jawbone were found beneath one corner. "In this beautiful specimen of Roman Mosaic," says Mr. Fisher, who published a coloured print of it, "the drawing, colouring, and shadows are all effected by about twenty separate tints, composed of tessellæ of different materials, the major part of which are baked earths; but the more brilliant colours of green and purple, which form the drapery, are of glass. These tessellæ are of different sizes and figures, adapted to the situations they occupy in the design." In connection with this interesting discovery, it may be mentioned that another fine Roman pavement, twenty-eight feet square, was found in 1854 in Old Broad Street, on taking down the Excise Office. It lay about fifteen feet lower than the foundations of Gresham House, on the site of which the Excise Office was built. "It is," says a description of it inserted by Mr. Timbs, in his "Curiosities," "a geometrical pattern of broad blue lines, forming intersections of octagon and lozenge compartments. The octagon figures are bordered with a cable pattern, shaded with grey, and interlaced with a square border shaded with red and yellow. In the centres, within a ring, are expanded flowers, shaded in red, yellow, and grey, the double row of leaves radiating from a figure called a true-love knot, alternately with a figure something like the tiger-lily. Between the octagon figures are square compartments bearing various devices. In the centre of the pavement is Ariadne or a Bacchante, reclining on the back of a panther, but only the

fore-paws, one of the hind-paws, and the tail, remain. Over the head of the figure floats a light drapery, forming an arch. Another square contains a two-handled vase. On the demi-octagons, at the sides of the pattern, are lunettes; one contains a ~~fan~~ ornament; another, a bowl crowned with flowers. The lozenge intersections are variously embellished with leaves, shells, true-love knots, chequers, and an ornament shaped like a dice-box. At the corners of the pattern are true-love knots. Surrounding this pattern is a broad cable-like border, broad bands of blue and white alternating, then a floral scroll, and beyond this an edge of demi-lozenges, in alternate blue and white. An outer border composed of plain red tessellæ, surrounds the whole. The ground of the pavement is white, and the other colours are a scale of full red, yellow, and a bluish grey. This pavement is of late workmanship. Various Roman and mediæval articles were turned up in the same excavation; among these were a silver denarius of Hadrian, several copper coins of Constantine, and a small copper coin bearing, on the reverse, the figures of Romulus and Remus suckled by the traditionary wolf; several Roman and mediæval tiles and fragments of pottery; a small glass of a fine blue colour, and coins and tradesmen's tokens were also found.

Perhaps of all the old churches of London there is scarcely one so interesting as St. Andrew Under-shaft, Leadenhall Street, nearly opposite the site of the old East India House, the very name itself suggesting some curious and almost forgotten tradition. Stow is peculiarly interesting about this church, which he says derived its singular name from "a high or long shaft or Maypole higher than the church steeple" (hence *under* shaft), which used, early in the morning of May Day, the great spring festival of merry England, to be set up and hung with flowers opposite the south door of St. Andrew's.

This ancient Maypole must have been the very centre of those joyous and innocent May Day revelries sung of by Herrick:—

"Come, my Corinna; and comming, marke  
How each field turns a street, each street a park  
Made green and trimm'd with trees; see how  
Devotion gives each house a bough,  
Or branch; each porch, each doore, are this,  
An arke, a tabernacle is,  
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove;  
As if here were those cooler shades of love.  
Can such delights be in the street  
And open fields, and we not see't?  
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey  
The proclamation made for May,  
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;  
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying."

The venerable St. Andrew's Maypole was never raised after that fatal "Evil May Day," in the reign of Henry VIII., which we have mentioned in our chapter on Cheapside. It remained dry-rotting on its friendly hooks in Shaft Alley till the third year of Edward VI., when the Reforming preachers,

time but between Shrovetide and Easter. The same eccentric reformer used to preach out of a high elm-tree in his churchyard, and sing high mass in English from a tomb, far from the altar. The sermon denouncing the Maypole was preached at Paul's Cross, when Stow himself was present ;



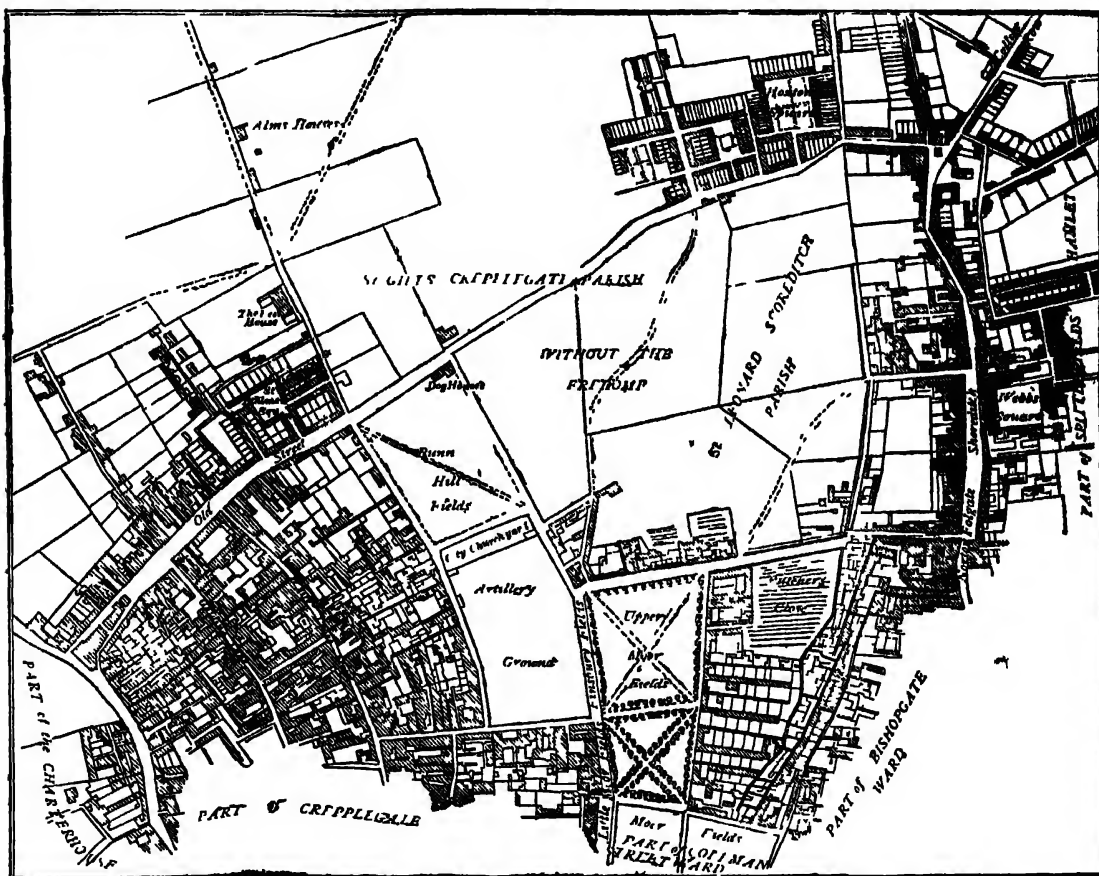
STOW'S MONUMENT IN ST. ANDREW UNDERSHAFT.

growing unusually hot and zealous in the sunshine of royal favour, and, as a natural consequence, considerably intolerant, one Sir Stephen, a curate of the neighbouring St. Katherine's Christ Church, Leadenhall Street, preached against the good old Maypole, and called it an "Idol," advising all men to alter the Popish names of churches and the names of the days of the week, to eat fish any day but Friday and Saturday, and to keep Lent any

and that same afternoon the good old historian says he saw the Shaft Alley people, "after they had dined, to make themselves strong, gathered more help, and with great labour, raising the shaft from the hooks whereon it had rested two-and-thirty years, they sawed it in pieces, every man taking for his share so much as had lain over his door and stall, the length of his house." Thus was the "idol" mangled and burned. Not long after there was a

Romish riot in Essex, and the bailiff of Romford was hung just by the well at Aldgate, on the pavement in front of Stow's own house. While on the ladder this poor perplexed bailiff said he did not know why he was to be hung, unless it was for telling Sir Stephen (the enemy of the Maypole) that there was heavy news in the country, and many men were up in Essex. After this man's death Sir Stephen stole out of London, to avoid popular reproach, and

divines," for chance readers; and there still is a desk with seven curious old books (mostly black letter), which formerly were chained to open cages. The present church, rebuilt 1520-1532, consists of a nave and two aisles, with a ribbed and flattened perpendicular roof, painted and gilt, with flowers and emblazoned shields. The chancel has also paintings of the heavenly choir, landscapes, and buildings. St. Andrew's boasts much stained glass,



MOORFIELDS AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD. (From a Map of about 1720.)

was never afterwards heard of by good old Stow. And this is the whole story of St. Andrew's Maypole and the foolish curate of Catherine Cree.

Many eminent citizens were buried in this church. Among them we may name John Kirby, the great Elizabethan merchant tailor, and Stow himself, Stephen Jennings, Mayor of London, another worthy merchant tailor, who, in 1520, rebuilt half the church, but sought a grave in the Grey Friars (Christ's Hospital). An old chronicler mentions "at the lower end of the north ile" of this church "a faire wainscot press full of good books, the works of many learned and reverend

particularly a large painted window at the east end, containing whole-length portraits of Edward VI., Elizabeth, James, Charles I., and Charles II. This church was pewed soon after 1520. It contains many valuable brasses, tablets, and monuments, as might be expected in a celebrated City church lucky enough to escape the Great Fire. The most special and memorable of these is the terra-cotta monument to worthy, indefatigable, honest old Stow. The monument to Stow was erected at the expense of his widow, and the effigy was formerly painted to resemble life. The worthy old chronicler is represented sitting at a table, as he

must have spent half his existence, with a book before him an old parish register, no doubt, and he holds a pen in his hand, as was his custom. The figure is squat and stiff, but the portrait is no doubt exact. There was formerly, says Cunningham, a railing before the tomb. That Stow was a tailor, born about 1525, in the parish of St. Michael, Cornhill, we have stated in a previous chapter. That he lived near Aldgate Pump we have also noted. He seems to have written his laborious "Chronicles," "Annals," and "Survey" amidst care and poverty. He was a friend of

Camden, and a *protégé* of Archbishop Parker, yet all he could obtain from James I. was a licence to beg. He died a twelvemonth after this effusion of royal favour, and was buried at St. Andrew's in 1605. In 1732 his body was removed, says Maitland, "to make way for another." His collection for the "Chronicles of England," in sixty quarto volumes, are now in the British Museum. Wonderful *chiffonnier* of topographical facts! Peter Anthony Motteux, the clever translator of "Don Quixote," already mentioned by us, was buried here, but there is no monument to his memory.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### SHOREDITCH.

The Famous Legend respecting Shoreditch—Sir John de Soerdich—"The Duke of Shoreditch"—Archery Competitions of the Sixteenth Century—St. Leonard's Church—Celebrated Men of Elizabeth's Time—The Faurchild Sermon—Holywell Lane—The "Curtain" Theatre.

THIS ancient and ill-used parish extends from Norton Folgate to Old Street, and from part of Finsbury to Bethnal Green. Originally a village on the old Roman northern road, called by the Saxons Old Street, it is now a continuation of Bishopsgate Street.

The old London tradition is that Shoreditch derived its name from Jane Shore, the beautiful mistress of Edward IV., who, worn out with poverty and hunger, died miserably in a ditch in this unsavoury suburb. This legend, however, is entirely erroneous, as we have shown in a previous chapter. It does not seem to have been popular even so late as 1587. Dr. Percy hit upon quite as erroneous a derivation when he traced the name of the parish to shore (sewer), a common drain. Shoreditch, or, more correctly, Soerdich, really took its name from the old family of the Soerdiches, Lords of the Manor in the time of Edward III. Sir John de Soerdich of that reign, an eminent warrior, lawyer, statesman, and diplomatist, was, on one memorable occasion, sent to Rome to protest before the Pope against the greedy and tyrannical way in which foreign priests were thrust into English benefices, and it was all Sir John could do to get safe back to the little island. The Soerdich family, Mr. Timbs informs us, held the manor of Ickenham, near Uxbridge, and resided there till our own time. The last of the family, an engineer, died in 1865, in the West Indies. In the reign of Richard II. the manor of Shoreditch was granted to Edmund, Duke of York, and his son, the Earl of Rutland,

which accounts for the fact that St. Leonard's Church, Shoreditch, is full of the Mannors family. Stow mentions a house in Hackney called Shoreditch Place; and Strype notes the vulgar tradition that Jane Shore once lived there, and was often visited by her royal lover. This was probably the old mansion of Sir John de Soerdich, who rode against the French spears by the side of the Black Prince, and with Manny and Chandos.

In the reign of Henry VIII., when Shoreditch was still a mere waste of fields, dotted with windmills and probably, like Islington (fields, much frequented by archers, for practising at roving marks), the burly king conferred on an archer of Shoreditch, named Barlow, who had pleased him at some wondrous competition at Windsor, the jocular title of Duke of Shoreditch. Happiest and proudest of all London's archers must Barlow have gloried at all civic processions, when, as captain, he strode first to the Hoxton, Islington, or Newington Butts. The duke's companions adopted such titles as the Marquises of Hoxton, Islington, Pancras, and Shacklewell, and other ludicrous appellations of honour. In Elizabeth's reign the archers of London numbered no fewer than 3,000, and on one occasion we hear of one thousand of them, wearing gold chains, going from the Merchant Taylors' Hall to Smithfield, to try their skill, attended by 4,000 billmen, besides pages. In Dryden's time Shoreditch was a disreputable place, frequented by courtesans; and in Lillo's old ballad of "George Barnwell," the apprentice hero of which



thrice robbed his master and murdered his uncle in Ludlow, that wicked siren, Mrs. Millwood, lives at Shoreditch, "next door unto the 'Gun.'"

The present St. Leonard's Church, Shoreditch, occupies the site of a church at least as old as the thirteenth century. The old church, which had four gables and a low square tower, was taken down in 1736, and the present ugly church built by the elder Dance, in 1740, with a steeple to imitate that of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, and a fine peal of twelve bells. The chancel window, the gift of Thomas Awsten, in 1634, and a tablet to the Awstons, are the only relics left of the old church. St. Leonard's is the actor's church of London; for, in the days of Elizabeth and James, the players of distinction from the Curtain, in Holywell Lane, and from "The Theatre," as well as those from the Blackfriars Theatre and Shakespeare's Globe, were fond of residing in this parish. Perhaps nowhere in all London have rooms echoed oftener with Shakespeare's name than those of Shoreditch.

The parish register, within a period of sixty years, says Cunningham, records the interment at St. Leonard's of the following celebrated characters:—"Will. Somers, Henry VIII.'s jester (d. 1560); Richard Tarlton, the famous clown of Queen Elizabeth's time (d. 1588); James Burbage (d. 1596) and his more celebrated son, Richard Burbage (d. 1618-19); Gabriel Spenser, the player, who fell, in 1598, in a duel with Ben Jonson; William Sly and Richard Cowley, two original performers in Shakespeare's plays; the Countess of Rutland, the only child of the famous Sir Philip Sydney; Fortunatus Greene, the *unfortunate* offspring of Robert Greene, the poet and player (d. 1593). Another original performer in Shakespeare's plays, who lived in Holywell Street, in this parish, was Nicholas Wilkinson, *alias* Tooley, whose name is recorded in gilt letters on the north side of the altar, as a yearly benefactor of £6 10s., which sum is still distributed in bread every year to the poor inhabitants of the parish, to whom it was bequeathed.

In the burial register, January 22nd, 1588, is the following entry: "Aged 207 years. Holywell Street. Thomas Cam." The 2 should probably be 1. A correspondent of the *Penny Magazine*, writing in 1833, notices this entry as the most remarkable record of longevity in existence, and adds: "It thus appears that Cam was born in the year 1381, in the fourth of Richard II., living through the reign of that monarch, and through those of the whole of the following sovereigns—

viz., Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI., Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and to the thirtieth of Elizabeth. Such an extreme duration of life is, however, contrary to all recorded experience; and unless the fact can be supported by other evidence, it is reasonable to conclude that the entry in the register is inaccurate."

At St. Leonard's, every Whit Tuesday, is preached a sermon on the "Wonderful Works of God in the Creation," or "On the Certainty of the Resurrection of the Dead, proved by certain changes of the Animal and Vegetable Parts of the Creation." The money, £25 in all, left for this purpose to the preacher was bequeathed, in 1728, by Mr. Thomas Fairchild, a gardener, whose gardens (Selby's Gardens) then extended from the west end of Ivy Lane to the New North Road. The sum originally bequeathed was afterwards increased by sundry contributions. It used to be the custom for the President and Fellows of the Royal Society to attend these sermons.

Holywell Lane (west side of Shoreditch) was so called, says Stow, from a sweet, wholesome, and clear well, spoiled, in that writer's time, by the manure-heaps of the nursery gardens. Here formerly, till the dissolution, stood a Benedictine nunnery of St. John the Baptist, founded by some forgotten Bishop of London; and in this street lived and died Richard Burbage, the tragedian, and friend and companion of Shakespeare. Near St. Leonard's Church stood two of the earliest London theatres—the "Curtain" and "The Theatre." The site of the first of these is still marked by Curtain Road.

"The Theatre," on the site of Holywell Priory, was remarkable as being, according to Malone, the first theatre erected in London. It is noticed in a sermon preached at Paul's Cross, in 1578, as the "gorgeous playing-place erected in the Fields." In 1598 this wooden theatre was taken down, and the timber of it was used for enlarging the Globe.

The "Curtain" is mentioned as early as 1577, before Shakespeare came to London, and by Stubbs, in his "Anatomie of Abuses," in 1583. In 1622 it was occupied by Prince Charles's actors. Aubrey, in 1678, calls it the "Green Curtain," and terms it "a kind of nursery, or obscure playhouse." It gradually, like many of the smaller theatres, sank into a sparring-room. Maitland, in his "London" (1772), mentions some remains of the "Curtain" as recently standing. It is supposed to have got its name from having been the first house that used the green curtain.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## MOORFIELDS AND FINSBURY.

**The Early Days of Moorfields—Curious Skates—Various Moorfield Scenes—A Fray between Butchers and Bakers—The Carpenters' Company and their Hall—Moorfields at the Time of the Great Fire—The Artillery Ground—The Trained-Bands—The Tabernacle in Moorfields—The Old Bedlam—Miscellaneous Trades in Moorfields—The Hospital of St. Luke—The Present Hospital—Peerless Pool—St. Luke's Church—Finsbury Fields—An Old-fashioned Medical Quarter of London—Great Change in the Character of the Inhabitants of Finsbury—Bunhill Fields Burial Ground—The Great Plague Pit in Finsbury—Finsbury as an Ecclesiastical Property—Treaties for the Transfer of Bunhill Fields Cemetery to the Dissenters—Negotiations between the City Corporation and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners—Lackington and his History—The London Institution—Finsbury Pavement.**

"THIS Fen or Moor Field," says Stow, "stretching from the wall of the City betwixt Bishopsgate and the postern called Cripplegate, to Finsbury, and to Holywell, continued a waste and unprofitable ground a long time, so that the same was all letten for four marks the year in the reign of Edward II.; but in the year 1415, the 3rd of Henry V., Thomas Falconer, Mayor, caused the wall of the City to be broken toward the said moor, and built the postern called Moorgate, for the ease of the citizens to walk that way upon causeys towards Iseldon and Hoxton."

Fitzstephen the monk, who wrote a curious account of London in the reign of Henry II., describes Moorfields as the general place of amusement for London youth. Especially, he says, was the Fen frequented for sliding in winter-time, when it was frozen. He then mentions a primitive substitute for skates. "Others there are," he says, "still more expert in these amusements; they place certain bones—the leg-bones of animals—under the soles of their feet, by tying them round their ankles, and then taking a pole shod with iron into their hands, they push themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and are carried on with a velocity equal to the flight of a bird, or a bolt discharged from a cross-bow." The piece of water on which the citizens of London performed their pastimes is spoken of by Fitzstephen as "the great Fen or Moor which watereth the walls of the City on the north side."

The barren region of Moorfields and Finsbury was first drained (no doubt to the great indignation of the London apprentices) in 1527, laid out in pleasant walks in the reign of James I., and first built on after the Great Fire, when all the City was turned topsy-turvy. Moorfields before this must have been a melancholy region, with raised paths and refuse-heaps, deep black ditches, not inodorous, and detestable open sewers; a walk for thieves and lovers, suicides and philosophers, and as Howes (1631) says, "held impossible to be reformed."

It is described by Peter Cunningham, in a few lines that conceal much research, as a place for

cudgel-players and train-band musters, for its mad-house (one of the lions of London), and for its wrestlers, pedestrians, bookstall-keepers, and ballad-sellers. Ben Jonson makes old Knowell follow his son there, when he has the suspicious appointment in the Old Jewry; and worthy Brainworm has to do his best to screen his young master. In "The Embassy to England in 1626" of Bassompierre, that French ambassador mentions, after dining (the Duke and Earls of Montgomery and Holland having brought him home), taking a fashionable walk in the Moorfields. Sir William Davenant (Charles II.) wittily talks of the laundresses and bleachers of Moorfields, "whose acres of old linen make a show like the fields of Carthagenia (the great naval depôt of Spain), when the five months' shifts of the whole fleet are washed and spread." In one of Peter Cunningham's series of admirably-selected extracts bearing on London topography, we find chatty Pepys (June, 1661) going to Moorfields to see the northern and western men wrestle. Then comes a fray in Moorfields between the butchers and weavers, described by the same diarist, very characteristic of the old guild jealousies, not even then quite forgotten—"26th. July, 1664. Great discourse yesterday of the fray in Moorfields; how the butchers at first did beat the weavers, between whom there hath been ever an old competition for mastery, but at last the weavers rallied, and beat them. At first the butchers knocked down all for weavers that had green or blue aprons, till they were fain to pull them off and put them in their breeches. At last the butchers were fain to pull off their sleeves, that they might not be known, and were soundly beaten out of the field, and some deeply wounded and bruised; till at last the weavers went out triumphing, calling, '£100 for a butcher!'"

In 1671, Shadwell, a close imitator of Ben Jonson and the old school whom Dryden ridiculed, sneers, in his "Humourist," at a French surgeon, originally a barber, whose chief customers were the cudgel-players of Moorfields, and drawers (waiters) whose heads had been broken with quart-pots. In the "Scowrers" (so called after the predecessors

of the Mohocks, those London night-roysterers who made even Swift tremble), the same fat poet makes Lady Maggot, a vulgar pretender, talk with contempt of walking with her husband. "Well," says the insolent parvenu, "I shall never teach a citizen manners. I warrant you think you are in Moorfields, seeing haberdashers walking with their whole fireside." Garth alludes to the cheap book-stalls of Moorfields; and long after Gray refers in a letter to Warton to "a penny history that hangs upon the rails in Moorfields;" while Tom Brown (1709, Queen Anne), to illustrate the insolence and forgetfulness of prosperity, describes how a cutler despises a knife-grinder, and "a well-grown Paul's Churchyard bookseller one of the trade that sells second-hand books under the trees in Moorfields."

Carpenters' Hall, on the southern side of London Wall, was one of the few City Halls which escaped the Great Fire of 1666. It was also, says Timbs, nearly destroyed in a great fire, Oct. 6, 1849, when the end walls and windows were burned out, and the staircase and roof much damaged; while the burning building was only separated from Drapers' Hall by the garden and fore-court. The Hall was originally built in 1429. The walls of old London faced it, and beyond were Moorfields, Finsbury, and open ground. The exterior of the old Hall possessed no trace of antiquity. The court-rooms were built in 1664, and the principal staircase and entrance-hall about 1780; the latter was richly decorated with bas-reliefs of carpentry figures and implements, with heads of Vitruvius, Palladio, Inigo Jones, and Wren. The Hall was rebuilt in 1876-80, and is now a large and imposing edifice, and it stands a little to the east of its predecessor.

The Great Hall of the new building has a rich and beautiful ceiling, supported by marble columns and pilasters. Over the fire-place of the luncheon-room is a series of fresco paintings, which were discovered in 1845 by a workman in repairing the old hall. The groundwork upon which they are executed is composed of laths, with a thick layer of brown earth and clay held well together with straw and a layer of lime. There were originally four, the subjects being:—

1. Noah receiving the commands from the Almighty for the construction of the ark; in another portion of the picture are Noah's three sons at work. 2. King Josiah ordering the repair of the Temple (2 Kings xxii.); mentioning *carpenters* and builders and masons as having no reckoning of money made with them, "because they dealt faithfully." 3. Joseph at work as a carpenter, the Saviour as a boy gathering the chips;

Mary spinning with the distaff; the figure of Joseph represents that in Albert Durer's woodcut of the same incident, executed in 1511. 4. Christ teaching in the synagogue; "is not this the *carpenter's* son?" No. 1. has unfortunately been broken and destroyed. The figures are of the school of Holbein; the costumes are *temp.* Henry VIII.

In the board-room is some ancient panelling, which has been brought from the old Hall; and there are also some windows of painted glass, in some of the rooms which have been rescued from the old building.

About the date of the Carpenters' Company's earliest charter there is considerable uncertainty. Their common seal and grant of arms is dated 1466; and a guild of carpentry is noticed in 1421-2. Stow remarks that "amongst many proper houses, possessed for the most part by curriers, is the Carpenter's Hall. The earliest entry in the Company's books is dated 1438; they contain many proofs of their power over the trade. Among the pictures are portraits of William Portington, master carpenter to the Crown, *temp.* Elizabeth and James I.; and John Scott, ordnance carpenter and carriage-maker, *temp.* Charles II. The Company also possess four very curious caps or crowns (the oldest 1561), still used by the master and wardens. Among their plate are three silver-gilt *hanaps* (1611, 1612, 1628), which are borne in procession round the hall on election-day. Cakes are presented to the members of the court on Twelfth Day, and the ceremony of crowning the master and wardens takes place annually on election-day.

Moorfields was crowded after the Great Fire. "The poor inhabitants," writes Evelyn, "were dispersed about St. George's Fields, and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle; some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels; many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed, or board, who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations, in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extreme poverty and misery. In this calamitous condition, I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who, in the midst of all this ruin, was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound."

"Here in Moorfields," says Strype, "is the new Artillery Ground, so called in distinction from another artillery garden near St. Mary Spittal, where formerly the Artillery Company exercised; who,

about the latter end of King James I. his reign, were determined to remove thence, and to hold their trainings and practice of arms here; being the third great field from Moorgate, next to the six windmills, which field, Mr. Leat, one of the twenty captains, with great pains, was divers years a-preparing to that purpose. The reason of this, their remove, was, because now their meetings and number consisted of many more soldiers than the old ground could well contain, being sometimes 6,000. Though

weight in their ears than the finest oratory. On marching to join the Earl of Essex, this was his speech: "Come, my boys, my brave boys, let us pray heartily and fight heartily; I will run the same fortune and hazards with you. Remember the cause is for God; and for yourselves, your wives, and children. Come, my honest brave boys, pray heartily and fight heartily, and God will bless you."

The Tabernacle, in Moorfields, was built in 1752; previously to which, in 1741, shortly after White-

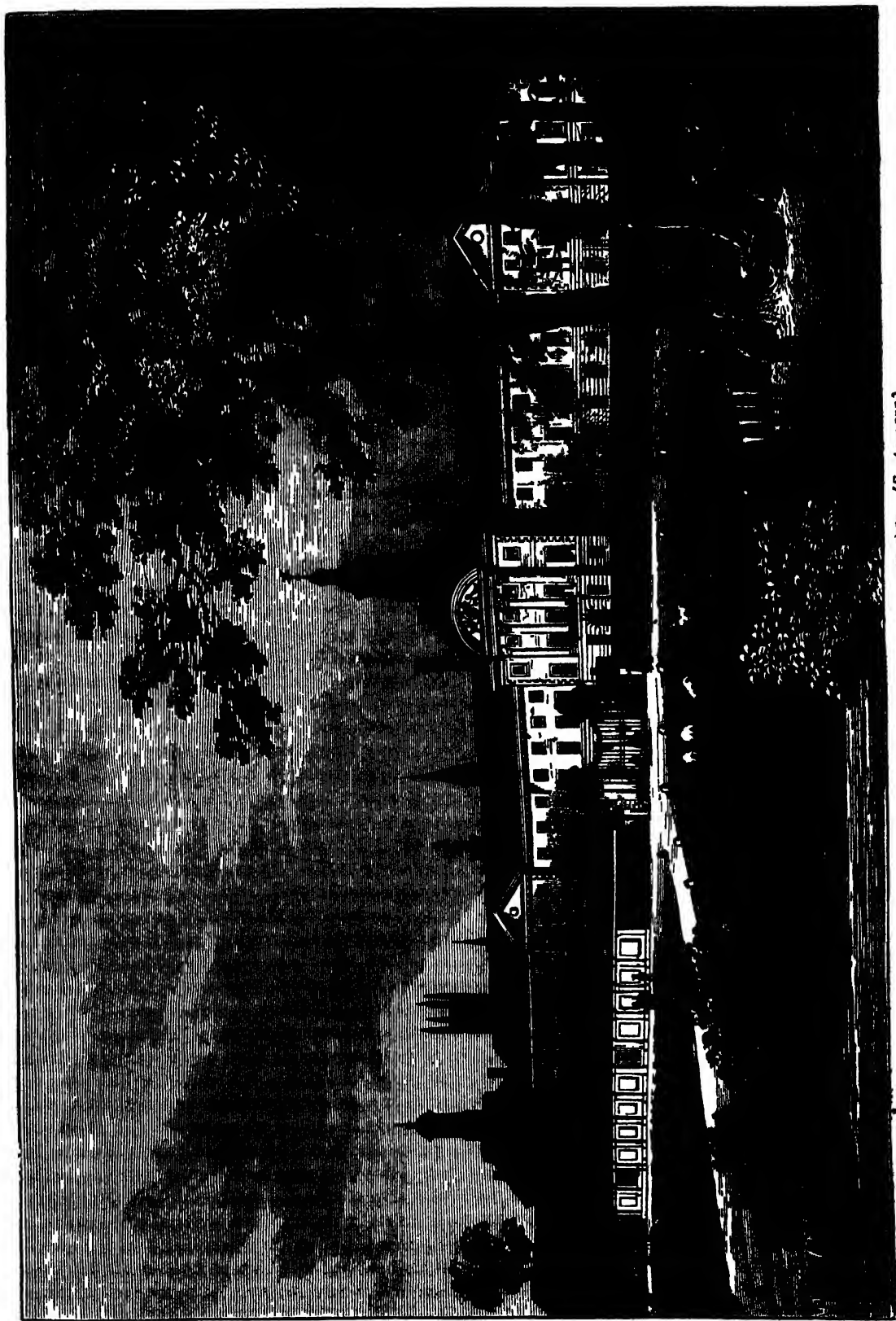


HALL OF THE CARPENTERS' COMPANY, 1870. (See page 197.)

sometimes, notwithstanding, they went to the old artillery, and continued so to do in my memory."

It was this company, then known by the name of the Trained-bands, which decided the fate of the great civil war. On every occasion they behaved with the spirit and perseverance of the most veteran troops. They were commanded by Skippon, captain of the Artillery Garden, who had served long in Holland, and raised himself from a common soldier to the rank of captain, and proved himself an excellent officer. From the service he had been in he came over full of prejudice against the Church and State, so was greatly in the confidence of his party. He was totally illiterate, but his speeches to his soldiers had more

weight in their ears than the finest oratory. On marching to join the Earl of Essex, this was his speech: "Come, my boys, my brave boys, let us pray heartily and fight heartily; I will run the same fortune and hazards with you. Remember the cause is for God; and for yourselves, your wives, and children. Come, my honest brave boys, pray heartily and fight heartily, and God will bless you." The Tabernacle, in Moorfields, was built in 1752; previously to which, in 1741, shortly after Whitefield's separation from Wesley, some Calvinistic Dissenters, says Mr. Timbs, raised for Whitefield a large shed near the Foundry, in Moorfields, upon a piece of ground lent for the purpose, until he should return from America. From the temporary nature of the structure it was called the Tabernacle, in allusion to the Tabernacle of the Israelites in the Wilderness, and the name became the designation of the chapels of the Calvinistic Methodists generally. Whitefield's first pulpit here is said to have been a grocer's sugar hogshead, an eccentricity not improbable. Silas Todd describes the Moorfields Tabernacle, about 1740, as "a ruinous place, with an old pantile covering, a few rough deal boards put together to constitute a temporary pulpit, and



OLD BETHLEM HOSPITAL, MOORFIELDS, ABOUT 1750. (See page 200.)

several other decayed timbers, which composed the whole structure." John Wesley also preached here (the Foundry, as it was called), at five in the morning and seven in the evening. The men and women sat apart; and there were no pews, or difference of benches, or appointed place for any person. At this chapel the first Methodist Society was formed in 1740. In 1752, the wooden building was taken down, the site was leased by the City of London, and a new chapel was built, with a lantern roof. This chapel was occupied by the Independents, and would accommodate 4,000 persons. The original wooden chapel was the cradle of Methodism; the preaching-places had hitherto been Moorfields, Marylebone Fields, and Kennington Common. Its successor was pulled down in 1868, and a much smaller edifice now occupies part of the site.

The old Bedlam, one of the chief lions of Moorfields, was a low, dismal-looking pile; enclosed by heavy gates, and surrounded by squalid houses.

"When I remember Moorfields first," says "Aleph" (*i.e.*, Mr. William Harvey), "it was a large open quadrangular space, shut in by the Pavement to the west, the hospital and its out-buildings to the south, and lines of shops without fronts, occupied chiefly by dealers in old furniture, to the east and north. Most of these shops were covered in by screens of canvas or rough boards, so as to form an apology for a piazza; and, if you were bold enough, in wet weather you might take refuge under them, but it was at the imminent risk of your purse or your handkerchief. As Field Lane was the favourite market for wearing apparel, at a low charge, so these stores afforded an endless choice of decayed upholstery to poorer purchasers: a broken-down four-poster or a rickety tent bedstead might be secured at almost any price, 'No reasonable offer was refused.' It was interesting to inspect the articles exposed for sale: here a cracked mirror in a dingy frame, a set of hair-seated chairs, the horse-hair protruding; a tall, stiff, upright easy chair, without a bottom; a cupboard with one shelf left of three, and with half a door; here a black oak chest, groaning to be scraped, so thick with ancient dust that it might have been the den of some unclean animal in Noah's ark; a washhand-stand, with a broken basin; a hall clock-case, with a pendulum, but no dial; and other hopelessly invalidated household necessities, too numerous to mention. These miscellaneous treasures were guarded by swarthy men and women of Israel, who paraded in front of their narrow dominions all the working day; and if you did but pause for an instant, you must expect to be dragged into some

hideous Babel of frowsy chattels, and made a purchaser in spite of yourself. Escaping from this uncomfortable mart to the hospital footway, a strange sense of utter desertion came over you; long, gloomy lines of cells, strongly barred, and obscured with the accumulated dust, silent as the grave, unless fancy brought sounds of woe to your ears, rose before you; and there, on each side of the principal entrance, were the wonderful effigies of raving and moping madness, chiselled by the elder Cibber. How those stone faces and eyes glared! How sternly the razor must have swept over those bare heads! How listless and dead were those limbs, bound with inexorable fetters, while the iron of despair had pierced the hearts of the prisoned maniacs! Those terrible presentments of physical anguish were till lately preserved in the entrance of the new hospital, but a rumour went the round of the press that they were about to be removed." This presentiment proved correct, and these two remarkable statues may now (says Mr. Harvey in 1863) be seen in the South Kensington Museum, where they are infinitely less appropriate than in their old home.

"Opposite to Bethlem Hospital, on the north side of Moorfields, stood the hospital of St. Luke, a long plain building, till of late," says Pennant, "appropriated to the same purposes, but totally independent of the former." It was founded on the humane consideration that Bethlem was incapable of receiving all the miserable objects which were offered. A few years before Pennant's writing, in 1790, the patients were removed from the old hospital to a new one, erected under the same name, in Old Street, on the plan of the former, extending in front 493 feet.

In 1753 (says Timbs) pupils were admitted to the hospital; and Dr. Battie, the original physician, allowed medical men to observe his practice. This practice fell into disuse, but was revived in 1843, and an annual course of chemical lectures established, at which pupils selected by the physicians of the different metropolitan hospitals are allowed to attend gratuitously. In 1754 incurable patients were admitted, on payment, to the hospital on Windmill Hill.

"There are few buildings in the metropolis, perhaps in Europe," says Elmes, "that, considering the poverty of the material, common English clamp-bricks, possess such harmony of proportion, with unity and appropriateness of style, as this building. It is as characteristic of its uses as that of Newgate, by the same architect."

This building was commenced in 1782, when green fields could be seen in every direction. and



the foundation-stone was laid by the Duke of Montague, July 30; the cost, about £50,000, being defrayed by subscriptions. George Dance, junior, was the architect.

Since the first admission of patients on July 30th, 1751, to the same day 1791, 4,421 were admitted, of which 1,936 were discharged cured, and 1,465 uncured. By a very liberal regulation, uncured patients could be taken in again, on the payment of five shillings a week. This was afterwards increased to seven shillings; so that their friends might, if they pleased, try a second time the force of medicine on their unhappy relations or connections. The number of patients received into the hospital from its opening to April 25 1809, amounted to 9,042, of whom 3,884 were discharged uncured or as idiots, and 35,911 as cured. The old hospital was at last pulled down and replaced by a row of houses along the north side of London Wall.

The hospital was incorporated in 1838, the end infirmaries added in 1841, a chapel in 1842, and open fire-places set in the galleries; when also coercion was abolished, padded rooms were provided for violent patients, and an airing ground set apart for them; wooden doors were substituted for iron gates, and unnecessary guards and bars removed from the windows. In 1843 were added reading-rooms and a library for the patients, with bagatelle and backgammon boards, &c. By Act 9 & 10 Vict., cap. 100, the Commissioners of Lunacy were added to the hospital direction. In 1848, Sir Charles Knightley presented an organ to the chapel, and daily service was first performed. The hospital was next lighted with gas; the drainage, ventilation, and the supply of water improved, by subscription at the Centenary Festival, June 25, 1851.

"On St. Luke's Day (October 18), a large number of the patients are annually entertained with dancing and singing in the great hall in the centre of the hospital, when the officers, nurses, and attendants join the festival. Balls are also given fortnightly."

Since the year 1684, when Bethlem Hospital admitted into its wards seventy-three lunatic patients, and since the establishment of St. Luke's in 1751, about 40,000 insane persons have been treated in these two institutions. Within comparatively few years insanity in England has more than tripled. During the last forty-five years or so, several large asylums have been built in the metropolitan counties: for example, Hanwell, 1831; Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, founded in 1847; and Colney Hatch, 1851. The Lunatic Asylum for the City of London is situated near Dartford. It was

erected at the expense of the Corporation of London, and opened in the year 1866, for the reception and treatment of lunatic patients chargeable upon the City of London, and upon the several unions in the City. It contains accommodation for 284 patients.

"Immediately behind this hospital," Pennant remarks, "was Peerless Pool, in name altered from that of Perilous Pond, so called, says old Stow, from the numbers of youths who had been drowned in it in swimming." In our time, says Pennant writing in 1790, it has, at great expense, been converted into the finest and most spacious bathing-place now known; where persons may enjoy the manly and useful exercise with safety. Here is also an excellent covered bath, with a large pond stocked with fish, a small library, a bowling green, and every innocent and rational amusement; so that it is not without reason that the proprietor hath bestowed on it the present name."

The parish of St. Luke was taken out of that of St. Giles, Cripplegate, by an Act of George II.'s reign. The same writer directs the reader's attention to the steeple of the church (built in 1732) which terminates most singularly in a fluted obelisk.

From Moorfields we have not far to go to Finsbury. It was in Finsbury Fields, on his return after his exploits in Scotland, that the great Protector, the Duke of Somerset, was met and congratulated by the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and citizens of London. According to the chronicler, Holinshed, "The mayor and aldermen, with certain of the commons, in their liveries and their hoods, hearing of his approach to the City, the 8th of October (1548), met him in Finsbury Fields, where he took each of them by the hand, and thanked them for their good wills. The Lord Mayor did ride with him till they came to the pond in Smithfield, where his grace left them, and rode to his house of Shene that night, and the next day to the king at Hampton Court."

As the old fashionable medical quarter of London, Finsbury has a peculiar interest. The special localities of doctors used to be Finsbury Square, Finsbury Pavement, Finsbury Place, Finsbury Circus, Broad Street, and St. Helen's Place, which, fifty years since, swarmed with doctors and surgeons, who made larger earnings out of the chiefs and prosperous business folk of the City than the West-end faculty made out of the Court and aristocracy. At the same time young surgeons and doctors occupied small houses in the adjacent courts, just as the young barristers and pleaders

housed themselves in modest streets and yards near the Inns of Court. William Eccles, formerly surgeon of the Devonshire Square Hospital, and Royal Free Hospital, a notable surgeon thirty or forty years since, had his first house in Union Court, Broad Street. His successor, Edward Chance, lived afterwards in the same house; but was about the only surgeon residing in a street which once housed not less than a score of surgeons and physicians. Broad Street and Union Court are now made up of chambers tenanted by stock-brokers and other City agents. The last pre-eminently great physician to practise in the City was Henry Jeaffreson, M.D. (Senior Physician of St. Bartholomew's), who died some years since in Finsbury Square, where he had long made a larger income than any other doctor of his day. Several eminent doctors still live in Finsbury Square and Finsbury Pavement. St. Helen's Place, Bishopsgate, also still houses a few well-to-do doctors. Charterhouse Square was another great place for East-end doctors.

But the migrations of the eminent doctors is not so much due to mere fashion, as to the centralisation and development of commerce, which have raised the rentals of the residential parts of the quarter so prodigiously, that only very wealthy folk could afford to house themselves there. Such a house as Mr. Eccles had in Broad Street at some £210 a year rent and taxes, is now-a-days let as offices and business chambers for £1,000 a year. Hence, the commercial families have moved westward from economy, as well as from disinclination to live in a socially deserted district. The doctors now swarm in Cavendish Square, Harley Street, Wimpole Street, Henrietta Street, Queen Anne Street, Brook Street, Savile Row, and Spring Gardens; and in these days of circular railways and fast cabs, they are as accessible to their unfashionable visitors in such quarters as the old Finsbury doctors were to their outlying patients.

When the doctors and surgeons thus swarmed in the Finsbury district, the City and its adjacent districts were largely inhabited by wealthy families, that have now also migrated westward, as their doctors naturally have.

That Campo Santo of the Dissenters, the Bunhill Fields burial-ground no longer used for interments, is on the west side of the Artillery Ground, and close to Finsbury Square.

It is generally supposed that the Bunhill Fields Cemetery was the site of the Great Plague pit, so powerfully described, from hearsay, by Defoe. Peter Cunningham, usually so exact, has said so, and every writer since has followed in his wake. That the conjecture is entirely erroneous is ad-

mirably shown in the following accurate account by Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson, who has devoted much time to the study of the question:—The burial-ground in Bunhill Fields, said our authority in 1866, preserves the ashes of Cromwell's favourite minister, Dr. Goodwin, John Owen, the Puritan Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, General Fleetwood, John Bunyan, Daniel Defoe, John Horne Tooke, Isaac Watts, Blake, Stothard, Susannah Wesley (the mother of John Wesley), and many other eminent persons. The "great pit in Finsbury," mentioned by Defoe in his "Journal of the Plague in 1665," occupied ground that abuts on the upper end of Goswell Street; whereas Bunhill Fields Cemetery lies within a step of the Artillery Ground, and a stone's throw of Finsbury Square. The precise locality of Defoe's "Pit" can be pointed out by any person familiar with the novelist's "Journal" and the map of London. In the passage of Defoe which describes how John Hayward, the driver of a dead-cart, was on the point of consigning to the gloomy pit a wretched street-musician, who, whilst in a sound sleep, or perhaps stupefied with drink, had been thrown upon a load of corpses, the writer of the "Journal," says, "Accordingly when John Hayward, with his bell and the cart, came along, finding two dead bodies lie upon the stall, they took them up with the instrument they used and threw them into the cart, and all this while the piper slept soundly. From thence they passed along and took in other dead bodies, till, as honest John Hayward told me, they almost buried him alive in the cart. Yet all this while he slept soundly. At length the cart came to the place where the bodies were to be thrown into the ground; which, as I do remember, was at Mountmill; and as the cart usually stopped some time before they were ready to shoot out the melancholy load they had in it—as soon as the cart stopped the fellow awaked, and struggled a little to get his head out from among the dead bodies; when, raising himself up in the cart, he called out, 'Hey! where am I?'" Of the locality called *Mountmill*, the topographer and historian, William Maitland, writing in 1739, observes, in his "London," "At Mountmill, near the upper end of Goswell Street, was situate one of the forts which were erected by order of Parliament, for the security of the City of London in the year 1643. But the same being rendered useless at the end of the Civil War, a windmill was erected thereon; from which it received its present name." The popular impression that Defoe's "great pit in Finsbury" was on the site of the present Bunhill Fields Cemetery is no matter for surprise, when it is known that the

ground of the Dissenters' graveyard was actually set apart and consecrated, in 1665, for the reception of victims of the plague. That the place was not used for the especial purpose for which it was consecrated, we have Maitland's authority.

"Of the ground thus set apart by the Corporation of London for a graveyard the City merely owned a lease. Lying in the centre of a large tract, which the City had held for 350 years under a succession of leases, granted by successive prebendaries of Finsbury, the civic authorities had a limited right over the spot. The fee-simple of the ground was part of the estate attached to the prebend of Finsbury, one of the prebends of St. Paul's Cathedral; and though prebendaries of Finsbury have repeatedly renewed old leases and granted new leases of the land, the freehold of the estate has never passed out of the hands of the Church. The last lease of the Finsbury estate, made by the Church to the City, was executed in 1769, and is a good instance of the nice little arrangements that were formerly made with Church property. Under the authority of a private Act of Parliament, the then Prebendary Wilson gave a lease of the Finsbury estate to the civic Corporation for ninety-nine years, the said lease being renewable at the expiration of seventy-three years, for fourteen years; whereby the term still to expire would become forty years, and afterwards renewable every fourteen years, in like manner for ever. Hence, under this grant, the City, by duly renewing the lease, could hold for ever ground which is now covered by some of the most valuable residential property in London.\* By this same private Act," the writer goes on to say, "the City was empowered to keep three-sixths of the net rents, profits, and annual proceeds arising from the estate during the lease. Two-sixths of the same revenue were reserved to Prebendary Wilson and his assigns, and the remaining one-sixth of the income was retained for the prebendary and his successors. This pleasant little arrangement was sanctioned by legislation in the good old times! As holders of the largest single share of the income, the civic authorities took the entire management of the estate, which has, certainly, prospered in their hands. But though the rent-roll has increased prodigiously under civic management, the rulers of the City—

so far as one portion of the estate, *i.e.*, Bunhill Fields Cemetery, is concerned—cannot be said to have acted discreetly, and in one matter affecting the entire property they have been guilty of astounding remissness. Having only a leasehold tenure of the graveyard, they systematically sold the graves in perpetuity, accepting for them money which the buyers of graves would never have thought of paying for ground that might be built upon, or turned into a cattle-market, at the end of a ninety-nine years' lease. Having originally the right to renew the lease on the expiry of seventy-three years, the tenants omitted to renew; and, in consequence, through this omission, their interest in the estate would terminate in 1867.

"It should be observed, that in 1801 the Corporation bought the interest in the estate secured to the Wilson family; consequently, since the date of that purchase, the City has received five-sixths of the annual net income derived from the property. In 1842—in which year, by the terms of the agreement, the Corporation could have renewed the lease—the leaseholders negotiated for the purchase of the freehold of the estate, and the Bishop of London introduced a bill into the Upper House for legalising the sale. Having passed the Lords, this Bill encountered defeat in the Commons, where it was rejected as a money bill that ought to have originated in the Lower Chamber. Occupied with this Parliamentary contest, the civic authorities allowed the time to pass without exercising their right to renew the lease; and, in consequence of this remissness, their interests, in 1867, devolved on the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in whom the estate of the prebendary of Finsbury vested in 1856. On the termination of the civic interest the Commissioners derived from the property about sixty thousand pounds per annum.

"Not only has the City lost its hold over this magnificent rental, but it finds itself in an awkward discussion with the buyers of graves in Bunhill Fields Cemetery on the one hand, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners on the other. Apprehensive that the graveyard may be desecrated on the termination of the lease, the Dissenters have, on two occasions, asked the Commissioners to preserve the ground from profanation. On each occasion the Commissioners have expressed a readiness to settle terms. For £10,000 they will make over to trustees the burial-ground—the freehold of which is computed as worth £100,000—on condition that, should it be converted to secular uses, their present rights revive. Moreover, the Commissioners have expressed their readiness to preserve the sacred character of the ground, provided the civic

\* This appears to be an error on the part of the writer we are quoting. Mr. Timbs, in his "Curiosities of London," 1868, p. 76, quoting from a communication to the *City Press*, remarks:—"It is said the Act of Parliament authorised the renewal of the lease in perpetuity. . . . This is not the fact. The mistake has arisen from the marginal note saying the lease is renewable; but there is nothing in the Act to warrant the note, and no one at this distance of time can explain how the error has arisen."

authorities pay into the purse of the Commission the sums which they have received for the fee-simple of graves which they had no power to sell. Anyhow, for £10,000 the custody of the cemetery may be purchased; and, if no better terms can be made with the Commissioners, it seems clear that the City is morally bound to supply this sum, for the fulfilment of its engagements to the purchasers of graves.

"There are good reasons to believe that the Commissioners will not stand out for the last

Finsbury estate. The prebendaries, who have received the one-sixth of the revenue reserved to the prebend, by taking a sixth of the money derived from the sale of graves, may be said to have given ecclesiastical sanction to the defective arrangement; and however irregular the arrangement and the sanction may be, it would not be wise in the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to disregard them. The relations of the City and the Commission in this matter involve some delicate questions. However, as a body that has greatly

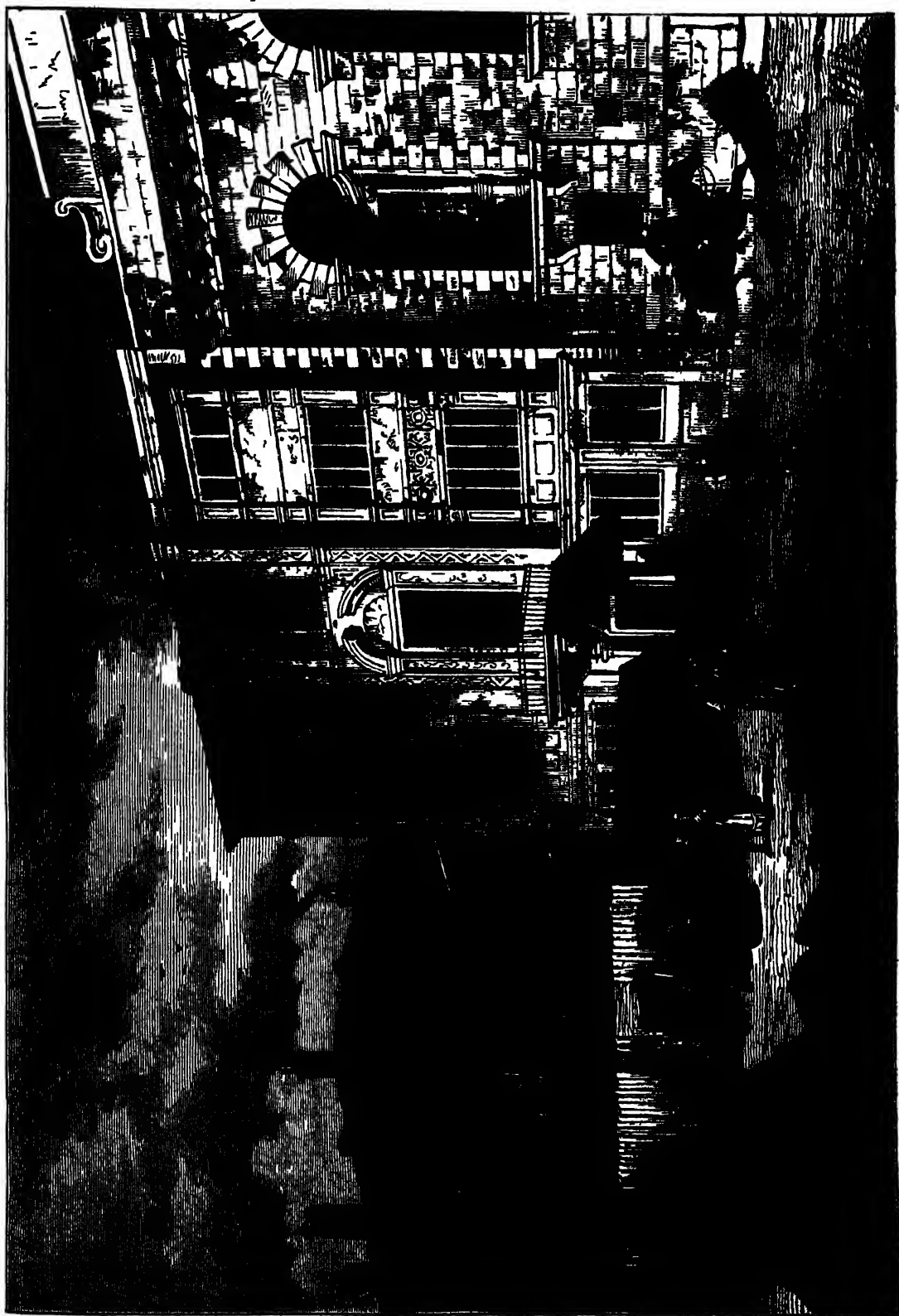


BUNHILL FIELDS BURIAL GROUND. (See page 202.)

farthing of the sum just mentioned. In previous arrangements concerning burial-grounds—the graveyard, for instance, which contains John Wesley's bones—they acted in a conciliatory and fair manner; and in the present case special considerations counsel them to take a moderate course. In the first place, the ground was actually consecrated; and an Ecclesiastical Commission could not, without indecency, authorise the disturbance of a consecrated burial-ground. Moreover, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are morally bound by the action of the City. Throughout the stewardship of the municipal authorities the Church has received a portion of the proceeds of the

benefited by the entire transaction, and as a society bound to fulfil its contracts with private persons, the Corporation should effect a settlement of the dispute, even at the sacrifice of £10,000.

"An account of the negotiations for securing Bunhill Fields to the Corporation of London as a place for recreation, and to prevent desecration of the graves of many eminent Englishmen, was eventually presented to the Common Council. The report stated that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners appear to have proposed to accept, for the preservation of the ground, five-sixths of the purchase-money paid for vaults, &c., to the Corporation during its current lease. The total receipts were



THE OLD POST OFFICE IN LOMBARD STREET, ABOUT 1800. (See page 210)

£24,000, *i.e.*, averaging £247 a year. Half this sum had been applied in connection with the prebend of Finsbury; the other was received by the Corporation. Failing agreement about the price to be paid by one of these parties to the other, the negotiations stood over. The latest proposal of the Commissioners was to arbitrate. The committee declined this, and denied the existence of a legal claim on the Corporation on the part of the Commissioners. The report concluded by stating that no useful result would be obtained by further correspondence, and recommended that the Corporation should repeat the offer to preserve the ground for public use and from desecration, plant, and watch it, in failure of performing which the land might revert to the Commissioners; also that they should be authorised to second the efforts of parties who might apply to Parliament or the public for aid to save the graves from speculating builders, and the site for public service. The report was adopted, and referred back to be carried into effect. It was alleged that the Commissioners valued the ground at about £100,000, and asked what the Corporation would give for its preservation. If this be true," said a writer to the *Times*, "the Commissioners, considering that they represented a party which has already received cash for preserving the graves, were hard driven. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners are probably not so black as they are painted. Would it not serve all ends if the Government introduced a Bill to the House of Commons to permit, or, better still, to enjoin the Commissioners to relax their hold on the ground, be content with the half share of profits already received, and that the onus of maintaining the ground should be placed upon the recipients of the other moiety, who are anxious to receive it? It has been stated officially that the Commissioners already receive £50,000 a year on account of the Finsbury prebend. It appears that in 1655, when the estates of that office were sold, the City bought the fee-simple, and for ten years following paid no rent. At the Restoration the property was taken back, rent demanded and paid, to recover which the Corporation farmed part of the land for interments, which began as early as 1665, or the Great Plague. At one time the City received as much as £700 per annum from this source. In 1852 the ground was closed, and the registers removed to Somerset House. This year (1867) the whole estate reverts to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who may feel it their duty so far to violate their natural feelings as to let it for building leases. As literary men, if not equally as cosmopolitans, the late and present Chancellors of the

Exchequer ought to unite in exonerating the Ecclesiastical Commissioners from this probably painful sense. It would be disgraceful to the Government if the desecration took place."

This negotiation was eventually completed, and the old cemetery is now a place where meditative men may wander and quietly contemplate the old text, "Dust to dust." The Act for the preservation of the ground as an open space was passed 15th July, 1867, and it was reopened by the Lord Mayor on the 14th of October, 1869. It may be added that a monument to Defoe, the immortal author of "Robinson Crusoe," subscribed by boys and girls, was inaugurated on the 15th of September of the following year.

Lackington, one of the most celebrated of our early cheap booksellers, lived in Chiswell Street, Finsbury, and afterwards at the "Temple of the Muses," Finsbury Place. The shop, into which a coach and six could be driven, was destroyed by fire in 1841. In 1792 Lackington cleared £5,000 by his business, and retired with a fortune in 1798. He was an eccentric and original character, and died in 1815 at Budleigh Salterton, Devonshire.

Finsbury Square dates its erection from the year 1789, and it was built from the designs of George Dance, R.A. Dr. Birkbeck, the founder of Mechanics' Institutes, lived for many years at the south-east corner of the square, and died there in December, 1841.

In South Place, between Finsbury Square and Finsbury Circus, is South Place Chapel and Institute, a large building of Ionic design, erected for a Unitarian congregation. The late Mr. William J. Fox, formerly M.P. for Oldham, a well-known political writer and lecturer, for some time ministered here. The great hall, which is capable of holding 300 persons, is used for public meetings, lectures, concerts, and other entertainments.

The Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, in Blomfield Street, was founded in 1804, and was the first hospital established in England for the treatment of diseases of the eye. It relieves, on an average, 1,300 in-patients and about 20,000 out-patients annually. The building has recently been enlarged by the addition of a new wing, and its accommodation for in-patients raised to 100 beds, while the out-patient department has been entirely remodelled, and has room for about 400 patients daily. The admission is free to the afflicted poor, whose wants are supplied, including spectacles and artificial eyes, which form a large item of cost. The annual expenditure of the hospital is about £5,000, the greater portion of which is made up by voluntary contributions.



On the north side of Liverpool Street, close by the Ophthalmic Hospital, are the termini of the Great Eastern, the North London, and the London and North-Western Railways; they each cover a large extent of ground, and form conspicuous architectural objects.

On the east side of Blomfield Street are the head-quarters of the London Missionary Society. The building was erected in 1835, and enlarged in 1875. The edifice contains a small museum of curiosities sent home by missionaries abroad.

Finsbury Chapel, at the south-east corner of East Street, which connects Blomfield Street with Finsbury Circus, was erected about half a century ago for the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, D.D., who seceded from one of the branches of the Presbyterians. It is an unsightly building, built after the fashion of a theatre, but will accommodate over 2,000 persons.

At the opposite corner of the street is the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary, Moorfields, long the pro-cathedral and principal church of the Roman Catholics in London. The first stone of the edifice was laid in 1817, and it was completed in 1820, and consecrated by Dr. Poynter, the Catholic Bishop. The building is in the Italian style of architecture, from the designs of Mr. John Newman; and it was built at a cost of about £26,000. It comprises a centre and north and south aisles, each of which terminates with a chapel. At the back of the high altar is a screen of six marble fluted pillars of the Corinthian order, behind which is a fresco painting of the Crucifixion. This picture, which was executed by Aylio, an Italian, was repainted by the same artist in 1837; and in 1875, on the formation of the Aldgate extension of the Metropolitan Railway, it was considerably damaged by the subsidence of the walls caused by the railway passing near it, and was again re-painted. The frescoes upon the ceiling were painted by Aylio; but the remainder of the interior decorations have been effected since 1858. In 1852, the edifice having been fixed upon by Cardinal Wiseman as the pro-cathedral of the "diocese" of Westminster, the building was much improved, and the sanctuary arranged according to its present plan. This church is remarkable for the splendour of its plate, all of solid gold. The chalice and paten were given in 1820, by the then Pontiff, Pius VII. The vaults under the church are lofty and spacious, and in some places are formed into catacombs. Three bishops (Poynter, Bramstone, and Gradwell) are buried here, and between thirty and forty priests; and in the small strip of ground adjoining the church, as well as in the vaults, no less than 5,500

Catholics were buried prior to the year 1853, when burials were discontinued there. Here Weber, the celebrated composer, was buried. In this church the remains of Cardinal Wiseman lay in state, previous to interment at Kensal Green Cemetery, in February, 1865. Considerable alterations and repairs have been effected in the interior of this building at different times, particularly since 1858, when the Rev. Dr. Gilbert was appointed head priest.

The first Roman Catholic chapel and presbytery in Little Moorfields stood on the site now occupied by a large chocolate factory at the end of Rope-maker Street. The history of that humble church is intimately connected with the Catholic revival in England, it was from this chapel that Bishop Talbot and two priests were dragged, in 1771, for "daring to offer the Holy Sacrifice;" and the building was destroyed during the Gordon Riots in 1780. A large house in White Street was shortly afterwards converted into a church for the congregation who had been driven from the chapel in Ropemaker Street, and here they remained till 1820, when they removed to the church of St. Mary, Moorfields. The freehold of the ground on which the church, presbytery, and schools stand was purchased from the Corporation of London.

The London Institution, Finsbury Circus, was established in 1805, and incorporated 1807. A number of gentlemen connected with the City associated together, for the purpose of forming an institution calculated to promote science, literature, and the arts. The number of subscribers was limited to a thousand, and the shares seventy-five guineas each; the subscription-list was soon filled, and the Institution opened with a good library in January, 1806, in a house which formerly belonged to Sir Robert Clayton, in the Old Jewry; the library was afterwards removed to King's Arms Yard, Coleman Street, where it remained until a new and magnificent building was erected for the Institution in Moorfields, under the direction of Mr. Wm. Brooks, the architect. The cost of the building was £31,124, and its annual income is about £3,000 per annum, derived from funded property and six annual payments. The number of volumes is about 65,000, which are available for the holders of a proprietor's share or a nominee of a proprietor, having his medal or ticket. In the winter-time, when the lectures are delivered by leading men of science, the theatre is as full as can well be imagined, and is by no means a quiet resting-place; but the reading-room is a treat, and it is pleasant to get away from the City bustle, and take shelter there. This building is 108 feet in

length, with two wings of 16 feet each; the centre has a handsome portico, with pillars of the Tuscan and Corinthian orders, surmounted by a neat pediment. The interior arrangement is admirable: on the ground floor, in addition to the entrance-halls, there are separate reading-rooms for newspapers, magazines, and reviews, as well as for meetings of the committee, &c., and a noble staircase leads to the library on the first floor, which is 97 feet long by 42 wide; and the lecture-room is 63 feet by 44. The library consists of a very extensive collection of modern works, and is particularly rich in topography. Richard Porson, the celebrated classical critic, was the first librarian of this institution, and since his time the duties of that office have been filled by, among others, Richard Thomson, author of "*Chronicles of London Bridge*;" Professor E. W. Brayley, F.R.S.; and Mr. J. C. Brough, author of "*Fairy Tales of Science*."

On the west side of Finsbury Circus, forming a connecting link between Moorgate Street and the City Road, is Finsbury Pavement. "The Pavement—so called, no doubt," wrote "Aleph" in the *City Press*, "as the only firm pathway in the neighbourhood—was formerly edged with some fifty brick houses, to which unpretentious shops were attached—bakers, butchers, ale and spirit stores, and the like, with a chapel in the centre; the whole giving no promise of the gay and tempting shop-windows, blazing with gas, so soon to be substituted. Yet most of the buildings are unaltered, even now; only the facia has been 'improved and beautified.'

"How, you will ask, was the centre of old Moorfields employed, in its chrysalis state? Variouslly.

In the days of Wesley and Whitefield, it was the favourite haunt of open-air preachers. Both those remarkable men chose the spot for their London lectures; and they often gathered audiences of a fabulous number—the prints of the period say, of 20,000, 30,000, and even 50,000. They had begun to preach in the churches, but it was alleged the vast crowds made that practice dangerous, and they extemporised pulpits under the blue vault of heaven. The Tabernacle, not far distant, was the result of this movement.

"In 1812, and long after, carpet-beating was the chief use of the dry or sloppy area (according to the season). Poles with ropes stretched across were placed at intervals, and sturdy arms brandishing stout sticks were incessantly assaulting Turkey, Kidderminster, and Brussels floor-covers, and beating out such clouds of dust that as you passed it was expedient to hold your cambric or bandanna over your mouth and nostrils. Then you had, in fair-time, those humble incentives to gambling which for a penny offer the chance of winning a tin box or a wooden apple. Five uprights are stuck in deep holes; you stand a few yards off, supplied with short sticks, and if you can knock away box or apple without its lapsing into the hole, it becomes your property, and the gain may be about twopence. Those days are gone; the open space is filled in with a strange conglomeration of buildings, public and private—the London Institution, a Catholic cathedral, a Scotch church, a seceding ditto, the Ophthalmic Hospital, Finsbury Circus, and dwellings of all sizes, accommodating a mixed population, varying in position from extreme poverty to wealth."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### ALDERSGATE STREET AND ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.

*Origin of the Name—History of the Old Gate—Its Demolition—The General Post Office—Origin of the Penny Post—Manley—Bishop—The Duke of York's Monopoly—Murray's Post—Dockwra—Absorption of the Penny Post by the Government—Allen's "Cross Posts"—Postal Reformers—John Palmer, of Bath Procession of the Mail Coaches on the King's Birthday—The Money Order Office—Rowland Hill's Penny Post—The Post Office Removed to St. Martin's le Grand—Statistics and Curiosities of the Post Office—Stamping—Curious Addresses—Report on the Post Office Savings-Bank—Posting the Newspapers—The Site of the Present Post Office—St. Martin's College—Discovery of Antiquities—The New Buildings—The Telegraph Department—Old Houses in Aldersgate Street—The "Bull and Mouth"—Milton's House—Shaftesbury House—Petre House—St. Botolph's Church—The So-called Shakespeare's House—The Barbican and Prince Rupert—The Fortune Theatre—The "Nursery"—Little Britain—The "Albion"*

ALDERSGATE was one of the four original gates of London, and formed the extreme corner to the north. Some say it was named after Aldrich, a Saxon, who built it; others, says Stow, attribute it to the alder trees which grew around it. There is no mention of it previous to the Conquest. Becoming dilapidated and dangerous, it was pulled

down by order of the Lord Mayor and aldermen; but rebuilt in 1618, the expense (more than £1,000) being defrayed out of a legacy, left for the purpose by one William Parker, a merchant tailor. It was damaged in the Great Fire, but soon after repaired and beautified. Originally, like Temple Bar, it had an arch in the centre for general traffic, and two

posterns for pedestrians. Over the arch was a figure in high relief of James I., but the building itself was heavy and inelegant. The imperial arms surmounted the figure, for through this gate the Stuart first entered London when he came to take possession of the Crown. On the eastern side was an effigy of the prophet Jeremiah, and these lines from his prophecies:—"Then shall enter into the gates of this city kings and princes, sitting upon the throne of David, riding in chariots and on horses, they and their princes, the men of Judah, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem; and this city shall remain for ever." In the western niche was an effigy of Samuel, with this inscription:—"And Samuel said unto all Israel, Behold I have hearkened unto your voice in all that you said unto me, and have made a king over you." On the south was a bas-relief of James in his royal robes.

The City Crier had rooms over the gate, but in Elizabeth's reign they were occupied by John Day, who printed the folio Bible dedicated to Edward VI. in 1549. He also printed the works of Roger Ascham, Latimer's Sermons, and Foxe's "Actes and Monuments." There is a work of his now much sought after by book-collectors on account of the frontispiece, which represents Day with a whip entering the room of his workmen, who are sleeping, the sun shining upon them. He rouses them with these words: "Arise, for it is day." This gate was sold in 1761, and taken down immediately afterwards. The "Castle and Falcon" inn was built near its site.

The General Post Office forms a noble preface to an important street. From two years before the death of Charles II. there has been a Penny Post (one of the greatest blessings of civilisation) established in London. In Cromwell's time, the revenues of the Post Office were farmed to a Mr. John Manley for £10,000 a year, and it was calculated that latterly Manley made £14,000 annually by his bargain. Bishop, his successor, had to pay £21,500 a year for the office (the monopoly of letting post horses being included). In 1675, the fifteenth year of this disgraceful reign, the entire revenue of the Post Office was granted to the Duke of York. About this time Robert Murray, an upholsterer, suggested the idea of a post from one part of London to another, the City having grown too large for messengers. Murray's Post was afterwards assigned to Mr. William Dockwra (or Docwra). By the early regulations, all letters not exceeding a pound in weight were to be charged one penny for the City and suburbs, and twopence for any distance within a ten mile radius. Six large offices were opened in different

parts of London, and receiving-houses were established in all the principal streets. The deliveries in the chief streets near the Exchange were as many as six or eight times a day, and in the outskirts there were four daily deliveries.

The moment the Penny Post became a success, the courtiers were all nibbling, and the Duke of York complained that his monopoly was infringed. Titus Oates cried out that the Penny Post was a Jesuit scheme, and useful for transmitting Popish treason. The City porters, too, says Mr. Lewin, in his excellent book, "Her Majesty's Mails," pulled down the placards, "Penny Post Letters taken in here," from the doors of the receiving-houses. The Court of King's Bench, on a trial, decided, of course unjustly, that the new office must be absorbed by the Government. From this time, the London District Post existed as a separate establishment from the General Post, and so continued till 1854. Shortly after this verdict Mr. Dockwra was appointed, under the Duke of York, controller of the District Post. On the accession of the Duke of York the revenues of the Post Office reverted to the Crown. Ten years after the removal of unfortunate Dockwra from the "Penny Post," a Mr. Povey attempted, in vain, to rival the Government by establishing a "Halfpenny Post." In 1720 Pope's friend, Ralph Allen—

"Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,  
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame,"

established an improved system of "cross posts," at a rental of £6,000 a year. By this contract Allen is supposed to have made nearly half a million sterling. On the death of this worthy and successful speculator, the cross posts passed under the control of the Postmasters-General. In 1799, when this department was amalgamated, the proceeds, says Mr. Lewin, had reached the enormous yearly sum of £200,000.

The careless post-boy on a slow horse was still the agent employed to carry letters, often requiring to be conveyed with the utmost care and speed. Fifteen years after the death of Allen, a greater reformer arose in the person of Mr. John Palmer, a brewer and theatrical manager at Bath. In 1784, after some successful experiments with coaches and swifter horses, he was at once appointed controller-general of the Post Office, at £1,500 a year, with two and a half per cent. commission upon any excess of net revenue over £240,000, the Post Office's annual revenue for the year of his appointment. The conservative opposition to Palmer's improvements was incessant and untiring, and in 1792 he was compelled to surrender his appoint-

ment for a pension of £3,000 a year. After a twenty years' struggle against this unfair removal, Mr. Palmer's son, in 1813, obtained a Parliamentary grant of £50,000. The first year of the introduction of Mr. Palmer's plans the net revenue of the Post Office was about £250,000; thirty years afterwards, the proceeds had increased six-fold—to no less a sum, indeed, than a million and a half sterling.

In 1836 there were fifty four-horse mails, and forty-nine two-horse mails in England, says Mr. Lewis, thirty in Ireland, and ten in Scotland.

and postboys on horseback, arrayed in their new scarlet coats and jackets, proceed from Lombard Street to Millbank, and there dine. At this place the coaches are fresh painted, then the procession, being arranged, begins to move, about five o'clock in the afternoon, headed by the General Post men on horseback. The mails follow them, filled with the wives and children, friends and relations, of coachmen and guards, while the post-boys, sounding their bugles and cracking their whips, bring up the rear. From the commencement of the procession the bells of the different churches ring out



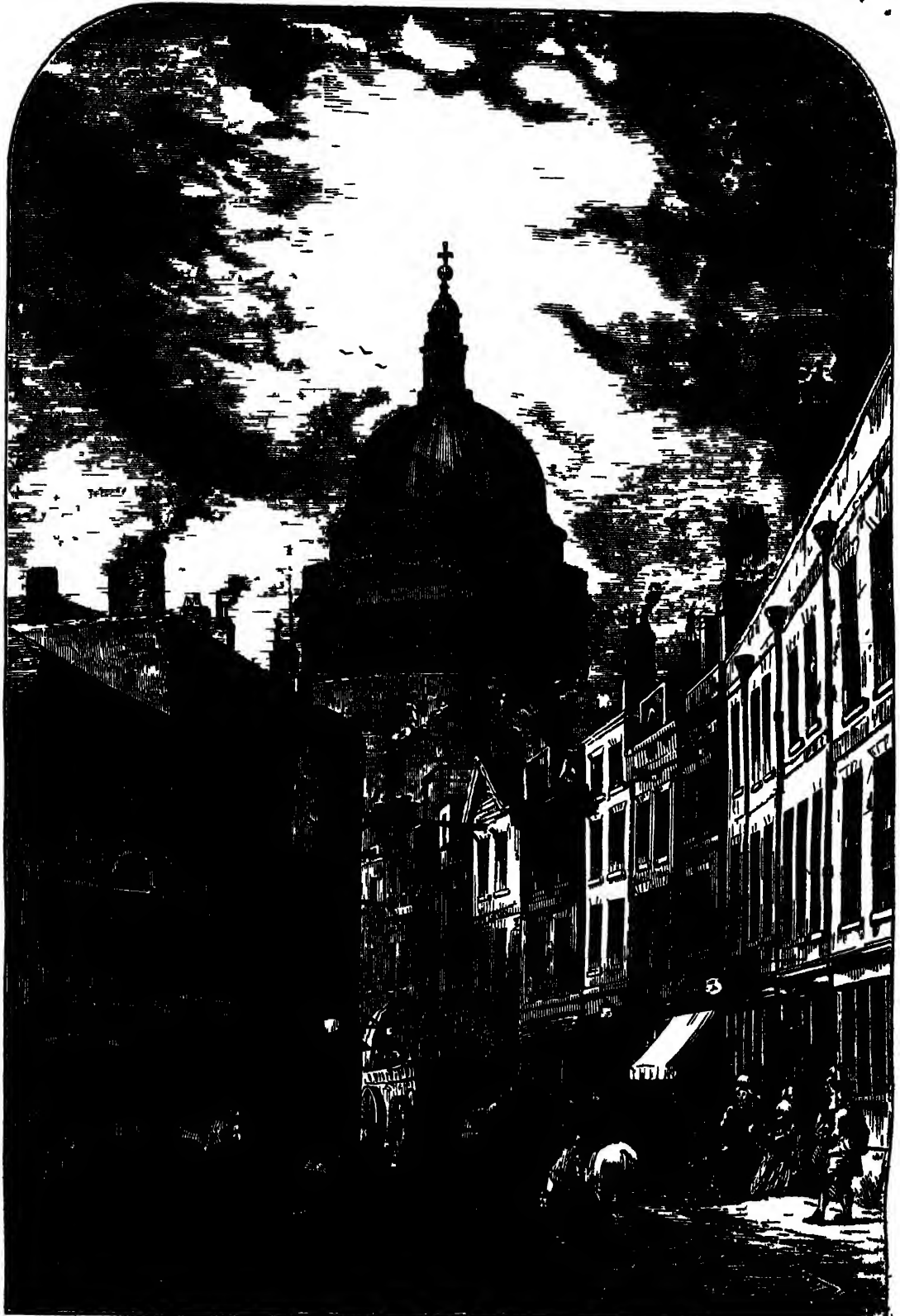
ALDERSGATE. From a print of 1670. (See page 208.)

The last year of mail coaches, twenty-seven mails left London every night punctually at eight p.m., travelling in the aggregate about 5,500 miles before they reached their several destinations.

The original Post Office, of which a view is given on page 205, stood in Lombard Street,\* and one of the most interesting sights of the Post Office in old time was the gay procession of mail coaches thither on the King's birthday. Hone, in 1838, tells us that George IV. changed the annual celebration of his birthday to St. George's Day, April 23rd. "According to annual custom," says he, "the mail coaches went in procession from Millbank to Lombard Street. At about twelve o'clock the horses belonging to the different mails, with new harness, and the postmen

merrily, and continue their rejoicing peals till it arrives at the General Post Office, in Lombard Street, from whence they sparkle abroad to all parts of the kingdom. Great crowds assemble to witness the cavalcade as it passes through the principal streets of the metropolis. . . . The clean and cheerful appearance of the coachmen and guards, each with a large bouquet of flowers in his bright scarlet coat, the beauty of the cattle and the general excellence of the equipment, present a most agreeable spectacle to every eye and mind, that can be gratified by seeing and reflecting on the advantages derived to trade and social intercourse by this magnificent establishment." "Such a splendid display of carriages and four as these mail coaches," says Von Raumer, in 1835, "could not be found or got together in all Berlin. It was

\* See Vol. I., p. 525.



ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND IN 1760. (See page 212.)

a real pleasure to see them in all the pride and strength which, in an hour or two later, was to send them in every direction, with incredible rapidity, to every corner of England."

The Money Order Office dates from 1792. No order originally could be issued for more than five guineas, and the charge for that sum amounted to four shillings and sixpence, or nearly five per cent. It was originally a private speculation of three Post Office officials, and so remained till 1838, when it became a branch of the general institution. It began with two small rooms at the north end of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and a staff of three clerks. During the year 1863 the number of orders amounted in round numbers to 7,500,000, representing a money value exceeding £16,000,000, the commission on the whole amounting to more than £144,000.

That great reform of Rowland Hill's, the Penny Postage, was first mooted in 1837, and in 1839 the uniform rate of fourpence a letter was tried. The penny rate for half an ounce commenced in 1840. Telegraph messages were first used to expedite Post Office business in 1847. In 1855, the Duke of Argyll being Postmaster-General, the General Post and the London District Letter-carriers were amalgamated, and the red uniform of the General Post abandoned.

In 1765 four houses in Abchurch Lane were taken for the Post service, and additional offices erected; and from time to time other additions were made, until the whole became a cumbrous and inconvenient mass of buildings, ill adapted to the great increase which had taken place in the business of the Post Office. It was at length determined to erect a building expressly for affording the conveniences and facilities required; and in 1815 an Act was passed authorising certain commissioners to select a site. The situation chosen was at the junction of St. Martin's-le-Grand with Newgate Street, where once stood a monastery which had possessed the privileges of sanctuary. The first stone of the new building was laid in May, 1824. On the 23rd September, 1829, it was completed and opened for the transaction of business. It is about 400 feet long, 130 wide, and 64 feet high. The front is composed of three porticoes of the Ionic order—one of four columns being placed at each end, and one of eight columns forming the centre—and surmounted by a pediment. In the interior is a hall 80 feet long, by about 60 wide, divided into a centre and two aisles by two ranges of six Ionic columns, standing upon pedestals of granite. There is a tunnel underneath the hall by which the letters are conveyed, by

ingenious mechanical means, between the northern and southern divisions of the building.

In 1839, under the old system, the number of letters which passed through the post was 76,000,000. In 1840 came the uniform penny, and for that year the number was 162,000,000, or an increase of 93,000,000, equal to 123 per cent. That was the grand start; afterwards the rate of increase subsided from 36 per cent. in 1841 to 16 per cent. in 1842 and 1843. In 1845, and the three following years, the increase was respectively 39, 37, and 30 per cent. Then succeeded a sudden drop; perhaps the culminating point in the rate of increase had been attained. The Post Office is, however, a thermometer of commerce. During the depressing year 1848 the number of letters increased no more than 9 per cent. But in 1849 337,500,000 epistles passed through the office, being an augmentation of 8,500,000 upon the preceding year, or 11 per cent. of progressive increase.

In 1850 it was estimated that upon an average 300 letters per day passed through the General Post Office totally unfastened, chiefly in consequence of the use of what stationers are pleased to call "adhesive" envelopes. Many were virgin ones, without either seal or direction; and not a few contained money. In Sir Francis Freeing's time the sum of £5,000 in bank-notes was found in a "blank." It was not till after some trouble that the sender was traced, and the cash restored to him. Not long since, a humble post-mistress of an obscure Welsh post town, unable to decipher the address on a letter, perceived, on examining it, the folds of several bank-notes protruding from a torn edge of the envelope. She securely re-enclosed it to the secretary of the Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, who found the contents to be £1,500, and the superscription too much even for the hieroglyphic powers of the "blind clerk." Eventually the enclosures found their true destination.

The dead letters of one year alone contained, stowed among other articles, tooth-picks, tooth-files, fishing-flies, an eye-glass, bradawls, portraits, miniatures, a whistle, corkscrews, a silver watch, a pair of spurs, a bridle, a soldier's discharge and a sailor's register tickets, samples of hops and corn, a Greek MS., silver spoons, gold thread, dinner, theatre, and pawn tickets, boxes of pills, shirts, nightcaps, razors, all sorts of knitting and lace, "dolls' things," and a vast variety of other articles, that would puzzle ingenuity to conjecture.

The letters formerly were ranged, for stamping the date and hour of despatch, in a long row, like a pack of cards thrown across a table, and so



fast did the stamper's hand move, that he could mark 6,000 in an hour. While defacing the Queen's heads, he counted as he thumped, till he enumerated fifty, when he dodged his stamp on one side to put his black mark on a piece of plain paper. All these memoranda were afterwards collected by the president, who, reckoning fifty letters to every black mark, got a near approximation to the number that had passed through the office. This work is now performed by machinery. The total number of letters which passed through the Post Office on Valentine's Day, 1850, was 187,037. To this total are to be added 6,000 "bye" letters—or those which passed from village to village within the suburban limits of the District Post without reaching the chief office—and 100,000, destined for the provinces and places beyond sea, which were transferred to the Inland Department. The grand total for the day, therefore, rose to nearly 300,000. Thus the sacrifices to the fane of St. Valentine, consisting of hearts, darts, Cupids peeping out of paper roses, Hymen embowered in hot-pressed embossing, swains in very blue coats, and nymphs in very opaque muslin, coarse caricatures and tender verses, caused an augmentation to the revenue on this anniversary equal to about 70,000 missives; 123,000 being the usual daily average for district and "byes" during the month of February. This increase, being peculiar to cross and district posts, does not so much affect the Inland Office, for lovers and sweethearts are generally neighbours. The entire correspondence of the three kingdoms it was calculated in 1850 was augmented on each St. Valentine's Day to the extent of about 400,000 letters.

The extraordinary addresses of many of the dead letters are worth noting. Among them we find the following:—

To George Miller, boy on board H.M.S. *Amphitrite*, Voilop a Razor or ellesaware (the *Amphitrite*, Valparaiso, or elsewhere).

H.M. Steem Freight *Vultur*, Uncon or els war (Steam Frigate *Vulture*, at Hong-Kong).

Mr. Weston,  
Osborn Cottage,  
Ilwail (Isle of Wight).

Mr. Laurence, New Land, I Vicum (High Wycombe).

W. Stratton, commonly cauld teapot (we presume, as a total abstinence man), Weelin (Welwyn).

Thom Hoodless, 3, St. Ann Ct., Searhoo Skur (Soho Square).

Mr. Dick Bishop Caus, ner the Wises (near Devizes).

Peter Robinson, 2 Compney 7 Batilian Rolyt Artirian, Owylyge (Woolwich), England.

To Mr. Michl Darcy, in the town of England.

To my Uncle John, in London.

Miss Queen Victoria, of England.

From the report of the Postmaster-General for the year 1880, we gather the following interesting facts:—

The number of Post Offices open in the United Kingdom on the 31st of March, 1880, was 919 head and 13,300 sub-offices, being an increase of 331 offices on the number last reported. The number of letter-boxes in streets, roads, &c., on the same date was 12,541, being an increase of 661. The total number of places of all kinds at which letters may be posted was thus 26,753; and of these 2,012, or about  $\frac{1}{13}$  of the whole, are in London.

The number of mails forwarded daily between London and the post towns in England and Wales in the year ending 31st of March, 1880, was 617. The number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom within the year was 1,127,997,500, showing an increase at the rate of 2.8 per cent. upon the previous year. The number of post-cards was 114,458,400, showing an increase of 2.7 per cent. The number of book-packets and circulars was 213,963,000, showing an increase of 8.6 per cent. Taking together the correspondence of all kinds, the number was 1,586,937,300, showing an average of 46 per head of the population, and an increase of 3.3 per cent. over the previous year.

The number of letters registered in the United Kingdom during the year 1879–80 was 8,739,191, being an increase of 21.3 per cent., and more than double the number dealt with in 1877, before the reduction of the registration fee. Of the above number, no fewer than 5,762,853 passed through the chief office. During the year the number of registered letters enclosed in the special envelopes sold by the department received at the chief office averaged 5,000 a day as compared with 4,000 a day in 1878–9.

The registered parcels containing Christmas presents passing through the chief office were 47,000 in number, as compared with 30,000 in 1878.

The Report states that notwithstanding the low charge now made for registration, letters containing coin and articles of value are still frequently posted without being registered, no less than 1,417 such letters having been observed during the year 1879. "Many more," adds the Postmaster-General, "no doubt passed unnoticed; but in every case in which such a letter is detected, it is forwarded to its destination with a registration charge of eightpence to be paid on delivery."

As an instance of the want of care on the part of the public in securing valuable parcels, the Report states that one parcel found open contained

a gold watch and many articles of jewellery. . . . Exclusive of postage stamps found loose to the number of 72,000, no less than 27,224 articles of various kinds escaped from their covers and were sent to the Returned Letter Office during the year, this number being about half as large again as in the previous year.

The total number of returned letters in 1879-80 was 5,345,678, of book packets 3,541,103, of post-cards 496,446, and of newspapers 374,741. Of the letters, 4,570,743 were returned to the writers; 78,291 were re-issued to corrected addresses; and 170,175 from abroad were sent for disposal to the Post Offices of the countries from which they were received; while in 526,469 cases the writers had given no address to admit of the letters being returned to them. No less than 21,621 letters were posted without any address, among which were 1,141 containing cash and bank notes to the amount of £433, and cheques, bills, &c., for £4,251.

Ten years having now elapsed since the telegraphs were transferred to the State, it may be interesting to learn some particulars of the results which have been achieved.

"At the time of the transfer," the Report tells us, "the Telegraph Companies had 1,992 offices, in addition to 496 railway offices at which telegraph work was performed, making the total number of offices 2,488. At the end of the past year (1879) there were 3,924 post offices and 1,407 railway stations open for telegraph work, making the total number of telegraph offices within the United Kingdom 5,331. . . . On taking over the telegraphs, the Post Office commenced with 5,651 miles of telegraph line, embracing 48,990 miles of wire, and these numbers have been increased to 23,156 miles of line, embracing 100,851 miles of wire. The total length of submarine cables connecting different parts of the United Kingdom was 139 miles in 1869; last year it was 707 miles. . . . The total number of telegraphists employed by the companies was 2,514 (of whom 479 were women), and the number of messengers 1,471. The total number of telegraphists employed by the Post Office last year was 5,611 (of whom 1,556 were women), and of messengers 4,648; but, besides these, many persons are employed in telegraph work who hold no appointment on the establishment, but are paid by the postmasters out of allowances for assistance."

In the course of the year 1879-80 the Post Office Telegraph Department sent an average of 25,697 words a day when Parliament was sitting, and 21,702 when Parliament was not sitting.

In an admirable article in the first volume of *Household Words*, March 30, 1850, the late Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. W. H. Wills described, in a very animated way, the manner of then closing the evening letter-boxes at St. Martin's-le-Grand. "It was a quarter before six o'clock," they say, "when they crossed the hall, six being the latest hour at which newspapers can be posted without fee. "It was then just drizzling newspapers. The great window of that department being 'thrown open, the first black fringe of a thunder-cloud of newspapers, impending over the Post Office, was discharging itself fitfully—now in large drops, now in little; now in sudden plumps, now stopping altogether. By degrees it began to rain hard; by fast degrees the storm came on harder and harder, until it blew, rained, hailed, snowed, newspapers. A fountain of newspapers played in at the window. Waterspouts of newspapers broke from enormous sacks, and engulfed the men inside. A prodigious main of newspapers, at the Newspaper River Head, seemed to be turned on, threatening destruction to the miserable Post Office. The Post Office was so full already, that the window foamed at the mouth with newspapers. Newspapers flew out like froth, and were tumbled in again by the bystanders. All the boys in London seemed to have gone mad, and to be besieging the Post Office with newspapers. Now and then there was a girl; now and then a woman, now and then a weak old man; but as the minute hand of the clock crept near to six, such a torrent of boys and such a torrent of newspapers came tumbling in together pell-mell, head over heels, one above another, that the giddy head looking on chiefly wondered why the boys springing over one another's heads, and flying the garter into the Post Office, with the enthusiasm of the corps of acrobats at M. Franconi's, didn't post themselves nightly along with the newspapers, and get delivered all over the world. Suddenly it struck six. Shut, sesame!"

On the site of the General Post Office, in the early days, stood a collegiate church and sanctuary, founded by Withu, King of Kent, in 750, and only enlarged in 1056 by Ingebrian, Earl of Essex, and Girard, his brother, and confirmed by a charter of William the Conqueror, in 1068. The proud Norman also gave to the college all the moor land without Cripplegate, and granted them "soc and sac, dot and sheam," in a chapter confirmed by two cardinals of Pope Alexander. Many of the deans of this college were great people, observes Strype, one being Keeper of the Treasure and Jewels of Edward III., and another Clerk of the Privy Seal. The college was a parish of itself, and

claimed great privileges of sanctuary, prisoners from Newgate to Tower Hill sometimes trying to slip from their guards and get through the south gate of St. Martin's. Thus, in 1442 (Henry VI.), a soldier, on his way from Newgate to the Guildhall, was dragged by five of his fellows, who rushed out of Pannier Alley, in at the west door of the sanctuary; but that same day the two sheriffs came and took out the five men from the sanctuary, and led them fettered to the Compter, and then chained by the necks to Newgate. The Dean and Chapter of St. Martin's, furious at this, complained to the king, who, after hearing the City, who denied the right of sanctuary to the college, returned the five soldiers to their former retreat. In the reign of Henry VII. the right of sanctuary was again violated, and again disputed at law, and this time the sheriffs were "grievously fined" for their pains.

In the reign of Edward II. there was before St. Martin's College a "solar," that is, a large airy room, or chamber, somewhat like the galleries in great houses, being places of entertainment and pleasure. This "solar" was toward the street, and a jetty outward, which was so low that it annoyed the people passing along.

When the college of St. Martin's-le-Grand flourished, the curfew was rung here, as at Bow, St. Giles's, Cripplegate, and Allhallows, Barking, to warn citizens to keep within doors. Strype also mentions an ordinance of Edward I., at a time when "certain Hectors" infested the streets at night, walking armed, and committing "mischiefs, murders, and robberies," commanding none to wander in the streets after "coverfew" has sounded at St. Martin's-le-Grand.

A crypt was laid open in St. Martin's-le-Grand on clearing for the site of the General Post Office, in 1818. There were then found two ranges of vaults, which had served as cellars to the houses above; one of these being the crypt of St. Martin's (taken down in 1547) and afterwards the cellar of a large wine-tavern, the "Queen's Head." This was in the pointed style of Edward III., and was most probably the work of William of Wykeham. The second or westernmost range, which must have supported the nave, was of earlier date, and was a square vaulted chamber, divided by piers six feet square. Here was found a coin of Constantine, and a stone coffin containing a skeleton; and in digging somewhat lower down, Roman remains were met with in abundance. In St. Martin's-le-Grand also, between Aldersgate and St. Anne's Lane end, was the large tavern of the "Mourning Bush," whose vaulted cellars, as they remain from the Great Fire of 1666, disclose the foundation wall of Aldersgate,

and are a remarkably fine specimen of early brick archwork.

The new Post Office buildings, erected from the designs of Mr. James Williams, of H.M. Office of Works and Public Buildings, were opened early in 1874. The building is rectangular, having frontages of 286 feet to St. Martin's-le-Grand and Bath Street, and frontages of 144 feet to Newgate Street and Angel Street, and is 84 feet in height from the paving line. It stands on a base of granite from the De Lank quarries, and the whole of the fronts have been executed in Portland stone of the hardest "Whitbed." The building is four stories in height, exclusive of the basement, and the floors are thus appropriated.—The basement is partly occupied as office-rooms, partly for stores, and partly by the department of the telegraph engineers, the large room in the centre being used as a battery-room. The ground floor is appropriated to the Postmaster-General and the Accountant-General. On the first floor are accommodated the secretaries and their staff; the third and fourth floors being appropriated to the telegraph department. The fourth floor is especially devoted to the telegraph instruments, and the pneumatic tubes are laid on to it, establishing communication with the district offices. The large instrument-room is 125 feet by 80 feet. The central hall is intended for the staff of the Accountant-General. In the north court there are placed four steam-engines, each of 50-horse power, for working the pneumatic tubes. An artesian well has been sunk for the supply of the large quantity of water required, and a small engine is kept at work at pumping to the large tanks (two of 6,000 gallons each) at the top of the building. About three-quarters of a mile of instrument-tables have been fitted up in the telegraph galleries.

The building was commenced in December, 1869, the first block of Portland stone being laid by the Right Hon. A. S. Ayrton, M.P., the First Commissioner of Public Works, on the 16th of that month. The contractor was Mr. William Brass; the clerk of the works, Mr. William Trickett. The contract amounted to £129,718.

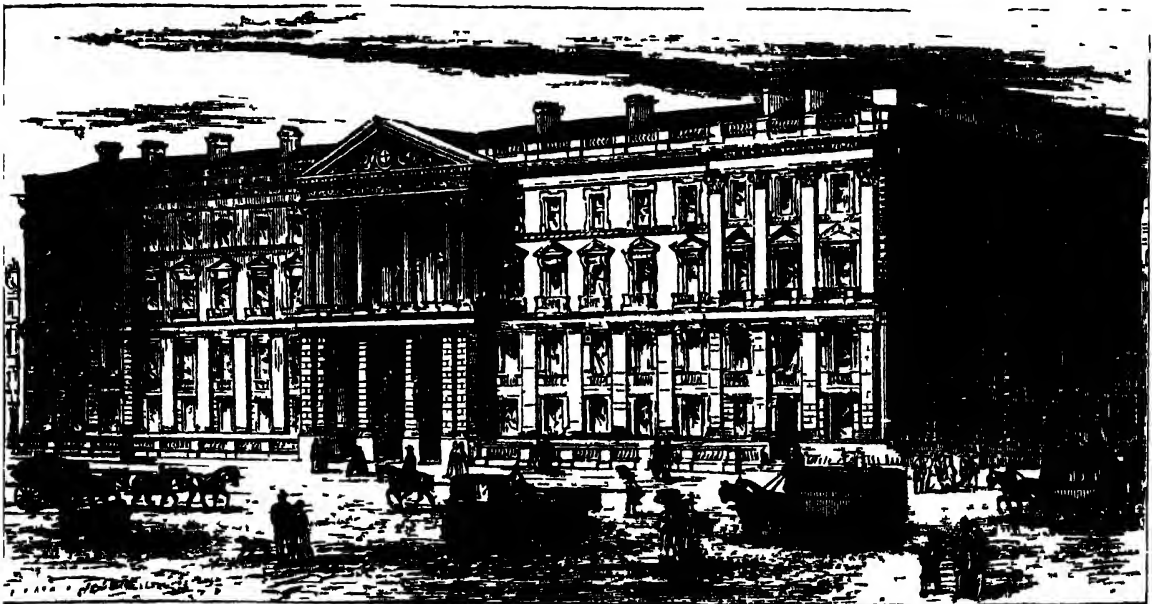
The whole of the carving and the sculpture was executed by Mr. Burnie Philip. The site cost in round numbers £300,000.

"In the telegraph department in the new wing," says Mr. Yates, "young ladies are seated at the long rows of tables crossing the room from end to end, and, with few exceptions, each one has before her a single needle or printing instrument, the 'circuit,' or place with which it is in communication, being denoted on a square tablet, something like a

headstone in a cemetery, erected immediately in front of her. It may further be remarked of these young ladies, that they talk much less than might be expected, work very quickly, and have generally very nice hands."

The Metropolitan Gallery, consisting of a set of three large rooms, is simply used as a centre for the collection of messages from the metropolitan district. It is arranged upon the plan of the postal districts, with which the public are now familiar, and each division is under the superintendence of a clerk in charge. All messages are brought to the central sorting-table, and there subdivided: those for the

memory a tombstone inscribed "Holborn" has been erected, we find her at fifty-four and a half minutes past three p.m. writing off the last words of a message which had been handed in at the office on Holborn Viaduct at fifty-three minutes past three p.m., and which will thus have been completed and ready for sending out for delivery within two minutes. Here in this south-western division are what are known as the "official circuits," worked by the A B C instrument, with the grinding handle and the alphabetical depressible keys familiar to most of us, which communicate with the War Office, the Foreign Office, the Treasury,



NEW GENERAL POST-OFFICE, ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND (See page 215)

country being sent to the upper or Provincial Gallery by a lift, those for the City being sorted into different batches, and dispatched by the agency of a pneumatic tube to the delivery station nearest to their destination. These pneumatic tubes, through which the messages are being perpetually shot all day long, have been found of great service, and are now in operation between the office and the principal delivery stations in the City, while they are also used by the Anglo-American, the Indo-European, and the Falmouth and Gibraltar offices, for the transmission of messages to the central station. It should be here noticed that the messages for the Continent received at the office are dealt with entirely by the members of the male staff, a mixed assemblage of foreigners and Englishmen conversant with foreign tongues. Pausing for an instant by the side of the young lady to whose

the Admiralty, the Houses of Parliament, and the "whipper-in." Here, too, is the last specimen left throughout the building of what at one time used to be the favourite telegraphic instrument, the "double needle," which is used for communication with Buckingham Palace. At Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral there are telegraphic instruments, under the charge of a clerk, who travels with the Court, to which he has been attached for some years; while Sandringham, Badminton, the seat of Mr. Lowe (now Lord Sherbrooke) at Caterham, and the country-houses of various other noblemen and officials, are similarly furnished.

The work in the Metropolitan Gallery, which is always great, is largely increased on the occasion of any of our great cockney festivals, such as the Derby, or the University Boat Race. A dense fog, too, brings much extra business for them, and the

wires, but for the precaution which the department has been able to take against sudden pressure, would be choked with messages explaining the impossibility of keeping appointments already made. All the messages for the tube stations are sorted into different pigeon-holes marked with the name of the superintendent. Some idea of the business done may be guessed, when it is stated that there are already between three and four hundred of these delivery stations in London.

but it is still clamorous for more, and is likely to have its wishes gratified. This is considered rather a dull time in the office. During the busy season, the daily average of messages sent, exclusive of press messages, has been nearly 20,000; now it is about 16,000. We can check these figures, if we like, by the aid of the superintendent of one of the check-tables close by. Her account, she says, stands at this time (quarter to five p.m.) at 6,500 messages; each of these has been sent twice, representing a



THE YARD OF THE "BULL AND MOUTH" ABOUT 1820. (See page 219)

The Provincial Gallery is more interesting as a show-place for the display of *tours de force* than the Metropolitan. Thus, we are taken to one of the Liverpool circuits, furnished with one of Hughes's instruments, the speciality of which is, that it records the message in actual Roman type, and are invited to communicate with the clerk at the instrument in the Liverpool office. We do so, and in less than a minute and a half we see his printed reply come winding, snake-like, out of the instrument. This Liverpool, by the way, is a very cormorant of telegraphic communication. Already it has eleven direct circuits from the office, and five from the Stock Exchange, making sixteen in all;

total of 13,000, and there is yet plenty of time for the receipt of more.

This extraordinary collection of apparently the brass butt-ends of fishing-rods, with thin coils of wire running around and between them, is one of the most important of the internal arrangements at the office. It is called the testing-box, and, as its name imports, is the place where the trial of the state and efficiency of all the wires is made. When the engineer's attention is called by a clerk to a fault in the wire which he is working, each one of which has a separate number and letter, he proceeds to the test-box, and, by means of the galvanometer in connection therewith, he is able to ascertain at once



whether the fault or fracture is at his end of the wire. Finding it is not there, he then proceeds to test the wire in the various sections into which it is divided; thus, supposing it were a north-western wire, he would test the section between the office and Euston, then between Euston and Wolverton, then between Wolverton and Rugby, and so on, until he hit upon the section, and, finally, upon the immediate locality where the fault lay; when the divisional engineer would be instructed as to its whereabouts, and ordered to remedy it. Nearly all the wires radiating from the station are tested at six a.m. every morning, when every terminal station is spoken to and expected to reply, to see if the lines are right throughout. It is calculated that there are nearly sixty miles of wire under the floor of the Provincial Gallery, merely for making local connections with batteries, &c.

Another interesting object is the chronopher, or instrument from which all England is supplied with the correct time. Sixteen of the most important cities in the kingdom are in direct communication with this instrument, which is itself in direct communication with the Observatory at Greenwich. At two minutes before ten every morning all other work is suspended, in order that there may be no interference with what is called the "time current," which, precisely at the striking of the clock, flashes the intelligence to the sixteen stations with which it is in communication. And not merely at these large towns, but at every post-office throughout the kingdom, the clerks at two minutes before ten are on the look-out for the signal which is to be passed along the line, and the clocks are adjusted accordingly. Messrs. Dent, Benson, and all the principal watchmakers in London receive the time every hour from this chronopher. Time-guns at Newcastle and at Shields are also fired at one p.m. by batteries connected with the chronopher at the office, the clock attached to which is regulated for accuracy to the twentieth part of a second.

The principal instruments in use at the office are the single needle, the Morse inker, the Hughes, and the Wheatstone's automatic.

The single-needle instrument conveys its information by the varying vibrations of an indicator or "needle" between two fixed ivory stops. It is read by the eye, and its signals are transitory. It is as though the minute-hand of a small clock, or a large watch, were caused by the electric current to perform rapid calisthenic exercises between the points that indicate eleven and one o'clock. If the minute-hand made two violent efforts to show that it was one o'clock, and after each effort returned exhausted to noon, it would simply indicate the

letter M. If panting to go the right way, it made two powerful efforts to go the other way and retired after each effort equally unsuccessful, it would simply indicate the letter I; one such tick to the right would be T, one to the left E. The letters of the alphabet are thus formed by the movements of the indicator to the right and left of some fixed point, and every word is so spelt out letter by letter.

The Morse instrument is different. It depicts its telegraphic language on a long piece of paper that unrolls itself by machinery in tape-like fashion beneath a revolving wheel, one half of which is constantly enjoying a cold bath of ink. While no electric current flows, the paper is free from this circular pen. When the current is caused to speed its lightning career, the paper is pressed against the wheel, and a thin blue line is traced by the ink which the revolving wheel carries with it on the paper with beautiful regularity. If a current of very short duration be sent, there is simply a dot, like a full stop, registered on the paper. If the current be maintained for a little longer period, we have a ——— shown. One dot is the letter E, one dash the letter T, a dot and a dash the letter A, and a dash and a dot the letter N. The letters of the alphabet are thus made up of a series of dots and dashes.

The signals in both instruments are made by the depression of a small lever, which is moved like the key of a piano. The needle instrument has two keys, one for the movements to the right, the other for the movements to the left. The Morse instrument has but one key, which is depressed as though the telegraphic manipulator wished to play crotchets and quavers on one note, the crotchets forming the dots, the quavers the dashes.

The Hughes instrument is most readily appreciated by strangers, as it records the message in actual Roman type.

As regards the Wheatstone instrument, it is only necessary to point out that the speed of the ordinary Morse is dependent upon the rate at which a clerk can manipulate his key. Forty words a minute is very fast sending, and few, if any, clerks can reach forty-five words per minute. But there is no limit to the speed of the electric current, and if the messages are sent mechanically, as in the Wheatstone, that is, if the varying currents required to indicate a despatch are regulated by a machine moving with great speed, we are not only independent of the limited powers of the human hand, but made free from the liability to error in meting out the proper duration of the signal. Thus great accuracy and great speed can be simultaneously attained.



There are instruments, also, that appeal to the ear as well as to the eye. Bright's bell is an instrument which indicates its telegraphic language by sound; bells of different notes struck by little hammers connected with the right and left movements of the needle, and the dot and dash of the Morse. These little tinkling talkers rattle forth their information with great speed, and many clerks are to be seen writing for their very lives to keep up at the rapid rate at which the bells are speaking.

The staff at present employed by the office consists of between seven and eight hundred clerks, of whom about a third are men, and two-thirds women. Of the latter, some come on duty at eight a.m., and leave at four p.m.; others arrive at twelve noon, and leave at eight p.m. It is noticeable that no women are on duty before eight a.m. or after eight p.m.; but the night duties are performed by a special night male staff, who are employed from eight p.m. to nine a.m., under the superintendence of a clerk in charge. Before the transfer of the office to the Government, the male and female staff were kept rigidly apart, and marriage between any members of either entailed the loss of situation on both the contracting parties. But a paternal Government looks upon these matters with a much more benevolent eye, and so far from forbidding matrimony, is understood to encourage it.

The old sanctuary privileges of St. Martin's-le-Grand led to infinite mischief. There is no doubt that up to the time of the mischievous and abused rights of sanctuary being abolished, St. Martin's-le-Grand was a mere refuge for rogues, ruffians, thieves, and murderers. Any rascal who stabbed his pot-companion, or struck down an innocent traveller in a dark bye-street, any red-handed brawler, could rush through the monastic gates and shelter himself in this den of crime. Here also, says Stow, harboured picklocks, forgers, coiners, makers of sham jewellery, carders, dicers, and other gamblers. After the dissolution a tavern was built where the college church had stood.

In Elizabethan times, when sanctuary privileges were still claimed, French, German, Dutch, and Scotch artificers settled here. Here lived shoemakers, tailors, button-makers, goldsmiths, purs-makers, drapers, and silk-weavers, and the first Flemish silk-throwers settled here. In 1569 the number of inhabitants was 269. There were frequently disorders in this turbulent Liberty, the inhabitants of which often objected to pay taxes, in the Plague-time refused when stricken to close their doors and windows, and often erased the red cross set upon their houses, and even threatened

the constable and headboroughs who, according to law, painted them up. "And some," says Stow, "repaired to the court with their wares, a thing dangerous to the queen and nobility;" and, there being no prison in the Liberty, the Liberty people sent to the Gate House at Westminster frequently brought actions for such illegal imprisonment.

Butler, in "Hudibras," speaks of this district —

" 'Tis not those paltry counterfeits,  
French stones, which in our eyes you set,  
But our right diamonds that inspire,  
And set your am'rous hearts on fire.  
Nor can those false St. Martin's beads,  
Which on our lips you place for reds,  
And make us wear, like Indian dames,  
A dull fuel to your scorching flames."

"Round Court, St. Martin's-le-Grand, hath a passage leading into Blowbladder Street, which is taken up," says Strype, "by milliners, sempstresses, and such as sell a sort of copper lace called St. Martin's lace, for which it is of note."

On the west side of Aldersgate Street stood the London residence of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland (still indicated by Westmoreland Buildings), and close on the site of Bull and Mouth Street, stood the mansion of the Percies, Earls of Northumberland. At her house in this street, in 1621, died Mary, Countess of Pembroke, "Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother," a lady immortalised in Ben Jonson's hyperbolic yet noble epitaph. As an "ancient dame," whom Shakespeare must have seen and honoured, we claim in Aldersgate Street remembrance for her, as well as for Milton, who, according to Philips, had, at one time, "a pretty garden-house in this street, at the end of an entry."

The great coaching-inn of Aldersgate Street, in the old time, was the "Bull and Mouth." The original name of this inn was "Boulogne Mouth," in allusion to the town and harbour of Boulogne, besieged by Henry VIII. But the "gne" being generally pronounced by the Londoners "on," it gradually became "an," and it only required the small addition of "d" to make "and" of it. The first part being before this made a "bull" of, it was ultimately converted into the "Bull and Mouth."

The "Queen's Hotel," St. Martins-le-Grand, rebuilt in 1830, now occupies the site of the old "Bull and Mouth." On the front there is a statuette of a bull, above which are the bust of Edward VI., and the arms of Christ's Hospital, to which the ground belongs. The old inn stood in Bull and Mouth Street, and the south side in Angel Street still retains the name of the old inn, but is merely a luggage depôt of Chaplin and Horne. On the front of the present hotel, much affected by Manchester men, under the turbulent little bull, is a stone

tablet probably from the old inn, and on it are deeply cut the following quaint lines :—

"Milo the Cretonian  
An ox slew with his fist,  
And ate it up at one meal :  
Ye gods, what a glorious twist !"

Howell in his "Londinopolis," 1657, speaking of the spacious and uniform buildings which made Aldersgate Street almost resemble a street in an Italian town, calls Jewin Street "a handsome new street, fairly built by the Company of Goldsmiths."

Jewin Street, Aldersgate, in Stow's time was full of "fair garden plots and summer houses for pleasure." It was anciently called "Leyrestow," and was granted by Edward I. to William de Monteforte, Dean of St. Paul's. For several centuries this spot was the only one allowed the London Jews as a place of interment ; but in the reign of Henry II., after long suits to King and Parliament, they obtained leave to buy local graveyards.

Aldersgate Street, dear to business men for its Post Office, is hallowed to authors by having once, as we have already said, been the residence of Milton. Here the poet came, with bag and baggage, in 1643, the year after Edgehill, removing from St. Bride's Churchyard, the site of the present *Punch* office, where he had kept a small school. This residence is especially interesting to those who honour our great poet, as it was here he became reconciled to Mary Powell, his first wife, the daughter of an Oxfordshire Cavalier. As a first step to their re-union, Milton placed his wife in the house of one Widow Weber, in St. Clement's Churchyard. Mr. Jesse has pointed out very happily the possible reminiscence contained in "Paradise Lost" to this reconciliation. In his beautiful description of Adam's reconciliation with Eve, after their fall, Milton, says Mr. Jesse, had evidently in his mind his own first interview with his repentant wife, after her unhappy estrangement—

"She, not repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing,  
And tresses all disordered, at his feet  
Fell humble, and, embracing them, besought  
His peace."

And again—

"Soon his heart relented  
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,  
Now to his feet submissive in distress."

Milton's reconciliation with his wife took place in July, 1645, in which year he removed from Aldersgate Street to a larger house in Barbican. Here he remained till 1647, when he took a smaller house in High Holborn, overlooking Lincoln's Inn Fields. After the Restoration he removed to a house in Jewin Street, where he married his third wife.

On the east side of Aldersgate Street, Nos. 35

to 38 (still distinguished by a series of eight pilasters), stands Shaftesbury or Thanet House, one of Inigo Jones's fine old mansions, formerly the London residence of the Tuftons, Earls of Thanet. From them it passed into the family of that clever and dangerous political intriguer, Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, the hated "Achitophel" of Dryden, of whom it was said in jest that he hoped to be chosen King of Poland. He was the idol of the anti-Popery apprentices, the hatcher of the Popish plot, the rival of Buckingham for the favour of the Whigs, a man seditious and restless as Wilkes, yet, like that demagogue, a constant striver for constitutional liberty. Sir Walter Scott, in the Notes to his edition of "Dryden," anticipatory of his "Peveril of the Peak," says of Shaftesbury—

"Being heir to a plentiful fortune, a Member of Parliament, and high sheriff of the county of Dorset, he came to Oxford when the Civil War broke out, and though then only twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, presented to the king a digested plan for compromising matters between him and his subjects in arms against him. Charles observed, he was a very young man for so great an undertaking ; to which, with the readiness which marked his character, he answered, that would not be the worse for the king's affairs, provided the business was done. He had, in consequence, a commission from the king to promise indemnity and redress of grievances to such of the Parliamentary garrisons as would lay down their arms. Accordingly, his plan seems to have taken some effect ; for Weymouth actually surrendered to the king, and Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, as his style then was, was made governor. Some delays occurred in the course of his obtaining this office ; and whether disgusted with these, and giving scope to the natural instability of his temper, as is intimated by Clarendon, or offended, as Mr. Locke states, at Weymouth having been plundered by Prince Maurice's forces, he made one of those sudden turns, of which his political career furnishes several instances, and went over to the other side. After this, Clarendon says that 'he gave up himself, body and soul, to the Parliament, and became an implacable enemy to the Royal Family.'"

Shaftesbury is thus described by the author of a poem, entitled "The Progress of Honesty ;" or the view of Court and City :—

"Some call him Hophni, some Achitophel,  
Others chief Advocate for hell ;  
Some cry, he sure a second James is,  
And all things past and present sees ;  
Another, rapt in satire, swears his eyes  
Upon himself are spies ;

And sily do their optics inward roul,  
To watch the subtle motions of his soul ;  
That they with sharp perspective sight,  
And help of intellectual light,  
May guide the helm of state aright.  
Nay, view what will hereafter be,  
By their all-seeing quality."

But Dryden's was the most terrible portrait of this busy politician :—

"For close designs, and crooked counsels fit  
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;  
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,  
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace ;  
*A fiery soul, which, working out its way,  
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,  
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.*  
A daring pilot in extremity,  
Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,  
He sought the storms ; but, for a calm unfit,  
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit."

The author of "Hudibras" has sketched Shaftesbury with the etching tool of Gilray.

"'Mong these there was a politician,  
With more heads than a beast in vision,  
And more intrigues in every one  
Than all the whores of Babylon ;  
So politic, as if one eye  
Upon the other were a spy,  
That, to trepan the one to think  
The other blind, both strove to blink ;  
And in his dark pragmatic way  
As busy as a child at play.  
He had seen three governments run down,  
And had a hand in every one ;  
Was for 'em and against 'em all,  
But barb'rous when they came to fall ;  
For, by trepanning th' old to ruin,  
He made his interest with the new one ;  
Play'd true and faithful, though against  
His conscience, and was still advanc'd.  
Could turn his word, and oath, and faith,  
As many ways as in a lath ;  
By turning, wriggle, like a screw,  
Int' highest trust, and out, for new.  
Would strive to raise himself upon  
The public ruin, and his own.  
So little did he understand  
The desperate feats he took in hand,  
For, when h' had got himself a name  
For fraud and tricks, he spoiled his game ;  
Had forc'd his neck into a noose,  
To show his play at fast and loose ;  
And, when, he chanc'd t' escape, mistook,  
For art and subtlety, his luck."

*Hudibras, Part III., Canto 2.*

Thomas Flatman, that tame poet of Charles II.'s time, whom almost every witling of the period belaboured, was born in Aldersgate Street in 1633.

Almost opposite to Shaftesbury House stood Petre House, the residence of the Petre family in the great Elizabethan times ; and of Henry Pierrepont, Marquis of Dorchester, in the days of the

Commonwealth. It was also used as a state prison in the Commonwealth-times, and subsequently became the temporary abode of the Bishops of London, after the Great Fire had treated their mansion in St. Paul's Churchyard in a Puritanical and remorseless way. In 1688, when the selfish Princess Anne deserted her father, James II., and fled at night from Whitehall, she was conducted by the warlike Bishop Compton to his house in Aldersgate Street in a hackney coach.

The street of which we are taking stock in this chapter contains singularly few churches. St. Anne-in-the-Willows we have already visited (somewhat, perhaps, out of sequence) ; the remaining church, St. Botolph's, at the corner of Little Britain, but for its mean bell-turret and pretty fizzing fountain, singularly resembles a meeting-house. It was erected in 1770 on the site of the old building, which had escaped the Great Fire. An old Jacobean pulpit in the vestibule is the only relic of the old church, except the few uninteresting monuments. There is one to a worthy Dame Anne Packington (died 1563), who founded almshouses near the White Friars' Church, in Fleet Street, which were left under the superintendence of the Clothworkers' Company ; one to Richard Chiswell, an eminent bookseller (died 1711), and another to an Elizabeth Smith, with a cameo bust by Roubiliac.

At the north-east end of this street of noblemen's houses, not far from Shaftesbury House, stood Lauderdale House, the residence of that cruel and unprincipled minister of Charles II. Lauderdale was one of those five "thorough-going" adherents of Charles II. who formed the "cabal" (Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale), after Clarendon's exile, and the death of Southampton and Monk. It was this same unscrupulous inhabitant of Aldersgate Street whom Charles, in 1669, sent to Edinburgh as High Commissioner to the Scottish Parliament, to put down conventicles with a high hand, to fine Presbyterians, and to hang and shoot field-preachers, severities which eventually led to the rebellion of the Covenanters of 1679. There must have been many a quiet and many a state visit made from Shaftesbury House to Lauderdale House.

An audacious board over two small shops, No. 134, half-way down Aldersgate Street on the west side, used to assert that "This was Shakespeare's House." There is no documentary evidence (the best of all evidence), and not even a tradition, to connect our great poet's name with the house, or even with the street, often as he may have visited good Master Alleyn's "Fortune" Theatre in Golden Lane. The assertion was as impudent as that

which claims a small house, opposite Chancery Lane, as the palace of "Wolsey and Henry VIII." An antiquarian of authority has clearly shown that no residence of Shakespeare in London is actually known. There was a house in Blackfriars which he purchased in March, 1612-13, from Henry Walker, "abutting from a street leading down to Puddle Wharf, on the east part, right against the King's Majesty's Wardrobe," and the counterpart of the original conveyance of which (bearing the signature of Shakespeare), is in the library at Guildhall

subsidy roll of 1598, preserved at the Carlton Ride, in which the name of "William Shakespeare" occurs as the owner of property then to the value of £5, and on which a tax of 13s. 4d was assessed. But that roll has the memorandum "affid" affixed to his name, and that means that an affidavit had been produced, showing that he did not reside in the parish or district. Shakespeare's name, in respect of that property, does not occur before 1598, nor is it heard of after that date. Besides, we are not to jump to the conclusion that every William



SHALDESTOCK HOUSE from a print of 1810 (See page 220)

That house is of course undoubtedly connected with Shakespeare; but although he was the owner of it, none of his editors believe he ever lived in it. Mr Knight and other commentators conjecture that this house was purchased in reference to some object connected with Blackfriars Theatre, but in addition to that—although we do not positively know when Shakespeare retired from London—all his biographers are of opinion that he left London, and went back to his native Stratford to spend the remainder of his days, about the year 1610 or 1611. The only other place *probably* connected with Shakespeare's name was a property in St Helen's parish, in the ward of Bishopsgate. There is a

Shakespeare then living in London was *our* William Shakespeare. These are the only two houses in London that can be associated with Shakespeare, and they have long since been improved off the face of the earth. The concocter of the board, says the antiquary we have quoted, finding out that a public-house in that neighbourhood had been mentioned as having been a place of resort of the most celebrated wits of the sixteenth century, at once jumped to the conclusion that this was "the house," and further, that Shakespeare, being a wit of that period, he took it for granted that the poet came there to visit. The house was pulled down in 1879 to make a site for warehouses.

Barbican, an essential tributary of Aldersgate Street, derives its Saracenic-sounding name, according to all old London antiquaries, from the Saxon words, "burgh kennin," or "postern tower," the remains of which existed a little north of the street till towards the end of the last century, entrusted to Robert Ufford, Earl of Suffolk, no doubt a valiant and stout knight, in whose family it remained hereditary, through the female line, till the reign of Queen Mary. In that cruel reign it is on record that the Barbican (then a mere sinecure, and no longer needed by the City for



THE 'FORTUNI' THEATRE From a print published by Wilkinson, 1811 (See page 224.)

According to Bagford, a good old London antiquary, who died in 1716, and who, from being a shoemaker, turned bookseller, printer, and collector of books for the Earl of Oxford, the Romans kept watch at night in that tower, and gave notice of conflagrations, or an approaching army. At night they lit bonfires on the top of the turret, to guide travellers to the City

In the reign of Edward III. the Barbican was

defence) was in the keeping of the Baroness Katharine Willoughby d'Eresby, baroness in her own right, and widow of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who lived in a lordly mansion near the spot. This was that daring Protestant lady who so narrowly escaped the Smithfield fires for calling her lap-dog Gardiner (after the stern bishop, Bonner's worthy yoke-fellow), and dressing him up in small episcopal rochet and surplice. For this practical



joke the jocose lady and Richard Bertie, her second husband, ancestor of the Dukes of Ancaster, had to fly to Poland, where the king, according to Mr. Jesse, installed them in the earldom of Crozan.

On the site of Bridgewater Square resided the Egertons, Earls of Bridgewater, in a mansion famous for its fruitful orchards. The house was burnt down in April, 1687, during the occupancy of John, third earl, "when his two infant heirs," says Mr. Jesse, "Charles, Viscount Brackley, and his second son Thomas, perished in the flames." Hatton, in 1708, calls Bridgewater Square "a new, pleasant, though very small square;" and Strype mentions it as "well inhabited, the middle neatly enclosed with palisado pales, and set round with trees, which renders the place very delightful."

Sir Henry Spelman (born 1562), the learned and laborious author of the "Glossarium," that great archaeological work completed by Dugdale, died at his house in Barbican, 1640.

Beech Lane, Barbican, where Prince Rupert resided, and worked on his chemical experiments and his mezzotint plates, was probably so called, says Stow, from Nicholas de la Beech, Lieutenant of the Tower, who was deprived of his office by Edward III. Stow, whose clue we ever follow, describes the lane, in Elizabeth's time, as stretching from Redcross Street to Whitecross Street, and adorned with "beautiful houses of stone, brick, and timber." An old house in Barbican belonging to the Abbot of Ramsey was afterwards called Drury House, from the worshipful owner, Sir Drew Drury, also of Drury Lane. This was the house which Prince Rupert afterwards occupied; parts of the mansion were in existence as late as 1796. Here lived the fiery prince, whom Time had softened into a rough old philosopher, fond of old soldiers, and somewhat of a butt at Whitehall among the scoffing Rochesters of his day, who were all *à la mode de France*. Here Evelyn visited Rupert. In the parish books of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, a guinea is set down as payment to the ringers on the occasion of Charles II. visiting the prince at his Barbican house. In Strype's time the street had lost its gentility, and was inhabited by clothes-salesmen, and on the site of the old watch-tower fronting Redcross Street, stood an ignoble watchhouse for the brawling Mohocks of the day.

The "Fortune," one of the celebrated and one of the earliest Elizabethan theatres, stood between Whitecross Street and Golding Lane. It was opened about 1600 by Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn; and here, and at the Bear-garden, Bankside, Southwark, of which he was the proprietor, the latter actor derived the money after-

wards bestowed on God's-gift College, at Dulwich. An adjoining passage still retains the name of Playhouse Yard. Alleyn's theatre was burnt down in 1621, and was shortly afterwards rebuilt, but again destroyed, in 1649, by some rough and fanatical Puritan soldiers. Many of the actors of this theatre, in the last scene of all, when they had shuffled off this mortal coil, were buried at St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

In Golding Lane also stood the Nursery, a seminary for educating children for the profession of the stage, established in the reign of Charles II., under the auspices (says Mr. Jesse) of Colonel William Legge, Groom of the Bedchamber to that monarch, and uncle to the first Lord Dartmouth. Dryden speaks of it in his "Mac Flecknoe":—

"Near these a Nursery erects its head,  
Where queens are formed, and future heroes bred;  
Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry,  
Where infant punks their tender voices try,  
And little Maximins the gods defy;  
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,  
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear."

In Pepy's "Diary" are the following notices of the Nursery:—"2nd Aug., 1664. To the King's Playhouse. . . . I chanced to sit by Tom Killigrew, who tells me that he is setting up a Nursery; that is, is going to build a house in Moorfields, wherein he will have common plays acted.

"24th Feb., 1667-8. To the Nursery, where none of us ever were before; the house is better and the music better than we looked for, and the acting not much worse, because I expected as bad as could be; and I was not much mistaken, for it was so. Their play was a bad one, called *Jeronimo is Mad Again*, a tragedy."

According to Stow, the antiquaries of his time believed that Little Britain, without Aldersgate, was so called from the Earls of Brittany lodging there, just as Scotland Yard was where the Kings of Scotland took up their quarters, and Petty Wales, in Thames Street, where Prince Hal held his noisy court. R. B., in Strype, defines Little Britain as stretching from Aldersgate Street, by the corner of St. Botolph's Church, running up to the Pump; then, as it grows wider, turning north up Duck Lane into another passage leading to "the Lane Hospital, or Bartholomew's Hospital." It was full of "old booksellers," especially from the Pump to Duck Lane. Here, especially during the Commonwealth, any hour in the day, might have been found such amiable dozy old antiquaries as still haunt old bookstalls in search after curiosæ, all poring over black-letter pamphlets and yellow flying-sheets of the Civil War time, spectacles on nose, and crutch-cane in hand, intent on culling odd



learning; and errant 'prentice-boys, their rough hair on end at the wonders of some story-book, which they would have given a month's wages to buy.

"It may not be amiss," says Roger North, in his *Life of the Hon. and Rev. Dr. John North, 1740-42*, "to step aside to reflect on the vast change in the trade of books between that time (about 1670) and ours. Then Little Britain was a plentiful and perpetual emporium of learned authors; and men went thither as to a market. This drew to the place a mighty trade; the rather because the shops were spacious, and the learned gladly resorted to them, where they seldom failed to meet with agreeable conversation. And the booksellers themselves were knowing and conversable men, with whom, for the sake of bookish knowledge, the greatest wits were pleased to converse. And we may judge the time as well spent there as (in latter days) either in tavern or coffee-house . . . but now this emporium is vanished, and the trade contracted into the hands of two or three persons."

Izaak Walton sketches Little Britain in his *Life of Dr. Robert Sanderson*. "About the time," he says, "of his printing this excellent preface," that is to say, the preface to his last twenty sermons, first printed in 1655, "I met him accidentally in London, in sad-coloured clothes, and, God knows, far from being costly. The place of our meeting was near to Little Britain, where he had been to buy a book, which he then had in his hand. We had no inclination to part presently, and therefore turned to stand in a corner under a pent-house (for it began to rain); and immediately the wind rose, and the rain increased so much, that both became so inconvenient as to force us into a cleanly house, where we had bread, cheese, ale, and a fire for our money."

Here, too, Milton's great work was published, and lay for a time unnoticed on the stalls. "Dr. Tancred Robinson," says Richardson in his "Remarks," "has given permission to use his name, and what I am going to relate he had from Fleet (wood) Shepherd at the Grecian Coffee House, and who often told the story. The Earl of Dorset was in Little Britain, beating about for books to his taste; there was 'Paradise Lost.' He was surprised with some passages he struck upon, dipping here and there, and bought it. The bookseller begged him to speak in its favour if he lik'd it, for that they lay on his hands as waste paper; Jesus-Shepherd was present. My Lord took it home, read it, and sent it to Dryden, who in a short time returned it. 'This man (says Dryden) cuts us all out, and the ancients too.'"

Later still we find that amiable writer, Washington Irving, wandering contemplatively in Little Britain. "In the centre of the great City of London," he says, "lies a small neighbourhood, consisting of a cluster of narrow streets and courts, of very venerable and debilitated houses, which goes by the name of 'Little Britain.' Christ's Hospital and St. Bartholomew's Hospital bound it on the west; Smithfield and Long Lane on the north; Aldersgate Street, like an arm of the sea, divides it from the eastern part of the City; whilst the yawning gulf of Bull-and-Mouth Street separates it from Butcher Lane, and the regions of Newgate. Over this little territory, thus bounded and designated, the great dome of St. Paul's, swelling above the intervening houses of Paternoster Row, Amen Corner, and Ave-Maria Lane, looks down with an air of motherly protection. . . . But though thus fallen into decline, Little Britain still bears traces of its former splendour. There are several houses ready to tumble down, the fronts of which are magnificently enriched with old oak carvings of hideous faces, unknown birds, beasts, and fishes; and fruits and flowers which it would perplex a naturalist to classify. There are also, in Aldersgate Street, certain remains of what were once spacious and lordly family mansions, but which have in latter days been subdivided into several tenements. Here may often be found the family of a petty tradesman, with its trumpery furniture, burrowing among the relics of antiquated finery, in great rambling time-stained apartments, with fretted ceilings, gilded cornices, and enormous marble fireplaces. The lanes and courts also contain many smaller houses, not on so grand a scale, but, like your small ancient gentry, sturdily maintaining their claims to equal antiquity. These have their gable ends to the street; great bow windows, with diamond panes set in lead, grotesque carvings, and low-arched doorways."\*

In Aldersgate Street in 1661 (the year after the Restoration), died Brian Walton, Bishop of Chester, a laborious and learned scholar, who edited and in 1657 published the first English Polyglot Bible, in the Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldean, Samaritan, Arabic, Ethiopic, Persian, Greek, and Vulgar Latin languages. Before the war Walton had been rector of St. Martin Orgars and St. Giles-in-the-Fields. He was a good deal hunted about during the Civil Wars for his zeal for tithes; yet the Preface of his Bible contains compliments to Cromwell, which

\* "It is evident," remarks a note in the complete edition of "The Works of Washington Irving, New York, 1857," vol. II., p. 308, "that the author has included, in his general title of Little Britain, many of those little lanes and courts that belong immediately to Cloth Fair."

were afterwards altered so as to suit Charles II. "His triumphant return to his see," says an old writer zealously, "was a day not to be forgotten by all the true sons of the Church, though sneered at in private by the most rascally faction and crop-eared whelps of those parts, who did their endeavours to make it a May game, and piece of foppery." This learned prelate, who studied so hard during all the commotions of the Civil Wars, was buried in St. Paul's.

The "Albion," in Aldersgate Street, has long been famed for its good dinners. "Here," says Timbs, "take place the majority of the banquets of the Corporation of London; the sheriffs' inauguration dinners, as well as those of civic companies and committees, and such festivals, public and private, as are usually held at taverns of the highest class.

"The farewell dinners given by the East India Company to the Governors-General of India have often taken place at the 'Albion.' Here likewise (after dinner) the annual trade sales of the principal

London publishers take place,' revivifying the olden printing and book glories of Aldersgate and Little Britain.

"The *cuisine* of the 'Albion' has long been celebrated for its *recherché* character. Among the traditions of the tavern, it is told that a dinner was once given here under the auspices of the gourmand alderman Sir William Curtis, which cost the party between thirty and forty pounds apiece. It might as well have cost twice as much, for amongst other acts of extravagance they dispatched a special messenger to Westphalia to choose a ham. There is likewise told a bet as to the comparative merits of the 'Albion' and 'York House' (Bath) dinners, which was to have been formally decided by a dinner of unparalleled munificence, and nearly equal cost at each; but it became a drawn bet, the 'Albion' beating in the first course, and the 'York House' in the second . . . Lord Southampton once gave a dinner at the 'Albion' at ten guineas a head."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### ALDERSGATE STREET (*continued*).

Sir Nicholas Bacon — The Fighting Earl of Peterborough — A Knaveish Duke — The Cooks' Company — Noble Street — The "Half moon Tavern," a house of call for wits — The "Bell Inn" — The City Road — Founding of Bunhill Fields Chapel — The Grecian Saloon — The "Old Milestone," City Road — Northumberland House in the City — The French Protestant Church in St. Martin le Grand

CLOSE to Shaftesbury House—which, after being a tavern and a lying-in hospital, became in 1848 a general dispensary, and latterly was divided into shops—stood Bacon House, the residence of Sir Nicholas Bacon (Queen Elizabeth's Lord Keeper), an enemy to Mary, Queen of Scots, and the Jesuits, a resolute, honest, unambitious man, and the father of the great philosopher and Lord Chancellor, Francis' Bacon. The Lord Chancellor, however, was born at York House in the Strand, of which Buckingham Street marks the site. A popular writer has thus graphically described Bacon's father:—"Huge in person, gouty, asthmatic, high in flesh, Sir Nicholas could not walk from Whitehall to York House without sitting down to rest and blowing for his breath; and this weakness in his legs and chest descended to both his sons by Lady Anne. Queen Elizabeth, laughing, used to say the soul of her lord keeper was well lodged—in fat; but the lusty old knight, who had mother-wit of his own, could have been as brightly sarcastic as the queen. His was a shrewd saying: 'Let us take time, that we may have sooner done.' When Elizabeth, tripping into the hall at Redgrave, cried,

'My lord, what a little house you have gotten!' he adroitly answered, 'Madam, my house is well; but you have made me too great for my house.' When an impudent thief named Hogg asked mercy from him as judge, on the plea of kindred between the Hoggs and Bacons, he replied, 'Ah, you and I cannot be of kin until you have been hanged!'

Swift's warlike friend, Mordaunt, the Earl of Peterborough, also lived in Aldersgate Street. Many of this energetic general's letters to Swift, are still extant, as well as Swift's pleasantly sarcastic verses to him. In the War of Succession the Earl took Barcelona, and drove the French out of Spain. Swift says of him:—

'Mordanto fills the trump of fame,  
The Christian worlds his deeds proclaim,  
And prints are crowded with his name.

"In journeys he outrides the post,  
Sits up till midnight with his host,  
Talks politics and gives the toast;

"Knows every prince on Europe's face,  
Flies like a squib from place to place,  
And travels not, but runs a race.

• • • • •

"So wonderful his expedition,  
When you have not the least suspicion  
He's with you like an apparition.

"Shines in all climates like a star ;  
In senates bold, and fierce in war ;  
A land commander, and a tar.

"Heroic actions early bred in,  
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,  
But by his namesake, Charles of Sweden."

In "Remarks on the Characters of the Court of Queen Anne" Peterborough is thus described :—

"He affects popularity, and loves to preach in coffee-houses and public places ; is an open enemy to revealed religion ; brave in his person ; has a good estate ; does not seem expensive, yet always in debt and very poor. A well-shaped, thin man, with a very brisk look, near fifty years old." "*This character,*" observes Swift, "*is for the most part true !*"

Of the famous Duke of Montagu, who also lived in Aldersgate Street, the author of "Remarks on the Characters," says, "Since the queen's accession to the throne, he has been created a duke ; and is near sixty years old." "*As arrant a knave,*" is Swift's addition, "*as any in his time.*"

"Opposite to St. Botolph's Church stood the Cooks' Hall, a spacious building," says Aleph, "which escaped the Great Fire, but was consumed by a comparatively insignificant conflagration in 1771, when the worshipful company transferred their business to the Guildhall. The Cooks' Company is a fellowship nearly as ancient as good living ; it is thirty-fifth in precedence, was incorporated in 1480 by that luxurious monarch Edward IV., and obtained further privileges from Queen Elizabeth."

In Noble Street, in Shakespearian times, dwelt Mr. Serjeant Fleet, the Recorder of London, and in the same house afterwards resided Robert Tichborne, Lord Mayor in 1637. Tichborne signed the death-warrant of Charles I. ; and at the Restoration was tried, with Hugh Peters, Harrison, and others, and executed. The old "Castle and Falcon" inn stood near the old City gate. Nearly opposite Lauderdale House, which was north of Shaftesbury House, stood in 1830 the "Half-moon Tavern," a place of resort for the wits of Charles II.'s time, Wycherley and Congreve being among its *habitués*. The fireplaces were ornamented with curious grotesque carvings in wood.

Higher up than Lauderdale House, two doors only from Barbican, once stood the "Bell" inn, "of a pretty good resort for wagons with meal." From this inn John Taylor, the poetical waterman of the time of James I., set out on his penniless pilgrimage to Scotland. At the west side, a little

beyond St. Botolph's, is Trinity Court, so called centuries ago from a brotherhood of the Holy Trinity, first founded in 1377, as a fraternity of St. Fabian and St. Sebastian, licensed by Henry VI., and suppressed by Edward VI. The hall was still standing as late as 1790.

The City Road, an indirect tributary of Aldersgate (opened in 1761), is a continuation of the New Road, and runs from the "Angel" at Islington to Finsbury Square.

In April, 1777, John Wesley laid the first stone of the chapel opposite Bunhill Fields, and remarked, as he laid it, "Probably this will be seen no more by any human eye, but will remain there till the earth and the works thereof are burnt up." This chapel was greatly damaged by fire in December, 1879, but has since been restored.

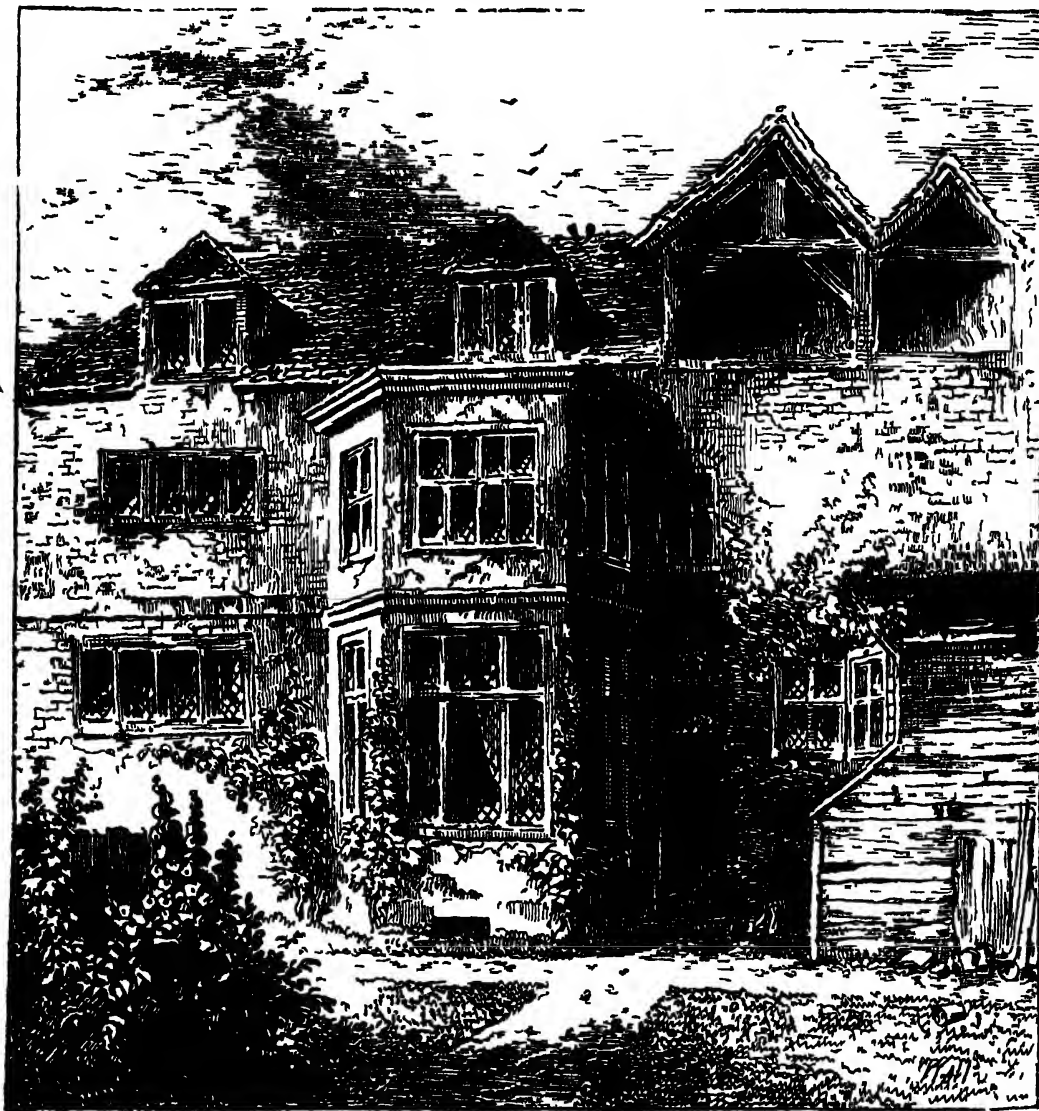
The theatrical traditions of this neighbourhood demand a few words. The "Fagle" Tavern, now the Grecian Theatre, City Road, when under the management of its originator, Mr. Thomas Rouse, was highly famed for its two comic vocalists, Harry Howell, and Robert Glindon. The first-named was, perhaps, the best buffo singer of his day ; and it was for these gardens that Glindon wrote "Biddy the Basket Woman," "The Literary Dustman," and other songs of world-wide repute, singing them himself in the evening, his daytime being fully occupied in painting, with the late Mr. Danson, that marvel of panoramas "London by Day and Night," so many years the main attraction at the Colosseum, Regent's Park. After his voice failed him, he was enlisted in the standing company at the Drury Lane Theatre, assisting in the scene-painting and property department, and doing small parts in the pantomime openings. It was at the Grecian Saloon that Frederick Robson also made his mark with the London playgoers, in the characters of "Jacob Earwig," in *Boots at the Swan*, and "Wormwood" in *The Lottery Ticket*. William Farren, that excellent actor, had seen and admired Robson's wonderful abilities, and wished to secure his services for the Olympic ; but fearing the announcement "from the Grecian Saloon" might act detrimentally with public opinion, he got Robson an engagement in Ireland, and then, announcing him "from the Theatre Royal Dublin," launched him on his brilliant career at the little theatre in Wych Street.

The "Old Milestone," City Road, opposite Goswell Street Road, was, in the early part of the present century, much patronised by Cockney tourists, on account of its pretty tea-gardens, and like White Conduit House and Bagnigge Wells, it attracted immense crowds of Sunday rambles. Concerts were oc-

casional given here, particularly at holiday times, but its modern reputation was chiefly owing to its Judge and Jury Society, and the forensic ability of its proprietor, Mr Benjamin Foster, who was afterwards so well-known and respected by literary men

as we have shown, over the Gate itself, as the illustrious Cave did at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell. It afterwards, in Strype's time, was a tavern, the usual end of all celebrated London buildings.

A little north of the "Bull and Mouth," on the



PRINCE RUPERT'S HOUSE IN THE BARBICAN (See page 224)

as mine host of the "Saint John's Gate," or Gate House, Clerkenwell.

Very near Aldersgate stood Northumberland House, where the fiery Hotspur, who owes all the emblazonment on his escutcheon to Shakespeare, once dwelt. Henry IV. gave the house to Queen Jane, his wife, and it was then called her Wardrobe. In Stow's time it was the house of a printer—not, however John Day, the celebrated printer of Elizabeth's time, as has been suggested, for he lived,

west side of St. Martin's-le-Grand, is the French Protestant Church, opened in 1842, when St. Mary's Chapel, in Threadneedle Street, was taken down. On July 24, 1850, the tercentenary of the Royal Charter to Foreign Protestants granted by Edward VI. was commemorated by special services both at the Dutch Church, Austin Friars, and at St. Martin's-le-Grand, and in the evening the members of the consistories of both churches dined together, and drank to the memory of Edward VI.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

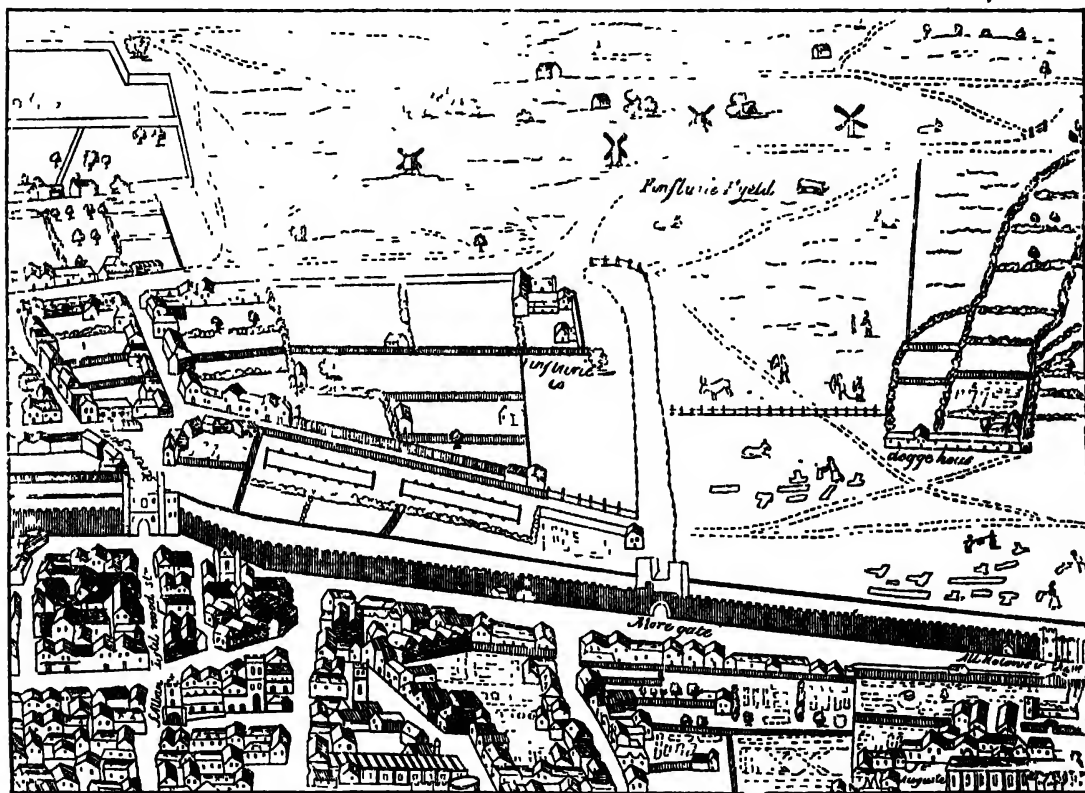
## CRIPPLEGATE.

Miracles performed by Edmund the Martyr after Death—Cripplegate—The Church of St. Giles—The Tomb of John Speed—The Legend of Constance Whitney—Sir John Martin Frobiisher—Milton's Grave Outraged—The Author of "The Book of Martyrs": his Fortunate Escape from Bishop Gardiner—St. Alphage, London Wall—An Old State Funeral—The Barber-Surgeons' Hall: its Famous Picture of Henry VIII.—Holbein's Death—Treasures in Barber-Surgeons' Hall: its Plate Stolen and Recovered—Another kind of Recovery there—Lambe, the Benevolent Clothworker—The Perambulation of Cripplegate Parish in Olden Time—Basinghall Street—St. Michael's Bassishaw—William Lee, the Inventor of the Stocking-loom—Minor City Companies in the Neighbourhood of Basinghall Street—The Bankruptcy Court—Whitecross Street and its Prison—The Green Yard—The Dissenters' Library in Whitecross Street—A Curious Anecdote about Redcross Street—Grub Street—The Haunts of Poor Authors—Johnson in Grub Street—Henry Welby, the Grub Street Recluse—General Monk's House—Whittington's House—Coleman Street and the Puritan Leaders—Vanner, the Fanatic—Goodwin—St. Stephen's Church—Armourers' Hall.

Stow, quoting a history of Edmund the Martyr, King of the East Angles, by Abbo Floriacensis, says that in 1010, when the Danes approached Bury St. Edmunds, Bishop Alwyn removed the

rooms over the gate were set apart for the City Water Bailiff.

The church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, is the successor of one founded some twenty-four years



CRIPPLEGATE AND NEIGHBOURHOOD. (From Aggas's Map.)

body of the martyred king to St. Gregory's Church, near St. Paul's; and as it passed through Cripplegate, such was the blessed influence it diffused, that many lame persons rose upright, and began to praise God for their miraculous cure. The postern afterwards became a prison, like the Compter, for debtors and common trespassers. The gate was rebuilt, says Fabian, by the Brewers of London, in 1244, and again in 1491, at the cost of 400 marks, money left by Edmund Shaw, goldsmith and ex-mayor. It was again repaired and beautified, and a foot-postern made, in the 15th Charles II. The

after the Conquest. It suffered greatly by fire in 1545 (Henry VIII.) Matilda, queen of Henry I., had founded a brotherhood there, dedicated to St. Mary and St. Giles. The church was repaired, and perhaps partially rebuilt, after the fire of 1545. "Since that event," says Mr. Godwin, "it has undergone miscalled adornments, but has not been materially changed." The tower was raised fifteen feet in 1682. St. Giles's had a peal of twelve bells, besides one in the turret. It boasts one of the few sets of chimes in London. Those of St. Giles were, it is said, constructed by a poor working man.



In the north aisle of this interesting and historical church lies a great benefactor to London antiquaries, the learned and laborious John Speed, the great topographical writer, who died 1629. He was a wise tailor, whom Sir Fulke Greville patronised, and who was assisted in his labours by Cotton and Spelman. He had in his time twelve sons and six daughters. His marble monument is adorned with an effigy of Speed (once gilt and painted), holding in one hand a book, and in the other a skull. The long eulogistic Latin inscription describes him as "*Civis Londinensis Mercatorum Scissorum Frater*." It is a singular fact that two of the great London antiquaries should have been tailors, yet the sartor's is undoubtedly a contemplative trade, and we owe both worthies much gratitude for laboriously stitching together such a vast patchwork of interesting facts.

Considering that Foxe, the martyrologist (buried, it is believed, on the south side of the chancel) was sheltered by Sir Thomas Lucy, Shakespeare's traditional persecutor—

"At home a poor scarecrow, in London an ass,"

it is singular to find near the centre of the north aisle of St. Giles's a monument to Constance Whitney, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Whitney, and granddaughter of Sir Thomas Lucy, who died at the age of seventeen, excelling "in all noble qualities becoming a virgin of so sweet proportion of beauty and harmonie of parts." From this maiden's grave a lying tradition has sprung like a fungus.

The striking-looking monument represents a female in a shroud rising from a coffin. According to tradition it commemorates the story of a lady who, after having been buried while in a trance, was not only restored to life, but subsequently became the mother of several children, her resuscitation, it is said, having been brought about by the cupidity of a sexton, which induced him to open the coffin, in order to obtain possession of a valuable ring on her finger. This story, however, is entirely fabulous.

A small white marble tablet within the communion-rails also records another Lucy. The inscription is—

"Here lies Margaret Lucy, the second daughter of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcoth in the county of Warwick, Knight (the third by immediate descent of the name of Thomas), by Alice, sole daughter and heiress of Thomas Spenser, of Clarendon, in the same county, Esq., and Custos Brevium of the Courte of Common Pleas at Westminster, who departed this life the 18th day of November, 1634, and about the 19th year of her age. For discretion and sweetness of conversation not many excelled, and for piety and patience in her sickness and death, few equalled her; which is the comfort of her nearest friends, to every of whom she

was very dear, but especially to her old grandmother, the Lady Constance Lucy, under whose government she died, who, having long expected every day to have gone before her, doth now trust, by faith and hope in the precious blood of Christ Jesus, shortly to follow after, and be partaker, together with her and others, of the unspeakable and eternal joyes in His blessed kingdom; to whom be all honour, laude, and praise, now and ever. Amen."

In this church, too, after many a voyage and many a battle, rests that old Elizabethan warrior and explorer, Sir Martin Frobisher, who was brought here in February, 1594-5, after receiving his death shot at Brest. His northern discoveries while in search of a north-west passage to China, in a mere fishing-boat of twenty-five tons, his West Indian cruise with Drake, and his noble courage against the Spanish Armada, fully entitle Frobisher to rank as one of the earliest of our naval heroes.

Above all, Milton is buried here. A sacrilegious desecration of his remains, we regret to record, took place in 1790. The object of the search for the sacred body was reasonable, the manner of the search disgraceful. The church being under repair, and £1,350 being spent upon it, the vestry clerk and churchwardens had agreed—as a monument to Milton was contemplated at St. Giles's, and the exact spot of the poet's interment only traditionally known—to dig up the coffin whilst the repairs were still going on. The difficulty was this: the parish tradition had always been that Milton was buried in the chancel, under the clerk's desk, where afterwards the common councilmen's pew stood, in the same grave with his father, the scrivener, of Bread Street. He died fourteen years after the "blessed Restoration," of consumption, say the parish books, not gout, at his house in Bunhill Fields. Aubrey, in 1681, says, "The stone is now removed, for about two years since the two steps to the communion-table were raised." During the repairs of 1682 the pulpit was removed from the second pillar on the north side to the south side of the old chancel, which was then covered with pews. The parish clerks and sextons, forgetting this change, used to show a grave on the south side as Milton's, and Mr. Baskerville, to show his reverence for Milton, was buried in this wrong spot.

The right spot was at last remembered, the ground was searched, and Milton's leaden coffin discovered, directly over the wooden one of his father. The coffin, which was old, and bore no inscription, was five feet ten inches in length. The following ghoulis and disgraceful scene, described by P. Neve, in his "Narrative of the Disinterment of Milton's Coffin," 1790, then took place. The disinterment had been agreed upon after a merry meeting at the house of Mr. Fountain, overseer, in Beech Lane, the night



before, Mr. Cole, another overseer, and the journeyman of Mr. Ascough, the parish clerk, who was a coffin-maker, assisting.

"Holmes, the journeyman, having fetched a mallet and a chisel, and cut open the top of the coffin, slantwise from the head, as low as the breast, so that, the top being doubled backward, they could see the corpse, he cut it open also at the foot. Upon first view of the body, it appeared perfect, and completely enveloped in the shroud, which was of many folds, the ribs standing up regularly. When they disturbed the shroud the ribs fell. Mr. Fountain confessed that he pulled hard at the teeth, which resisted, until some one hit them a knock with a stone, when they easily came out. There were but five in the upper jaw, which were all perfectly sound and white, and all taken by Mr. Fountain. He gave one of them to Mr. Laming. Mr. Laming also took one from the lower jaw; and Mr. Taylor took two from it. Mr. Laming said that he had at one time a mind to bring away the whole under-jaw with the teeth in it; he had it in his hand, but tossed it back again. Also, that he lifted up the head, and saw a great quantity of hair, which lay strait and even, behind the head, and in the state of hair which had been combed and tied together before interment; but it was wet, the coffin having considerable corroded holes, both at the head and foot, and a great part of the water with which it had been washed on the Tuesday afternoon having run into it.

"Elizabeth Grant, the gravedigger, and who is servant to Mrs. Hoppy, therefore now took possession of the coffin; and, as its situation under the common councilmen's pew would not admit of its being seen without the help of a candle, she kept a tinder-box in the excavation, and, when any persons came, struck a light, and conducted them under the pew; where, by reversing the part of the lid which had been cut, she exhibited the body, at first for sixpence and afterwards for threepence and twopence each person. The workmen in the church kept the doors locked to all those who would not pay the price of a pot of beer for entrance, and many, to avoid that payment, got in at a window at the west end of the church, near to Mr. Ayscough's counting-house."

The hair torn off the poet's forehead resembled the short locks seen in Faithorne's quarto print of Milton taken in 1670, four years only before the poet's death. In Charles II.'s time, coffin-plates were not generally used, and it was only usual to paint the name, &c., on the outer wooden case. The rascals altogether stole a rib-bone, ten teeth, and several handfuls of hair.

Upon this sacrilege Cowper, horrified, wrote these lines:—

"Ill fare the hands that heaved the stones  
Where Milton's ashes lay,  
That trembled not to grasp his bones,  
And steal his dust away.

"O, ill-requited bard! neglect  
Thy living worth repaid,  
And blind idolatrous respect  
As much affronts the dead!"

In all fairness, however, it must be added that grave doubts have been raised as to whether the corpse found was really that of the poet. Immediately on the publication of Mr. Neve's *Narrative*, it was ably answered in the *St. James's Chronicle*, in "Nine Reasons why it is improbable that the coffin lately dug up in the Parish Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, should contain the reliques of Milton. Mr. Neve, says Todd, one of Milton's biographers, added a postscript to his *Narrative*, but all his labour appears to have been employed on an imaginary cause. The late Mr. Steevens, who particularly lamented the indignity which the nominal ashes of the poet sustained, has intimated in his manuscript remarks on this *Narrative* and *Postscript* that the disinterred corpse was supposed to be that of a *female*, and that the minutest examination of the fragments could not disprove, if it did not confirm, the supposition.

In 1793, Samuel Whitbread, Sheridan's friend, erected a bust to Milton in this church with this inscription:—

"John Milton,  
Author of 'Paradise Lost.'  
Born Dec., 1608,  
Died Nov., 1674.

His father, John Milton, died March, 1646.  
They were both interred in this church.

Samuel Whitbread posuit, 1793."

In this most interesting old church were buried many illustrious persons recorded by Stow. Amongst these we may mention Robert Glover, a celebrated Elizabethan herald, who assisted Camden with the pedigrees of his famous "Britannia." John Foxe, the learned and laborious author of that manual of true Protestantism, "The Book of Martyrs," was also interred here, as well as that good old herbalist and physician of Elizabeth's time, Dr. William Bulleyn, author of the "Government of Health" (1558), and a "Book of Simples," works full of old wives' remedies and fantastic beliefs. Foxe the martyrologist was a Lincolnshire man, born in 1517, the year in which Luther first openly opposed Roman dogmas. At Oxford he

became famous for writing comedies in especially elegant Latin. For his religious opinions he was expelled Magdalen College, of which he was a Fellow, and, forsaken by his friends, he was reduced to great distress, till he was taken as family tutor by Sir Thomas Lucy, of Warwickshire, the traditional persecutor of Shakespeare. With this worthy knight he remained till his children arrived at mature years, and had no longer need of a tutor. Now commenced a period of want and despair, which closed with what his son calls, in the Life of his father "a marvellous accident and great example of God's mercy."

Foxe was sitting one day in St. Paul's Church, almost spent with long fasting, his countenance wan and pale, and his eyes hollow, when there came to him a person whom he never remembered to have seen before, who, sitting down by him, accosted him very familiarly, and put into his hands an untold sum of money, bidding him to be of good cheer, to be careful of himself, and to use all means to prolong his life, for that in a few days new hopes were at hand, and new means of subsistence. Foxe tried all methods to find out the person by whom he was thus so seasonably relieved, but in vain.

The prediction was fulfilled, for within three days the starving student was taken by the Duchess of Richmond as tutor to her nephews and niece, the children of the poet Earl of Surrey. At the escape of Surrey's father, the Duke of Norfolk, from prison, on the death of that swollen tyrant, Henry VIII., the duke took Foxe under his patronage, but Bishop Gardiner's determination to seize him compelled Foxe to take refuge in Switzerland. On the accession of Elizabeth, Foxe returned to England, and was made Prebendary of Salisbury. Though befriended by Sir Francis Drake, Bishop Grindal, and Sir Thomas Gresham, Foxe never rose high in the church, having Genevese scruples about ecclesiastical vestments, which he was too honest to swallow. Queen Elizabeth used to call the old martyrologist "Father," but she would not spare, at his intercession, two Anabaptists condemned to the flames. Latterly Foxe denounced the extreme Puritans as "new monks," who desired to bring all things contrary to their own discipline and consciences "into Jewish bondage." This worthy man died in 1587, aged seventy years, and was buried in St. Giles's Church.

The parish register of St. Giles's records the marriage of Oliver Cromwell and Elizabeth Bourchier, on the 22nd of August, 1620. The future Protector was then in his twenty-first year.

In 1803 a fine battlemented piece of the London

wall of Edward IV.'s time, tufted with wild plants, that stood in the churchyard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, was taken down, having become dangerous. It joined on to the fine base of the round bastion tower still existing at the south-west corner, and the most perfect portion left.

In 1812 Mr. John T. Smith mentions seeing the workmen remove the wainscoting of the north porch of St. Giles's, when they discovered an old wainscot of Henry IV. or Henry V., its perforated arches beautifully carved, and the vermilion with which it was painted bright as when first put on.

There is little to be said about the Norman church of St. Alphage, London Wall. It was built, remarks Cunningham, "in 1777 (it is said by Dance), on the site of the old Hospital or Priory of St. Mary the Virgin, founded for the sustentation of one hundred blind men in 1532, by William Elsing, mercer, and of which Spittle, the founder, was the first prior. The living is a rectory, and was originally in the gift of the Abbot of St. Martin's-le-Grand. It afterwards came to the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, and was ultimately conferred by Mary I. on the Bishop of London and his successors for ever." The old hospital had become a dwelling-house in Henry VIII.'s reign, and was inhabited by Sir John Williams, Master of the King's Jewels. In 1541 it was destroyed by fire, and many of the jewels were burnt, and more stolen.

The first Barber-Surgeons' Hall, in Monkwell Street, is said to have been of the date of Edward IV. The second hall was built by Inigo Jones, 1636, and was repaired by that distinguished amateur in architecture, the Earl of Burlington. The theatre, one of the finest of Inigo's works, in the opinion of Horace Walpole, was pulled down at the latter end of the last century, and sold for the value of the materials. Hatton describes it temptingly as a theatre fitted with "four degrees of cedar seats," rising one above another, and adorned with the figures of the seven Liberal Sciences, the twelve Signs of the Zodiac, and a bust of King Charles I. The roof was an elliptical cupola. The quaint old wooden doorway, with the deep arched roof, the grotesque goggling head, the monsters, stiff foliage, and heraldry, has been removed, to humour a stuck-up modern set of chambers, and the three razors quartered on the Barber-Surgeons' arms, and the motto, "Trust in God," are gone. The hall, now displaced by ware-houses, stood on a bastion of the old Roman wall; and the architect had ingeniously turned it to use, in the erection of the west end of the room.

Before the late changes the Barber-Surgeons'

Hall used to be dirty and neglected. The inner hall, now pulled down, was some sixty feet by thirty, and was lighted by an octagonal lantern, enriched with fruit and flowers delicately carved in wood. Many of the pictures are fine, especially one by Holbein, "The Presentation of the Charter by Henry VIII." This picture contains, among eighteen other portraits, that of Sir William Butts, the good-natured physician who saved Cranmer from disgrace, and that of Dr. John Chamber, the doctor who attended Queen Anne Boleyn in her confinement with Elizabeth.

"To this year" (1541), says Mr. Wornum, "also possibly belongs the Barber-Surgeons' picture of Henry granting a charter to the corporation. The Barbers and Surgeons of London, originally constituting one company, had been separated, but were again, in the thirty-second of Henry VIII., combined into a single society, and it was the ceremony of presenting them with a new charter which is commemorated by Holbein's picture, now in their hall in Monkwell Street. In 1745 they were again separated, and the Surgeons constituted a distinct company, and had a hall in the Old Bailey. The date of this picture is not known, but it was necessarily in or after 1541, and as Holbein's life did not extend much beyond this time, there is some probability in the report alluded to by Van Mander, namely, that the painter died without completing the picture. Besides the king's—a seated full-length, crowned, and with the sword of state in his right hand—it contains also portraits of eighteen members of the guild, three kneeling on the right hand of the king, and fifteen on the other, and among them are conspicuous our friends Butts and Chamber on the right. The head of the latter is effective and good, though the portraits generally are unsatisfactory; but Warden Aylef's, the second on the left, is especially good. The rest are indifferent, either owing to the fact of their having been some of them perhaps entirely repainted, or possibly having never had a touch of Holbein in them.

"There is a large engraving of this picture by B. Baron, but reversed. The names of the members of the guild are written in a most offensive manner over the face of the picture, which is a piece of barbarism that belongs, I imagine, to a period long subsequent to the time of Holbein. These names are J. Alsop, W. Butts, J. Chamber, T. Vycary (the master of the guild, who is receiving the charter from the left hand of the king), T. Aylef, N. Symson, E. Harman, J. Monforde, J. Pen, M. Alcocke, R. Fereis, X. Samon, and W. Tylly; five of the second row are without names,

"The king is placed very stiffly, and the face, much repainted, is that we are familiar with in the many ordinary half-lengths of the king, representing him in the last years of his life. The composition is anything but graceful, and there is not an entire hand in the whole piece; the king's hands are good, though slight and sketchy. The principle of the composition is somewhat Egyptian, for the king is made about twice the size of the other figures, though they are in front of him.

"We have an interesting notice of this picture in Pepys' 'Diary,' where, against the date August 29, 1668, that is, two years after the Great Fire, he notes: 'At noon comes, by appointment, Harris to dine with me; and after dinner he and I to Chirurgeons' Hall, where they are building it new, very fine; and there to see their theatre, which stood all the fire, and, which was our business, their great picture of Holbein's, thinking to have bought it, by the help of Mr. Pierce, for a little money. I did think to give £200 for it, it being said to be worth £1,000; but it is so spoiled that I have no mind to it, and is not a pleasant though a good picture.'

"Pepys is very candid about his motive for buying the picture; because it was said to be worth a thousand pounds he was willing to give two hundred for it, not that he wanted the picture for its own sake; however, he did not like it, and he declined the speculation. When we consider the worth of money at that time, the estimated value seems an enormous one. Pepys' own price was not an inconsiderable sum. The picture is on oak, on vertical boards, about six feet high by ten feet three inches in width. The College of Surgeons possesses an old, but smaller, indifferent copy of it, on paper attached to canvas. J. Alsop, on the extreme right, is omitted; and in the place of a tablet with a Latin inscription, which disfigures the Barber-Surgeons' picture, is a window showing the old tower of St. Bride's, indicating, accordingly, the palace of Bridewell as the place of the ceremony.

"There can be no question of the genuineness of this picture in its foundations, but in its present state it is not remarkable that it should cause discussions. I am disposed to believe that Holbein never did finish the picture, and from the great inferiority of the second series of heads on the left hand of the king I think that these must have been added later. There is no trace of Holbein's hand in them; and the fact of five of them being without names is also suggestive of the assumption that these five were not even members of the guild when the picture was painted. Two of this back-

ground group are named X. Samson and W. Tilley; these, therefore, may have been Holbein's contemporaries, though not introduced by him into the picture. It is not to be supposed that the king sat to Holbein for this portrait; it is the stock portrait of the time. The king is not looking at the master, Vycary, to whom he is handing the charter, but straight before him. The composition is a mere portrait piece, got up for the sake of the portraits. In the whole group of nineteen only five besides the king wear their beards—Aylef, Symson, Harman, Alcocke, and Fereis. Monforde's, the fifth from the king, is a very expressive face, considerably repainted, but full of character. The three on the right—Chamber, Butts, and Alsop—are perhaps so separately placed as physicians to the king."

There is a letter of James I. to the Barber-Surgeons still in their possession. It is written from Newmarket, and dated 1617, requesting the loan of this picture, in order that it should be copied.

In Mr. Wornum's opinion this copy is the one still to be seen at the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was formerly in the possession of Desenfans, and at his sale in 1786 was purchased by the Surgeons' Company for five guineas. In the Lincoln's Inn picture there is a window at the back instead of the tablet with a long complimentary Latin inscription to Henry VIII. It was probably added after the picture had passed through the Fire of London, where, from what Pepys says, it may have got injured. The Lincoln's Inn picture was cleaned in 1789. The cleaner sent in a bill for £400, but eventually took fifty guineas.

Shortly before this picture of Holbein's was finished, Henry (who was always murdering or mar-

rying) wedded ugly Anne of Cleves, beheaded Cromwell, and married Lady Katherine Howard. Holbein himself, who lived in the parish of St. Andrew Undershaft, died of the plague in the year 1543, as was proved by Mr. Black's discovery of his hasty will. Before this discovery the date of Holbein's death was generally assigned to 1554.

"Prince Albert," remarks Aleph, "visited this

noble Holbein more than once. At his desire it was sent to Buckingham Palace, and remained there a month; but when the directors of the Manchester Exhibition desired the loan of it they were refused. As doubts were entertained that it would be damaged by remaining in the City, a Royal Commission inspected it, and specimens of colours were hung in the hall for several months, with a view to ascertain whether the atmosphere was unfavourable to them, but no change took place, and Dean Milman, with his coadjutors, expressed their conviction that its removal was not desirable. It is pretended that Henry never sat for any



ST. GILES'S, CRIPPLEGATE, SHOWING THE OLD WALL.  
(See page 229)

other portrait, and that those of him at Hampton Court are merely copies. . . . The other paintings," continues Aleph, "well deserve notice. Two, certainly, are Vandyke's. 1st. A whole-length of the Countess of Richmond, in a standing position, resting her right hand upon a lamb. This is a beautiful work of art. The face is expressive of unaffected goodness, and the attitude graceful, without stiffness. She is robed in white satin, and so admirably is the fabric imitated that you half believe it may be grasped. There is a copy of this portrait at Hampton Court. and. A likeness of Inigo Jones, very fine, and highly characteristic. Over the entrance to the Hall is a bronzed bust of Jones, which is connected with a



THE BARBER-SURGEONS' PICTURE. (See page 233.)

rather discreditable story. It seems this bust, not many years since, was found in a lumber-closet. It was of white marble, and the sagacious Master of the day gave orders that it should be bronzed. There is a doubtful sketch of a head, as it is thought, of Linnæus, and by whatever artist painted, its merit is of no common order. Also, portraits of Charles II. and Queen Anne, both benefactors of the Company; of Henry Johnson, a favourite of the Merry Monarch; and of Thomas Lisle, King's barber in 1622—the latter a most solemn and imposing-looking personage, who might well pass for the Prime Minister. Across the principal entrance there stands a very curious two-leaved screen; originally it had four compartments, two are lost or have been destroyed. It exhibits the arms of the Company, and is elaborately wrought over with innumerable artistic emblems, fruit, flowers, fantastic ornaments, and gilding. Its history is a strange one. Once on a time a notable felon was hanged, and his corpse handed over to the Barber-Surgeons for dissection; the operator, fancying the heart still pulsated, used means for resuscitation, and succeeded. The man was kept hidden for a long while, and then sent abroad at the Company's expense. He ultimately became rich, and in gratitude sent them this screen."

"The Company's plate," remarks the same writer, "includes a drinking-cup and cover, in silver gilt, the gift of Henry VIII., very beautifully chased; a similar cup, in silver, still more elaborately worked, the gift of Charles II.; a dish, or bowl, very large, with a flowered edge, not remarkable for elegance, the gift of Queen Anne; an oblong dish, with a well centre, said to have been used for lather when people of rank were shaved; and two velvet caps, in filagree silver bands, worn on state occasions by the Master and his deputy, they being privileged by charter to be covered in the presence of the sovereign."

In the reign of James I. the Company, it appears, nearly lost the whole of their plate, through a successful robbery. "The thieves," says Mr. Jesse, in his "London and its Celebrities," "were four men of the names of Jones, Lyne, Sames, and Foster, of whom the former confessed his guilt, when, in consequence of information which he gave, the plate was recovered. In the books of the Company for November, 1616, is the following matter-of-fact entry recording the fate of the culprits:—'Thomas Jones was taken, who, being brought to Newgate in December following, Jones and Lyne were both executed for this fact. In January following, Sames was taken and executed. In April,

Foster was taken and executed. Now, let's pray God to bless this house from any more of these damages. Amen.'

"The following extract from the Company's papers, under the date of the 13th of July, 1587, is still more curious:—'It is agreed that if any body which shall at any time hereafter happen to be brought to our hall for the intent to be wrought upon by the anatomists of the Company, shall revive or come to life again, *as of late hath been seen*, the charges about the same body so reviving shall be borne, levied, and sustained by such person or persons who shall so happen to bring home the body; and who, further, shall abide such order or fine as this house shall award.' The last instance, it would appear, of recuscitation in a dissecting-room occurred in the latter part of the last century. The case, as used to be related by the late celebrated anatomist, John Hunter, was that of a criminal, whose body had been cut down after execution at Newgate." This case we have already mentioned.

Lambe's Almshouses stood at the upper end of Monkwell Street. The worthy clothworker who built these havens of refuge after life's storms was a gentleman of Henry VIII.'s chapel. These almshouses were on the site of an ancient chapel or hermitage, built in the old City wall, about the time of the early Norman kings, and was partly supported by royal stipend assigned to it in 1275. Soon after 1346 it passed into the hands of the Corporation of London, and after the dissolution it was purchased by Lambe.

This benevolent man also built a conduit at Holborn Bridge, at a cost of £1,500, and gave one hundred and twenty pails for carrying water to such poor women "as were willing," says Strype, "to take pains." Water was not too plentiful in Elizabethan London. As late as the end of the seventeenth century, carriers with yokes and pails perambulated the streets, shouting "Any New River water here?" Lambe also founded a school at Sutton Valence, Kent, the place of his birth, and built almshouses there. He gave £300 to the Shropshire clothiers; gave £15 to Cripplegate parish, for bells, with a bequest of a £6 annuity and £100 ready money to Christ's Hospital; left St. Thomas's Hospital, Southwark, £4 a year, and bequeathed money to the poor prisoners of the London gaols. He provided 10s. each for the marriage of forty poor maids, provided for all his servants, and ordered a hundred and eight frieze gowns to be distributed to the poor at his funeral.

Anthony Munday's account of the perambulation



of Cripplegate parish is so quaint that we cannot refrain from abridging it, as a good specimen of the old parochial anxiety to preserve the parish bounds. The parishioners, says Stow's continuator, first struck down the alley forming part of their churchyard, close by St. Giles's Well (made at the charge of Richard Whittington), and crossing the tower ditch, kept along by the City wall almost to Aldersgate; they then crossed the ditch again, by certain garden-houses near, and came down a little garden alley (formerly leading into Aldersgate), and returned by St. Giles's Well. They then paraded up the west side of Redcross Street and the south side of Barbican, till they came to the "Boar's Head," at the end, and there set up their marks on a great post. From there they crossed over to the north side of the street, through certain garden alleys, on the west side of Willoughby House, a course afterwards denied them. They next passed through Barbican, and turned up Goswell Street; a little beyond the bars they set up their marks, and passed along the right side of the King's highway leading to Islington; then leaving the Mount Mill on the right, they proceeded till they came within three rods of a little bridge at the lower end of a close, over which lay a footpath to Newington Green. They then dug a way over the ditch, and passing south-east by the low grounds and brick-fields, left the footpath leading from the Pest House to Islington on the left. From a boundary-stone in the brick-hill they came south to a bridge, temporarily provided for them, and struck down eastward by the ditch side to the farthest conduit head, where they gave the parish children points (metal tags, used to fasten clothes, in the reign of James I., when Munday lived). This was to fix the boundaries in the children's minds. In some parishes children were whipped at the boundaries, a less agreeable method of mnemonics. From Dame Anne de Clare's famous well, mentioned by Ben Jonson, they pushed on past the Butts, into Holywell Close. Eventually, turning full west over the highway from Moorgate, they came into Little Moorfields; and keeping close to the pales and the Clothworkers' tenters, they reached the Postern, where they put up their final mark, "and so," as Pepys would say, "home."

Basinghall Ward consists of Basinghall Street alone. The present Bankruptcy Court is on the site of the old mansion of the Basings, of whom one, Solomon Basing, was Lord Mayor in the first year of Henry III. To his son, Adam, afterwards mayor, Henry III. gave messuages in Aldermanbury and Milk Street, and the advowson of the church at Basing Hall. According to an old tradition, which

Stow derides, the house had once been a Jewish synagogue. It passed into the hands of the Bakewells, in the reign of Edward III., and in the reign of Richard II. was sold by the king for £500 to the City, who turned it into a cloth exchange, which it continued till 1820, when the present Bankruptcy Court was erected on its site. In old times no foreigner was allowed to sell any woollen cloth but in Bakewell Hall. Part of the tolls or hallage was given by Edward VI. to Christ's Hospital, whose governors superintended the ware-houses. It was rebuilt for £2,500 in 1558, destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, and re-erected about 1672.

St. Michael's Bassishaw, in this ward, was founded about 1140, rebuilt in 1460, destroyed in the Great Fire, and again rebuilt in 1676 by Sir Christopher Wren. Here lies interred Sir John Gresham, uncle to Sir Thomas Gresham.

One of the great benefactors of the church, John Burton, mercer, who died 1460 (his will was dated 1459), bequeathed seven chasubles wrought with gold, in honour of the Passion, to the church of Wadworth, in Yorkshire, and desired his executor to keep the day of his anniversary, otherwise called "years-mind," for ten years, in the church of St. Michael.

The following is part of an epitaph of an old knight and surgeon, of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.'s reigns:—

"In chirurgery brought up in youth,  
A knight here lieth dead;  
A knight, and eke a surgeon, such  
As England seld hath bred.

"For which so sovereign gift of God,  
Wherein he did excel,  
King Henry VIII. called him to court,  
Who loved him dearly well.

\* \* \* \*

"King Edward, for his service sake,  
Bade him rise up a knight,  
A name of praise; and ever since  
He Sir John Ailife hight," &c.

No less than four of the smaller City companies pitched their tents in or near Basinghall Street. The Masons' Hall is in Masons' Avenue, between Basinghall Street and Coleman Street. The Masons, with whom are united the Marblers, were incorporated about 1410 as "the Free Masons," they received their arms in 1474, but were not incorporated till 1677. The Weavers' Hall is in Basinghall Street. Cloth and tapestry weavers were the first of the livery companies incorporated, and in the reign of Henry I. paid £16 a year to the Crown for their immunities.

The privileges were confirmed at Winchester by Henry II., in 1184, their charter being sealed by no less an official than Thomas à Becket. The great palladium of the Weavers' Company is their old picture of William Lee, the inventor of the stocking-loom, showing his invention to a female knitter, whose toil it was to spare. Below is this inscription:—

"In the year 1589 the ingenious William Lee, Master of Arts, of St. John's College, Cambridge, devised this profitable art for stockings (but being despised went to France); yet of iron to himself, but to us and others of gold, in memory of whom this is here painted."

There is a tradition that Lee invented the machine to facilitate the labour of knitting, in consequence of falling in love with a young country girl, who, during his visits, was more attentive to her knitting than to his proposals.

Lee is named as the inventor in a petition of the Framework-knitters or Stocking-makers of London to Cromwell for a charter, which Charles II. subsequently granted.

In this street also stood Coopers' Hall. The banqueting-hall was large and wainscoted. "The Coopers," says Mr. Timbs, "were incorporated by Henry VII. in 1501, and Henry VIII. empowered them to search and to gauge beer, ale, and soap-vessels in the City and two miles round, at a farthing a cask." At Coopers' Hall the State lotteries were formerly drawn, and Hone describes, in his "Every-Day Book," the drawing of the last lottery here, October 18, 1826. Coopers' Hall was taken down in 1866 for the enlargement of the site of the Guildhall Offices.

Girdlers' Hall, No. 39, Basinghall Street, was rebuilt after the Great Fire. The Company of Girdle-Makers was incorporated by Henry VI., in 1449, and the charter was confirmed by Elizabeth, and they were subsequently united with the Pinners and Wire-Drawers. In their arms the punning heralds have put a girdle-iron. The Company possesses a document dated 1464, by which Edward IV. confirmed privileges granted to them by Richard II. and Edward III. They had the power to seize all girdles found within the City walls, which were manufactured with spurious silver or copper. The Girdlers still retain one quaint old custom of their craft, and that is, at the annual election the clerk of the Company crowns the new master with a silk crown embroidered in gold with the Girdlers' devices, and the lesser officials wear three ancient caps, after which the master pledges the company in a goblet of Rhenish wine.

The old Bankruptcy Court in Basinghall Street

had two judges and five commissioners; the present has only one. The most important changes effected in the bankruptcy laws by the Bankruptcy Act of 1869 are as follow:—

1. Jurisdiction of the London Court confined to the metropolis, and in local cases transferred to the County Court of the district. The abolition of commissioners, official assignees, and messengers. Appointment of a single judge, with registrars, not exceeding four clerks, ushers, and other subordinate officers in substitution.

2. Service of the petition on the debtor.

3. The election of a paid trustee and a committee of creditors to wind up the estate.

4. Debtor's petition abolished.

5. Petition to be presented within six months of act of bankruptcy, and secured creditors only to count for amount unsecured.

6. Debtor's summons extended to non-traders, and judgment summons abolished.

7. Bankrupt not entitled to discharge until 10s. in the pound be paid, or creditors pass a special resolution that bankrupt cannot justly be held responsible.

In Masons' Avenue is Masons' Hall Tavern, where is the chief mart for the sale of public houses. Adjoining are some dining-rooms called after Dr Butler, once a physician of celebrity. But the proprietor has hung on his wall a portrait apparently of Bishop Butler, the author of the "Analogy."

In Whitecross Street Henry V. built a house for a branch of the Brotherhood of St. Giles, which Henry VIII., after his manner, eventually suppressed. Sir John Gresham, mayor, afterwards purchased the lands, and gave part of them as a maintenance to a free school which he had founded at Holt, in Norfolk. In this street was a debtor's prison built in 1813-15, from the designs of William Montague. The prison was pulled down in 1877 to make room for a railway goods dépôt. Nell Gwynne, in her will, desired her natural son, the Duke of St. Albans, to lay out £20 a year to release poor debtors out of prison, and this sum was distributed every Christmas Day to the inmates of Whitecross Street Prison.

"Whitecross Street Prison," says Mr. H. Dixon, in 1850, in his "London Prisons," "is divided into six distinct divisions, or wards, respectively called—1, the Middlesex Ward; 2, the Poultry and Giltspur Street Ward; 3, the Ludgate Ward; 4, the Dietary Ward; 5, the Remand Ward; 6, the Female Ward. These wards are quite separate, and no communication is permitted between the inmates of one and another. Before commencing our rounds, we gain, from conversation with the intelligent governor, an item or two of useful preliminary information. The establishment is capable of holding 500 persons. It is, however, very seldom that half that number

is confined at one time within its walls. At this period last year it had 147 inmates; the pressure of the times has since considerably increased the sum-total. There are now 205, of which number eight are females. The population of this prison is, moreover, very migratory. Last year there were no less than 1,143 commitments. This shows an advance upon previous years—the result of the operation of the Small Debts Act—a part of the building having been set apart for persons committed under that Act. Many debtors are now sent hither for a fixed term, mostly ten days, at the expiration of which they are discharged. This punishment is principally inflicted for contempt of court. A woman was recently locked up here for ten days, for contempt, because unable, or unwilling, it was difficult to say which, to discharge a debt of sevenpence! In all such cases a more penal discipline is enforced; the person incarcerated is not allowed to maintain him or herself, but is compelled to accept the county allowance.

“Round the yard are the lofty walls of the prison, and the general pile of the prison buildings, several storeys high. On one side is a large board, containing a list of the benefactors of this portion of the prison. There are similar benefactions to each ward; amongst others, one from Nell Gwynne, still periodically distributed in the shape of so many loaves of bread, attracts attention. These donations are now employed in hiring some of the poorer of the prisoners to make the beds, clean the floors, and do other menial offices for the rest. Passing through a door in the yard, we enter the day room of this ward. There are benches and tables down the sides, as in some of the cheap coffee-houses in London, and a large fire at the end, at which each man cooks, or has cooked for him, his victuals. On the wall a number of pigeon-holes or small cupboards are placed, each man having the key of one, and keeping therein his bread and butter, tea and coffee, and so forth. These things are all brought in, and no stint is placed upon the quantity consumed. A man *may* exist in the prison who has been accustomed to good living, though he cannot live well. All kinds of luxuries are prohibited, as are also spirituous drinks. Each man may have a pint of wine a day, but not more; and dice, cards, and all other instruments for gaming, are strictly vetoed.”

On the demolition of the old prison, at the time of the formation of the Metropolitan Railway, about the year 1865, the site was converted into a goods dépôt in connection with the Midland Railway.

The Green Yard, in Little Whitecross Street,

close by, has long been used as a kind of “pound” for stray horses or vehicles which may be found in an unprotected condition in the streets of London; and here the Lord Mayor’s state coach is kept.

Whitecross Street and Wood Street, it is stated, were the last in the city to surrender their signboards; they retained them till 1773.

As Redcross Street derived its name from a cross which stood near the end of Golden Lane, so, also, did Whitecross Street from a stone cross near which ran a watercourse to Moorfields. This cross is mentioned in a “presentment” dated as far back as A.D. 1275. Hughson (1806) calls Whitecross Street “noble, wide, and well built, inhabited by persons of property.”

In this street Dr. Williams first established the Free Library, chiefly for the use of Protestant Dissenting ministers, now removed to Grafton Street, Fitzroy Square. Dr. Daniel Williams was a Welsh Nonconformist, in great favour with William III. He was preacher at Hand Alley, Bishopsgate Street, and succeeded Richard Baxter in the lectureship of Pinners’ Hall, Broad Street. Opposed by the Antinomians, the Doctor, with Dr. Bates, Dr. Annesley, and others, set up the lectures at Salter’s Hall, Cannon Street, already described by us. The richer Dissenters erected a building in Whitecross Street, to contain the Doctor’s library, which he generously left for the public use, and employed the building as a place of convocation for their ministers. The building contained two handsome rooms, capable of holding 40,000 volumes, though the original collection contained not many more than 16,000. Dr. Bates and Dr. Williams’s libraries formed its basis. There was also a gallery of portraits of celebrated Dissenting ministers. Among its curiosities mentioned in old guide-books of London were the following:—Eighteen volumes of the Bible, written with white ink on black paper, for Mr. Harris, an old linen-draper, in 1745, when he had become nearly blind; portraits of Samuel Annesley, an ejected minister of Cripplegate, and grandfather of Wesley; the preachers at the meeting-house in Little St. Helens, Bishopsgate Street—John Howe, Dr. Watts, Flavell, Baxter, and Jacomb. The library also contains 238 volumes of Civil War tracts and sermons; the manuscripts of Richard Baxter, and the original minutes of the Westminster Assembly of Divines; a folio Shakespeare of the edition of 1623; some original manuscripts of George Herbert, and also of various early Nonconformists; a finely illuminated copy of the Salisbury Liturgy (1530); the Bible in shorthand, written by a zealous Nonconformist in 1686, when the writer feared that

James II. would destroy all the Bibles ; a mask of Cartouche, the great robber of Paris ; the glass basin in which Queen Elizabeth was christened ; a portrait of Colonel John Lilburne, one of the judges of Charles I. The library foundation was, in 1806, under the direction of twenty-three trustees, fourteen ministers, and nine laymen, all Dissenters, with a secretary and steward under them.

Sir Thomas More, in his "Pitiful Life of Edward V.," has a curious anecdote about Redcross Street : "And first," he says, "to show you that by con-

thereof, but of all likelihood he spake it not of ought."

The old Grub Street, the haunt of poor authors, the mosquitoes who tormented Pope, and the humble drudges with whom Dr. Johnson argued and perambulated in his struggling days, has now changed its name to Milton Street. This absurd transition from Lazarus to Dives, from the dunghill to the palace, originated in the illogical remembrance of some dull-headed Government official that Milton died at his house in the Artillery Walk,



BARLIER-SURGEONS' HALL, 1800. (See page 232.)

jecture he (Richard III.) pretended this thing in his brother's life, you shall understand for a truth that the same night that King Edward dyed, one called Mistlebrooke, long ere the day sprung, came to the house of one Pottier, dwelling in Red Crosse Street, without Cripplegate, of London ; and when he was, with hasty rapping, quickly let in, the said Mistlebrooke showed unto Pottier that King Edward was that night deceased. 'By my troth,' quoth Pottier, 'then will my master, the Duke of Gloucester, be king, and that I warrant thee !' What cause he had so to think, hard it is to say, whether he being his servant, knew any such thing pretended, or otherwise had any inkling

Bunhill Fields, adjoining to which place he had removed soon after his third marriage. The direct association of Pope's Grub Street poets was surely better than the very indirect association of Grub Street with the name of Milton ; but officials are always the same. Here poor hacks of weak will and mistaken ambition sat up in bed, with blankets skewered round them, and, encouraged by gin, scribbled epics and lampoons, and fulsome dedications to purse-proud patrons. Here poor men of genius, misled by Pleasure's *ignis fatuus*, repented too late their misused hours, and, by the flickering rush-light, desperately endeavoured to retrieve the loss of opportunities by satires on ministers, or ribald

attacks on men more successful than themselves. Here poor wretches, like Hogarth's poet, wrestled with the Muses while the milkman dunned them for their score, or the bailiff's man sat sullenly waiting for the guinea bribe that was to close his one malign eye. We have before alluded to Pope's

plied the archers of Finsbury, Moorfields, and Islington, and who were gradually succeeded by keepers of bowling-alleys and diceing-houses, who always favoured the suburbs, where there was little supervision over them. Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, defines Grub Street as "the name of a



THE GRUB STREET HERMIT. From a Picture published by Richardson, 1794. (See page 242.)

attacks on his Grub Street enemies, and shown how he degraded literature by associating poor writers, however industrious or clever, with ribaldry and malice; so that for long Curll's historians, sleeping two in a bed, in Grub Street garrets, were considered the natural kinsmen of all who made literature their profession, and did not earn enormous incomes by the generous but often unremunerative effort of spreading knowledge, exposing error, and discovering truth.

Stow describes Grub Street, in Elizabethan times, as having been inhabited by bowyers, fletchers (arrow-makers), and bowstring makers, who sup-

plied the archers of Finsbury, Moorfields, and Islington, and who were gradually succeeded by keepers of bowling-alleys and diceing-houses, who always favoured the suburbs, where there was little supervision over them. Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, defines Grub Street as "the name of a

street in London much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called Grub Street." *The Memoirs of the Grub Street Society* was the title of a publication commenced Jan. 8, 1730. Its object was to satirise unsparingly the personages of the "Dunciad," and the productions of Cibber, Curll, Dennis, &c. It was continued weekly, till the end of 1737. The reputed editors were Dr. Martyn, a Cambridge Professor of Botany, and Dr. Richard Russell, who wrote one of the earliest treatises on the beneficial use of salt water.

Warburton seems prophetically to have said,

pated a line of Mr. Disraeli's "Lothair," when, in a note to the "Dunciad," he calls a libeller "nothing but a Grub Street critic run to seed." Pompous Sir John Hawkins, in his "Life of Johnson," says, "During the usurpation a prodigious number of seditious and libellous pamphlets and papers, tending to exasperate the people and increase the confusion in which the nation was involved, were from time to time published. The authors of these were for the most part men whose indigent circumstances compelled them to live in the suburbs and most obscure parts of the town. Grub Street then abounded with mean old houses, which were let out in lodgings, at low rents, to persons of this description, whose occupation was in publishing anonymous treason and slander. One of the original inhabitants of this street was Foxe, the martyrologist." In 1710-11 Swift writes to Stella of a tax on small publications, which, he says, "will utterly ruin Grub Street."

Mr. Hoole, the translator of Tasso, told Dr. Johnson, on one occasion, says Boswell, that "he was born in Moorfields, and had received part of his early instruction in Grub Street. 'Sir,' said Johnson, smiling, 'you have been *regularly* educated.' Having asked who was his instructor, and Mr. Hoole having answered, 'My uncle, sir, who was a tailor,' Johnson, recollecting himself, said, 'Sir, I knew him; we called him the *meta-physical* tailor. He was of a club in Old Street, with me and George Psalmanazar, and some others; but pray, sir, was he a good tailor?' Mr. Hoole having answered that he believed he was too mathematical, and used to draw squares and triangles on his shopboard, so that he did not excel in the cut of a coat. 'I am sorry for it,' said Johnson, 'for I would have every man to be master of his own business.'

"In pleasant reference to himself and Mr. Hoole, as brother authors, Johnson often said to a friend, 'Let you and I, sir, go together, and eat a beef-steak in Grub Street.'"

A remarkable seclusion from the world took place in Grub Street, in the person of Henry Welby, Esq. This gentleman was a native of Lincolnshire, where he had an estate of above £1,000 per annum. He possessed in an eminent degree the qualifications of a gentleman. Having been a competent time at the university and the inns of court, he completed his education by making the tour of Europe. He was happy in the love and esteem of all that knew him, on account of his many acts of humanity, benevolence, and charity. When he was about forty years of age, it is said that his brother (though another account makes it

merely a *kinsman*), an abandoned profligate, made an attempt upon his life with a pistol. It missed fire, and Welby, wresting it from the villain's hand, found it charged with bullets. Hence he formed the resolution of retiring from the world; and taking a house in this street, he reserved three rooms for himself—the first for his diet, the second for his lodging, and the third for his study. In these he kept himself so closely retired, that for forty-four years he was never seen by any human creature, except an old female servant that attended him, and who was only permitted to see him in some cases of great necessity. His diet was constantly bread, oatmeal, water-gruel, milk, and vegetables, and as a great indulgence, the yolk of an egg, but no part of the white.

The hermit of Grub Street bought all the new books that were published, most of which, upon a slight examination, he rejected. His time was spent in reading, meditation, and prayer. No Carthusian monk was ever more rigid in his abstinence. His plain garb, his long and silver beard, his mortified and venerable aspect, bespoke him an ancient inhabitant of the desert, rather than a gentleman of fortune in a populous city. He expended a great part of his income in acts of charity, and was very inquisitive after proper objects. He died October 29, 1636, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, and was buried in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate. The old servant died not above six days before her master. He had a very amiable daughter, who married Sir Christopher Hildyard, a gentleman of Yorkshire; but neither she nor any of her family ever saw her father after his retirement.

A very grand old house in Hanover Yard, near Grub Street, was sketched by J. T. Smith, in 1791. It was called by the neighbours "General Monk's House." On one of the old water-spouts was the date, 1653. The lead on the roof was of enormous thickness, the staircase spacious and heavy. The large rooms had ornamented plaster ceilings, and one of the first-floor wainscotings was richly carved with flowers. But the great feature of the old mansion, after all, was the porch, a deep gable-ended structure, supported by stately Ionic pillars, and in the centre of the pediments a lion looking out. The windows were wide and latticed. There is, however, no proof that General Monk ever resided in the house. When the trimming general returned from Scotland, he took up his headquarters at Whitehall; and on the refractory citizens refusing the £60,000 demanded by the Parliament, Monk marched into the City, destroyed the portcullises, and drew up his soldiers



in Finsbury Fields. When the cowed City advanced the money, chose Monk as the major-general of their forces, and invited the Council of State and the general to reside in London, for their greater safety, it is expressly mentioned that he returned thanks without accepting the offer. If Monk ever resided in Hanover Yard, it must have been after the Restoration. This may have been, as has been suggested by some, the house of Dr. William Bulleyn, that learned physician whom we have mentioned in our chapter on St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

In Sweedon's Passage, Grub Street, Mr. Smith also discovered an extremely old house, which, according to tradition, had been inhabited by both Whittington and Gresham. It formed part of six houses which had occupied the site of an older mansion. The lower portions of the chimneys were of stone, the timber was oak and chestnut, and the ceilings were ornamented. There was a descent of three feet into the parlour from the outer street. This house possessed a great curiosity—an external staircase, which stood out like a rickety tower of timber and plaster, and was covered with a slanting and projecting wooden roof. In an adjacent house was an oriel window, and in the street there ran a long line of lattices, once covered with the relics of a ruined pent-house.

Coleman Street, near London Wall, was so called, says Stow, vaguely, from "Coleman, the first builder and owner thereof," and had the honour to give a name to one of the twenty-six wards of the City of London. From the trial of Hugh Peters, after the Restoration, we gather that the "Star," in Coleman Street, was a place of meeting for Oliver Cromwell and several of his party, in 1648, when Charles I. was in the hands of the Parliament.

*Counsel.* Mr. Gunter, what can you say concerning meeting and consultation at the "Star," in Coleman Street?

*Gunter.* My lord, I was a servant at the "Star," in Coleman Street, with one Mr. Hildesley. That house was a house where Oliver Cromwell, and several of that party, did use to meet in consultation. They had several meetings; I do remember very well one amongst the rest, in particular, that Mr. Peters was there; he came in the afternoon, about four o'clock, and was there till ten or eleven at night. I, being but a drawer, could not hear much of their discourse, but the subject was tending towards the king, after he was a prisoner, for they called him by the name of Charles Stuart. I heard not much of the discourse; they were writing, but what I know not, but I guessed it to be something drawn up against the king. I perceived that Mr. Peters was privy to it, and pleasant in the company.

*The Court.* How old were you at that time?

*Gunter.* I am now thirty years the last Bartholomew Day, and this was in 1648.

*The Court.* How long before the king was put to death?

*Gunter.* A good while. It was suddenly, as I remember, three days before Oliver Cromwell went out of town.

*Peters.* I was never there but once with Mr. Nathaniel Fiennes.

*Counsel.* Was Cromwell there?

*Gunter.* Yes.

*Counsel.* Was Mr. Peters there oftener than once?

*Gunter.* I know not, but once I am certain of it; this is the gentleman, for then he wore a great sword.

*Peters.* I never wore a great sword in my life.

The street had been a loyal street to the Puritan party, for it was here that, in 1642, the five members accused of treason by Charles I. took refuge, when he rashly attempted to arrest them in Parliament.

"And that people might not believe," says Lord Clarendon, "that there was any dejection of mind or sorrow for what was done, the same night the same council caused a proclamation to be prepared for the stopping the ports, that the accused persons might not escape out of the kingdom, and to forbid all persons to receive and harbour them, when it was well known that they were all together in a house in the City, without any fear of their security. And all this was done without the least communication with anybody but the Lord Digby, who advised it, and it is very true, was so willing to take the utmost hazard upon himself, that he did offer the king, when he knew in what house they were together, with a select company of gentlemen who would accompany him, whereof Sir Thomas Lunsford was one, to seize upon them and bring them away alive, or leave them dead in the place; but the king liked not such enterprises.

"That night the persons accused removed themselves into their stronghold, the City; not that they durst not venture themselves at their old lodgings, for no man would have presumed to trouble them, but that the City might see that they relied upon that place for a sanctuary of their privileges against violence and oppression, and so might put on an early concernment for them. And they were not disappointed; for, in spite of all the Lord Mayor could do to compose their distempers (who like a very wise and stout magistrate bestirred himself), the City was that whole night in arms, some people designed to that purpose running from one gate to another, and crying out 'that the Cavaliers were coming to fire the City,' and some saying that 'the king himself was in the head of them.'

"The next morning Charles himself came in search of the five members. He told one of the sheriffs (who was of the two thought less inclined to his service) 'that he would dine with him. He then departed without that applause and cheerfulness which he might have expected from the extra-

ordinary grace he vouchsafed to them; and in his passage, through the City, the rude people flocked together, crying out, 'Privilege of Parliament! privilege of Parliament!' some of them pressing very near his own coach, and amongst the rest one calling out with a very loud voice, 'To your tents, O Israel!' However, the king, though much mortified, continued his resolution, taking little notice of the distempers; and, having dined at the sheriff's, returned in the afternoon to Whitehall, and published the next day a proclamation for the apprehension of all those whom he accused of high treason, forbidding any person to harbour them, the articles of their charge being likewise printed and dispersed."

At No. 14, Great Bell Yard, now Telegraph Street, Robert Bloomfield, the shoemaker poet, followed his calling. The poet's father was a poor tailor in Suffolk, and his mother kept a little school in which her own children were the chief pupils. Being too delicate to follow the plough, Bloomfield was sent to London to his elder brother George, to learn shoemaking. There, penned up in a garret with six or seven other lads, who paid a shilling each for their lodging, Bloomfield wrote "The Farmer's Boy," of which, in three years, 26,000 copies were sold, besides French, German, Italian, and Latin translations. The Duke of Grafton then kindly assigned him a pension of a shilling a day, and gave him a small post in the Seal Office. Compelled by ill-health to resign this situation, Bloomfield returned to the manufacture of ladies' shoes, became involved in debt, and died worn out and nearly insane in 1823. Taylor, the water-poet, describes the Cambridge carriers as lodging in his time at the "Bell," in Coleman Street.

Cowley, in his pleasant comedy of *The Cutter of Coleman Street*, admirably sketches the tricks of the old broken-down Cavaliers after the Restoration, who had to practise all their arts to obtain a dinner, and who, six days out of seven, had to "feast with Duke Humphrey," and flourish a toothpick, while all the time struggling with that unruly member, an empty stomach.

*Jolly.* (A gentleman whose estate was confiscated in the late troubles.) Ye shall no more make monstrous tales from Bruges, to revive your sinking credits in loyal ale-houses, nor inveigle into taverns young foremen of the shop, or little beardless blades of the Inns of Court, to drink to the royal family parabolically, and with bouncing oaths like cannon at every health; nor upon unlucky failing afternoons take melancholy turns in the Temple walks, and when you meet acquaintance cry, "You wonder why your lawyer stays so long, with a hang to him!"

*Worm.* (Cutter's companion, and of much the same character.) They call him Colonel Cutter, but to deal faithfully with you, madam, he is no more a colonel than you're a major-general.

*Cutter.* (A merry, sharking fellow about town—entering.) Ha! Sure I mistake the rogue!

*Wor.* He never serv'd his king—not he!—no more than he does his Maker. 'Tis true he's drunk his health as often as any man, upon other men's charges, and he was for a little while, I think, a kind of Hector till he was soundly beaten one day, and dragg'd about the room, like old Hector o' Troy about the town.

*Cut.* What does this dog mean, trow?

*Wor.* Once, indeed, he was very low—for almost a twelve-month—and had neither money enough to hire a barber nor buy scissors, and then he wore a beard (he said) for King Charles. He's now in pretty good clothes, but would you saw the furniture of his chamber! Marry, half a chair, an earthen pot without an ear, and the bottom of an ink-horn for a candlestick; the rest is broken foul tobacco-pipes, and a dozen o' gally-pots, with salve in 'em.

*Cut.* Was there ever such a cursed villain!

*Wor.* He's been a known cheat about town these twenty years.

It was in a conventicle, hidden away in Swan Alley, on the east side of Coleman Street, that that dangerous fanatic Venner, a wine-cooper and Mille-narian (already mentioned in our chapter on Wood Street, Cheapside), preached to "the soldiers of King Jesus," and urged them to commence the Fifth Monarchy. The congregation at once rose in arms, and rushed out into the streets to slay all the followers of Baal. An insurrection followed, which ended in Venner, who had better have been hooping his casks, being hung and quartered in Coleman Street, January 19th, 1660-1.

John Goodwin, a Puritan religious writer who promoted the condemnation of Charles I., was, in 1633, presented to the living of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street. He it was who had intruded himself on the king the day before his execution, and offered to pray with him. The king thanked him, but said he had chosen Dr. Juxon, whom he knew. Fearing the gallows after the Restoration, his pamphlet defending the sentence passed on the king having been burnt by the public hangman, Goodwin fled, but afterwards returned and opened a private conventicle in Coleman Street, where he died in 1665.

Goodwin, whose hand was against every man, was much belaboured by John Vicars, an usher of Christ's Hospital, a man even more violent and intolerant than himself. The title of one of Vicars's works will be sufficient to show his command of theological Billingsgate.

"Coleman Street conclave visited, and that grand impostor, the schismatic's cheater-in-chief (who hath long slyly lurked therein), truly and duly discovered; containing a most palpable and plain display of Mr. John Goodwin's self-conviction under his own handwriting, and of the notorious heresies, errors, malice, pride, and hypocrisy of this most huge Gargantua, in falsely-pretended

piety, to the lamentable misleading of his too-too credulous soul-murdered proselytes of Coleman Street and elsewhere; collected principally out of his own big—bragadochio and wave-like—swelling, and swaggering writings, full-fraught with six-footed terms, and flashie rhetorical phrases, far more than solid and sacred truths. And may fitly serve (if it be the Lord's will), like Belshazzar's handwriting, on the wall of his conscience, to strike terror and shame into his own soul and shameless face, and to undeceive his most miserably cheated and enchanted or bewitched followers."

St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, can boast some antiquity, if it can boast no beauty; since between the years 1171 and 1181 the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's granted both this building and St. Olave's, Jewry, to which it was appended as a chapel, to the prior and abbot of Butley in Suffolk. It is said by Stow to have been first a synagogue, then a parish church, and lastly a chapel to St. Olave's, in which vassalage it continued till the 7th of Edward IV., when it was again chosen to reign over a parish of its own. It was destroyed by the Great Fire, and meanly rebuilt by Wren in 1676. The monuments, with few exceptions, are uninteresting. There is one to John Taylor, a haberdasher, who left £200 to be lent to young haberdashers, and 2s. a week in bread to be distributed for ever on Sundays to poor householders; and here lies the only hero of St. Stephen's tombs, good old Anthony Munday, the continuator of Stow, who died in 1633, after much industrious study of the London records, and thirty years' honest labour at City shows and pageants. There is a certain friendly servour about his epitaph, as if some City laureate had written it to pin to his hearse.

"To the Memory of that ancient Servant to the City, with His Pen, in Divers Employments, especially the Survey of London, Master Anthony Munday, Citizen and Draper of London:

"He that hath many an ancient tombstone read,  
(I' th' labour seeming more among the dead

To live, than with the living), that survaid  
Abstruse antiquities, and o'er them laid  
Such vive and beauteous colours with his pen,  
That (spite of Time) those old are new again.  
Under this marble lies interr'd, his tombe  
Claiming (as worthily it may) this roome,  
Among those many monuments his quill  
Has so reviv'd, helping now to fill  
A place (with those) in his survey; in which  
He has monument, more fair, more rich  
Than polisht stones could make him where he lies,  
Though dead, still living, and in that ne'er dyes."

The entrance gateway of St. Stephen's has a rude alto-relievo of the Last Judgment; the clouds are as round and heavy as puddings, and the whole is inferior to the treatment of the same subject at St. Giles's-in-the-Fields. Of this parish, according to Defoe's *ron unce*, John Hayward was under-sexton during the Great Plague. He carried all the parish dead to the Plague-pit, and drove their bodies in the dead-cart yet he never caught the disease, and lived twenty years after. Among the modern monuments at St. Stephen's is a marble *bas-relief*, by E. W. Wyatt, erected in 1847, to the Rev. Josiah Pratt, vicar of the parish, whose active missionary labours are personified by an angel addressing an African, a Hindoo, and a New Zealander.

The fine building with a Doric portico situated at the north-east corner of Coleman Street is the Armourers' and Braziers' Hall. It stands on the site of the old hall of the Company, incorporated at the beginning of the reign of Henry VI., in 1432. The Armourers' function is now rather obsolete, but the hall is still decorated with coats of arms, and there is a fine gilt suit at the Tower, which was given by the Company to Charles I., when he was a gay young prince, with his head firm on. In the Banqueting Hall is one of Northcote's rapid but ambitious pictures, "The Entry of Richard II. and Bolingbroke into London," purchased by the Company from Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery, in 1825. How the spiteful, shrewd little painter would writhe could he hear the opinions of critical visitors!

## CHAPTER XXX.

### ALDGATE, THE MINORIES, AND CRUTCHED FRIARS.

The Aldgate of 1606—Brave Doings at Aldgate—The Conduit—Duke's Place—The Priory of the Holy Trinity—The Jews in Aldgate—The Abbey of St. Clare—Goodman's Fields—The Minories—A fine old London House—Crutched Friars—Sir John Milborne—The Drapers' Almshouses.

"THE gate described by Stow," says Cunningham, "was taken down in 1606, and a new one erected in its stead, the ornaments of which are dwelt on at great length by Stow's continuators. Two Roman soldiers stood on the outer battlements with stone

balls in their hands, ready to defend the gate; beneath, in a square, was a statue of James I., and at his feet the royal supporters. On the City side stood a large figure of Fortune, and somewhat lower, so as to grace each side of the gate, gilded figures of

Peace and Charity, copied from the reverses of two Roman coins, discovered whilst digging the new foundations for the gate. The whole structure was two years in erecting."

Ben Jonson, in his *Silent Woman*, says, "Many

1607, were discovered coins of Trajan, Domitian, and Valentinian—the Barons, in 1215, entered London by consent of the citizens, on their way to meet King John. This was one of the most ruinous of the City gates, and the Earl of Essex and



RUINS OF THE CONVENT OF ST. CLARE. From a View published by J. T. Smith, 1797. (See page 249.)

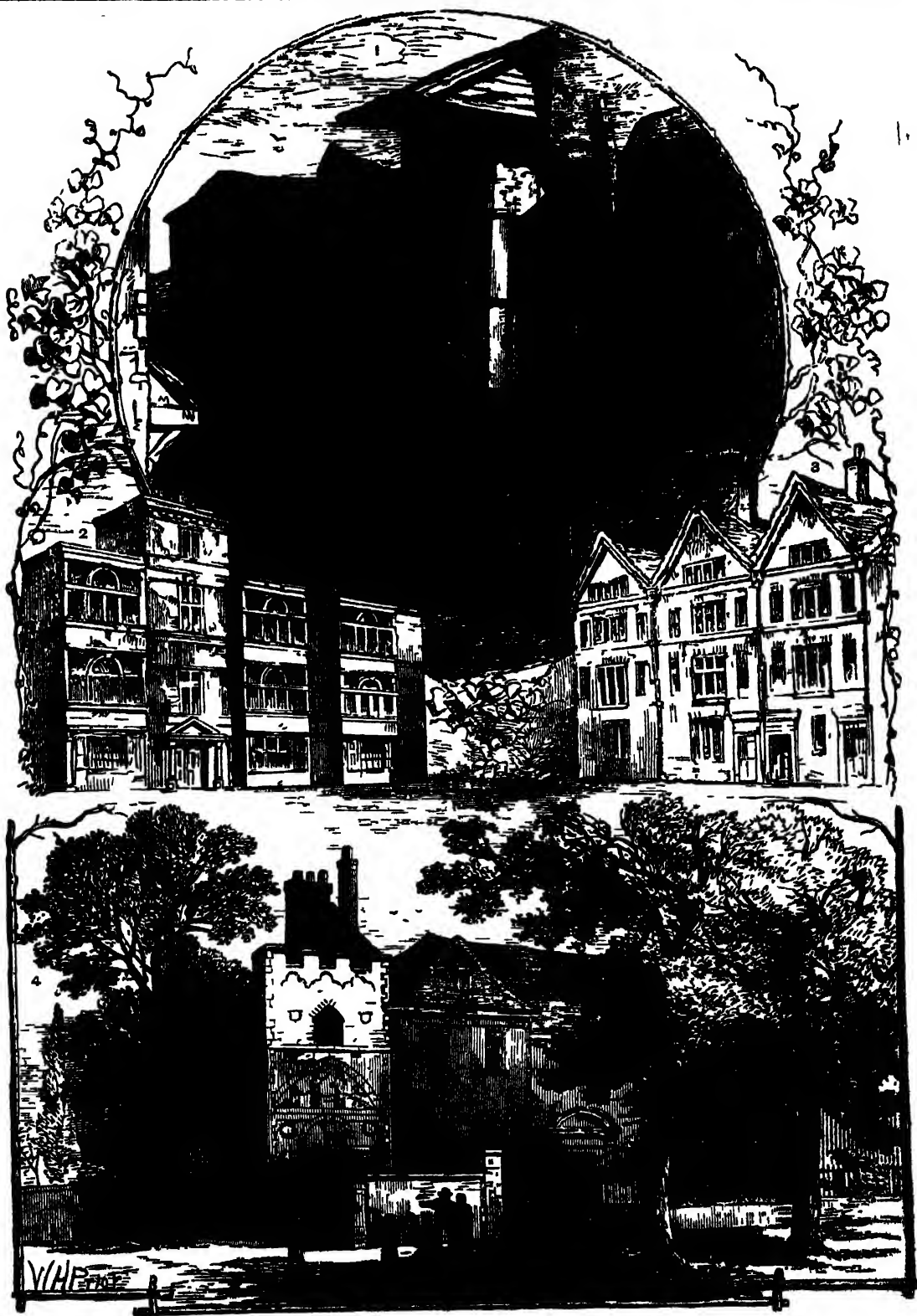
things that seem foul in the doing, do please done. You see gilders will not work but inclosed. How long did the canvas hang before Aldgate? Were the people suffered to see the City's Love and Charity while they were rude stone, before they were painted and burnished?"

The City's Love and Charity were standing in 1761; the other statues had been long removed.

Through this gate—under which, about the year

Earl of Gloucester repaired it with the stones from monasteries and Jews' houses, that had been ruthlessly pulled down on purpose.

During the reign of Edward IV., Aldgate again felt maces beat at its doors, and clothyard shafts tremble in its tough planks. In 1471 the Bastard Falconbridge, collecting seamen in Essex and Kent, came with his vessels and anchored near the Tower. On hearing of his intention, the mayor and alder-



1. WHITTINGTON'S HOUSE, GRUB STREET. (*Smith, 1811.*)  
 2. GENERAL MONROE'S HOUSE.  
 3. BLOOMFIELD'S HOUSE (1823).  
 4. REMAINS OF ALDGATE, BETHNAL GREEN. (*Malcolm, 1800.*)



men fortified the Thames shore, from Baynard Castle to the Tower, and stood to their guns. The Bastard, finding the south side unapproachable, then assailed the east of London, and attacked Aldgate with 5,000 turbulent men; but the citizens, letting the portcullis drop, entrapped and cut off many of their assailants. Elated by this, Robert Bassett, the alderman of Aldgate, ordered the portcullis to be drawn up, in God's name, and, by a brave sortie, drove the enemy back as far as St. Botolph's. At this juncture, Earl Rivers and the Constable of the Tower arriving with reinforcements, drove the rebels back as far as Mile End, Poplar, and Stratford. Many of the assailants of Aldgate were slain in this attack, after which the Bastard fled.

Near this gate, in the reign of Edward I., in a small projecting turret, was a hermitage. Without Aldgate was a conduit, erected in 1535. The water was conveyed from Hackney. The crowd of poor water-bearers, with their tubs, pails, and tankards, proving, however, a nuisance, the conduit was removed into a side court.

Among the records of the City of London is a lease granting the whole of the house above the gate of Aldgate to the poet Chaucer, in 1374.

In Aldgate all the prisoners of the Poultry Compter were lodged after the Great Fire, till the prison could be rebuilt. In the year 1760, when the City gates were taken down to widen the streets, Aldgate was bought by Mr. Mussell, of Bethnal Green, a zealous antiquary, who inhabited a house belonging to Lord Viscount Wentworth, built in the reign of James II. Mr. Mussell rebuilt the gate on the north side of his mansion, to which he henceforth gave the name of Aldgate House. There was on the south front a bas-relief, carved from Wat Tyler's tree, an old oak which once grew on Bow Common, and which the aldermen and council had had carved to adorn the old City gate. A few years ago, as workmen were excavating near Aldgate, some curious arches, resembling the cloisters of an ancient abbey, were discovered.

Duke's Place, Aldgate, was so called from Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded in 1572 for his political intrigues with Mary Queen of Scots, to whose hand the weak and ambitious Catholic nobleman had aspired. "I find," says Strype, "the said duke, anno 1562, with his Duchess, riding thither through Bishopsgate Street to Leadenhall, and so to Cree Church, to his own place, attended with a hundred horse in his livery, with his gentlemen afore, their coats guarded with velvet, and four heralds riding before him, viz., Clarencieux, Somerset, Red Cross, and Blue

Mantle." The precinct of the Priory of the Holy Trinity, without Aldgate, was given by Henry VIII. to Sir Thomas Audley, afterwards Lord Chancellor, who lived there, and died there in 1554. Sir Thomas, wishing to rebuild St. Catherine Cree, offered the parish the priory church and its nine bells in exchange for their own. The parish refusing to purchase, Sir Thomas offered the church and steeple to any one who would cart it off, but in vain. He then pulled it down anyhow, breaking half the stones, and sold the bells to Stepney parish and St. Stephen, Coleman Street. The Duke of Norfolk, marrying Sir Thomas's daughter, inherited the estate. The Earl of Suffolk, son of the duke who was beheaded, sold the priory precinct and the mansion-house of his mother to the City. In the year 1622 the inhabitants of Duke's Place, having a quarrel with the parishioners of St. Catherine, obtained leave from King Charles to rebuild the priory church, aided by the donations of Lord Mayor Barkham. The people of Duke's Place claim the priory church as the place of interment of Fitz Alwyn (draper), the first Lord Mayor of London, but their claim is highly doubtful. In 1650, when they were allowed by Cromwell, in his tolerant wisdom, to return to England, many Jews settled in Duke's Place, where, after the Restoration, they still more flourished. The German and Polish Jews built a synagogue here, in 1692, which was rebuilt in 1790. Over the porch of this building is a large hall, once used for the celebration of the weddings of poor Jews. A writer in the *Jewish Chronicle* says:—

"The influx of Jews from Lithuania and Germany became greater and greater towards the end of the seventeenth century. The aristocratic Sephardim, whose ancestors had banqueted with sovereigns, and held the purse-strings of kings, looked, it must be owned, with some disdain on their poorer and humbler brethren—the plebeian Ashkenazim, who had dealt in worn garments or huckstered in petty commodities on the banks of the Vistula, or in German Ghettos. The Portuguese did not allow the Germans to have any share in the management of congregational affairs. The Germans, in point of fact, were treated as belonging to a lower caste, and the only functions that a member of that nationality was permitted to fulfil were the useful, albeit lowly duties of beadle, which were actually entrusted to a German—a certain Benjamin Levy. In time the Germans resolved to establish a synagogue of their own, and in 1692, during the reign of William III., one of their body, a philanthropic and affluent individual, named Moses Hart, built a place of worship in Broad Court, Duke's Place."



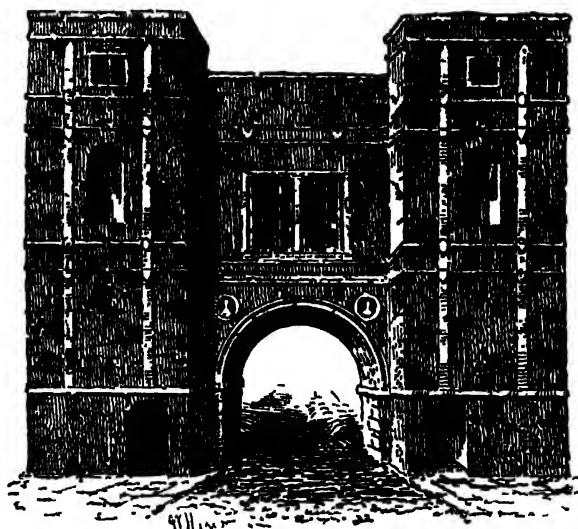
In the Minories, lying between Aldgate and Tower Hill, there stood, in the Middle Ages, an abbey of nuns of the order of St. Clare, called the Minories, founded in 1293 by Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, Leicester, and Derby, and brother to Edward I., to receive nuns who were brought from Spain by his wife Blanche, Queen of Navarre. Ribdeneira, the Spanish Jesuit, who wrote the "Lives of the Saints," tells us that St. Clare was an Italian saint who, by the advice of St. Francis, ran away from her father's house to take refuge in a convent, where she miraculously multiplied the bread, and rebuked the devil in person. She died in 1253 (Henry III.) During the plague of 1515 twenty-seven of these nuns were carried off, besides lay servants. The nunnery, which spent £418 8s. 5d. a year, was surrendered by Dame Elizabeth Salvage, the last abbess, to Henry VIII., in 1539. After the dissolution the nunnery became the residence of many great people; first of all, of John Clark, Bishop of Bath and Wells, Henry's ambassador, afterwards of officers of the Tower; and early in 1552 Edward VI.

gave it to Henry, Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane Grey. In Stow's time, in place of the nunnery were built "divers fair and large storehouses for armour and habiliments of war, with divers work-houses serving the same purpose."

The Church of the Priory of the Holy Trinity, in the Minories, was founded by Matilda, queen of Henry I., in 1108. It escaped the Great Fire, but becoming dangerous was taken down and rebuilt in 1706. In Strype's time this church claimed mischievous privileges, such as marrying without a licence. In the church is the tomb of William Legge, that faithful servant of Charles I., whom the king commended to his son, enjoining him to remember "the faithfulest servant ever prince had." Here, too, was buried the first Earl of Dartmouth, to whose father Charles II. had granted the Minory House; and here is preserved a head, supposed to be that of the Duke of Suffolk, who was executed in the Tower, hard by.

"Here," writes Stow, more autobiographically than usual, "on the south of the abbey, was some time a farm belonging to the said nunnery; at the which farm I myself (in my youth) have fetched many a halfpenny worth of milk, and never had less than three ale-pints for a halfpenny in the summer, nor less than one ale-quart for a halfpenny in the winter, always hot from the cow, as the same was milked and strained. One Trolop, and afterwards Goodman, were the farmers there, and had thirty or forty kine to the pail. Goodman's son being heir thereof, let out the ground, first for grazing of horses, and then for garden plots, and lived like a gentleman thereby. He lieth buried in St. Botolph's Church."

In Strype's time Goodman's Fields were "no longer fields and gardens, but buildings consisting of many fair streets, as Maunsel Street, Pescod or Prescott Street, Leman Street, &c., and tenters for cloth-workers, and a large passage for carts and horses out of White-chapel into Wellclose, besides many other lanes." "On the other side of that street," says Stow, "lieth the ditch with-



ALDGATE. (See page 245.)

out the walls of the City, which of old times was used to lie open, and was always (from time to time) cleansed from filth and mud, as need required; and was of great breadth, and so deep, that drivers watering horses, where they thought it shallowest, were drowned, both horse and man. But now of later time the same ditch is enclosed, and the banks thereof let out for garden plots, and divers houses be thereon builded; whereby the City wall is hidden, the ditch filled up, a small channel left, and made shallow enough."

That miserable and worthless coward, Lord Cobham, who falsely accused Raleigh of a share in his plot, almost died of starvation in the Minories, in the mean lodgings of a poor woman who had been his laundress. Congreve has some verses full of strained wit and gallantry, after his manner, on the Mulcibers of the Minories, who deform themselves in shaping the stays of steel that "give Anselm's form the power to kill." During the Spa Fields

riots of December 2, 1816, when young Watson led on the mob, and Thistlewood tried to persuade the soldiers to surrender the Tower, two gun-shops in the Minories were broken open by the rioters, and many guns and one small brass field-piece stolen. When the cavalry arrived, however, the field-piece was soon deserted.

One of the most extraordinary old houses in London was one sketched by J. T. Smith, in 1792, and taken down in 1801. It stood at the end of a low dark court on the south side of Hart Street, and was universally known in Crutched Friars as Whittington's Palace. The last lodger was a carpenter, who had sunk a saw-pit at the north end of the courtyard. The whole front of the house, which had originally formed three sides of a square, was of carved oak. The tradition was that the cats' heads carved on the ceilings always had their eyes directed on the spectator wherever he stood, and that even the knockers had once been shaped like cats' heads. Two sides of the outer square were nearly all glass lattice, and above and below ran wild-beasts' heads and crouched goblins, that acted as corbels. The doorway panels were richly carved, and above and below each tier of windows were strings of carved shields, including several arms of the City companies. A curious old house which formerly stood in the Minories is shown in page 252. It was once the "Fountain" inn, and when taken down in 1793 the timber-work was so firmly fixed together, that it had to be pulled asunder by horses.

In 1842 a curious group of three figures of Roman goddesses, bearing baskets of fruit in their laps, was discovered in digging a sewer in Hart Street, Crutched Friars. The group is now at the Guildhall.

The House of Crutched Friars, or Friars of the Holy Cross, at the corner of Hart Street, was founded by Ralph Hosiar and William Sabernes, about the year 1298. The founders themselves became friars of the order, and to them Stephen, the tenth prior of the Holy Trinity, granted three tenements for 13s. 8d. In the reign of Henry VIII. the Crutched Friars solicited the City magistrates to take the establishment under their patronage. At the dissolution the emissaries of Cromwell caught the Prior of Crutched Friars, *in flagrante delicto*, and down at once went the king's hammer upon the corrupt little brotherhood. The church was turned into a carpenter's yard and a tennis-court, and the friars' hall eventually became a glass-house. On the 4th of September, 1575, Stow says, a terrible fire burst out there that destroyed all but the stone walls." Turner dedicated his folio "Herbal" (1568) to Queen Elizabeth from this place.

The great benefactor to the Crutched Friars was Sir John Milborne, who was buried in their church. This worthy draper, mayor in the year 1521, was the founder of certain Drapers' Almshouses in the parish of St. Olave's, close to the old priory. The will, given by Strype, is a curious exemplification of the funeral customs of the old religion, and of the superstitions of the reign of Henry VIII. By the last testament of Sir John, his thirteen bedesmen from the adjoining almshouses were required to come daily to the church and hear mass said or sung near the tomb of their benefactor, at eight a.m., at Our Lady's altar in the middle aisle; and before the said mass the thirteen bedesmen, one of them standing right over against the other and encompassing the tomb, were severally, two and two of them together, to say the "De Profundis," and a paternoster, ave, and credo, with the collect thereunto belonging; and those who could not say the "De Profundis" were required to say a paternoster, ave, and credo for the souls of Sir John and Dame Johan, and Margaret, Sir John's first wife, and the souls of their fathers, mothers, children, and friends, and for "all Christian souls." A good and comprehensive benediction, it cannot be denied.

The inmates of the Drapers' Almshouses received 2s. 4d. a month, the first day of every month, for ever. The bedesmen were to be of honest conversation, and not detected in any open crime. They were forbidden to sell ale, beer, or wine, "or any other thing concerning tippling." Over the gate of Milborne's Almshouses, says Strype, there was "a four-square stone, with the figure of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady, supported by six angels in a cloud of glory." Sir Richard Champion, mayor and draper, in Elizabeth's reign gave £19 14s. a year to these same bedesmen. He also desired that every Sunday thirteen penny loaves of white bread should be given to thirteen poor people at the churches of St. Edmund, Lombard Street, and St. Michael's, Cornhill. He also gave the poor of each parish one load of charcoal (thirty sacks) every year; and to carry out these bequests, he left the Drapers' Company twenty-three messuages and eighteen garden-plots in the parish of St. Olave's, Hart Street. But Anthony Munday denies these last bequests, and thinks that Stow unintentionally slandered the Drapers' Company, by asserting that the terms of the will had not been carried out. Lord Lumley's house, built by Sir Thomas Wyat, in the reign of Henry VIII., adjoined these almshouses; and not far off was the house of the prior of Horn-Church, in Essex, afterwards Northumberland House; and Poor Jewry, a small district of Jews.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## ISLINGTON.

Etymology of the Word "Islington"—Beauty of the Place in Early Times—The old Northern Roads—Archery at Islington—A Royal Patron of Archery—The Archer's Marks—The "Robin Hood"—Topham, the Strong Man—Llewellyn and the Welsh Barons—Algernon Percy's House—Reformers' Meeting at the "Saracen's Head"—Queen Elizabeth and the Islington Beggars—Later Royal Visitors to Islington—Citizens' Pleasure Parties—Cream and Cake—Outbreak of the Plague—Bunbury and the "New Paradise"—The old "Queen's Head"—"The London Hospital"—Sir Walter Raleigh's House—The old "Pied Bull"—The "Angel"

No satisfactory etymology of the word "Islington" has yet been given. By some writers the name is supposed to have been derived from the Saxon word *isen* (iron), from certain springs, impregnated with iron, supposed to have their rise in the neighbourhood. Others trace it to the Saxon word *eisel* (a hostage), without ever condescending to explain what hostages had to do with Islington. The more favoured supposition is that the village was originally called "Ishel," an old British word signifying "lower," and "dun," or "don," the usual term for a town or fortress. It might have been so called, Mr. Lewis thinks, to contrast it with Tolentone, a village built on the elevated ground adjoining the woods of Highbury. The germ of the Islington of the Britons, it is generally allowed, must have been along the east side of the Lower Street.

Islington is supposed to have been situated on the great northern Roman road called the Ermin, or Herman Street, which left London by Cripplegate, and passed through Islington, though, as some antiquaries think, the Roman road really intersected Old Street, and, crossing the City Road, passed by Highbury and Hornsey Wood, and continued by way of the green lanes towards Enfield.

Fitzstephen, the friend of Becket, writing between 1170 and 1182, describing the north of London, says, "On the north are fields for pastures, and open meadows, very pleasant, into which the river waters do flow, and mills are turned about with a delightful noise. The arable lands are no hungry pieces of gravel ground, but like the rich fields of Asia, which bring plentiful corn, and fill the barns of the owners with a dainty crop of the fruits of Ceres." Still "beyond them an immense forest extends itself, beautified with woods and groves, and full of the lairs and coverts of beasts and game, stags, bucks, boars, and wild bulls." In later centuries Islington became the pasture-ground of London.

The old highways and roads connected with Islington were very badly kept, and extremely inconvenient. Formerly the avenues leading to the village from the metropolis, exclusive of the foot-

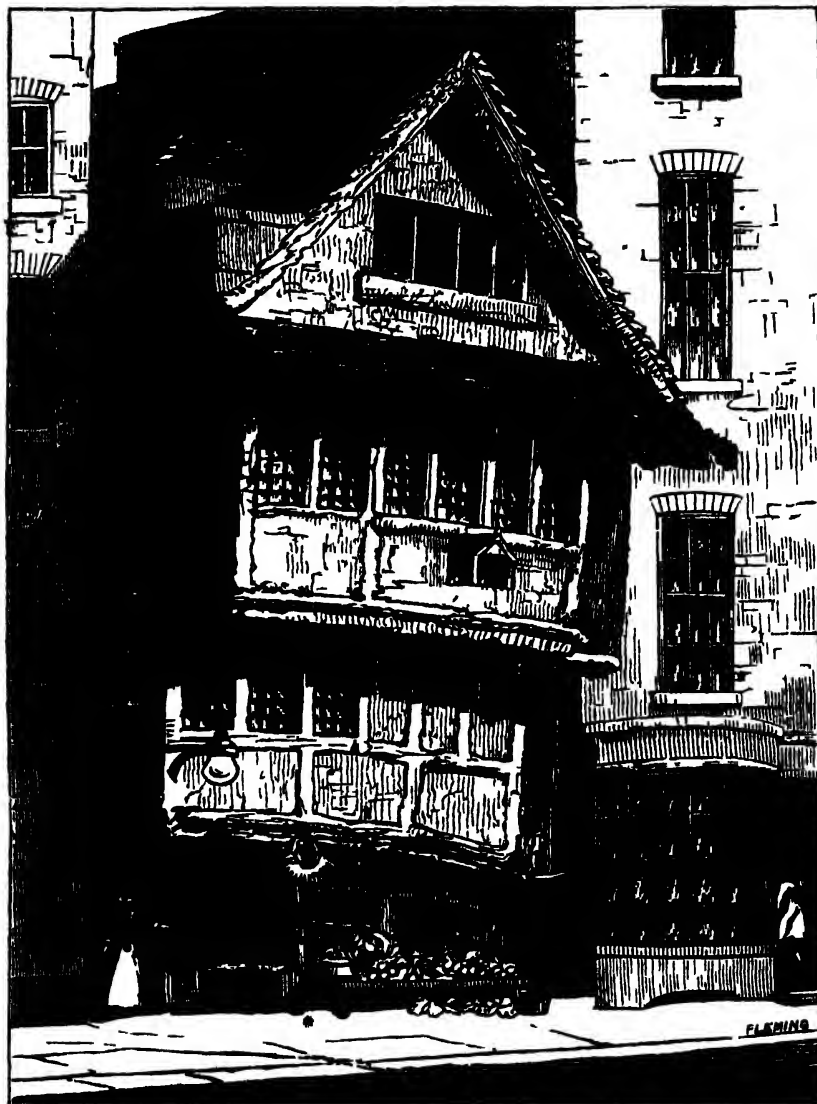
paths over the fields, were confined to the road from Smithfield, through St. John Street; the Goswell Street road, from Aldersgate; and a bridle way that had once been an old Roman road: all these were frequently impassable in winter. The broad green fields that stretched from Finsbury to Hoxton and Islington seem to have been recognised as the Campus Martius of London as early as the reign of Henry II., for Fitzstephen describes, with more unction than an ascetic monk might be expected to manifest, the scholars of the City going to the northern fields with their teachers, to play at ball, while the old and wealthy citizens came on horseback to watch the merry conflict of the lads. He also mentions the military exercises on horseback, good training for war or the tournament, every Friday in Lent; while other citizens, more intent on their own amusement, he says, carried their hawks on their fists, or took out their dogs there, to have a turn or two after a hare.

Archery was early practised in these pleasant northern fields, and here men shot the shafts that were hereafter to be aimed at Frenchmen's hearts. As early as the reign of Edward III. the royal will was proclaimed that every able-bodied citizen was, in his leisure hours and on all holidays, to practise with bows or crossbows, and not to waste his time in throwing stones, or at football, handball, bandy, or cock-fighting, which were vain and profitless plays; while in the reign of Richard II. an Act was passed to oblige all men-servants to exercise themselves with bows and arrows at all times of leisure, and on all Sundays and holidays.

In the reign of Henry VIII., that manly and warlike king, who was himself an archer, several Acts were passed to promote the practice of archery. Every father was enjoined to provide a bow and two arrows for his son, when he reached his seventh year; and all persons, except the clergy and judges, were obliged to shoot periodically at the butts, which were nowhere more numerous than in the fields towards Islington. Three gentlemen of the Court were constituted overseers of the science of artillery—to wit, of longbows, crossbows, and hand-guns—and leave was given them, as a body cor-

porate, to practice shooting at all manner of marks and butts, and at fowls, and the game of the popinjay in the City and suburbs, and all other places. And when any member of this society, shooting at well-known and accustomed marks,

says the chronicler Hall, the young men of London, finding the fields about Islington, Hoxton, and Shoreditch getting more and more enclosed with hedges and ditches, and that neither the old men could walk for their pleasure, nor lads shoot without



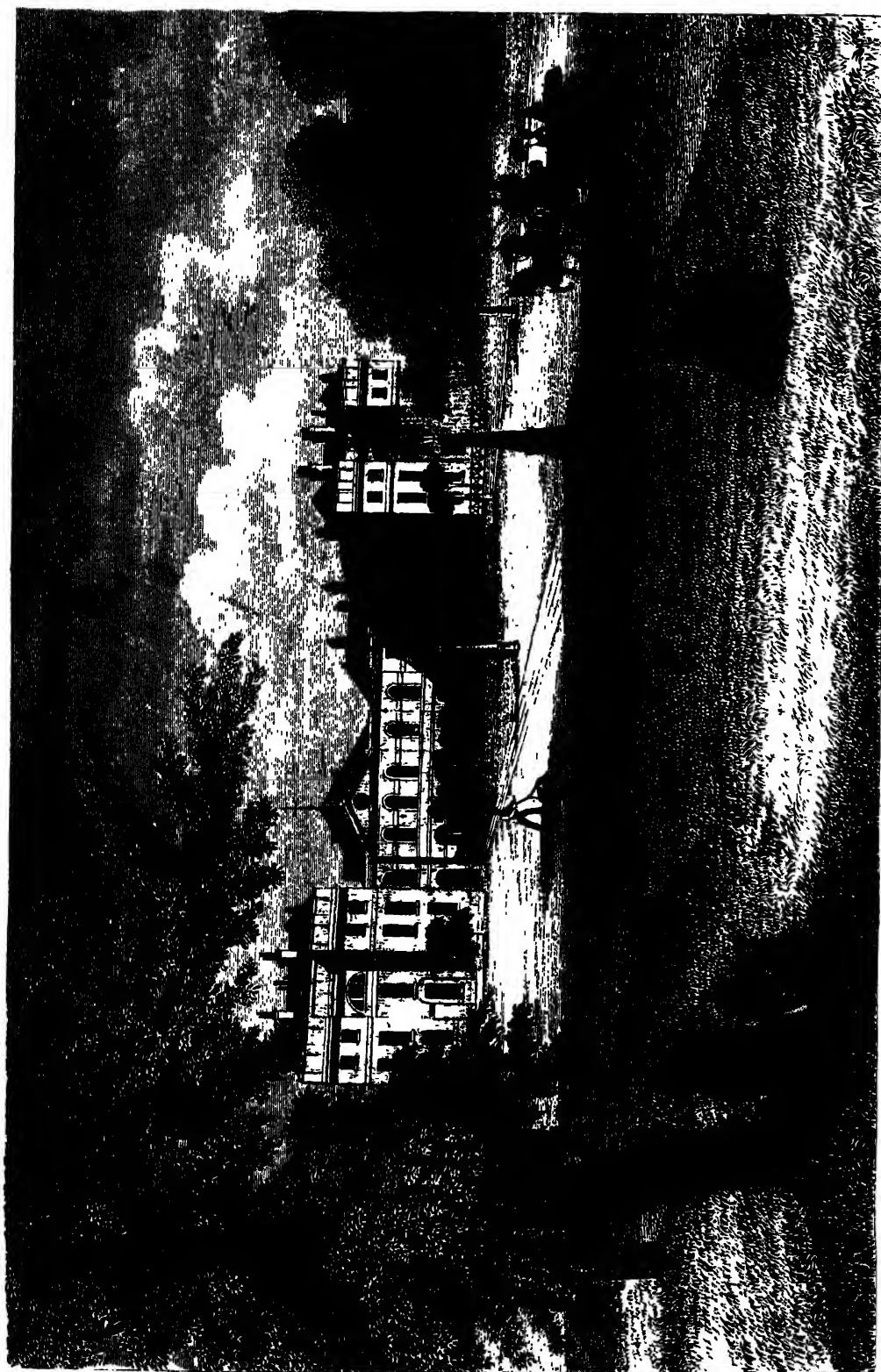
THE OLD "FOUNTAIN," IN THE MINORIES *From a View by N. Smith, 1798. (See page 256.)*

and used the usual caution-word of archers, "Fast," they could not be impeached or troubled by the relations of any passer-by slain at misadventure. It was in these fields the king's favourite archer, Barlow, christened by him "the Duke of Shoreditch," and the Marquis of Islington and the Earl of Pancras, his skilful companions, made their cleverest hits, and in Hoxton Fields took place that great procession of the Duke of Shoreditch and his 3,000 archers and 200 torch-bearers. In the reign of Henry VIII.,

getting their bows and arrows taken away or broken, a riot arose. One morning a turner, dressed as a jester, led a mob through the City shouting "Shovels and spades ! shovels and spades !" So many of the people followed, that it was a wonder to behold ; and within a short space all the hedges about the City were cast down and the ditches filled up. The rioters then quietly dispersed. "After which," Hall says, with gusto, "those fields were never hedged."

In the reign of Elizabeth archery seems to have





THE FOUNTAIN HOSPITAL



been on the decline, though good old Stow describes the citizens as still frequenting the northern fields, "to walk, shoot, and otherwise recreate and refresh their dulled spirits in the sweet and wholesome air," and mentions that of old it was the custom for the

Stow we gather that the increased enclosures had driven the archers into bowling-alleys and gambling-houses.

James I., in 1605, finding archery still on the decline, though many of his best soldiers preferred



THE OLD "QUEEN'S HEAD" TAVERN.

officers of the City—namely, the sheriffs, the porters of the Weigh House, and all others—to be challengers of all men in the suburbs to wrestle, "shoot the standard, broad arrow and flight," for games, at Clerkenwell and in Finsbury Fields. In 1570, however, we find the London bowyers, fletchers, stringers, and arrow-head makers petitioning the Lord Treasurer concerning their decayed condition, by reason of the discontinuance of archery, and the practice of unlawful games; and from

bows to guns, still issued letters patent to several distinguished persons, and among them to Sir Thomas Fowler, of Islington, to survey all the open grounds within two miles of the City, and to see that they were put in proper order for the exercise of the City, as in the reign of Henry VIII. Charles I. published a similar edict, ordering all mounds to be lowered that obstructed the archers' view from one mark to another. There were indeed at this time, or a little later, no less than 160 marks set up in

the Finsbury Fields, each duly registered by name. These marks, placed at varying distances, to accustom the archers to judge the distance, are all named in a curious old tract, entitled "Ayme for Finsbury Archers," published at the "Swan" in Grub Street, in 1594, and several times reprinted. Among them we find the following quaint titles, suggestive of old nicknames, lucky shots, and bowmen's jokes:—Sir Rowland, Lurching, Nelson, Martin's Mayflower, Dunstan's Darling, Beswick's Stake, Lambert's Goodwill, Lee's Leopard, Thief in the Hedge, Mildmay's Rose, Silkworm, Lee's Lion. Goodly shots, no doubt, these marks had recorded, and pleasant halts they had been for the Finsbury bowmen of old time.

The dainty archers of the present day can scarcely believe the strength of the old yew bows, or the length of the arrows, and are apt to be incredulous of the pith of their ancestors' shafts. Nevertheless, the statute of the thirty-third year of Henry VIII. distinctly lays down that men of the age of twenty-four were prohibited from shooting at any mark under two hundred and twenty yards; and the longest distance of that stalwart epoch seems to have been nineteen score, or three hundred and eighty yards.

During the Cromwell time archery seems to have been deemed unpractical, and was not much enforced. The old ways, however, revived with Charles II., and in 1682 there was a great cavalcade to the Finsbury Fields, at which the king himself was present, and the old titles of the Duke of Shore-ditch and Marquis of Islington were bestowed on the best shots. On a Finsbury archer's ticket for the shooting of 1676, all lovers of archery are invited to meet at Drapers' Hall, in Throgmorton Street; and it is noted that the eleven score targets would be set up in the new Artillery Ground. It was in this year that the great archer, "Sir" William Wood, was presented with a silver badge. This stout bowman was eventually buried in Clerkenwell Church, with archers' honours. Sir William Davenant, in his playful poem of "The Long Vacation in London," describes the attorneys shooting against the proctors, and thus sketches the citizen archer of those days—

"Each with solemn oath agree  
To meet in fields of Finsburie;  
With loynes in canvas bow-case tyde,  
Where arrows stick with mickle pride;  
With hats pin'd up, and bow in hand,  
All day most fiercely there they stand,  
Like ghosts of ADAM BELL and Clymme,  
Sol sets, for fear they'll shoot at him."

Up to the last edition of the Map of Archers' Marks in 1738, the fields from Peerless Pool to

northward of the "Rosemary Branch" are studded with "roving" marks, generally wooden pillars, crowned by some emblem, such as a bird or a circle. The last great meeting of Islington archers was in 1791, at Blackheath, when the archers' company of the Honourable Artillery Company contended with the Surrey and Kentish bowmen, the Hainault Foresters, the Woodmen of Arden, the Robin Hood Society, &c. Several times in the last century the Artillery Company asserted their old archer privileges, and replaced the marks which had been removed by encroachers. In 1782 they forced the gate of a large field in which stood one of their stone marks, close to Balls Pond; and in 1786 they ordered obstructions to be removed between Peerless Pool, *south*, Baume's Pond, *north*, Hoxton, *east*, and Islington, *west*. In the same year they threatened to pull down part of a wall erected by the proprietors of a white-lead mill, between the marks of *Bob Peak* and the *Levant*. One of the partners of the works, however, induced them to desist; but a member of the archers' division shot an arrow over the enclosure, to assert the Company's right. In 1791, when the long butts at Islington Common were destroyed by gravel-diggers, the Artillery Company also required the marks to be replaced. In 1842, of all the old open ground there only remained a few acres to the north of the City Road.

An old public-house fronting the fields at Hoxton, and called the "Robin Hood," was still existing in Nelson's time (1811). It had been a great place of resort for the Finsbury archers, and under the sign was the following inscription:—

"Ye archers bold and yeomen good,  
Stop and drink with Robin Hood;  
If Robin Hood is not at home,  
Stop and drink with Little John."

There is a traditional story that Topham, the strong man of Islington, was once challenged by some Finsbury archers whom he had ridiculed to draw an arrow two-thirds of its length. The bet was a bowl of punch; but Topham, though he drew the shaft towards his breast, instead of his ear, after many fruitless efforts, lost the wager.

The historical recollections of Islington are not numerous. One of the earliest is connected with the visit of Llewellyn and his Welsh barons, who in the reign of Edward I. came to London to pay homage to the king. They were quartered at Islington, but they disliked our wine, ale, and bread, and could not obtain milk enough. Moreover, their Welsh pride was disgusted at being so stared at by the Londoners, on account of their uncommon dress. "We will never visit Islington

again except as conquerors," they cried, and from that instant resolved to take up arms. In 1465, Henry VI., who had been captured in Lancashire, was brought to London with his legs bound to his horse's stirrups. At Islington he was met by his great enemy, the Earl of Warwick, who removed his gilt spurs contemptuously, and hurried him to the Tower. Edward IV., on the occasion of his accession to the throne, was welcomed between Islington and Shoreditch by the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London, some of whom he knighted. In the same manner the crafty King Henry VII., on his return from the overthrow of Lambert Simnel, was met in Hornsey Park by the mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, and principal commoners, all on horseback in one livery, when he dubbed the mayor, Sir William Horn, knight and between Islington and London knighted Alderman Sir John Percivall.

Henry VIII frequently visited Islington, to call on noblemen of his court, for Dudley, Earl of Warwick, held the manor of Stoke Newington; and Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland, occupied a mansion on Newington Green. From this house we find the earl writing in an alarmed way to Secretary Cromwell, vowing that he had never proposed marriage to Anne Boleyn. The earl, who died the year after, is supposed to have left the house in which he lived, and one on the south side of Newington Green, to the king, who resided for some time in the first, and employed the other for the use of his household. From this country palace of Henry VIII a pathway leading from the corner of Newington Green, to the turnpike road at Ball's Pond, became known as "King Harry's Walk." Game was plentiful about Islington, and by a proclamation dated 1546 the king prohibited all hunting and hawking of hares, partridges, pheasants, and heron, from "Westminster to St Giles-in-the-Fields, and from thence to Islington, to Our Lady of the Oak, to Highgate, to Hornsey Park, and to Hampstead Heath."

In 1557, during Queen Mary's hunting down of Protestants, a small congregation of Reformers, who had assembled at the "Saracen's Head," Islington, under pretext of attending a play, were betrayed by a treacherous tailor, arrested by the Queen's vice-chamberlain, and thrown into prison. The most eminent of these persecuted men was John Rough, who had been a preacher among the Black Friars at Stirling, chaplain to the Earl of Arran, and the means of persuading John Knox to enter the ministry. He was burnt at the stake at Smithfield, and four of the others perished praising God in one fire at Islington. But there is the old saying, "The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church."

Only the next year forty "godly and innocent persons," who had assembled in "a back close in the field by the town of Islington" to pray and meditate, were apprehended by the constables, bowmen, and bullmen. All but twenty-seven escaped, and of these twenty-two lay in Newgate seven weeks before they were examined, though offered pardon if they would consent to hear a mass. "Eventually," says Foxe, in his "Acts and Monuments," "seven were burnt in Smithfield and six at Brentford."

Queen Elizabeth seems to have been partial to Islington, paying frequent visits to Sir Thomas Fowler and to Sir John Spencer of Canonbury House. In 1561 she made a grand tour of the east of London which took several days. From the Tower she first visited Houndsditch and Spitalfields, thence went through the fields to Charterhouse, and in a few days continued her route back to the Savoy and thence to Enfield. On her return to St James' as she passed through Islington, hedges were cut down and ditches filled up to quicken her progress across the fields.

In 1581, the queen, riding by Aldersgate Bars towards the Islington Fields to take the air, was environed by a crowd of sturdy beggars, which gave the queen much disturbance. That same evening Fleetwood, the Recorder, had the fields scoured, and apprehended seventy-four rogues, some blind, "yet great usurers, and very rich." The strongest of the seventy-four "they bestowed in the milne and the lighters."

In the great entertainment given at Kenilworth by the Earl of Leicester to Queen Elizabeth in 1575, a minstrel discoursed with tiresome minuteness on the Islington dairies, that supplied London bridal parties with furmenty, not over-sodden, for porridge, unchalked milk for "flawnerly," unadulterated cream for custards, and pure fresh butter for pasties. The arms of Islington, it was proposed, should be three milk tankards proper on a field of clouted cream, three green cheeses upon a shelf of cake bread, a furmenty bowl, stuck with horn spoons, and, for supporters, a grey mare (used to carry the milk tankards) and her silly foal; the motto, "Lac caseus infans," or "Fresh cheese and cream," the milkwives cry in London streets.

The ill-starred Earl of Essex, on his way to Ireland, where he was to sweep away rebellion by a wave of his hand, passed through Islington with his gay and hopeful train of noblemen and gentlemen, returning only to become himself a rebel, and to end his days on the Tower Hill block.

In 1603, when James I., with all his hungry Scotch courtiers, rode into London, he was met at Stamford Hill by the Lord Mayor, aldermen,

and 500 of the principal citizens, who escorted him through the Islington Fields to the Charterhouse. He passed along the Upper Street, which was for a short time after known as King Street.

Charles I., on his return from Scotland in 1641, passed through Islington, accompanied by his queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York. In the following year the Committee of the London Militia gave orders to fortify the approaches to the City, and in 1643 the entrenchment began in earnest, the Trained Band citizens, and even their wives and children, toiling at the work. The trades volunteered by turns. One day there were 5,000 felt-makers and cappers, and nearly 3,000 porters; another day, 4,000 or 5,000 shoemakers; and a third day, 6,000 tailors. Several of the works were in the neighbourhood of Islington. There was a breastwork and battery at Mount Mill, in the Goswell Street Road, another at the end of St. John Street, a large fort, with four half bulwarks, at the New River Upper Pond, and a small redoubt near Islington Pound.

When the great plot to assassinate Cromwell was detected, in 1653, Vowell, an Islington schoolmaster, one of the plotters, was hung at Charing Cross. He died bravely, crying out for Church, King, and Restoration, and warning the soldiers of their dangerous principles. Colonel Okey, whom Cromwell compelled to sit as one of King Charles's judges, was in early life a drayman and stoker at an Islington brewery. He was seized in Holland, after the Restoration, and executed in 1662. A curious story is told of the famous Parliamentary general, Skippon, in connection with Islington. This tough old soldier was being brought from Naseby, where he had been desperately wounded. As his horse litter was passing through Islington, a mastiff sprang at one of the horses, and worried him, nor would he let go till a soldier ran him through with his sword. Skippon, however, on getting to London, had a piece of his waistcoat drawn from his bullet-wound, and soon recovered.

For many ages Islington, especially in summer, was a favourite resort for London citizens, who delighted to saunter there to drink creams and eat cakes, or to hunt the ducks of the suburban ponds with their water-dogs. As early as 1628, George Wither, the poet, in his "Britannia's Remembrances," describing holiday-making, says—

"Some by the banks of Thames their pleasure taking  
Some sillibubs among the milkmaids making,  
With music some upon the waters rowing,  
Some to the next adjoining hamlets going;  
And Hogsdone, Islington and Tothnam Court  
For cakes and cream had there no small resort."

Davenant describes very pleasantly in rough verse the setting out of a citizen's party for Islington :—

"Now damsel young, that dwells in Cheap,

For very joy, begins to leap;  
Her elbow small she oft doth rub,  
Tickled with hope of syllabub,  
For mother (who does gold maintaine  
On thumb, and keys in silver chaine),  
In snow-white clout, wrapt nook of pye,  
Fat capon's wing, and rabbit's thigh;  
And said to Hackney coachman, go,  
Take shillings six—say, I or no;  
Whither? (says he)—quothe she, thy teame  
Shall drive to place where groweth creame.

But husband grey, now comes to stall,  
For 'prentice notch'd he stait doth call.  
Where's dame? (quothe he)—quothe son of shop,  
She's gone her cake in milke to sop.  
Ho! ho!—to Islington—enough—  
Fetch Job my son, and our dog Ruffe;  
For there, in pond, through mine and muck,  
We'll cry, hay, duck—there Ruffe—hay, duck," &c.

In the *Merry Milkmaid of Islington*, 1681, the prices noted down are highly curious.

SCENE—*Lovechange, Sir Jeffery Jolt, Artichim (the Lady Jolt), and Tapster.*

*Love.* What is the reckoning?

*Tap.* Nine and elevenpence.

*Jeff.* How's that? Let's have the particulars. Mr. Lovechange shall know how he parts with his money.

*Tap.* Why, sir, cakes two shillings, ale as much; a quart of mortified claret eighteen pence, stewed prunes a shilling.

*Art.* That's too dear.

*Tap.* Truly, they cost a penny a pound of the one-handed costermonger, out of his wife's fish-basket. A quart of cream half-a-crown

*Art.* That's excessive.

*Tap.* Not if you consider how many carriers' eggs miscarried in the making of it, and the charge of using glass, and other ingredients, to make cream of the sour milk.

*Art.* All this does not amount to what you demand.

*Tap.* I can make more. Two threepenny papers of sugar a shilling; then you had bread, sir—

*Jeff.* Yes, and drink too, sir—my head takes notice of that.

*Tap.* 'Tis granted, sir—a pound of sausages, and forty other things, make it right. Our bar never errs.

The Ducking-ponds were on Islington Green, near White Conduit House in the Back Road, and in East Lane, the spot where the Reservoir of the New River Head afterwards stood. Thomas Jordan, in a coarse comedy called *The Walks of Islington and Hogsden, with the Humours of Wood Street Compter*, 1641, the scene of which is laid at the "Saracen's Head," Islington, and his Prologue speaks of the diet of the place, and the sort of persons who went there for amusement.

"Though the scene be Islington, we swear  
We will not blow ye up with bottle beer,

Cram ye with creams and fools which sweetly please  
Ladies of fortune and young 'prentices,  
Who (when the supervisors come to find 'um)  
Quake like the custard, which they leave behind 'um."

Browne, in his "New Academy," 1658, alludes to the "Cream and Cake Boys" who took their lasses to Islington or Hogsden to feast on white pots, puddings, pies, stewed prunes, and tansies.

The plague seems to have raged at Islington in the years 1577, 1578, and 1592. In 1665 593 persons died of the plague. The story of the first outbreak is told graphically in the "City Remembrancer." A citizen had broken out of his house in Aldersgate Street, and had applied in vain for admission at the "Angel" and the "White Horse," in Islington. At the "Pied Horse" he pretended to be entirely free from infection, and on his way to Lincolnshire, and that he only required lodgings for one night. They had but a garret bed empty, and that but for one night, expecting drovers with cattle next day. A servant showed him the room, which he gladly accepted. He was well dressed, and with a sigh said he had seldom lain in such a lodging, but would make a shift, as it was but for one night, and in a dreadful time. He sat down on the bed, desiring a pint of warm ale, which was forgot. Next morning one asked what had become of the gentleman. The maid, starting, said she had never thought more of him. "He bespoke warm ale, but I forgot it." A person going up, found him dead across the bed, in a most frightful posture. His clothes were pulled off, his jaw fallen, his eyes open, and the rug of the bed clasped hard in one hand. The alarm was great, the place having been free from the distemper, which spread immediately to the houses round about. Fourteen died of the plague that week in Islington.

Cromwell is said to have resided in a house (afterwards the "Crown" public house) on the north side of the road at Upper Holloway, but there is no proof of the fact. He probably, however, often visited Islington to call on his friend Sir Arthur Haselrigge, colonel of a regiment of cuirassiers, called the "Lobster" regiment, who had a house there. In May, 1664-5, Sir Arthur complained to Parliament that as he was riding from the House of Commons in the road leading from Perpoole Lane to Clerkenwell, returning to his house at Islington, the Earl of Stamford and his two servants had struck at him with a drawn sword and "other offensive instruments," upon which he was enjoined to keep the peace, and neither send nor receive any challenge.

In later times Islington still remained renowned

for its tea-gardens and places of rustic amusement, and in the *Spleen*, or *Islington Spa*, a comic piece, written by George Colman, and acted at Drury Lane in 1756, the author sketches pleasantly enough the bustle occasioned by a citizen's family preparing to start for their country house at Islington. The neats' tongues and cold chickens have to be packed up preparatory to the party starting in the coach and three from the end of Cheapside. It was here and at Highbury that Goldsmith spent many of his "shoemaker's holidays," and Bonnell Thornton has sketched in the *Connoisseur* the Sunday excursions of the citizens of his times, in which he had no doubt shared.

Bunbury, that clever but slovenly draftsman, produced, in 1772, a caricature of a London citizen in his country villa, and called it "The delights of Islington." Above it he has written the following series of five threats:—

"Whereas my new pagoda has been clandestinely carried off, and a new pair of dolphins taken from the top of my gazebo by some bloodthirsty villains, and whereas a great deal of timber has been cut down and carried away from the *Ol' Grove*, that was planted last spring, and *Pluto* and *Prosperpine* thrown into my basin, from henceforth steel traps and spring-guns will be constantly set for the better extirpation of such a nest of villains.

"By me,  
"JEREMIAH SAGO."

On a garden notice-board, in another print after Bunbury, of the same date, is this inscription:—

"THE NEW PARADISE.

"No gentlemen or ladies to be admitted with nails in their shoes."

Danger lent a certain dignity to these excursions. In 1739 the roads and footpaths of Islington seem to have been infested by highwaymen and footpads, the hornets and mosquitoes of those days. In the year above mentioned, the Islington Vestry agreed to pay a reward of £10 to any person who apprehended a robber. It was customary at this time for persons walking from the City to Islington after dark to wait at the end of St. John Street till a sufficient number had collected, and then to be escorted by an armed patrol. Even in 1742 the *London Magazine* observed that scarcely a night passed without some one being robbed between the "Turk's Head," near Wood's Close, Islington, and the road leading to Goswell Street. In 1772 the inhabitants of Islington subscribed a sum of money for rewarding persons apprehending robbers, as many dwellings had been broken open, and the Islington stage was frequently stopped. In 1780, in consequence of riots and depredations, the inhabitants furnished themselves with arms and equipments, and formed a military society for



general protection. In spite of this, robberies and murders in the by-roads, constantly took place. In 1782 Mr. Herd, a clerk in the Custom House, was murdered in the fields near the "Shepherd and Shepherdess." Mr. Herd, a friend of Woodfall, the publisher of "Junius," was returning from town

One of the celebrities of old Islington was Alexander Aubert, Esq., who first organised the corps of Loyal Islington Volunteers. In 1797 the loyal inhabitants of Islington formed themselves into a corps, to defend the country against its revolutionary enemies. It consisted of



SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HOUSE

with a friend and two servants well armed, when he was attacked by footpads armed with cutlasses and firearms, one of whom (who was afterwards hanged) shot him with a blunderbuss as he was resisting. In 1797 Mr. Fryer, an attorney of Southampton Buildings, was attacked by three footpads and shot through the head. Two men were hung for this murder, but a third man afterwards confessed on the gallows that he was the murderer.

a regiment of infantry and one of cavalry. Mr. Aubert became lieutenant-colonel commandant of the corps. The uniform consisted of a blue jacket with white facings, scarlet cuffs, collar, and epaulets, and trimmed with silver lace; white kerseymere pantaloons, short gaiters, helmets, and cross-belts. The corps was broken up in 1801, when a superb silver vase, valued at 300 guineas, was presented to Mr. Aubert. This





ISLINGTON IN 1848

gentleman, who was an eminent amateur astronomer, assisted Smeaton in the construction of Ramsgate Harbour. He died in 1805, from a cold caught when inspecting a glass house in Wales. A portrait of him, in uniform, holding his charger, by Mather Brown, used to be hung in the first floor parlour of the "Angel and Crown" at Islington.

In 1803, the old fears of French invasion again filling the minds of citizens, a volunteer corps of infantry was organised at Islington. It consisted of about 300 members. They wore as uniform a scarlet jacket turned up with black, light-blue pantaloons, short gaiters, and beaver caps. This second Islington Volunteer Corps broke up in 1806 from want of funds. The adjutant, Mr. Dickson, joined the 82nd Regiment, and was killed near Roeskilde, in the island of Zealand, in 1807.

Nelson, writing in 1811, explains the great disproportion that there appeared in the Islington parish registers between the burials and baptisms, from the fact of the great number of invalids who resorted to a district then often called "The London Hospital." Dr. Hunter used to relate a story of a lady, who, in an advanced age, and declining state of health, went, by the advice of her physician, to take lodgings in Islington. She agreed for a suite of rooms, and, coming down stairs, observed that the banisters were much out of repair. "These," she said, "must be mended before she could think of coming to live there." "Madam," replied the landlady, "that will answer no purpose, as the undertaker's men, in bringing down the coffins, are continually breaking the banisters." The old lady was so shocked at this funereal intelligence, that she immediately declined occupying the apartments.

The most interesting hostelry in old Islington was the old "Queen's Head," at the corner of Queen's Head Lane. It was pulled down, to the regret of all antiquaries, in 1829.

"It was," says Lewis, "a strong wood and plaister building of three lofty storeys, projecting over each other in front, and forming bay windows, supported by brackets and carved figures. The centre, which projected several feet beyond the other part of the building, and formed a commodious porch, to which there was a descent of several steps, was supported in front by caryatides of carved oak, standing on either side of the entrance, and crowned with Ionic scrolls. The house is said to have been once entered by an ascent of several steps, but, at the time it was pulled down, the floor of its front parlour was four feet below the level of the highway; and this alteration is easily accounted for, when the antiquity of the

building, the vast accumulation of matter upon the road, in the course of many centuries, and the fact of an arch having been thrown over the New River, in front of the house, are considered."

"The interior of the house was constructed in a similar manner to that of most of the old buildings in the parish, having oak-panelled wainscots and stuccoed ceilings. The principal room was the parlour already alluded to, the ceiling of which was ornamented with dolphins, cherubs, acorns, &c., surrounded by a wreathed border of fruit and foliage, and had, near the centre, a medallion, of a character apparently Roman, crowned with bays, and a small shield containing the initials 'I. M.' surrounded by cherubim and glory. The chimney-piece was supported by two figures carved in stone, hung with festoons, &c., and the stone slab, immediately over the fireplace, exhibited the stories of Danaë and Actæon in relief, with mutilated figures of Venus, Bacchus, and Plenty."

Tradition had long connected this house with the name of Sir Walter Raleigh, though with no sufficient reason. In the thirtieth year of Elizabeth, Sir Walter obtained a patent "to make licences for keeping of taverns and retailing of wines throughout England." This house may be one of those to which Raleigh granted licences, and the sign then marked the reign in which it was granted. There is also a tradition that Lord Treasurer Burleigh once resided here, and a topographical writer mentions the fact that two lions carved in wood, the supporters of the Cecil arms, formerly stood in an adjoining yard, and appeared to have once belonged to the old "Queen's Head." Another story is that Queen Elizabeth's saddler resided here; while others assert that it was the summer residence of the Earl of Essex, and the resort of Elizabeth. Early in the last century, this occasional house belonged to a family named Roome, one of whom left the estate to Lady Edwards. The oak parlour of the old building was preserved in the new one. In a house adjoining the "Queen's Head" resided John Rivington, the well-known bookseller, who died in 1792.

Behind Frederick Place we reach the site of the old "Pied Bull" Inn, pulled down about forty-five years ago, which was originally either the property or the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. In the parlour window, looking into the garden, was some curious stained glass, containing the arms of Sir John Miller, Knight, of Islington and Devon. These arms bear date eight years after Sir Walter was beheaded, and were, it is supposed, substituted by Miller when he came to reside here. The sea-horses, parrots in the window, and the leaves, sup-

posed to represent tobacco, seem to have been chosen as emblems of his career by Raleigh himself.

"The arms in the parlour window," says Nelson, "are enclosed within an ornamental border, consisting of two mermaids, each crested with a globe, as many sea-horses supporting a bunch of green leaves over the shield, and the lower part contains a green and a grey parrot, the former eating fruit. Adjoining to this is another compartment in the window, representing a green parrot perched on a wreath, under a pediment, within a border of figures and flowers, but which does not seem to have been intended for any armorial ensign.

"The chimney-piece of this room contains the figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, with their usual insignia, in niches, surrounded by a border of cherubim, fruit, and foliage. The centre figure, Charity, is surmounted by two Cupids supporting a crown, and beneath is a lion and unicorn couchant. This conceit was probably designed by the artist in compliment to the reigning princess, Queen Elizabeth. The ceiling displays a personification of the Five Senses in stucco, with Latin mottoes underneath, as follows—A: oval in the centre contains a female figure holding a serpent, which is twining round her right arm, and biting the hand; her left hand holds a stick, the point of which rests on the back of a toad at her feet. The motto to this is 'Tactus.' Around the above, in smaller ovals, are, a female bearing fruit under her left arm, of which she is eating, as is also an ape seated at her feet, with the word 'Gustus.' Another

figure holding a vizard. At its feet a cat and a hawk, with the motto, 'Visus.' A figure playing on the lute, with a stag listening, and the motto, 'Auditus.' The last figure is standing in a garden, and holding a bouquet of flowers. At her feet is a dog, and the motto, 'Olfactus.'"

That corner stone of Islington, the "Angel," has been now an established inn for considerably more than 200 years. In old days, it was a great halting-place for travellers in the first night out of London. "The ancient house," says Lewis, "which was pulled down in 1819 to make way for the present one, presented the usual features of a large old country inn, having a long front with an overhanging tiled roof, and two rows of windows, twelve in each row, independently of those on the basement storey. The principal entrance was beneath a projection, which extended along a portion of the front, and had a wooden gallery at the top. The inn-yard, approached by a gateway in the centre, was nearly a quadrangle, having double galleries, supported by plain columns and carved pilasters, with caryatides and other figures."

There is a tradition that the whole of the ground from the corner of the Back Road to the "Angel" was forfeited by the parish of Islington, and united to that of Clerkenwell, in consequence of the refusal of the Islingtonians to bury a pauper who was found dead at the corner of the Back Road. The corpse being taken to Clerkenwell, the district above described was claimed, and retained by that parish.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### ISLINGTON (*continued*).

The old Parish Church of Islington—Scaffolding superseded—A sadly interesting Grave—Fisher House—George Morland, the Artist—A great Islington Family—Celebrities of Cross Street—John Quick, the Comedian—The Abduction of a Child—Laycock's Dairy Farm—Alexander Cruden the Author of the Concordance—William Hawes the Founder of the Royal Humane Society—Charles Lamb at Islington—William Woodfall and Colley Cibber—Baron D'Aguiar, the Miser—St Peter's Church, Islington—Irrvingites at Islington—The New River and Sir Hugh Myddelton—The Opening Ceremony—Collins, the Poet—The "Crown" Inn—Hunsden House—Islington Celebrities—Mrs Barbauld—The Duke's Head—Topham, the "Strong Man."

THE old parish church of Islington, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, was a strange rambling structure, entered through a gable-ended school-room which blocked up the west end. It had an old flint tower, with six bells, a clock, and a sun dial. The date of the building was not much earlier than 1483. In 1751, the church becoming ruinous, it was pulled down and rebuilt by Mr. Steemson, under the direction of Mr. Dowbiggin, one of the unsuccessful competitors for the erection of Blackfriars Bridge. It cost £7,340. In 1787 the church was repaired and the tower strengthened.

"Thomas Birch, a basket-maker," says Nelson,

"undertook, for the sum of £20, to erect a scaffold, of wicker-work round the spire, and which he formed entirely of willow, hazel, and other sticks. It had a flight of stairs within, ascending in a spiral line from the octagonal balustrade to the vane, by which the ascent was as easy and safe as the stairs of a dwelling-house. This ingenious contrivance entirely superseded the use of a scaffold, which would have been more expensive, and is frequently attended with danger in works of this kind. The spire on this occasion presented a very curious appearance, being entirely enveloped, as it were, in a huge basket, within which the workmen were

performing the necessary repairs in perfect safety. The late Alderman Staines is said to have been the first person who contrived this kind of scaffolding, in some repairs done to the spire of St. Bride's Church, London, which was damaged by lightning in the year 1764, after having his scaffold-poles, &c., which had been erected in the usual way, carried away by a violent storm."

In Islington Church were buried, in 1609, Sir George Wharton, son of Lord Wharton, and James Steward, son of Lord Blantyre, and godson of James I. These young gallants quarrelled at the gaming-table, and fought at Islington with sword and dagger, and in their shirts, for fear of either wearing concealed armour. They both fell dead on the field, and, by the king's desire, were buried in one grave. In the church vault are two iron coffins, and one of cedar, the last containing the body of Justice Palmer, train-bearer to Onslow, the Speaker. The object of the cedar was to resist the attack of the worms, and the cover was shaped like the gable roof of a house to prevent any other coffin being put upon it. Here, also, is buried a great-grandson of the eminent navigator, Magelhaens, and Osborne, the Gray's Inn bookseller, whom Dr. Johnson knocked down with a folio. Osborne gave £13,000 for the Earl of Oxford's library, the binding of which alone had cost £18,000. In 1808 the body of a young woman named Thomas was disinterred here, there being a suspicion that she had been murdered, as a large wire was formerly thrust through her heart. It was, however, found that this had been done by the doctor, at her dying request, to prevent the possibility of her being buried alive.

One of the celebrated buildings of Islington was Fisher House, in the Lower Street, and nearly opposite the east end of Cross Street. It was probably built about the beginning of the seventeenth century. In the interior the arms of Fowler and Fisher were to be seen. Ezekiel Tongue, an old writer against the Papists, is supposed to have kept a school here about 1660 for teaching young ladies Greek and Latin. It was afterwards a lodging-house, and then a lunatic asylum. Here Brothers, the prophet, was confined, till Lord Chancellor Erskine liberated him in 1806.

At the south end of Frog Lane was formerly a public-house called "Frog Hall;" the sign, a plough drawn by frogs. At the "Barley Mow" public-house, in Frog Lane, George Morland, the painter, resided for several months, about the year 1800. Morland would frequently apply to a farm-house opposite for harness, to sketch, and if he saw a suitable rustic for a model pass by, would induce him

to sit, by the offer of money and beer. Here he drank and painted alternately. Close by, at No. 8, Popham Terrace, resided that useful old writer, John Thomas Smith (he was a pupil of Nollekens), "Rainy Day Smith," to whose works on London we have been much indebted. He became Keeper of the Print-Room of the British Museum, and died in 1833.

Opposite Rufford's Buildings there stood, till 1812, an old Elizabethan house of wood and plaster, with curious ceilings, and a granite mantelpiece representing the Garden of Eden and the Tree of Knowledge. The new house became Shield's school, where Dr. Hawes and John Nicholls, the antiquary, were educated. In a house which formerly stood in the Upper Street, opposite Cross Street, resided Dr. William Pitcairn, elected physician, in 1750, to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He commenced a botanical garden of five acres behind the house, but it does not now exist.

One of the celebrated houses of old Islington was No. 41, Cross Street, and formerly the mansion of the Fowler family, lords of the manor of Barnesbury. The Fowlers were great people in their swords and ruffs, in the days of Elizabeth and James; and Sir Thomas Fowler appears to have been one of the jurors upon the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, at Winchester, in 1603. The house is wood and plaster, with a modern brick front. It appears to be of the age of Elizabeth.

"The ceiling of a back room on the first floor," says Lewis, "is decorated with the arms of England in the reign of that princess, with her initials, and the date (1595) in stucco; also the initials of Thomas and Jane Fowler, <sup>F.</sup> T. with *fleur de lis*, medallions, &c., in the same style as the ceilings at Canonbury House. The rooms are wainscoted with oak in panels, and till the year 1788, when they were removed, the windows contained some arms in stained glass, among which were those of Fowler, with the date (1588), and those of Herne, or Heron. In pulling down some old houses for the formation of Halton Street, at the east end of this house, some remains of the ancient stabling and offices were taken away. In these stables a fire broke out on the 17th February, 1655, but it does not appear to have done any injury to the dwelling-house.

"At the extremity of the garden which belonged to the mansion is a small building, originally about fifteen feet square, and presenting an exterior of brick, absurdly called Queen Elizabeth's Lodge. It appears to have afforded access to the house through the grounds, and was probably built as a summer-house or porter's lodge, at the entrance of

the garden, about the time the mansion-house was erected. The arms of Fowler, bearing an esquire's helmet, are cut in stone on the west side of the building, near the top, which proves that the time of its erection was before the honour of knighthood had been conferred upon its owner."

The name attached to the lodge may have arisen from some visit paid by Elizabeth to Sir Thomas Fowler or Sir John Spencer.

A house near the old charity school at the top of Cross Street was partly demolished by the London rioters in 1780, when it was occupied by the obnoxious Justice Hyde, who had ordered out the troops, and whose goods the true Protestants with the blue cockade burnt in the street.

In Cross Street, in 1817, died Mrs. Hester Milner, the youngest of ten daughters of the Dr. John Milner in whose school Dr. John Hawkesworth and Oliver Goldsmith were assistants. At the "Old Parr's Head," at the corner of Cross Street, John Henderson, the best Falstaff ever known on the stage, made his first appearance in public, by reciting Garrick's ode to Shakespeare, with close imitations of the actor's manner. He appeared as Hamlet at the Bath Theatre in 1772.

John Quick, a celebrated comedian, resided at Hornsey Row. He was the son of a Whitechapel brewer, and was the original Tony Lumpkin, Bob Acres, and Isaac Mendosa; he was one of the last of the Garrick school, and was a great favourite of George III. He retired in 1798, after thirty-six years on the boards, with £10,000, and died in 1831, aged eighty-three, another proof of the longevity of successful actors. Up to the last of his life Quick frequented a club at the "King's Head," opposite the old church, and officiated as president. Mrs. Davenport was Quick's daughter.

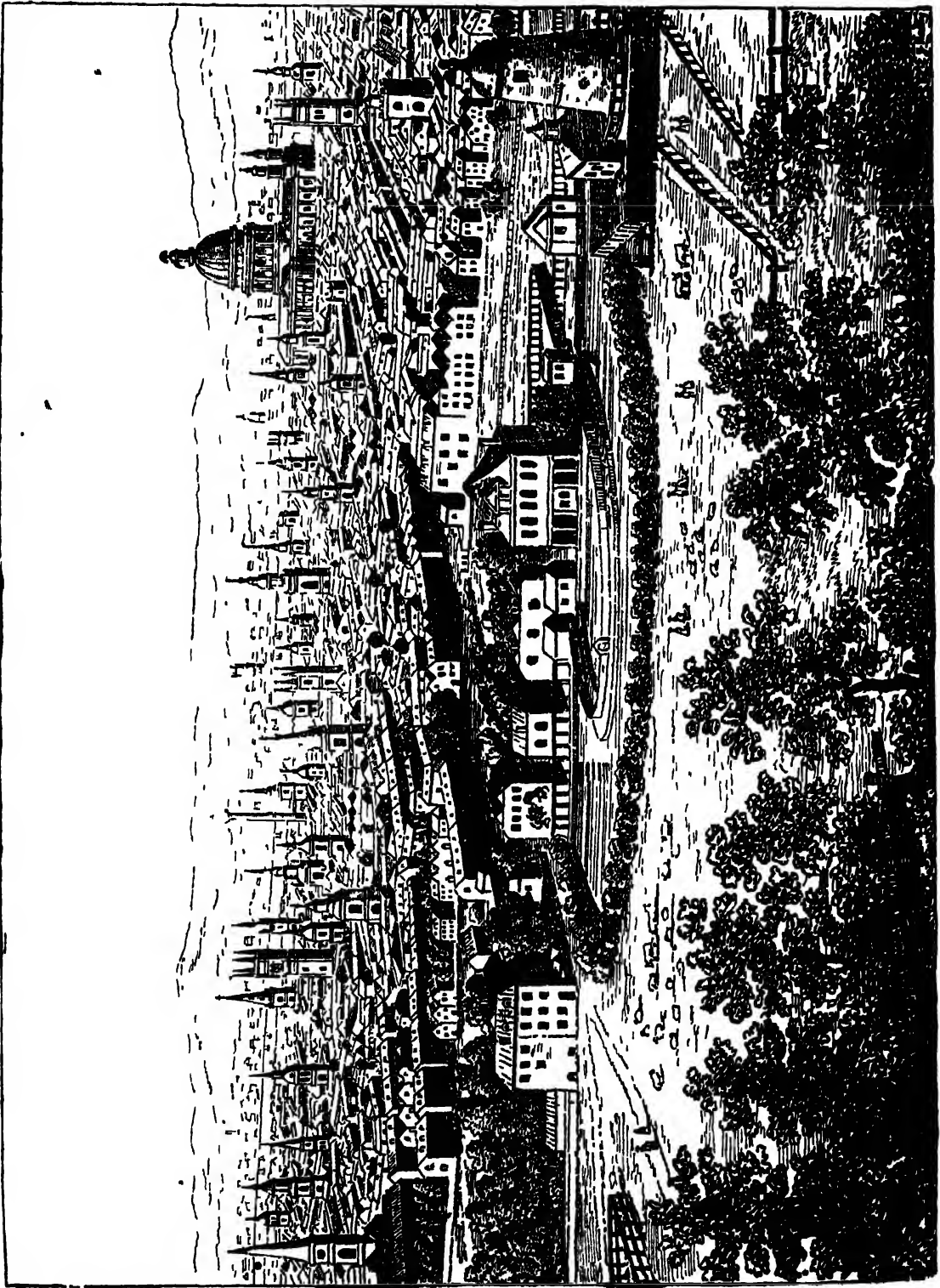
In the year 1818 great interest was excited by the abduction of the child of a shipbroker, named Horsley, who resided at 3, Canonbury Lane. It had been stolen by a man named Rennett, who had conceived a hatred for the boy's grandfather, Charles Dignum, the singer, and also for the sake of the reward. The man was tracked, taken, and eventually transported for seven years.

Laycock's dairy farm faced Union Chapel, built by Mr. Leroux, at the beginning of the century. Laycock, an enterprising man, who died in 1834, erected sheds for cattle on their way to Smithfield. Laycock and a Mr. Rhodes had gradually absorbed the smaller grass farms (once the great feature of Islington), and which were common seventy or eighty years ago, says Mr. Lewis, writing in 1842. The stocks varied from twenty to a hundred cows. "One of these was on the site of Elliot's Place,

Lower Street; another where Bray's Buildings now stand, and others in the Upper Street, and at Holloway."

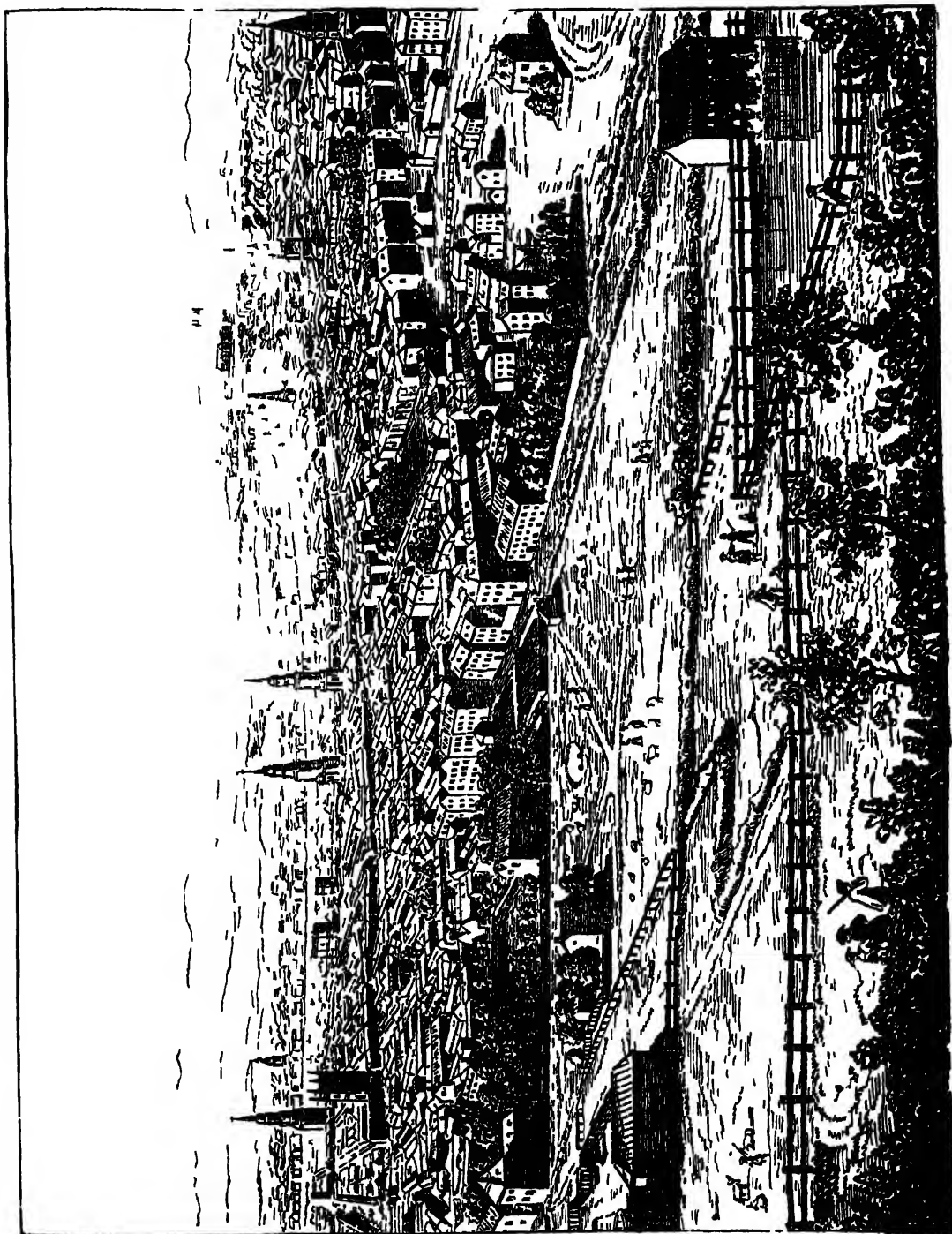
At a house in Camden Passage, near the west end of Camden Street, and also in the Upper Street and at Paradise Row, lived that extraordinary man, Alexander Cruden, the compiler of the laborious Concordance to the Bible. Cruden, the son of an Aberdeen merchant, was born in 1701. After being a private tutor and a corrector of the press, he opened a bookseller's shop under the Royal Exchange, London, and there wrote his Concordance. His mind becoming disordered at the bad reception of the Concordance, he was sent to an asylum at Bethnal Green, the practices at which he afterwards attacked, bringing an unsuccessful action against the celebrated Dr. Munro. In 1754, on his release, he applied for the honour of knighthood, put himself in nomination for the City of London, and assumed the title of "Alexander the Corrector," believing himself divinely inspired to reform a corrupt age. One of his harmless eccentricities was going about with a sponge, erasing the number forty-five from the walls, to show his aversion for John Wilkes, against whom he published a pamphlet. Eventually he became corrector for the press on Mr. Woodfall's paper, the *Public Advertiser*, and devoted his spare time to teaching the felons in Newgate, and other works of charity. He dedicated the second edition of his Concordance to George III., and presented him a copy in person. He died in 1770, being found dead on his knees, in the attitude of prayer. He was buried in a Dissenting burial-ground, in Deadman's Place, Southwark.

That excellent man, Dr. William Hawes, the founder of the Royal Humane Society, was born in 1736, in "Job's House," or the "Old Thatched House" Tavern, in Cross Street, and was the son of the landlord. In 1773 he began to call attention to the means of resuscitating persons apparently drowned, a subject which the *Gentleman's Magazine* had been urging for thirty years. At first he encountered much ridicule and opposition, but, in 1774, Dr. Hawes and Dr. Cogan brought each fifteen friends to a meeting at the "Chapter" Coffee House, and the Humane Society was at once formed, and the "Thatched House" Tavern became one of the first houses of reception. This same year Dr. Hawes wrote a pamphlet on the death of Goldsmith, to show the dangers of violent medicine. In 1793 this good man was the chief means of saving 1,200 families of Spitalfields weavers from starvation, at a time when cotton had begun to supersede silk. Dr. Hawes died in



LONDON FROM ISLINGTON (CITY AND EAST END) (From a View by Canaletti, published in 1753.)





LONDON FROM CLERKENWELL. (WEST END). From a View by Comaetto, published in 1753. (See page 287.)

1808, and was buried in the cemetery attached to the churchyard at Islington.

Colebrooke Row was built in 1768. Six acres at the back formed at first a nursery and then a brick-field. Here that delightful humourist, Charles Lamb, resided, with his sister, from about 1823 to 1826, immediately after his retirement from the India House.

Lamb describes his place of abode at Islington, in a letter to Bernard Barton, dated September 2, 1823:—"When you come Londonward, you will find me no longer in Covent Garden, I have a cottage in Colebrooke Row, Islington—a cottage, for it is detached—a white house, with six good rooms in it. The New River (rather elderly by this time) runs (if a moderate walking pace can be so termed) close to the foot of the house, and behind is a spacious garden, with vines (I assure you), pears, strawberries, pasciaps, leeks, carrots, cabbages, to delight the heart of old Alcinous. You enter without passage into a cheerful dining-room, all studded over and rough with old books, and above is a lightsome drawing-room, three windows, full of choice prints. I feel like a great lord, never having had a house before." And again, in the November following, in a letter to Robert Southey, he informs the bard, who had promised him a call, that he is "at Colebrooke Cottage, left hand coming from Saddler's Wells." It was here that that amiable bookworm, George Dyer, editor of the *Delphin* classics, walked quietly into the New River from Charles Lamb's door, but was soon recovered, thanks to the kind care of Miss Lamb.

A small house at the back of Colebrooke Row was the residence of that great Parliamentary reporter, William Woodfall, the friend of Garrick, Goldsmith, and Savage. In lodgings at a house near the "Castle Tavern" and Tea Gardens, old Colley Cibber, the best fop that ever appeared on the stage, died in 1757, aged eighty-six. As one of Pope's most recalcitrant butts, as the author of the *Careless Husband*, and as poet laureate, Cibber occupied a prominent place among the lesser lights of the long Georgian era. Cibber's reprobate daughter, Charlotte Charke, among other eccentricities in her reckless life, kept a public-house at Islington, where she died in 1760.

At the close of the last century the Baron D'Aguilar, a half-crazed miser, lived in Camden Street, and kept a small farm on the west bank of the New River, near the north end of Colebrooke Row. He beat his wife and starved his cattle, which were occasionally in the habit of devouring each other. He died in 1802, leaving jewels worth £30,000. The total bulk of his property is sup-

posed to have been worth upwards of £200,000, which he left to two daughters, one of whom he cursed on his dying bed.

St. Peter's Church, Islington, consecrated in 1835, was erected at an expense of £3,407. The Irvingite church, in Duncan Road, was erected in 1834, the year of Irving's death. After his expulsion from the Presbytery, Irving frequently preached in Britannia Fields, Islington, till his admirers rented for him West's Picture Gallery, in Newman Street.

And here we may, as well as anywhere else, sketch the history of the New River, which passes along Colebrooke Row, but was some years ago covered over. In the reign of Elizabeth, the London conduits being found quite inadequate to the demands of the growing City, the Queen granted the citizens leave to convey a stream to London from any part of Middlesex or Hertfordshire. Nothing, however, was done, nor was even a second Act, passed by King James, ever carried into effect. What all London could not do, a single public-spirited man accomplished. In 1609, Mr Hugh Myddelton, a Welsh goldsmith, who had enriched himself by mines in Cardiganshire, persuaded the Common Council to transfer to him the power granted them by the above mentioned Acts, and offered, in four years, at his own risk and charge, to bring the Chadwell and Amwell springs from Hertfordshire to London, by a route more than thirty-eight miles long. Endless vexations, however, befell the enterprising man. The greedy landholders of Middlesex and Herts did all they could to thwart him. Eventually he had to petition the City for an extension of the time for the fulfilment of his contract to nine years, and at last, when the water had been brought as far as Enfield, Myddelton was so completely drained that he had to apply to the City for aid. On their ungenerous refusal, he resorted to the King, who, tempted by a moiety of the concern, paid half the expenses. The scheme then progressed fast, and on the 29th of September, 1613, the water was at last let into the New River Head, at Clerkenwell. Hugh Myddelton's brother (the Lord Mayor of London) and many aldermen and gentlemen were present at the ceremony, which repaid the worthy goldsmith for his years of patient toil.

Stow gives us an account of the way in which the ceremony was performed. "A troop of labourers," he says, "to the number of sixty or more, well apparelled, and wearing green *Monmouth caps*, all alike, carried spades, shovels, pickaxes, and such like instruments of laborious employment marching after drums, twice or thrice about the cisterne, presented themselves before the mount, where the

Lord Maior, aldermen, and a worthy company beside, stood to behold them; and one man in behalf of all the rest, delivered this speech:—

' Long have we labour'd, long desir'd, and pray d  
For this great work's perfection, and by th' aid  
Of Heaven and good men's wishes, tis at length  
Happily conquered, by cost, art, and strength.  
And after five yeeres deare expence, in dayes,  
Travaile, and paines, beside the infinite wayes  
Of malice, envy, false suggestions,  
Able to daunt the spirits of mighty ones  
In wealth and courage This, a work so rare,  
Onely by one man's industry, cost, and care,  
Is brought to blest effect, so much withstood,  
His onely ayme, the Citie's generall good  
And where (before) many unjust complaints,  
Enviously seated, caused oft restraints,  
Stops and great crosses, to our master's churge  
And the work's hindrance, Favour, now at last,  
Spreads herself open to him, and commend's  
To admiration, both his paines and end,  
(The King's most gracious love).

Now for the fruits then, flow forth precious spring  
So long and dearly sought for, and now bring  
Comfort to all that love thee, loudly sing,  
And with thy chrystal maine, strook together,  
Bid all thy true *well-wishers* welcome hither.'

At which words the flood-gates flew open, the streame ran gallantly into the cisterne, drummes and trumpets sounding in triumphall manner, and a brave peale of chambers gave full issue to the intended entertainment."

It was a considerable time before the New River water came into full use, and for the first nineteen years the annual profit scarcely amounted to twelve shillings a share. The following figures will give the best idea of the improvement of value in this property.—1634 (the second), £3 4s. 2d.; 1680, £145 1s. 8d.; 1720, £214 15s. 7d.; and 1794, £431 8s. 8d. The shares in 1811 were considered worth £11,500, and an adventurer's share has been sold for as much as £17,000. The undertaking cost the first projectors half a million sterling. There were originally seventy-two shares, and thirty-six of these were vested in the projector, whose descendants, however, became impoverished, and were obliged to part with the property. The mother of the last Sir Hugh indeed received a pension of twenty pounds per annum from the Goldsmiths' Company.

Sir Hugh died in 1631 a prosperous man, though there is an old Islington tradition that he became pensioner in a Shropshire village, applied in vain for relief to the City, and died in obscurity.

The last Sir Hugh was a poor drunken fellow who strived hard to die young, and boarded with an Essex farmer. Even as late as 1828 a female

descendant of the Welsh goldsmith obtained a small annuity from the Corporation.

The New River is mentioned by Nelson in 1811 as having between 200 and 300 bridges over it, and upwards of forty sluices. Lewis, writing in 1842, speaks of it as having in his day "one hundred and fifty-four bridges over it, and four large sluices in its course, and in various parts, both over and under its stream, numerous currents of land-waters, and brooks, and rivulets." It was formerly conducted over the valley near High-bury, in a huge wooden trough 462 feet long, supported by brick piers, and called the Boarded River. This was, however, removed in 1776.

Dr. Johnson describes going to Islington to see poor Collins, the poet, when his mind was beginning to fail. It was after Collins had returned from France, and had come to Islington, directing his sister to meet him there. "There was then," says the Doctor, "nothing of disorder discernible in his mind by any but himself; but he had withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to the school." When his friend took it in his hand, out of curiosity, to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, "I have but one book," said Collins, "but that is the best."

On the east side of the Lower Street was formerly a very old public-house called "The Crown." "It contained," says Lewis, "several fragments of antiquity, in the form of carved work, stained glass, &c., and had been probably once the residence of some opulent merchant or person of distinction. In the window of a room on the ground-floor were the arms of England, the City of London, the Mercers' Company, and another coat; also the red and white roses united, with other ornaments, indicative of its having been erected about the time of Henry VII. or Henry VIII. Many years previous to the pulling down of the building, it had been converted into a public-house, the common fate of most of the old respectable dwellings in this parish, and was latterly kept by a person named Pressey, who frequently accommodated strolling players with a large room in the house for the exhibition of dramatic performances."

Between Lower Chapel Street and Paradise Place stood an old mansion generally known as Hunsdon House, which was pulled down in 1800. It was supposed to have been the residence of Queen Elizabeth's favourite cousin, Henry Carey, created by her Lord Hunsdon. The front, abutting on Lower Street, was inscribed King John's Place, as that king was said to have had a hunting-lodge there. Sir Thomas Lovell rebuilt the house. It was

supposed, from the armorial bearings in one of the stained glass windows, that this chosen residence had been at one time the abode of the great Earl of Leicester, the most favoured of all Elizabeth's suitors. It afterwards became the property of Sir Robert Duncanson, Bart., the banker of Charles I. The memorable mansion was celebrated for its rich windows, illustrating the subjects of the Faithful Steward and the Prodigal Son, and crowded besides with prophets and saints. There was also a magnificent chimney-piece, containing the arms of the City of London, with those of Lovell quartering Muswell or Mosell, the arms of St John's Priory, always potent in this neighbourhood, besides those of Gardeners of London, grocer, and the Company of Merchant Adventurers.

Among the celebrities of Islington we may notice the following, in addition to those already given:—Sir Henry Yelverton, a judge of Common Pleas in the reign of Charles I, who was baptised at St. Mary's. He got entangled in opposition to the imperious Duke of Buckingham, and paid for it by an imprisonment in the Tower and a heavy fine.

Robert Brown, the founder of the sect of Brownists, was a lecturer at Islington. After flying to Holland, and being excommunicated on his return to England by a bishop, he went back to the Establishment about 1590, and accepted a living in Northamptonshire, where he lived a somewhat discreditable life. For striking a constable who had demanded a rate from him Brown was sent to Northampton gaol, where he boasted that he had been in thirty-two prisons. He died in 1630, aged eighty-one.

Defoe was educated at a Nonconformist seminary at Islington, and four years there was all the education the clever son of a butcher in St Giles's seems ever to have had. Edmund Halley, the celebrated astronomer royal, fitted up an observatory at Islington; and resided there from 1682 till 1696. It was Halley who urged Newton to write the "Principia," and superintended its publication. He is accused of gross unfairness to his two great contemporaries, Leibnitz and Flamsteed, breaking open a sealed catalogue of fixed stars drawn up by the latter, and printing them with his own name.

Halley's greatest work was the first prediction of the return of a comet, and a discovery of inequalities in the motion of Jupiter and Saturn, which confirmed Newton's great discovery of the law of gravitation.

Mrs Foster, the granddaughter of Milton, kept a chandler's shop at Lower Holloway for some years, and died at Islington in 1754. In her the family of Milton became extinct. She was poor

and infirm, and in 1750 *Comus* was represented at Drury Lane Theatre for her benefit, Dr. Johnson writing the prologue, which was spoken by Garrick. She used to say that her grandfather was harsh to his daughters, and refused to allow them to be taught to write, but we must allow perhaps something for the perpetual irritation of gout, which would sou the temper of an archangel. At Newington Green resided Dr. Richard Price, a Nonconformist minister, celebrated for his financial calculations in connection with assurance societies. He was a friend of Howard, Priestley, and Franklin, and was consulted by Pitt as to the adoption of the Sinking Fund. He died in 1791. Mary Woolstonecroft, the wife of William Godwin, and the mother of Mrs Shelley, in early life conducted a day-school at Newington Green. She was one of the first advocates of the rights of women, and died in 1797.

That excellent woman, Mrs Barbauld, was wife of Mr Barbauld, a minister at a Unitarian chapel on Newington Green. Amongst the vicars of St. Mary's we should not forget Daniel Wilson, Heber's successor as Bishop of Calcutta. He succeeded the good Cecil at St. John's, Bedford Row. Nelson, the best of the Islington historians, lived and died, says Mr W. Howitt, at his house at the corner of Cumberland Street, Islington Green. Rogers, the banker-poet, was born in 1763 at Newington Green, "the first house that presents itself on the west side, proceeding from Ball's Pond." On his mother's side Rogers was descended from Philip Henry, the father of Matthew Henry, the pious author of the well-known exposition of the Bible. In one of the detached houses opposite Lorraine Place lived that pushing publisher and projector, Sir Richard Phillips. We have described this active minded compiler elsewhere. Dr. Jackson, Bishop of London, was for a time head-master of the Islington Proprietary School.

The "Duke's Head," at the south-east corner of Cadd's Row, near the Green, was, in the middle of the last century, kept by Thomas Topham, the celebrated "Strong Man" of Islington. His most celebrated feats were pulling against a horse at a wall in Moorfields, and, finally, in 1741, in Coldbath Fields, lifting three hogsheads of water, weighing 1,831 pounds, to commemorate the taking of Porto Bello by Admiral Vernon. He once hoisted a sleeping watchman in his box, and dropped both box and watchman over the wall into Bunhill Fields Burying Ground. Towards the close of his life this unhappy Samson took a public-house in Hog Lane, Shoreditch, and there, in 1749, in a paroxysm of just jealousy, he stabbed his unfortunate wife and killed himself.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## CANONBURY.

The Manor of Canonbury—The Rich Spencer—Sweet Tyranny—Canonbury House—Precautions against another Flood—A Literary Retreat—The Special Glory of a Famous House—The Decorative Taste of a Former Age.

THE manor of Canonbury, so called from a mansion of the Prior of the Canons of St. Bartholomew, was given to the priory by Ralph de Berners, not long after the Conquest. At the dissolution it fell into the receptive hands of Cromwell, the Lord Privy Seal, and at his execution an annuity from the manor was bestowed on ill-favoured Anne of Cleves. In 1547 Canonbury was granted by Edward VI. to John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, from whom it passed to the ill-starred Duke of Northumberland, only a few months before his beheading. In 1570 Lord Wentworth, to whom Queen Mary had granted the manor, alienated it to Sir John Spencer, "the 1st Spencer" who figures so often in the civic history of Elizabeth's reign.

Sir John was an alderman and clothworker of London, sheriff in 1583-4, and Lord Mayor in 1594. He appears to have been a public-spirited honest man, and often stood forward boldly in defence of the Privileges of the City. On one occasion we find him protesting against the great Bridge House granaries of London being taken as storehouses for the navy; and on another, resisting an attempt to force a new recorder on the City. He also helped actively to suppress a riot of London apprentices, five of whom were hung on Tower Hill. The wealth of Sir John was so notorious, that it is said a Dunkirk pirate once contrived a plot, with twelve of his men, to carry him off, in hopes of obtaining £50,000 as ransom. The men came in a shallop to Barking Creek, and hid themselves in ditches near a field-path leading to Sir John's house, but luckily for Sir John he was detained in London that night, and so the plot was frustrated. The residence of this citizen at Crosby House, where, in 1603, he entertained the French ambassador, the Marquis of Rosny, afterwards better known as the Duke of Sully, we have alluded to in a former chapter. Sir John's only daughter, Elizabeth, tradition says, was carried off from Canonbury House in a baker's basket, by the contrivance of her lover, young Lord Compton, and Mr. Lewis says this story is confirmed by a picture representing the fact preserved among the family paintings at Castle Ashby, a seat of the Comptons, in Northampton-

shire. An old Islington vestry-clerk has preserved an anecdote about this curious elopement. Sir John, incensed at the stratagem, discarded his daughter, till Queen Elizabeth's kind interference effected a reconciliation. The wily queen, watching her opportunity, requested the knight to stand sponsor to the first offspring of a young discarded couple. Sir John complied, honoured and pleased at the gracious request, and her Majesty dictated his own surname for the Christian name of the child. The ceremony over, Sir John declared, as he had discarded his undutiful daughter, he would adopt the boy as his son. The queen then told him the truth, and the old knight, to his surprise, discovered that he had adopted his own grandson, who ultimately succeeded "his father in his honour, his grandfather in his wealth." Sir John died in 1609, and in St. Helen's there is still his monument, with his daughter kneeling at the feet of his effigy. At his funeral about a thousand persons, clad in black gowns, attended, and 320 poor men had each a basket given them, containing a black gown, four pounds of beef, two loaves of bread, a little bottle of wine, a candlestick, a pound of candles, two saucers, two spoons, a black pudding, a pair of gloves, a dozen points, two red herrings, four white herrings, six sprats, and two eggs.

Lord Compton's mind was so shaken by the vast wealth he inherited at his father-in-law's death, that he became for a time insane. He died in 1630, of a fit produced by bathing in the Thames, after supping at Whitehall. A curiously imperious letter of his wife to her lord was published in the *European Magazine* of 1782. It begins with loving tyranny, and demands the most ample pin-money:

"MY SWEET LIFE — Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink or consider with myself what allowance were meetest for me. For considering what care I have had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those which both by the laws of God, of nature, and of civil polity, wit, religion, government, and honesty, you, my dear, are bound to, I pray and beseech you to grant me £1,600 per annum, quarterly to be paid."

She then calmly requires £600 additional for charitable works, three horses for her own saddle,

two mounted gentlewomen, six or eight gentlemen, two four-horse coaches lined with velvet and cloth, and laced with gold and silver, two coachmen, a horse for her gentleman usher, and two footmen, twenty gowns a year, a purse of £2,220 to pay her debts, £10,000 to buy jewels, and as she is so reasonable, schooling and apparel for her children, and wages for her servants, furniture for all her houses, and when he is an earl, £1,000 more and double attendance. In truth these citizens'

Well's Row. The original house covered the whole of what is now Canonbury Place, and had a small park, with garden and offices. Prior Bolton either built or repaired the priory and church of St. Bartholomew, and, according to tradition, as Hall says, in his chronicle, fearing another flood, he built a tower on Harrow Hill, and victualled it for two months. Stow, however, redeems the prior from ridicule, by telling us that the supposed tower proved to be only a dove-house.



THE NEW RIVER HEAD. *From a View published in 1753. (See page 266.)*

daughters knew their rights, and exacted them. Lord Compton was created an earl in 1618. The second earl, a brave soldier, was killed during the Civil War, at the battle of Hopton Heath, in 1642-3.

Canonbury House is generally supposed to have been built in 1362, ten years after Edward III. had exempted the priory of St. Bartholomew from the payment of subsidies, in consequence of their great outlay in charity. Stow says that William Bolton (prior from 1509 to 1532) rebuilt the house, and probably erected the well-known brick tower, as Nichols, in his "History of Canonbury," mentions that his rebus, a bolt in a tun, was still to be seen cut in stone, in two places, on the outside facing

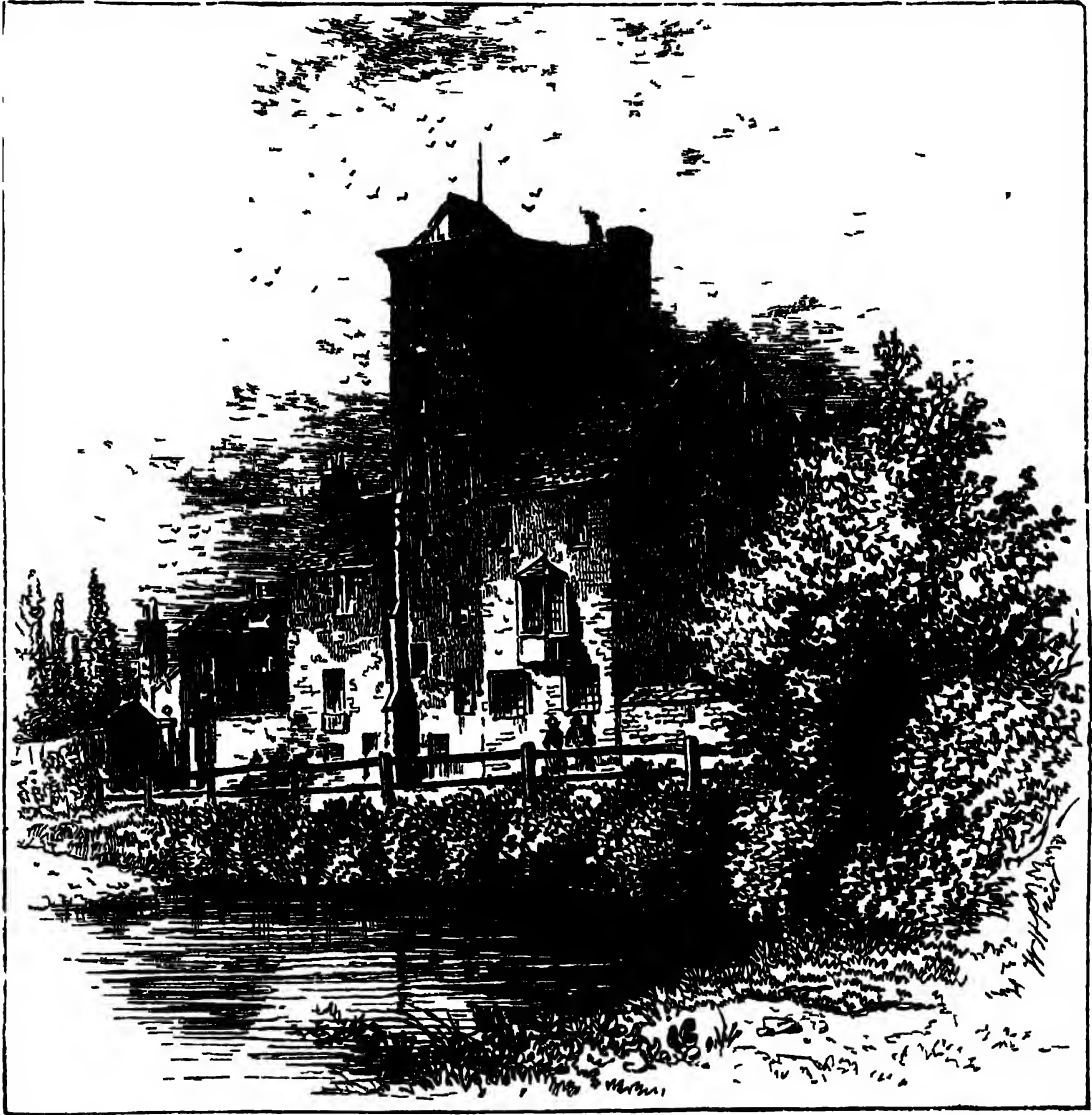
The mansion was much altered by Sir John Spencer, who came to reside there, in splendour, about 1599, and it is now divided into several houses, Canonbury Place having absorbed the grand old residence, and portioned out its relics of, bygone grandeur. A long range of tiled buildings, supposed to have been the stables of the old mansion, but which had become an appendage to the "Canonbury" Tavern, was pulled down in 1840. A tradition once prevailed at Islington that the monks of St. Bartholomew had a subterranean communication from Canonbury to the priory at Smithfield. This notion had arisen from the discovery of brick archways in Canonbury, which



seem to have been only conduit heads, and had really served to lead water to the priory

After the Spencers, the Lord-Keeper Coventry rented this house. In 1635 we find the Earl of Derby detained here, and prevented from reaching St. James's by a deep snow, and in 1685 the Earl

work, in 1737. This Humphreys was a second-rate poet, who sang the glories of the Duke of Chandos's seat at Canons, and whose verse Handel praised for its harmony. Ephraim Chambers, the author of one of the earliest cyclopædias, also died here, in 1740. Among other lodgers at Canonbury



CANONBURY TOWER, ABOUT 1800.

of Denbigh died here. About 1719 it seems to have been let as lodgings. In 1780 it was advertised as a suitable resort for invalids, on account of the purity of the air of Canonbury, and the convenience of a sixpenny stage every hour to the City. It then became a resort for literary men, who craved for quiet and country air. Amongst those who lodged there was Samuel Humphreys, who died here from consumption, produced by over-

House were Onslow, the Speaker; Woodfall, who printed "Junius," Deputy Harrison, many years printer of the *London Gazette*, and Mr. Robert Horsfield, successor to Messrs. Knapton, Pope's booksellers.

But the special glory of the old house is the fact that here Oliver Goldsmith for a time lodged and wrote, and also came here to visit his worthy friend and employer, Mr. John Newbury, the good-

natured publisher of children's books, who resided here, having under his protection the mad poet, Christopher Smart. We know for certain that at the close of 1762, Goldsmith lodged at Islington, at the house of a Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming, to whom he paid £50 a year. This choleric and strictly just landlady had her portrait taken by Hogarth, as tradition says, when he paid a visit to Goldsmith. Goldsmith frequently mentions Islington in his writings, and his jovial "shoemaker's holidays" were frequently made in this neighbourhood. The poet and three or four of his favourite friends used to breakfast at his Temple chambers about ten a.m., and at eleven they proceeded by the City Road and through the fields to dinner at Highbury Barn. About six in the evening they adjourned to White Conduit House to tea, and concluded the evening by a merry supper at the Grecian or the Globe.

"The two principal rooms," says Lewis, "which are in the first and second storeys of the plaister part of the building facing Canonbury Square, and appear to have been fitted up by Sir John Spencer, are each about twenty feet square and twelve feet high, and wainscoted with oak from the floor to the ceiling in complete preservation, and uncovered with paint. The lower room is divided into small panels, with fluted pilasters and a handsome cornice; and over the fireplace are two compartments containing lions' heads, escallop shells, &c., in finely carved oak, as represented in the engraving. The other room, which is over this, is yet more highly ornamented in the Grecian taste, with carved wainscot in panels, intersected with beautifully wrought pilasters. A handsome cornice runs round the top, composed of wreathed foliage and escallop shells, and over the fireplace are two female figures carved in oak, representing 'Faith' and 'Hope,' with the mottoes, 'Fides · Via · Deus · Mea,' and 'Spes certa supra.' These are surmounted by a handsome cornice of pomegranates, with other fruit and foliage, having in the centre the arms of Sir John Spencer. The floors of both rooms are of very large fir boards, the ceilings are of plain plaister, and the windows are modern glazed sashes, opening towards Canonbury Square.

"The other apartments are smaller in size, and contain nothing worthy of remark. On the white wall of the staircase, near the top of the tower, are some Latin hexameter verses, comprising the abbreviated names of the Kings of England, from William the Conqueror to Charles I., painted in Roman characters an inch in length, but almost obliterated. The lines were most probably the effusion of some poetical inhabitant of an upper

apartment in the building, during the time of the monarch last named, such persons having frequently been residents of the place.

"The adjoining house contains many specimens of the taste for ornamental carving and stucco work that prevailed about the time of Queen Elizabeth. At the top of the first flight of stairs are two male caryatide figures in armour, and a female carved in wood, fixed as ornaments in the corners of a doorway; and the ceilings of a fine set of rooms on the first floor are elaborately embellished with a variety of devices in stucco, consisting of ships, flowers, foliage, &c., with medallions of Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Titus Vespasian, &c. The arms of Queen Elizabeth are also given in several places, one of which bears also her initials 'E.R.,' and the date 1599, at which time the premises were fitted up by Sir John Spencer. The chimney-pieces in this house are very handsome, and in their original state must have had a rich and grand appearance, but they are now covered with white paint, although in other respects they have not sustained any material injury. One of them exhibits a very elaborate piece of workmanship in carved oak, containing figures of the Christian and cardinal virtues, and the arms of the City of London, with those of Sir John Spencer and the Clothworkers' Company, of which he was a member. There is also a monogram or device, apparently intended for his name, with the date 1601, and the whole is supported by caryatides of a very elegant form. In another room is a chimney-piece divided into three compartments, and intersected by handsome columns with Corinthian capitals, and containing a male and female figure in long robes, with the arms of Sir John Spencer in the centre, surrounded by curious carved work. The Spencer arms and the crest (an eagle volant) also occur in other parts of the sculpture, and the whole is supported by two caryatides bearing on their heads baskets of fruit. The rooms of this house still retain the ancient wainscoting of oak in square and lozenge panels, but covered with white paint; and the old oak staircase also remains, together with several ponderous doors of the same wood, having massive bolts, hinges, and fastenings of iron.

"In another adjoining house is a handsome chimney-piece of carved oak, covered with white paint. In the passage of the house, placed over a door, is an arch having a blank escutcheon, and another charged with the rebus of Prior Bolton. There are also over another doorway the arms of Sir Walter Denny, who was knighted (fifth Henry VII.) on Prince Arthur being created Prince of

Wales. These are cut on a stone about a yard square, formerly fixed over a fireplace in another part of the old house, but since placed in its present situation, with the following inscription underneath :—

“These were the arms of Sir Walter Denny, of Gloucestershire, who was made a knight by bathing at the creation of Arthur Prince of Wales, in November, 1489, and died September 1, 21 Henry VII., 1505, and was buried in the church of Olveston, in Gloucestershire. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir Richard Weston, Knt.,

to which family Canonbury House formerly belonged. The carving is therefore above 280 years old.” But the latter part of this inscription is probably erroneous.

“The old mansion, when in its perfect state, was ornamented with a turret, &c., and surrounded by a highly picturesque neighbourhood, as shown in a scarce print published by Boydell about 1760.”

The house has been for some years the headquarters of a Church of England Young Men's Association.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### HIGHBURY—UPPER HOLLOWAY—KING'S CROSS.

Jack Straw's Castle—A Famous Hunt—A Celebrity of Highbury Place—Highbury Barn and the Highbury Society—Cream Hall—Highbury Independent College—“The Mother Redcap”—The Blount Family—Hornsey Road and “The Devil's House” therein—Turpin, the Highwayman—The Corporation of St. Andrew Green—Copenhagen Fields—The Corresponding Society—Horne Froke—Mauden Lane—Battle Bridge—The “King's Cross” Dustheaps and Cinder-works—Small-pox Hospital—The Great Northern Railway Station.

IN 1271 the prior of the convent of Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, at Clerkenwell, purchased an old manor house here, as a summer residence, and it was afterwards rebuilt higher to the eastward, changing its name from Tolentone to Highbury. In the reign of Richard II., when Wat Tyler and his bold Kentish men poured down on London, a detachment under Jack Straw, Wat's lieutenant, who had previously plundered and burnt the Clerkenwell convent, pulled down the house at Highbury. The ruins afterwards became known as “Jack Straw's Castle.” It is thought by antiquaries that the prior's moated house had been the prætorium of the summer camp of the Roman garrison of London.

Many of the old conduit heads belonging to the City were at Highbury and its vicinity, one of these supplied the parish of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; and Mr. Lewis mentions another remaining in 1842, in a field opposite No. 14, Highbury Place. It might have been from Highbury that the hunt took place, noted by Strype as occurring in 1562, when the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and many worshipful persons rode to the Conduit Heads, then hunted and killed a hare, and, after dining at the Conduit Head, hunted a fox and killed it, at the end of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, with a great hallooing and blowing of horns at his death; and thence the Lord Mayor, with all his company, rode through London to his place in Lombard Street.

One of the former celebrities of Highbury Place was that well-known chief cashier of the Bank of England, honest old Abraham Newland. For

twenty-five years this faithful servant had never slept out of the Bank of England, and his Highbury house was only a pleasant spot where he could rest for a few hours. He resigned his situation in 1807, on which occasion he declined an annuity offered by the Company, but accepted a service of plate, valued at a thousand guineas. He left £200,000, besides £1,000 a year, arising from estates. He made his money chiefly by shares of loans to Government, in which he could safely speculate. He was the son of a Southwark baker.

Another distinguished inhabitant of Highbury was John Nichols, for nearly half a century editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and partner of William Bowyer, the celebrated printer. His “Anecdotes of Hogarth,” and his “History of Leicestershire,” were his chief works. He was a friend of Dr. Johnson, and seems to have been an amiable, industrious man, much beloved by his friends. He died suddenly, while going up-stairs to bed, in 1826.

Highbury Barn (built on the site of the barn of the prior's old mansion) was originally a small ale and cake house. It was the old rendezvous of the Highbury Society as far back as the year 1740. This society was established to commemorate the dropping of a Schism Act, cruelly severe on Protestant Dissenters, and which was to have received the Royal sanction the day Queen Anne died.

“The party,” says a chronicler of the society, “who walked together from London had a rendezvous in Moorfields at one o'clock, and at Dettingen Bridge (where the house known by the name

of the 'Shepherd and Shepherdess' now stands), they chalked the initials of their names on a post, for the information of such as might follow. They then proceeded to Highbury; and, to beguile their way, it was their custom in turn to bowl a ball of ivory at objects in their path. This ball has lately been presented to the society by Mr. William Field. After a slight refreshment, they proceeded to the field for exercise; but in those days of greater economy and simplicity, neither wine, punch, nor tea was introduced, and eightpence was generally the whole individual expense incurred. A particular game, denominated *hop-ball*, has from time immemorial formed the recreation of the members of this society at their meetings. On a board, which is dated 1734, which they use for the purpose of marking the game, the following motto is engraven:—"Play justly; play moderately; play cheerfully; so shall ye play to a rational purpose." It is a game not in use elsewhere in the neighbourhood of London, but one something resembling it is practised in the West of England. The ball used in this game, consisting of a ball of worsted stitched over with silk or pack-thread, has from time immemorial been gratuitously furnished by one or another of the members of the society. The following toast has been always given at their annual dinner in August, viz.:—"The glorious 1st of August, with the immortal memory of King William and his good Queen Mary, not forgetting Corporal John; and a fig for the Bishop of Cork, that bottle-stopper." John, Duke of Marlborough, was probably intended as the person designated Corporal John." The Highbury Society, says an authority on such subjects, was dissolved about the year 1833.

At a little distance northward of Highbury Barn was another dairy-farm called Cream Hall, where Londoners came, hot and dusty, on shiny summer afternoons, to drink new milk and to eat custards, smoking sillabubs, or cakes dipped in frothing cream. Gradually Highbury farm grew into a tavern and tea-gardens, and the barn was added to the premises, and fitted up as the principal room of the tavern, and there the court baron for the manor was held. Mr. Willoughby, an enterprising proprietor who died in 1785, increased the business, and his successors added a bowling-green, a trap ball-ground, and more gardens. A hop-garden and a brewery were also started, and charity and club dinners became frequent here. The barn could accommodate nearly 2,000 persons at once, and 800 people have been seen dining together, with seventy geese roasting for them at one fire. In 1808, the Ancient Freemasons sat

down, 500 in number, to dinner; and in 1841, 3,000 licensed victuallars. There is now a theatre and a dancing-room, and all the features of a modern Ranelagh. The Sluice House, Eel Pie House, and Hornsey-wood House were old haunts of anglers and holiday-makers in this neighbourhood.

Highbury Independent College was removed from Hoxton in 1826. The institution began in a house at Mile End, rented, in 1783, by Dr. Addington, for a few students to be trained for the ministry. The present site was purchased for £2,100, by the treasurer, Mr. Wilson, and given to the charity. The building cost upwards of £15,000. "The Congregationalist College at Highbury, an offshoot from the one at Homerton," says Mr. Howitt, "was built in 1825, and opened in September, 1826, under the superintendence of Drs. Harris, Burder, and Halley, for the education of ministers of that persuasion. Amongst the distinguished men whom this college produced are the popular minister of Rowland Hill's Chapel, Blackfriars Road, the Rev. Newman Hall, and Mr. George Macdonald, the distinguished poet, lecturer, and novelist. Mr. Macdonald, however, had previously graduated at the University of Aberdeen, and had there taken his degree of M.A. In 1850 the buildings and property of the College of Highbury were disposed of to the Metropolitan Church of England Training Institution, and the business of the college transferred to New College, St. John's Wood, into which the three Dissenting colleges of Homerton, Coward, and Highbury, were consolidated."

A well-known public-house the "Mother Red-cap," at Upper Holloway, is celebrated by Drunken Barnaby in his noted doggerel. The "Half Moon," a house especially celebrated, was once famous for its cheesecakes, which were sold in London by a man on horseback, who shouted "Holloway cheesecakes!"

In an old comedy, called *Jacke Drum's Entertainment* (4to, 1601), on the introduction of a Whitsun morris-dance, the following song is given:—

"Skip it and trip it nimbly, nimbly,  
Tickle it, tickle it lustily,  
Strike up the tabor for the wenches favour,  
Tickle it, tickle it, lustily.

"Let us be seene on Hygate Greene  
To dance for the honour of Holloway.  
Since we are come hither, let's spare for no leather,  
To dance for the honour of Holloway."

Upper Holloway was the residence of the ancient and honourable Blount family, during a considerable part of the seventeenth century. Sir Henry Blount,

who went to the Levant in 1634, wrote a curious book of travels, and helped to introduce coffee into England. He is said to have guarded the sons of Charles I. during the battle of Edgehill. His two sons both became authors. Thomas wrote "Remarks on Poetry," and Charles was a Deist, who defended Dryden, attacked every one else, and wrote the life of Apollonius Tyaneus. He shot himself in 1693, in despair at being refused ecclesiastical permission to marry the sister of his deceased wife. The old manor house of the Blounts was standing a few years ago.

Hornsey Road, which in Camden's time was a "sloughy lane" to Whetstone, by way of Crouch End, eighty years ago had only three houses, and no side paths, and was impassable for carriages. It was formerly called Devil's, or Du Val's, Lane, and further back still Tollington Lane. There formerly stood on the east side of this road, near the junction with the Seven Sisters' Road, an old wooden moated house, called "The Devil's House," but really the site of old Tollington House. Tradition fixed this lonely place as the retreat of Duval, the famous French highwayman in the reign of Charles II. After he was hung in 1669, he lay in state at a low tavern in St. Giles's, and was buried in the middle aisle of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, by torchlight. The tradition is evidently erroneous, as the Devil's House in Devil's Lane is mentioned in a survey of Highbury taken in 1611 (James I.) Duval may, however, have affected the neighbourhood, as near a great northern road. The moat used to be crossed by a bridge, and the house in 1767 was a public-house, where Londoners went to fish, and enjoy hot loaves, and milk fresh from the cow. In 1737, after Turpin had shot one of his pursuers near a cave which he haunted in Epping Forest, he seems to have taken to stopping coaches and chaises at Holloway, and in the back lanes round Islington. A gentleman telling him audaciously he had reigned long, Dick replied gaily, "'Tis, no matter for that, I'm not afraid of being taken by you; so don't stand hesitating, but stump up the cole." Nevertheless, Dick came at last to the gallows.

Stroud Green (formerly a common in Highbury Manor) boasts an old house which once belonged to the Stapleton family, with the date 1609. It was afterwards converted into a public-house, and a hundred and thirty years ago had in front the following inscription—

"Ye are welcome all  
To Stapleton Hall"

About a century ago a society from the

"Queen's Arms" Tavern, Newgate Street, used to meet annually in the summer time at Stroud Green, to regale themselves in the open air. They styled themselves "The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Corporation of Stroud Green," and the crowd that joined them made the place resemble a fair.

Copenhagen Fields were, it is said, the site of a public-house opened by a Dane, about the time when the King of Denmark paid his visit to his brother-in-law, James I. In Camden's map, 1695, it is called "Coopen Hagen," for the Danes who were then frequenting it had kept up the Danish pronunciation. Eventually, after the Restoration, it became a great tea-house, and a resort for players at skittles and Dutch pins.

The house was much frequented for its tea-gardens, its fine view of the Hampstead and Highgate heights, and the opportunities it afforded for recreation. Hone was told by a young woman who had been the landlady's assistant that in 1780 a body of the Lord George Gordon rioters passed Copenhagen House with blue banners flying, on their way to attack Caen Wood, the seat of Lord Mansfield, and that the proprietor was so alarmed at this, that at her request Justice Hyde sent a party of soldiers to protect the establishment. Soon after this a robbery at the house was so much talked of that the visitors began to increase, and additional rooms had to be built. The place then became famous for fives-playing, and here Cavanagh, the famous Irish player, immortalised in a vigorous essay by Hazlitt, won his laurels. In 1819 Hazlitt, who was an enthusiast about this lively game, writes, "Cavanagh used frequently to play matches at Copenhagen House for wagers and dinners. The wall against which they play is the same that supports the kitchen chimney; and when the ball resounded louder than usual, the cooks exclaimed, 'Those are the Irishman's balls,' and the joints trembled on the spit." The next landlord encouraged dog-fighting and bull-baiting, especially on Sunday mornings, and his licence was in consequence refused in 1816.

In the early days of the French Revolution, when the Tories trembled with fear and rage, the fields near Copenhagen House were the scene of those meetings of the London Corresponding Society, which so alarmed the Government. The most threatening of these was held on October 26, 1795, when Thelwall, and other sympathisers with France and liberty, addressed 40,000, and threw out hints that the mob should surround Westminster on the 29th, when the king would go to the House. The hint was attended to, and on that day the king was shot at, but escaped unhurt. In 1794 many mem-

bers of the Corresponding Society, including Hardy, Thelwall, Holcroft, and Horne Tooke, had been tried for treason in connection with the doings of the society, but were all acquitted.

After Horne Tooke's acquittal, he is reported to have remarked to a friend, that if a certain song, exhibited at the trial of Hardy, had been produced against him, he should have sung it to the jury, that, as there was no treason in the words, they might judge if there was any in the music

hall, to present an address to his Majesty (which, however, Lord Melbourne rejected), signed by 260,000 unionists, on behalf of some of their colleagues who had been convicted at Dorchester for administering illegal oaths. Among the leaders appeared prominently Robert Owen, the socialist, and a Radical clergyman in full canonicals, black silk gown and crimson Oxford hood

Maiden Lane (perhaps Midden or Dunghill Lane), an ancient way leading from Battle Bridge



COPENHAGEN HOUSE. *From a view taken about 1800 (See page 275)*

As he was returning from the Old Bailey to Newgate, one cold night, a lady placed a silk handkerchief round his neck, upon which he gaily said, "Take care, madam, what you are about, for I am rather ticklish in that place just now." During his trial for high treason, Tooke is said to have expressed a wish to speak in his own defence, and to have sent a message to Erskine to that effect, saying, "I'll be hanged if I don't!" to which Erskine wrote back, "You'll be hanged if you do."

In April, 1834, an immense number of persons of the trades' unions assembled in the Fields, to form part of a procession of 40,000 men to White-

to Highgate, and avoiding the hill, was once the chief road for northern travellers. At present, bone-stores, chemical works, and potteries render it peculiarly unsavoury.

Battle Bridge is so called for two reasons. In the first place, because there was formerly a brick bridge over the Fleet at this spot, and, secondly, because, as London tradition has steadily affirmed, here was fought the great battle between Suetonius Paulinus, the Roman general, and Boadicea, the Queen of the Iceni. It is still doubtful whether the scene of the great battle was so near London, but there is still much to be said in its favour.



The arguments pro and con are worth a brief discussion. Tacitus describes the spot, with his usual sharp, clear brevity. "Suetonius," he says, "chose a place with narrow jaws, backed by a forest" Now the valley of the Fleet, between Pentonville and Gray's Inn Lane, backed by the great northern forest of Middlesex, undoubtedly corresponds with this description; but then Tacitus, always clear and vivid, makes no mention of the river Fleet, which would have been most important as a defence for

bius expressly tells us, when Julius Cæsar forced the passage of the Thames, near Chertsey, an elephant, with archers in a houdah on its back, led the way, and drove the astonished Britons to flight. Another important proof also exists. In 1842 a fragment of a Roman monumental inscription was found built into a cottage on the east side of Maiden Lane. It was part of the tomb of an officer of the twentieth legion, which had been dug up in a field on the west side of the road leading to the Cale-



KING'S CROSS. *From a View taken during its demolition in 1845 (See page 278)*

the front and flank of the Roman army, and this raises up serious doubts. The Roman summer camp near Barnsbury Park, opposite Minerva Terrace, in the Thornhill Road, we have already mentioned. There was a prætorium there, a raised breastwork, long visible from the Caledonian Road, a well, and a trench. In 1825 arrow-heads and red-tiled pavements were discovered in this spot.

In 1680 John Conyers, an antiquarian apothecary of Fleet Street, discovered in a gravel-pit near the "Sir John Oldcastle," in Coldbath Fields, the skeleton of an elephant, and the shaft and flint head of a British spear. Now it is certain that the Romans in Britain employed elephants, as Poly-

donian Asylum. This legion formed part of the army of Claudius which Paulinus led against Boadicea. Mr. Tomlins, however, is inclined to think that a fight took place at Battle Bridge during the early Danish invasions.

The great battle with the Romans, wherever it took place, was an eventful one, and was one of the last great efforts of the Britons. Suetonius, with nearly 10,000 soldiers, waited for the rush of the wild 200,000 half-savage men, who had already sacked and destroyed Colchester, St. Albans, and London. His two legions were in the centre, his light-armed troops at hand, while his cavalry formed his right and left wings. Boadicea and her two

daughters, in a war-chariot, was haranguing her troops, while the wives of her soldiers were placed in wagons at the rear end of the army, to view the battle. The Britons rushed to the attack with savage shouts, and songs of victory; the Romans received their charge with showers of javelins, and then advanced in the form of a wedge, the Britons eagerly opening their ranks, to surround and devour them up. The British chariots, armed with scythes, made great havoc among the Romans, till Suetonius ordered his legionaries to aim only at the charioteers. The Britons, however, after a stubborn fight, gave way before the close ranks of disciplined warriors, leaving some 80,000 men upon the field, while the Romans, shoulder to shoulder, are reported to have lost only 400 men. The line of wagons with the women proved a fatal obstruction to the flight of the Britons. The last fact to be recorded about the Romans at Battle Bridge is the discovery, in 1845, under the foundation of a house in Maiden Lane, of an iron urn, full of gold and silver coins of the reign of Constantine.

Gossiping Aubrey mentions that in the spring after the Great Fire of London the ruins were all overgrown with the Neapolitan cress, "which plant," says he, "Thomas Willis (the famous physician) told me he knew before but in one place about town, and that was at Battle Bridge, by the 'Pinder of Wakefield,' and that in no great quantity." In the reign of Edward VI., says Stow, a miller of Battle Bridge was set in the pillory in Chepe, and had his ears cut off, for uttering seditious words against the Duke of Somerset. In 1731, John Everett, a highwayman, was hung at Tyburn, for stopping a coach and robbing some ladies at Battle Bridge. The man had served in Flanders as a sergeant, and had since kept an ale-house in the Old Bailey.

In 1830 Battle Bridge assumed the name of King's Cross, from a ridiculous octagonal structure crowned by an absurd statue of George IV., which was erected at the centre of six roads which there united. The building, ornamented by eight Doric columns, was sixty feet high, and was crowned by a statue of the king eleven feet high. Pugin, in that bantering book, "The Contrasts," ridiculed this effort of art, and contrasted it with the beautiful Gothic market cross at Chichester. The Gothic revival was only just then beginning, and the dark age was still dark enough. The basement was first a police-station, then a public-house with a camera-obscura in the upper storey. The hideous monstrosity was removed in 1845. Battle Bridge, which had been a haunt of thieves and murderers, was first built upon by Mr. Bray and others, on the

accession of George IV., when sixty-three houses were erected in Liverpool Street, Derby Street, &c. The locality being notorious, it was proposed to call it St. George's Cross, or Boadicea's Cross, but Mr. Bray at last decreed that King's Cross was to be the name.

Early in the century the great dust-heaps of London (where now stand Argyle, Liverpool, and Manchester Streets) were some of the disgraces of London; and when the present Caledonian Road was fields, near Battle Bridge were heaped hillocks of horse-bones. The Battle Bridge dustmen and cinder-sifters were the pariahs of the metropolis. The mountains of cinders and filth were the *débris* of years, and were the haunts of innumerable pigs. The Russians, says the late Mr. Pinks, in his excellent "History of Clerkenwell," bought all these ash-heaps, to help to rebuild Moscow after the French invasion. The cinder-ground was eventually sold, in 1826, to the Pandemonium Company for £15,000, who walled in the whole and built the Royal Clarence Theatre at the corner of Liverpool Street. Somewhere near this Golgotha was a piece of waste ground, where half the brewers of the metropolis shot their grains and hop-husks. It became a great resort for young acrobats and clowns (especially on Sunday mornings), who could here tumble and throw "flip-flaps" to their hearts' content, without fear of fracture or sprain.

In 1864 Mr. Grove, an advertising tailor of Battle Bridge, bought Garrick's villa, at Hampton, for £10,800. In 1826, opposite the great cinder-mountain of Battle Bridge, was St. Chad's Well, a chalybeate spring supposed to be useful in cases of liver attacks, dropsy, and scrofula. About the middle of the last century 800 or 900 persons a morning used to come and drink these waters, and the gardens were laid out for invalids to promenade.

The Great Northern Railway Terminus at King's Cross occupies more than forty-five acres of land. For the site of the passenger station, the Small-pox and Fever Hospital was cleared away. The front towards Euston Road has two main arches, each 71 feet span, separated by a clock tower 120 feet high. The clock has dials 9 feet in diameter, and the principal bell weighs 29 cwt. Each shed is 800 feet long, 105 feet wide, and 71 feet high to the crown of the semicircular roof, without a tie. The roof is formed of laminated ribs 20 feet apart, and of inch-and-a-half planks screwed to each other. The granary has six storeys, and will hold 60,000 sacks of corn. On the last storey are water-tanks, holding 150,000 gallons; and the grain is hoisted by hydraulic apparatus. The goods shed is 600 feet in length,

and 80 feet wide ; and the roof is glazed with cast glass in sheets, 8 feet by 2 feet 6 inches. Under the goods platform is stabling for 300 horses. The shed adjoins the Regent's Canal, which, passing eastwards, enters the Thames at Limehouse. The coal stores will contain 15,200 tons. The buildings

are by Lewis and Joseph Cubitt. The railway passes under the Regent's Canal and Maiden Lane, beneath Copenhagen Fields, over the Holloway Road, through tunnels at Hornsey and elsewhere, and forms the chief line of communication with York and Edinburgh.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### PENTONVILLE.

Origin of the Name—The "Belvidere" Tavern—The Society of Bull Feathers' Hall—Penton Street—Joe Grimaldi—Christ Church—"White Conduit House"—Oliver Goldsmith a Visitor there—Ancient Conduits at Pentonville—Christopher Bartholomew's Reverses of Fortune—The Pentonville Model Prison—The Islington Cattle Market—A Daring Scheme—Celebrated Inhabitants of Hermes Hill—Dr. de Valangin—Sinner-Saved Huntingdon—Joe Grimaldi and the Dreadful Accident at Sadler's Wells—King's Row and Happy Man's Place—Thomas Cooke, the Miser—St. James's Chapel, Pentonville—A Blind Man's favourite Amusement—Clerkenwell in 1789—Pentonville Chapel—Prospect House—"Dobney's"—The Female Penitentiary—A Terrible Tragedy.

THE site of Pentonville was once an outlying possession of the priory of St. John, Clerkenwell, and called the "Commandry Mantels," from its having belonged to Geoffrey de Mandeville—*vulgo*, Mantell. Eventually the fields were given to the Hospitallers. There were springs and conduit-heads in the meadows ; and Gerard, the Elizabethan herbalist, specially mentions the white saxifrage as growing abundantly there.

The district of Pentonville, once a mere nameless vassal of Clerkenwell and Islington (the latter itself a comparative parvenu), received its present name from Henry Penton, Esq., member for Winchester, and a Lord of the Admiralty, who died in 1812, and on whose estate the first buildings in Penton Street were erected, according to Mr. Pinks, about the year 1773.

The "Belvidere" Tavern, at the corner of Penton Street, was at an early period the site of a house known as "Busby's Folly," probably from Christopher Busby, who was landlord of the "Whyte Lyon," at Islington, in 1668. In 1664 (four years after the Restoration), the members of the quaint Society of Bull Feathers' Hall met at the Folly before marching to Islington, to claim the toll of all gravel carried up Highgate Hill. Their thirty pioneers, with spades and pickaxes, were preceded in the hall procession by trumpeters and horn-blowers. Their standard was a large pair of horns fixed to a pole, and with pennants hanging to each tip. Next came the flag of the society, attended by the master of the ceremonies. After the flag came the mace-bearers and the herald-at-arms of the society. The supporters of the arms were a woman with a whip, and the motto, "Ut volo, sic jubeo ;" on the other side, a rueful man, and the motto, "Patientia patimur."

This singular club met in Chequer Yard, White-

chapel, the president wearing a crimson satin gown, and a furled cap surmounted by a pair of antlers, while his sceptre and crown were both horned. The brethren of this great and solemn fraternity drank out of horn cups, and were sworn as members on a blank horn-book. Busby's house retained its name as late as 1710, but was afterwards called "Penny's Folly." It had fourteen windows in front ; and here men with learned horses, musical glasses, and sham philosophical performances, gave evening entertainments. The "Belvidere" Tavern was in existence as early as 1780, and was famous for its racket-court. At No. 37, Penton Street, that emperor of English clowns, Joe Grimaldi, lived in 1797, after his marriage with Miss Hughes, the pretty daughter of the manager of Sadler's Wells. Penton Street was then the St. James's or Regent's Park of the City Road quarter.

On the west side of Penton Street is a new church, opened in 1863. It contains sittings for 1,259 persons, and with the site cost about £8,600. The first incumbent was Dr. Courtenay, formerly curate of St. James's, Pentonville. St. James's was made a district, assigned out of the parish of St. James's, Clerkenwell, in 1854. On the east side of Penton Street formerly stood that celebrated Cockney place of amusement, "White Conduit House." The original tavern was erected in the reign of Charles I., and the curious tradition was that the workmen were said to have been regaling themselves after the completion of the building the very hour that King Charles's head fell at the Whitehall scaffold. In 1754 "White Conduit House" was advertised as having for its fresh attractions a long walk, a circular fish-pond, a number of pleasant shady arbours, enclosed with a fence seven feet high, hot loaves and butter, milk direct from

the cow, coffee, tea, and other liquors, a cricket-field, unadulterated cream, and a handsome long room, with "copious prospects, and airy situation." In 1760 the following spirited verses describing the place, by William Woty, author of the "Shrubs of Parnassus," appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* :—

"Wish'd Sunday's come—mirth brightens every face,  
And paints the rose upon the house-maid's cheek,  
Harriott, or Moll more ruddy. Now the heart  
Of prentice, resident in ample street,  
Or alley, kennel-wash'd, Cheapside, Cornhill,  
Or Cranborne, thee for calcumens renown'd,  
With joy distends—his meal meridian o'er,  
With switch in hand, he to *White Conduit House*  
Hies merry-hearted. Human beings here,  
In couples multitudinous, assemble,  
Forming the drollest groupe that ever trod  
Fair Islingtonian plains. Male after male,  
Dog after dog succeeding—husbands, wives,  
Fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters, friends,  
And pretty little boys and girls. Around,  
Across, along the garden's shrubby maze  
They walk, they sit, they stand. What crowds press on  
Eager to mount the stairs, eager to catch  
First vacant bench, or chair, in long room plac'd!  
Here prig with prig holds conference polite,  
And indiscriminate the gaudy beau  
And sloven mix. Here, he who all the week  
Took bearded mortals by the nose, or sat  
Weaving dead hairs, and whistling wretched strain,  
And eke the sturly youth, whose trade it is  
Stout oxen to contund, with gold-bound hat  
And silken stocking strut. The red-armed belle  
Here shews her tasty gown, proud to be thought  
The butterfly of fashion; and, forsooth,  
Her haughty mistress deigns for once to tread  
The same unhallowed floor. 'Tis hurry all,  
And rattling cups and saucers. Waiter here,  
And Waiter there, and Waiter here and there,  
At once is called, Joe, Joe, Joe, Joe, Joe!  
Joe on the right, and Joe upon the left,  
For every vocal pipe re-echoes Joe!

"Alas! poor Joe! like Francis in the play,  
He stands confounded, anxious how to please  
The many-headed throng. But should I paint  
The language, humours, custom of the place,  
Together with all curtsies, lowly bows,  
And compliments extern, 'twould swell my page  
Beyond its limits due. Suffice it then  
For my prophetic muse to say, 'So long  
'As Fashion rides upon the wing of Time,  
While tea and cream, and butter'd rolls, can please,  
While rival beaux and jealous belles exist,  
So long, *White Conduit House* shall be thy fame.'"

About this time the house and its customers were mentioned by Oliver Goldsmith. He says, "After having surveyed the curiosities of this fair and beautiful town (Islington), I proceeded forward, leaving a fair stone building on my right. Here the inhabitants of London often assemble to celebrate a feast of hot rolls and butter. Seeing

such numbers, each with their little tables before them, employed on this occasion, must no doubt be a very amusing sight to the looker-on, but still more so to those who perform in the solemnity."

"White Conduit Loaves," says Mr. Timbs, "was one of the common London street-cries, before the French war raised the price of bread."

Washington Irving, in his "Life of Goldsmith," says :—"Oliver Goldsmith, towards the close of 1762, removed to 'Merry Islington,' then a country village, though now swallowed up in omnivorous London. In this neighbourhood he used to take his solitary rambles, sometimes extending his walks to the gardens of the 'White Conduit House,' so famous among the essayists of the last century. While strolling one day in these gardens he met three daughters of the family of a respectable tradesman, to whom he was under some obligation. With his prompt disposition to oblige, he conducted them about the garden, treated them to tea, and ran up a bill in the most open-handed manner imaginable. It was only when he came to pay that he found himself in one of his old dilemmas. He had not the wherewithal in his pocket. A scene of perplexity now took place between him and the waiter, in the midst of which came up some of his acquaintances, in whose eyes he wished to stand particularly well. When, however, they had enjoyed their banter, the waiter was paid, and poor Goldsmith enabled to carry off the ladies with flying colours."

This popular place of amusement derives its name from an old stone conduit, removed in 1831, and used to repair part of the New Road. It bore the date 1641, and beneath, the arms of Sutton, the founder of the Charterhouse, with initials and monograms probably of past masters. The conduit, repaired by Sutton, was built in the reign of Henry VI., and it supplied the Carthusian friars. The water-house was used by the school till about 1654, when the supply fell short, and a New River supply was decided on. The site of the conduit was at the back of No. 10, Penton Street, at the corner of Edward Street. There was a smaller conduit at the back of White Conduit Gardens, close to where Warren Street now stands. Huntington (Sinner Saved) the preacher cleansed the spring, but his enemies choked it with mud to spite him. Latterly, however, the Conduit House fell to ruins, and the upper floors became a mighty refuge for tramps and street pariahs.

An old drawing of 1731 represents White Conduit House as a mere tall building, with four front windows, a gable roof, a side shed, and on the other

side the conduit itself. On either hand stretched bare sloping fields and hedge-rows.

The anonymous writer of the "Sunday Ramble," 1774, describes the place as having boxes for tea, cut into the hedges and adorned with pictures; pleasant garden walks, a round fish-pond, and two handsome tea-rooms. Later the fish-pond was filled up, and an Apollo dancing-room erected. In 1826 a "Minor Vauxhall" was established here, and the place became somewhat disreputable. Mr. Chabert, the fire-eater, after a collation of phosphorus, arsenic, and oxalic acid, with a sauce of boiling oil and molten lead, walked into an oven, preceded by a leg of lamb and a rump-steak, and eventually emerged with them completely baked, after which the spectators dined with him. Graham also ascended from these gardens in his balloon. In this year Hone talks of the gardens as "just above the very lowest," though the fireworks were as good as usual.

About 1827 archery was much practised; and in 1828 the house was rebuilt with a great ball-room and many architectural vagaries. A writer in the *Mirror* of 1833 says:—"Never mind Pentonville, it is not now what it was, a place of some rural beauty. The fields behind it were, in my time, as wild and picturesque, with their deep-green lanes, richly hedged and studded with flowers, which have taken fright and moved off miles away—and their 'stately elms and hillocks green,' as they are now melancholy and cut up with unfurnished, and, of course, unoccupied rows of houses, run up during the paroxysm of the brick and mortar mania of times past, and now tumbling in ruins, with the foolish fortunes of the speculators. The march of town innovation upon the suburbs has driven before it all that was green, silent, and fitted for meditation. Here, too, is that paradise of apprentice boys, 'White Cundick Couse,' as it is cacophoniously pronounced by its visitors, which has done much to expel the decencies of the district. Thirty years ago this place was better frequented—that is, there was a larger number of respectable adults; fathers and mothers, with their children, and a smaller moiety of shop-lads, and such-like Sunday bucks, who were awed into decency by their elders. The manners, perhaps, are much upon a par with what they were. The ball-room gentlemen then went through country dances with their hats on and their coats off. Hats are now taken off, but coats are still unfashionable on these gala nights. The belles of that day wore long trains to their gowns. It was a favourite mode of introduction to a lady there to tread on the train, and then apologising handsomely, acquaintance was begun, and soon ripened into an invitation to tea

and the hot loaves for which these gardens were once celebrated. Being now a popular haunt, those who hang on the rear of the march of human nature, the sutlers, camp-followers, and plunderers, know that where large numbers of men or boys are in pursuit of pleasure, there is a sprinkling of the number to whom vice and debauchery are ever welcome; they have, therefore, supplied what these wanted, and Pentonville may now hold up its head, and boast of its depravities before any other part of London."

The place grew worse and worse, till, in 1849, the house was pulled down and streets built on its site. The present "White Conduit" Tavern covers a portion of the original gardens. Mr. George Cruikshank has been heard to confess that some of his early knowledge of Cockney character, and, indeed, of City human nature, was derived from observing evenings at "White Conduit House."

An old proprietor of the gardens, who died in 1811, Mr. Christopher Bartholomew, was believed to have realised property to the amount of £50,000. The "Angel," at Islington, was also his; and he used to boast that he had more haystacks than any one round London. He, however, became a prey to the vice of gambling, and is said at last to have sometimes spent more than 2,000 guineas in a single day in insuring numbers at the lottery. By degrees he sank into extreme poverty, but a friend giving him half of a sixteenth of a favourite number, that turned up a £20,000 prize, he again became affluent, only to finally sink into what proved this time irreparable ruin.

The Pentonville Model Prison was the result of a Government Commission sent over to America in 1832, to inquire into the system of isolation so much belauded on the other side of the Atlantic. "Many people," says Mr. Dixon in his "London Prisons," published in 1850, "were seduced by the report issued in 1834, into a favourable impression of the Philadelphian system; and, amongst these, Lord John Russell, who, being secretary for the Home Department, got an Act introduced into Parliament in 1839 (2 & 3 Vict. c. 56), containing a clause rendering separate confinement legal in this country. A model prison on this plan was resolved upon. Major Jebb was set to prepare a scheme of details. The first stone was laid on the 10th of April, 1840, and the works were completed in the autumn of 1842, at a cost of more than £90,000. The building so erected consists of five wings or galleries, radiating from a point, the view from which is very striking, and at the same time very unprison-like. On the sides of four of these galleries the cells are

situate, and numbered. There are 520 of them, but not more than 500 are ever occupied. If we divide £90,000 by 500, we shall find that the accommodation for each criminal costs the country £180 for cell-room as original outlay.

"Last year the expenses of mere management at Pentonville were £16,392 1s. 7d.; the daily average of prisoners for the year was 457; consequently, the cost per head for victualling and management was nearly £36.

Embankment, projected by Martin, the painter, and others, and the Holborn Viaduct, projected by Mr. Charles Pearson) was planned out nearly half a century ago, by active London minds. In 1833 John Perkins, Esq., of Bletchingley, in Surrey, struck with the dirt and cruelty of Smithfield, and the intolerable danger and mischief produced by driving vast and half-wild flocks and herds of cattle through the narrow and crowded London streets, projected a new market in the fine grazing dis-



BATTLE BRIDGE IN 1810 (See page 277)

"This flourishing institution, then, stands thus in account with the nation yearly:—The land given for nothing, *i.e.*, not set down in the account; taxes, ditto; interest of outlay, £100,000 at 5 per cent., £5,000; cost of maintenance, £15,000; repairs, &c. (for 1847 this item is nearly £3,000). If we take the three items here left blank at an average of £2,000, a very moderate estimate for the yearly drain, we shall have a prison capable of accommodating 450 prisoners, at a charge upon county rates of £22,000 per annum; or, in another form, at about £50 per head for each prisoner yearly. Compare this with the cost of the maintenance of the poor in workhouses, ye disciples of economy!"

The Islington Cattle Market (like the Thames

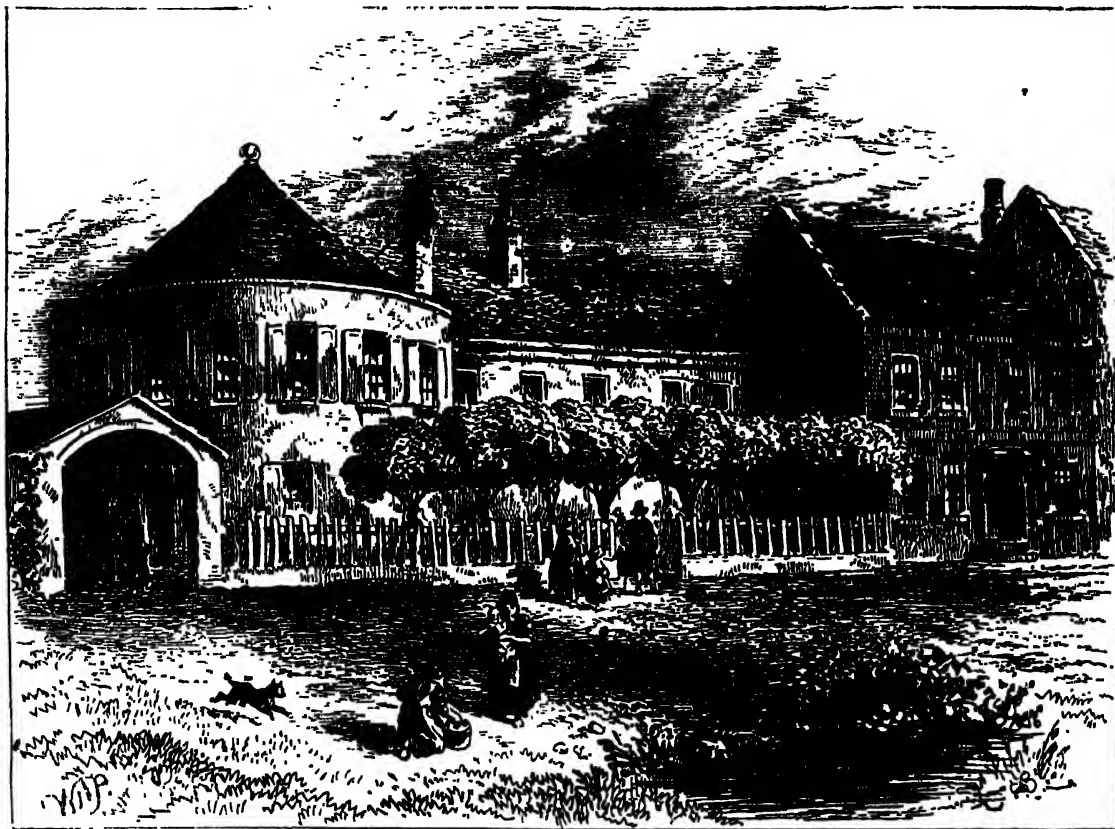
tract north of the metropolis. The place was built at an expense of £100,000, and opened under an Act of Parliament, April 18th, 1836. So strong, however, was the popular and Conservative interest in old abuses, that the excellent new market proved a total failure, and was soon closed. The area for cattle at Islington was nearly fifteen acres, abutting on the road leading from the Lower Street to Ball's Pond. It was enclosed by a brick wall, ten feet high, and had vast sheds on all the four sides. A road ran entirely round the market, which was quadrated by paths crossing it at right angles, and there was to have been a central circus, to be used as an exchange for the greasy graziers and bustling salesmen, with offices for the



money-takers and clerks of the market. The market was capable of accommodating 7,000 head of cattle, 500 calves, 40,000 sheep, and 1,000 pigs. The principal entrance from the Lower Road had an arched gateway, and two arched footways. Poor Mr. Perkins, he was before his age. The spot was excellently chosen, lying as it does near the great roads from the northern and eastern counties, the great centres of cattle, and communicating easily with the town by means of the City Road,

Copenhagen Fields." It was calculated that the undertaking would pay the subscribers 12½ per cent. on the capital embarked, which was to be £200,000; but the proposition met with little encouragement, and was soon abandoned.

The present Metropolitan Cattle Market occupies seventy-five acres of ground. The market-place is an irregular quadrangle, with a lofty clock-tower in the centre, and four taverns at the four corners, the open area being set off into divisions for the dif-



WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE, ABOUT 1820. (See page 281.)

which was also convenient for the western part of London. Twenty years later, in 1852, the nuisance of Smithfield (thanks, perhaps, to "Oliver Twist") became unbearable, even to the long-suffering abuse-preservers; so Smithfield was condemned to be removed, and a new cattle-market was opened in Copenhagen Fields in 1855, and that enriched district now rejoices in many cattle and all the attending delights of knackers' yards, slaughterhouses, tripe-dressers, cats'-meat-boilers, catgut-spinners, bone-boilers, glue-makers, and tallow-melters.

It was proposed by a company of projectors, in the year 1812, to establish a sea-water bathing-place at Copenhagen Fields, by bringing water through iron pipes "from the coast of Essex to

ferent kinds of live stock. No less than £400,000 have been expended upon the land and buildings. In the parts of the market appropriated for the reception of the different cattle, each central rail is decorated with characteristic casts of heads of oxen, sheep, pigs, &c.; these were designed and modelled by Bell, the sculptor. The open space of the market will accommodate at one time about 7,000 cattle and 42,000 sheep, with a proportionate number of calves and pigs. The calf and pig markets are covered, the roofs being supported by iron columns, which act at the same time as water-drains. In the centre of the whole area is a twelve-sided structure, called "Bank Buildings," surmounted by an elegant campanile, or bell tower,

The twelve sides give entrance to twelve sets of offices, occupied by bankers, salesmen, railway companies, and electric telegraph companies. In one year (1862) the returns were 304,741 bullocks, 1,498,500 sheep, 27,951 calves, and 29,470 pigs. The great Christmas sale, in the closing year of old Smithfield, ranged from 6,000 to 7,000 bullocks, and between 20,000 and 25,000 sheep. On December 15, 1862, the bullocks were 8,340, being a greater number than ever before known at any metropolitan market. The market-days for cattle, sheep, and pigs are Mondays and Thursdays. There is a miscellaneous market for horses, asses, and goats on Fridays. (Timbs.)

At a large house on Hermes Hill, afterwards (in 1811) occupied by "Sinner-saved Huntington," the converted coal-heaver, a useful man in his generation, resided, in the last century, from 1772 till his death in 1805, Dr. de Valangin, an eminent Swiss physician, who had been a pupil of Boerhaave. He called this hill "Hermes," from Hermes Trismegistus, the fabled Egyptian king, and discoverer of chemistry, to whom fawning Lord Bacon compared James I., because, forsooth, that slobbering, drunken monarch was king, priest, and philosopher. De Valangin—the inventor of several useful and useless medicines, including the "balsam of life," which he presented to Apothecaries' Hall—was the author of a sensible book on diet, and "the four non-naturals." The doctor, who was a man of taste and benevolence, married as his second wife the widow of an eminent surveyor and builder, who, says Mr. Pinks, had recovered £1,000 for a breach of promise, from a lover who had jilted her. He buried one of his daughters in his garden, but the body was afterwards removed to the vaults of Cripplegate Church. In his book (1768) De Valangin particularly mentions the increased use of brandy-and-water by English people. His house was remarkable for a singular brick tower or observatory, which was taken down by the next tenant.

That eccentric preacher, William Huntington, was an illegitimate son, whose reputed father was a day-labourer in Kent. In youth he was alternately an errand-boy, gardener, cobbler, and coal-heaver. He seems, even when a child, to have been endowed with an extraordinary deep sensibility to religious impressions, and early in life he began to exhort men to save their souls, and flee the wrath to come, and, we fully believe, in all sincerity, though his manner was vulgar. His original name was Hunt, but flying the country to escape the charge of an illegitimate child, he took for safety the name of Huntington; and, unable to pay for a Dissenting title of D.D., he christened himself

S.S. (sinner saved). Huntington seems to have had a profound belief in the efficacy of faith and prayer. Whether it was tea, a horse, a pulpit, or a hod of lime, he prayed for it, he tells us, and it came. Even a pair of leather breeches was thus supplied, as he mentions in his John Bunyan way.

"I often," he says, "made very free in my prayers with my invaluable Master for this favour; but he still kept me so amazingly poor, that I could not get them, at any rate. At last I was determined to go to a friend of mine at Kingston, who is of that branch of business, to bespeak a pair, and to get him to trust me until my Master sent me money to pay him. I was that day going to London, fully determined to bespeak them as I rode through the town. However, when I passed the shop, I forgot it; but when I came to London I called on Mr. Croucher, a shoemaker in Shepherds' Market, who told me a parcel was left there for me, but what it was he knew not. I opened it, and behold, there was a pair of *leather breeches* with a note in them, the substance of which was to the best of my remembrance as follows:—'Sir,—I have sent you a pair of breeches, and I hope they will fit. I beg your acceptance of them; and if they want any alteration, leave in a note what the alteration is, and I will call in a few days and alter them.—J. S.' I tried them on, and they fitted as well as if I had been measured for them; at which I was amazed, having never been measured by any leather breeches maker in London."

S. S. had strong belief in eternal perdition, and attacked the mad prophet Brothers, for his wild prophecies of the sudden fall of the Turkish, German, and Russian empires. When Huntington's chapel, in Tichfield Street was burnt, his congregation erected a new one on the east side of Gray's Inn Lane, at a cost of £9,000, of which he craftily obtained the personal freehold. By his first wife S. S. had thirteen children; he then married the widow of Sir James Sanderson, who came one day to his chapel to ridicule him, but "remained to pray," and to fall in love. He died in 1813, and was buried in a garden in the rear of Jireh Chapel, on the cliff at Lewes. A few hours before his death, at Tunbridge Wells, he dictated the following epitaph for himself:—

"Here lies the coal-heaver, who departed this life July 1, 1813, in the 69th year of his age, beloved of his God, but abhorred of men. The omniscient Judge, at the grand assize, shall ratify and confirm this, to the confusion of many thousands; for England and its metropolis shall know that there hath been a prophet among them.—W. H., S. S."

At the sale of his goods at Pentonville, which realised £1,800, a humble admirer bought a barrel of ale, as a souvenir of his pastor,

"When," says Huntington, "I first began to open my mouth for the Lord, the master for whom I carried coals was rather displeased; at which I do not wonder, as he was an Arminian of the Arminians, or a Pharisee of the Pharisees. I told him, however, that I should prophesy to thousands before I died; and soon after the doors began to be opened to receive my message. When this appeared, and I had left the slavish employment of coal-carrying, others objected to my master against such a fellow as me taking up the office of a minister. His answer was, 'Let him alone. I once heard him say that he should prophesy to thousands before he died; let us see whether this prophecy comes to pass or not.'"

"Huntington is described as having been, towards the close of his career, a fat burly man with a red face, which rose just above the cushion, and a thick, guttural and rather indistinct voice."

"His pulpit prayers," writes a contemporary, "are remarkable for omitting the king or his country. He excels in extempore eloquence. Having formally announced his text, he lays his Bible at once aside, and never refers to it again. He has every possible text and quotation at his finger's end. He proceeds directly to his object, and, except such incidental digressions as 'Take care of your pockets!' 'Wake that snoring sinner!' 'Silence that noisy numskull!' 'Turn out that drunken dog!' he never deviates from his course. Nothing can exceed his dictatorial dogmatism. Believe him—none but him—that's enough. When he wishes to bind the faith of his congregation, he will say, over and over, 'As sure as I am born, 'tis so;' or, 'I believe this,' or 'I know this,' or 'I am sure of it,' or 'I believe the plain English of it to be this.' And then he will add, by way of clenching his point, 'Now you can't help it;' or, 'It must be so, in spite of you.' He does this with a most significant shake of the head, and with a sort of Bedlam hauteur, with all the dignity of defiance. He will then sometimes observe, softening his deportment, 'I don't know whether I make you understand these things, but I understand them well.' He rambles sadly, and strays so completely from his text, that you often lose sight of it. The divisions of his subject are so numerous, that one of his sermons might be divided into three. Preaching is with him talking; his discourses, storytelling. Action he has none, except that of shifting his handkerchief from hand to hand, and hugging his cushion. Nature has bestowed on him a vigorous, original mind, and he employs it in everything. Survey him when you will, he seems to have rubbed off none of his native rudeness or

blackness. All his notions are his own, as well as his mode of imparting them. Religion has not been discovered by him through the telescopes of commentators."

"Huntington's portrait," says Mr. Pinks, "is in the National Portrait Gallery, in Great George Street, Westminster. He 'might pass, as far as appearances go, for a convict, but that he looks too conceited. The vitality and strength of his constitution are fearful to behold, and it is certain that he looks better fitted for coal-heaving than for religious oratory.'"

Penton Place, leading to what was once called Bagnigge Wash, used to be frequently overflowed, when the Fleet Sewer was swollen by heavy rains or rapid thaws. The street was made about the year 1776. In 1794 Grimaldi lived here, and took in brother actors as lodgers. He removed to Penton Street in 1797. This wonderful clown was the son of a celebrated Genoese clown and dancer, who came to England in 1760, in the capacity of dentist to Queen Charlotte. He played at Drury Lane, under Garrick's management, and was generally known on the boards, from his great strength, as "Iron Legs." At one performance the agile comic dancer is said to have jumped so high that he actually broke a chandelier which hung over the side stage-door, and kicked one of the glass drops into the face of the Turkish ambassador, who was gravely sitting in a stage-box. Joe was born in 1778, in Stanhope Street, Clare Market, and his first appearance was at Sadler's Wells, in 1781, before he was three years old. Grimaldi's amusements, in his leisure time, were innocent enough; he was devoted to the breeding of pigeons and collecting of insects, which latter amusement he pursued with such success, as to form a cabinet containing no fewer than 4,000 specimens of butterflies, "collected," he says, "at the expense of a great deal of time, a great deal of money, and a great deal of vast and actual labour;" for all of which, no doubt, the entomologist will deem him sufficiently rewarded. He appears, in old age, to have entertained a peculiar relish for these pursuits, and would call to mind a part of Surrey where there was a very famous sort, and a part of Kent where there was another famous species. One of these was called the "Camberwell Beauty" (which, he adds, was very ugly); and another, the "Dartford Blue," by which Dartford Blue he seems to have set great store.

At a dreadful accident at Sadler's Wells, in 1807, during the run of *Mother Goose*, when twenty-three people were trodden to death, during a false alarm of fire, Grimaldi met with a singular adventure. On running back to the theatre that

night he found the crowd of people collected round it so dense, as to render approach by the usual path impossible. "Filled with anxiety," says his "Memoirs," "and determined to ascertain the real state of the case, he ran round to the opposite bank of the New River, plunged in, swam across, and, finding the parlour window open and a light at the other end of the room, threw up the sash and jumped in, *à la* Harlequin. What was his horror, on looking round, to discover that there lay stretched in the apartment no fewer than nine dead bodies! Yes; there lay the remains of nine human beings, lifeless, and scarcely yet cold, whom a few hours back he had been himself exciting to shouts of laughter."

Grimaldi died in 1837. For many years he had been a nightly frequenter of the coffee-room of the "Marquis of Cornwallis" Tavern, in Southampton Street, Pentonville. Mr. George Cook, the proprietor, used to carry poor half-paralysed Joe out and home on his back.

King's Row, on the north side of Pentonville Road, was erected, says Mr. Pinks, prior to 1774. It formerly bore the odd name of "Happy Man's Row," from a public-house which bore the sign of the "Happy Man."

In Pentonville Road resided Mr. James Pascall, a much-respected public-spirited man, who laboured forty years for the interests of Clerkenwell parish, and helped to detect a fraudulent guardian named Scott, who defrauded the parish, in 1834, of more than £16,000. He also urged forward the covering up the noisome Fleet Ditch, and wrote a useful work on the Clerkenwell charity estates.

At No. 16, Winchester Place, now No. 61, Pentonville Road, lived for fifteen wretched years the celebrated miser, Thomas Cooke. This miserable wretch was the son of an itinerant fiddler near Windsor. Early in life he was a common porter, but by a stratagem obtained the hand of the rich widow of a paper-maker at Tottenham, and then bought a sugar-baker's business at Puddle Dock. Here his miserable life as a miser began. He would often feign fits near a respectable house, to obtain a glass of wine. His ink he begged at offices, and his paper he stole from the Bank counters. It is said that he collected with his own hands manure for his garden. His horse he kept in his kitchen, and his chaise he stored up in his bedroom. His one annual treat was the Epsom Races. Turned out of this house at last, Cooke betook himself to No. 85, White Lion Street, Pentonville, and died in 1811, aged eighty-six. He was buried at St. Mary's, Islington, the mob attending throwing cabbage-stalks on his dishonoured coffin. He

left (and here was his pride) £127,705 in the Three per Cents. chiefly to the Shoreditch and Tottenham Almshouses; such is the inconsistency of human nature. In an old portrait Cooke is represented with an enormous broad-brimmed hat, a shade over his eyes, knee breeches, buckle shoes, an immense coat with a cape, while a stiff curled wig and huge cable pigtail completed the strange-looking figure.

St. James's Chapel, Pentonville, was first projected by Mr. Penton, in 1777, to benefit his estate; but the incumbent of St. James's refusing to sign a bond to the Bishop of London for the regular payment of the minister, closed the matter for ten years. In 1787, however, a chapel was begun by subscription, and was opened in 1788. The first minister was Mr. Joel Abraham Knight, from the Spa Fields Chapel. The church trustees of St. James's purchased the chapel in 1789 for £5,000. Mr. Hurst, the architect of the chapel, who died in 1799, lies in a vault beneath the building. The chapel and cemetery were consecrated for the use of the Church of England in 1791.

"Mr. Francis Linley, organist of Pentonville Chapel," says Caulfield, in his "Portraits," "was blind from his birth. His greatest amusement was to explore churchyards, and with his fingers trace out memorials of the dead from tombstones; indeed, the fineness of his touch would lead him to know a book from the lettering on the back of a volume; and he could, without a guide, make his way throughout the bustling streets of London."

In 1789 Clerkenwell pickpockets had grown so daring, that one day, as the society of "Sols" were going into this chapel, a gentleman looking on had his pocket picked, and was knocked down, and the person who informed the gentleman he was robbed was also knocked down and dragged about the road by his hair, no one interfering, although hundreds of honest persons were present.

Pentonville Chapel is built chiefly of brick, with a stone façade. The building stands north and south, instead of east and west. The altar-piece, "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," in West's feeble manner, was painted by Mr. John Frearson, an amateur artist. At the death of a Mr. Faulkner, in 1856, the Bishop of London ordered the churchwardens of Clerkenwell to sequester at once all the "fruits, tithes, profits, oblations, and obventions," for the benefit of the next incumbent, but the Rev. Dr. A. L. Courteney, the curate, claimed the profit, as having by the incumbent's death become perpetual curate of the district chapelry erected in 1854. The case, however, never came on for trial, as the trustees dreaded litigation.

In 1863 Dr. Courteney opened his new church at the corner of John Street. The incumbent of St. James's, Clerkenwell, presents to the living of St James's, Pentonville.

Prospect House, in Winchester Place, now Pentonville Road, was one of those old houses of half rural entertainment once common in this part of London. It derived its attractive name from the fine view it commanded northward—a great point with the Cockney holiday-maker. From Islington Hill, as the vicinity was called, there really was a fine *coup d'œil* of busy, moody London; and Canaletto sketched London from here, when he visited England. Prospect House is mentioned as early as 1669, and is noted in Morden and Lee's Survey and Map of 1700. The tavern was famous, like many other suburban taverns, for its bowling-greens. Subsequently it was re-christened from its proprietor, and was generally known as "Dobney's," or D'Aubigny's. In 1760 Mr. Johnson, a new landlord, turned the old bowling-green into a circus, and engaged one Price, from the "Three Hats," a rival house near, to exhibit feats of horsemanship, as he had done before the Royal Family. Price, the desultory man, eventually cleared £14,000 by his breakneck tricks. The time of performance was six p.m. In 1766, newspapers record, a bricklayer beat his wife to death, in a field near Dobney's, in presence of several frightened people. In 1770 Prospect House was taken for a school, but soon re-opened as the "Jubilee Tea Gardens." The interior of the bowers were painted with scenes from Shakespeare. It was the year of the Jubilee, remember. In 1772 an extraordinary man, a bee-tamer, named Wildman (perhaps from America), exhibited here. His advertisement ran—"Exhibition of Bees on Horseback.—June 20th, 1772. At the Jubilee Gardens, late Dobney's, this evening, and every evening until further notice (wet evenings excepted), the celebrated Mr. Daniel Wildman will exhibit several new and amazing experiments, never attempted by any man in this or any other kingdom before. He rides standing upright, one foot on the saddle and the other on the horse's neck, with a curious mask of bees on his head and face. He also rides standing upright on the saddle, with the bridle in his mouth, and, by firing a pistol, makes one part of the bees march over a table, and the other part swarm in the air, and return to their proper hive again. With other performances. The doors open at six, begins at a quarter before seven. Admittance in the boxes and gallery, two shillings; other seats, one shilling." This Wildman seems to have sold swarms of bees.

In 1774 the gardens were fast getting into the

"sere and yellow leaf" that awaits, sooner or later, all such fools' paradises. A verse-writer in the *London Evening Post*, 1776, says—

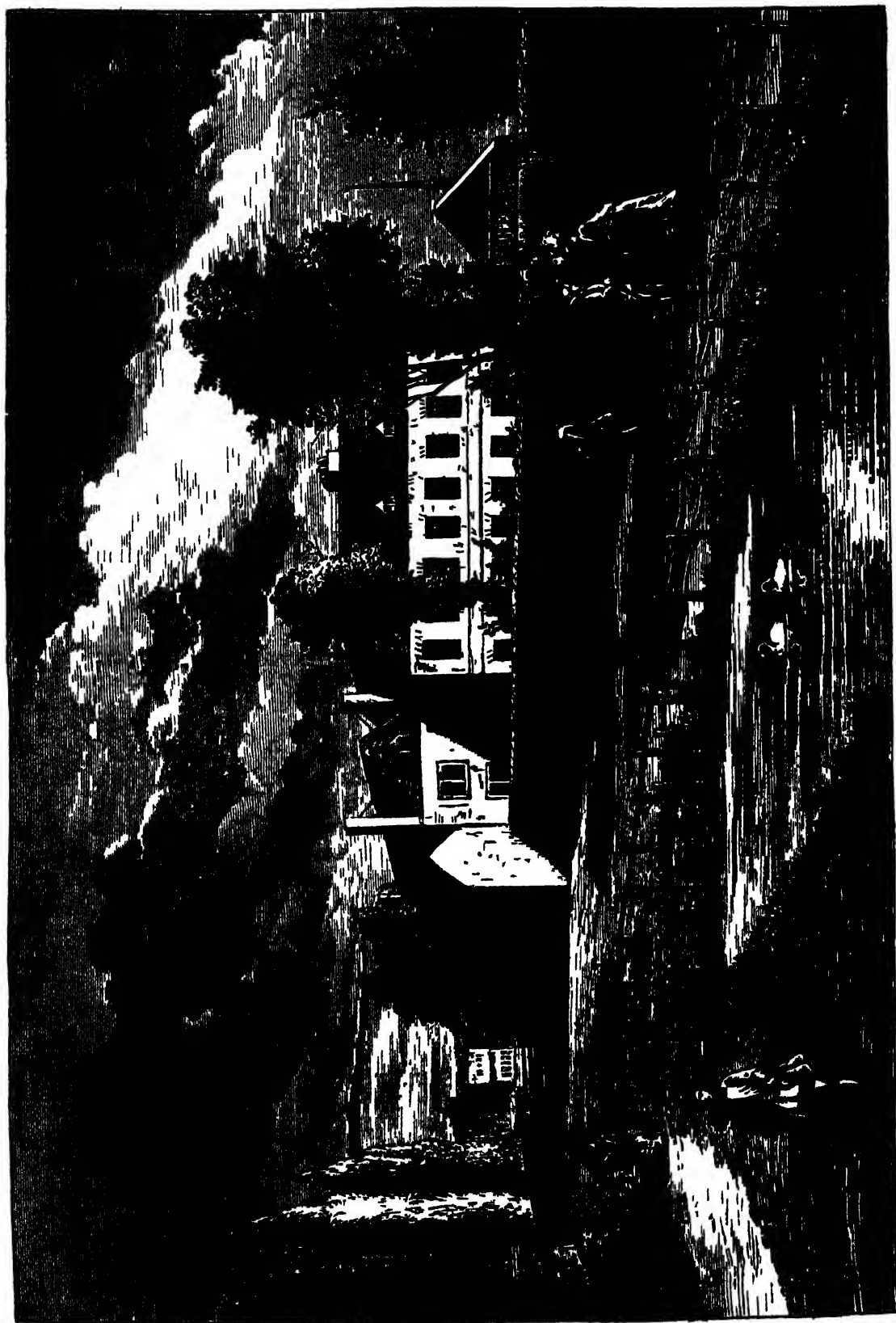
"On Sabbath day who has not seen,  
In colours of the rainbow dizen'd,  
The 'prentice beaux and belles, I ween,  
Fatigued with heat, with dust half poisoned,  
To Dobney's strolling, or Pantheon,  
Their tea to sip, or else regale,  
As on the way they shall agree on,  
With syllabubs or bottled ale?"

In 1780 the worn-out house became a lecture and discussion room; but about 1790 the ground was cleared, and Winchester Place built. The gardens, however, struggled on till 1810, when they disappeared, leaving as a slight memorial a mean court in Penton Street known as Dobney's Court. Until the building of Pentonville, says Mr. Pinks, the only carriage-way leading to Dobney's was one leading from High Street, Islington, under the gateway of the "White Lion," and from thence to the bowling-green.

The London Female Penitentiary, at No. 166, Pentonville Road, was formerly a convent school. This excellent charity, intended to save those whom vanity, idleness, and the treachery of man have led astray—poor creatures, against whom even woman hardens her heart—started here in 1807. The house was fitted for about thirty-five inmates, but was in a few years enlarged, so as to hold one hundred women. The path of penitence is up-hill everywhere, but especially in London. The inmates are trained for service, and their earnings at needlework and washing go far to maintain the institution. If the peace-makers were expressly blessed by our Saviour, how much more blessed must be those who step forward to rescue poor women like these who are willing to repent, but who are by poverty drifted irresistibly down the black river to the inevitable grave. The report, a few years ago, showed good results. There were 171 then in the house, thirty-one had been placed out in service, and eight reconciled to their friends. From 1807 to 1863 there were 1,401 poor women sent to service, 941 reconciled and restored to their friends, thirteen married, and forty-eight who have emigrated. Altogether in that time charity and kindness had been held out to 4,172 of the most miserable outcasts of the metropolis.

In 1834 a terrible and wholesale tragedy was enacted at No. 17, Southampton Street, by a German whip-maker named Steinberg. On a September night this wretch, from no known reason, but perhaps jealousy, murdered his mistress and her four children, the youngest a baby, and then cut his own throat. It was with difficulty the mob





SADLER'S WELLS IN 1756 (See page 293)



was prevented from dragging the murderer's body through the streets. His victims were buried in St. James's Churchyard, and he himself in the paupers' burial-ground in Ray Street, the corpse being shaken out of the shell into a pit. No stake was driven through the body, as usual formerly with suicides, but one of the grave-diggers broke in the skull with an iron mallet. There was afterwards a

shameful exhibition opened at Steinberg's house, a sham bloody knife being shown, and wax figures of the woman and her children placed in the various rooms, in the postures in which they had been found. The victims' clothes were bought for £25, and nearly £50 was taken for admission in one day. And yet this was not in the Ashantee country, but in civilised England, only a few years ago.



SADLER'S WELLS. (From a View taken in 1756.)

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### SADLER'S WELLS.

Discovery of a Holy Well—Fashion patronises it—The Early Days of Sadler's Wells Theatre—A Fatal Panic—Sadler's Wells Visitors—A Grub Street Eulogy—Eighteenth Century Acrobats—Joe Grimaldi's Father—Dog that Deserved a Good Name—Theatrical Celebrities at Sadler's Wells—Belrom, the Patagonian Samson—"Hot Codlins"—Advent of T. P. Cooke—Samuel Phelps becomes Lessee of Sadler's Wells—The Original House of Correction—The "Sir Hugh Myddelton" Tavern—A Sadler's Wells Theatrical Company—Spencer's Breakfasting House—George Alexander Stevens' Lectures on Heads

WHILE we treat of the places of amusement in the north of London near Islington, we must not forget Sadler's Wells (Islington Spa), or New Tunbridge Wells, as it used to be called. The chalybeate spring was discovered in 1683 by a Mr. Sadler, a surveyor of the highways, in a pleasant, retired, and well-wooded garden of a music-house he had just opened. The discovery was trumpeted in a pamphlet, detailing the virtues of the water. It was, the writer asserted, a holy well, famed, before

the Reformation, for its healing power, which the priests attributed to their prayers. It had been, in consequence, looked on as a place venerated by superstition, but arched over at the Reformation, it had been since forgotten.

The Wells soon became famous with hypochondriacs. Burlesque poems (one probably by Ned Ward\*) were written on the humours of the place,

\* "Islington Wells; or, The Threepenny Academy, 1634."

as well as treatises on the cure of invalids by drinking the water ; and finally, in 1776, George Colman produced a farce, called *The Spleen; or, Islington Spa*.

In the summer of 1700 Sadler's Wells became in high favour with the public. Gout hobbled there ; Rheumatism groaned over his ferruginous water ; severe coughs went arm-in-arm, chuckling as they hobbled ; as for Hypochondria, he cracked jokes, he was in such high spirits at the thought of the new remedy. At this time dancers were admitted during the whole of the day on Mondays and Tuesdays, says Malcolm, provided they did not come in masks.

In 1733 the Wells were so fashionable that the Princesses Amelia and Caroline frequented the gardens in the June of that year daily, and drank the waters, the nobility coming in such numbers that the proprietor took above £30 a morning. Feathers flaunted, silks rustled, fans fluttered, and lovers sighed, partly with nausea and partly with love, as they sipped the bitter waters of *Æsculapius*. On the birthday of one of the princesses, the ladies were saluted as they passed through Spa Fields (then full of carriages) by a discharge of twenty-one guns—a compliment always paid to them on their arrival—and in the evening there was a great bonfire, and more powder was burnt in their honour. On ceasing to visit the gardens, the Princess Amelia presented the master with twenty-five guineas, each of the water-servers with three guineas, and the other attendants with one guinea each.

From 1683 till after 1811 these gardens were famous. Nervous, hypochondriac, hysteric affections, asthmas, indigestions, swellings, and eruptions, all took their doleful pleasure in them, and drank the waters with infinite belief. In 1811 the Wells were still frequented. The subscription for the water was a guinea the season ; to non-subscribers, and with capillaire, it cost sixpence a glass. The spring was then enclosed by an artificial grotto of flints and shells, which was entered by a rustic gate ; there was a lodging-house, to board invalids, and in the garden a breakfast-room, about forty feet long, with a small orchestra. In the room was hung up a comparative analysis of the water, and there were testimonials of its efficacy from gentlemen who had been ill for quarters of centuries, and had drunk all other mineral waters in vain.

On the bark of one of the trees (before 1811) were cut the two following lines : \*—

"Obstructum recreat ; durum terit ; humidum siccit ;  
Debile fortificat—si tamen arte bibas."

\* Nelson's "Islington," 1st edit., p. 212.

The following lines were written in a room of the lodging-house, just as a votive tablet might have been hung up on the walls of a Greek temple :—

"For three times ten years I travell'd the globe,  
Consulted whole tribes of the physical robe ;  
Drank the waters of Tunbridge, Bath, Harrogate, Dulwich,  
Spa, Epsom (and all by advice of the College) ;  
But in vain, till to Islington waters I came,  
To try if my cure would add to their fame.  
In less than six weeks they produc'd a belief  
This would be the place of my long-sought relief ;  
Before six weeks more had finished their course,  
Full of spirits and strength, I mounted my horse,  
Gave praise to my God, and rode cheerfully home,  
Overjoy'd with the thoughts of sweet hours to come.  
May Thou, great Jehovah give equal success  
To all who resort to this place for redress !"

Amusements resembling those of Vauxhall—music, fireworks, &c.—were resorted to at New Tunbridge Wells, in 1809-1810, but without much success.

On the death of Sadler, his music-house passed to Francis Forcer, whose son exhibited rope-dancing and tumbling till 1730, when he died.

The place was then taken by Mr. Rosoman, a builder, and the wooden house was, about the year 1765, replaced by a brick building. A painting, introducing Rosoman and some of his actors, was in 1811, to be seen in the bar of the "Sir Hugh Myddelton," the inn introduced by Hogarth in his print of "Evening," published in 1738. There was a club, at this time, at the "Sir Hugh Myddelton," of actors, who, in 1753, formed a regular company, at what had now become a theatre. The amusements here were originally in the open air, the tickets to spectators including refreshments. The *Connoisseur*, of 1756, notes the feats of activity exhibited here. After that time this suburban theatre became famous for burlettas, musical interludes, and pantomimes. Here Grimaldi cracked his drollest jokes, and here the celebrated Richer exhibited on the tight rope. The New River was also taken advantage of, and introduced into a tank the size of the stage, to represent more effectively naval victories and French defeats. After Rosoman, Mr. Thomas King, the comedian, and Mr. Wroughton, of Drury Lane, became proprietors ; and at one time Mr. Charles Dibdin, jun., was stage-manager.

A most fatal panic took place at this theatre on the 15th of October, 1807. The cry, "A fire !" was mistaken for "A fire !" and a rush took place from the gallery. The manager, shouting to the people through speaking-trumpets, entreated them to keep their seats ; but in vain, for many threw themselves down into the pit, and eighteen were crushed to death on the gallery stairs. The proceeds of two

benefits were divided among the children and widows of the sufferers.

Sadler's Musical House, which, tradition affirms, was a place of public entertainment even as early as the reign of Elizabeth, seems early to have affected a theatrical air. In May, 1698, we find a vocal and instrumental concert advertised here, the instrumental part being "composed of violins, hautboys, trumpets, and kettle-drums." It was to continue from ten to one, every Monday and Thursday, during the drinking of the waters. In 1699 the Wells were called "Miles's Music House;" and in that year Ned Ward, always coarse and always lively, describes going with a crowd of Inns of Court beaux to see a wretch, disguised in a fool's cap, and with a smutty face like a hangman, eat a live fowl, feathers and all.

"The state of things described by Ned Ward," says Mr. Pinks, "is abundantly confirmed by the reminiscences of Edward Macklin, the actor, who remembered the time when the admission here was but threepence, except to a few places scuttled off at the sides of the stage at sixpence, which were reserved for people of fashion, who occasionally came to see the fun. 'Here we smoked and drank porter and rum-and-water, as much as we could pay for.' Of the audience Macklin says, 'Though we had a mixture of very odd company, there was little or no rioting; there was a public then that kept one another in awe.'"

Ned Ward, who was a quick observer, describes the dress-circle gallery here as painted with stories of Apollo and Daphne, Jupiter and Europa, &c. In his poem, "A Walk to Islington," Ned Ward is not complimentary to the Sadler's Wells visitors. In the pit, he says, were butchers, bailiffs, house-breakers, footpads, prizefighters, thief-takers, deer-stealers, and bullies, who drank, and smoked, and lied, and swore. They ate cheesecakes and drank ale, and one of the buffoons was also a waiter. The female vocalist was followed by a fiddler in scarlet. Then came a child, who danced a sword-dance, and after her

"A young babe of grace,  
With mercury in his heels, and a gallows in his face;  
In dancing a jig lies the chief of whose graces,  
And making strange music-house, monkey-like faces."

About 1711 the Wells seems to have become still more disreputable, and in 1712 a lieutenant of the navy was run through the body there by a Mr. French, of the Temple, in a drunken quarrel.

Macklin says there were four or five exhibitions in a day, and that the duration of each performance depended upon circumstances. The proprietors had always a fellow outside to calculate

how many persons were collected for a second exhibition, and when he thought there were enough, he came to the back of the upper seats and cried out, "Is Hiram Fisteman here?" This was a cant word between the parties, to know the state of the people without, upon which they concluded the entertainment, and dismissed the audience with a song, and prepared for a second representation.

In a poem called "The New River," written about 1725, by William Garbott, the author thus describes the Wells, with advertising enthusiasm:—

"There you may sit under the shady trees,  
And drink and smook fann'd by a gentle breeze;  
Behold the fish, how wantonly they play,  
And catch them also, if you please, you may."

Forcer, a barrister, the proprietor in the early part of the eighteenth century, improved the pantomimes, rope-dancing, and ladder-dancing, tumbling, and musical interludes. Acrobats threw summersaults from the upper gallery, and Black Scaramouch struggled with Harlequin on the stage. The old well was accidentally discovered in Macklin's time, between the New River and the stage-door. It was encircled with stone, and you descended to it by several steps. Cromwell, writing in 1828, says that it was known that springs existed under the orchestra, and under the stage, and that the old fountain of health might hopefully be sought for there. In 1738, in his "Evening," not one of his most successful works, Hogarth introduced a bourgeois holiday-maker and his wife, with Sadler's Wells in the background. In "The Gentlemen's and Ladies' Social Companion," a book of songs published in 1745-6, we find a song on Sadler's Wells, which contained several characteristic verses. Rope-dancing and harlequinade, with scenery, feats of strength, and singing, seem to have been the usual entertainment about this period. In 1744 the place was presented by the grand jury of the county as a scene of great extravagance, luxurious idleness, and ill-fame, but it led to no good results. In 1746 any person was admitted to the Wells, "and the diversions of the place," on taking a ticket for a pint of wine. This same year a ballet on the Battle of Culloden, a most undanceable subject, one would think, was very popular; and Hogarth's terrible "Harlot's Progress" was turned into a drama, with songs, by Lampe.

The Grub Street poets, in the meantime, be-lauded the Wells, not without reward, and not always inelegantly, as the following verses show:—

"Ye cheerful souls, who would regale  
On honest home-brewed British ale,  
To Sadler's Wells in troops repair,  
And find the wished-for cordial there;

Strength, colour, elegance of taste,  
 Combine to bless the rich repast ;  
 And I assure ye, to my knowledge,  
 'T has been approved by all the Colledge,  
 More efficacious and prevailing  
 Than all the recipes of Galen.  
 Words scarce are able to disclose  
 The various blessings it bestows.  
 It helps the younger sort to think,  
 And wit flows faster as they drink ;  
 It puts the ancient a new fleece on,  
 Just as Medea did to Eson ;  
 The fair with bloom it does adorn,  
 Fragrant and fresh as April morn.  
 Haste hither, then, and take your fill,  
 Let parsons say whatever they will ;  
 The ale that every ale excels  
 Is only found at Sadler's Wells."

A writer in the *Connoisseur* of 1756 praises a dexterous performer at the Wells, who, with bells on his feet, head, and hands, jangled out a variety of tunes, by dint of various nods and jerks. The same year a wonderful balancer named Maddox performed on the slack wire, tossing balls, and kicking straws into a wine-glass which he held in his mouth. Maddox, the equilibrist, entertained the public for several seasons by his "balances on the wire," and his fame was celebrated by a song set to music, entitled "Balance a Straw," which for a time was very popular. A similar feat was afterwards performed at the Wells by a Dutchman, with a peacock's feather, which he blew into the air and caught as it fell, on different parts of a wire, at the same time preserving his due equilibrium. The same performer used to balance a wheel upon his shoulder, his forehead, and his chin, and afterwards, to show his skill as an equilibrist, he poised two wheels, with a boy standing on one of them.

The road home from the Wells seems to have been peculiarly dangerous about 1757, as the manager announces in the *Public Advertiser* that on the night of a certain charitable performance a horse-patrol would be sent by Mr. Fielding (the blind magistrate, and kinsman of the novelist) for the protection of nobility and gentry who came from the squares. The road to the City was, as he promised, also to be properly guarded. A year later an armed patrol was advertised as stationed on the New Road, between Sadler's Wells and Grosvenor Square. Foote wrote, about the same time :—

"If at Sadler's Wells the wine should be thick,  
 The cheesecakes be sour, or Miss Wilkinson sick ;  
 If the fumes of the pipes should prove powerful in June,  
 Or the tumblers be lame, or the bells out of tune,  
 We hope that you'll call at our warehouse at Drury,  
 We've a good assortment of goods, I assure you."

In 1765 the old wooden theatre at the Wells was

pulled down and a new one built, at an expense of £4,225. A three-shilling ticket for the boxes, in 1773, entitled the bearer to a pint of port, mountain, Lisbon, or punch. A second pint cost one shilling.

In 1763 Signor Grimaldi, Joe Grimaldi's father, first appeared as chief dancer and ballet-master. He continued there till the close of 1767. In 1775 James Byrne, the famous harlequin of Drury Lane, and the father of Oscar Byrne, was employed at Sadler's Wells as a dancer, and a Signor Rossignol gave imitations of birds, like Herr Joel, and accompanied the orchestra on a fiddle without strings. About this time, too, Charles Dibdin the elder wrote some clever and fanciful pieces for this theatre, entitled "Intelligence from Sadler's Wells."

In 1772 Rosomon surrendered the management to King, the famous comedian, who held it till 1782, when Sheridan gave him up the sovereignty of Drury Lane. King had been an attorney, but had thrown up his parchments to join theatres and play under Garrick. He excelled in *Sir Peter Teazle*, *Lord Ogleby*, *Puff*, and *Dr. Cantwell*. His *Touchstone* and *Ranger*, says Dr. Doran, were only equalled by Garrick and Elliston. He was arch, easy, and versatile, and the last time he played *Sir Peter*, in 1802, the fascinating Mrs. Jordan was the young wife. King remained an inveterate gambler to the last, in spite of Garrick's urgent entreaties. King sold the Wells, says Mr. Pinks, for £12,000. Joe Grimaldi appeared at Sadler's Wells first in 1781, in the character of a monkey. In 1783 egg-dancers and performing dogs were the rage the dogs alone clearing for the managers, in one season, £10,000. The saying at the theatre at that time was, that if the dogs had not come to the theatre, the theatre must have gone to the dogs. Horse-patrols still paraded the roads to the City at night.

In 1786 Miss Romanzini (afterwards the celebrated ballad vocalist, Mrs. Bland) appeared at the Wells, and also Pietro Bologna, father of the celebrated clown, Jack Bologna. In 1788 Braham, then a boy, who had first appeared in 1787, at the Royalty Theatre, Wells Street, near Goodman's Fields, made his first appearance at the Wells. "Two Frenchmen," says Mr. Pinks, "named Duranie and Bois-Maison, as pantomimists, eclipsed all their predecessors on that stage. Boyce, a distinguished engraver, was the harlequin, and, from all accounts, was the most finished actor of the motley hero, either in his own day or since. On the benefit-night of Joseph Dortor, clown to the rope, and Richer, the rope-dancer, Miss Richer made her first appearance on two slack wires, passing through a hoop, with a pyramid of glasses on

her head, and Master Richer performed on the tight rope, with a skipping-rope. Joseph Dortor, among other almost incredible feats, drank a glass of wine backwards from the stage floor, beating a drum at the same time. Lawrence threw a somersault over twelve men's heads, and Paul Redigé, the 'Little Devil,' on October 1st, threw a somersault over two men on horseback, the riders having each a lighted candle on his head. Dubois, as clown, had no superior in his time, and the troop of voltigeurs were pre-eminent for their agility, skill, and daring."

After Wroughton's time, Mr. Siddons (husband of the great actress) became one of the proprietors of the Wells, where, in 1801, a young tragedian, Master Carey, the "Pupil of Nature," otherwise known as Edmund Kean, recited Rollo's speech from *Pizarro*. His great-grandfather Henry Carey, the illegitimate son of the Marquis of Halifax, and the author of the delightful ballad, "Sally in our Alley," had written and composed many of the ballad operas and ballad farces which were very successful at Sadler's Wells.

In 1802, Charles Dibdin, jun., and Thomas Dibdin, his brother, were busy at the Wells.

In 1803 appeared Signor Belzoni, afterwards the great Egyptian traveller, as the "Patagonian Samson," in which character, says Mr. Pinks, "he performed prodigious feats of strength, one of which was to adjust an iron frame to his body, weighing 127 lbs., on which he carried eleven persons. The frame had steps or branches projecting from its sides, on which he placed eleven men in a pyramidal form, the uppermost of whom reached to the border of the proscenium. With this immense weight he walked round the stage, to the astonishment and delight of his audience. On one occasion a serio-comic accident occurred, which might have proved fatal not only to the mighty Hercules, but also to his pyramidal group. As he was walking round the stage with the vast load attached to his body, the floor gave way, and plunged him and his companions into the water beneath. A group of assistants soon came to the rescue, and the whole party marched to the front of the stage, made their bows, and retired. On Belzoni's benefit-night he attempted to carry thirteen men, but as that number could not hold on, it was abandoned. His stature, as registered in the books of the Alien Office, was six feet six inches. He was of good figure, gentlemanly manners, and great mind. He was an Italian by birth, but early in life he quitted his native land to seek his fortune."

In 1804 Sadler's Wells first began to assume the character of an aquatic theatre. An immense tank

was constructed under the stage, and a communication opened with the New River. The first aquatic piece was a *Siege of Gibraltar*, in which real vessels bombarded the fortress. A variety of pieces were subsequently produced, concluding with a grand scene for the *finale*, on "real water." Thomas Greenwood, a scene-painter at the Wells, thus records the water successes in his "Rhyming Reminiscences :"—

"Attraction was needed the town to engage,  
So Dick emptied the river that year on the stage;  
The house overflowed, and became quite the *ton*,  
And the Wells for some seasons went swimmingly on."

"Among the apparently perilous and 'appalling incidents exhibited," says a writer to whom we have already been much indebted, "were those of a female falling from the rocks into the water, and being rescued by her hero-lover, a naval battle, with sailors escaping by plunging into the sea from a vessel on fire; and a child thrown into the water by a nurse, who was bribed to drown it, being rescued by a Newfoundland dog."

In 1819 Grimaldi sang for the first time his immortal song of "Hot Codlins," the very night a boy was crushed to death in the rush at entering. "Sadler's Wells was let at Easter, 1821, for the ensuing three seasons, to Mr. Egerton, of Covent Garden Theatre; in which year it was honoured by the presence of Queen Caroline, the wife of George IV., and her Majesty's box and its appointments were exhibited daily to the public for a week afterwards. In 1822, in a piece called *Tom and Jerry*, pony races were introduced, a course having been formed by laying a platform on the stage and pit. Upon the expiration of Egerton's term the Wells were let to Mr. Williams, of the Surrey Theatre, the son of the proprietor of the once-famous boiled beef house in the Old Bailey. He employed one half of his company, in the earlier part of the evening, at Sadler's Wells, and thence transferred them to the Surrey, to finish there; and at that theatre he adopted the same course, the performers being conveyed between the two houses by special carriages. Williams's speculation, however, turned out a complete failure."

In 1823 the use of water for scenic purposes was discontinued for a time at Sadler's Wells, and in 1825 the old manager's house, next the New River Head, was turned into wine-rooms and a saloon; the season, in consequence of the immense growth of the neighbourhood, was extended from six to twelve months, and Tom Dibdin was engaged as acting manager. The year 1826 being very hot, the manager got up some pony-races in the grounds, which drew large audiences. On



March 17, 1828, Grimaldi took his farewell benefit at Sadler's Wells.

Subsequently Mr. T. Dibdin became manager at the Wells, and produced a variety of ballets, pantomimes, burlettas, and melodramas. In 1832 that best of all stage sailors, Mr. T. P. Cooke, made his first appearance at this theatre as William, in *Black-Eyed Susan*, a piece which ran one

At the west end of a paved avenue on the south side of Sadler's Wells Theatre, on the opposite side of the now buried New River, just where a row of lofty poplars once fringed the left bank, stands the "Sir Hugh Myddelton" Tavern, erected in 1831, on the site of the "Myddelton's Head," which was built as early as 1614. This was the favourite house for the actors and authors of the Wells, and



THE EXTERIOR OF BAGNIGGE WELLS IN 1780. (See p. 296.)

hundred nights. In 1833, during a serio-romantic lyric drama called *The Island*, and founded on the mutiny of the *Bounty*, the stage and its scenery was drawn up bodily to the roof of the house, to avoid the tediousness of a "wait." The *Russian Mountains* were also a great success.

But a great epoch was now about to commence. In 1844 Mr. Samuel Phelps appeared, aided by Mrs. Warner. In 1846 Mr. Phelps resolved to produce all Shakespeare's plays, and actually did represent thirty of them. These thirty, under Mr. Phelps's management, occupied about 4,000 nights, *Hamlet* alone running for 400.

Having been closed for some years, the theatre was rebuilt, and opened in 1879 by Miss Bate-man.

here sturdy Macklin, the best of Shylocks, Rosoman, the manager, Dibdin, and Grimaldi used to fill their churchwarden's pipes, and merrily stir their glasses. In Hogarth's "Evening," published in 1738, we have a glimpse of the old signboard, and of a gable end and primitive weather-boarding, against which a vine spreads itself, and displays its clustering fruit. At an open window honest citizens are carousing, while the fat and sour City dame, of by no means unimpeachable virtue, as the painter implies, is pettishly fanning herself, attended by her obsequious Jerry Sneak of a husband, who toils along, carrying the ugly baby. Malcolm, in 1803, describes the tavern as facing the river, which was "adorned with tall poplars, graceful willows, and sloping banks and flowers." In the



bar of the "Sir Hugh Myddelton" is a curious old picture of Manager Rosoman, surrounded by his select friends and members of his company; and of this picture Mr. Mark Lonsdale, a once manager of the theatre, drew up the following account:—

"The portrait of Mr. Rosoman, the then manager of Sadler's Wells, forms the centre. Then proceeding to the gentleman on his left hand, and so round the table as they sit. The seven gentlemen who are standing up are taken the last, beginning

in Cow Cross. The name of the next gentleman, who is pointing his finger to his nose, is forgotten; he was a dancer at Sadler's Wells, and went by an unpleasant nickname, from the circumstance of his nose being much troubled with warts. The gentleman at his right hand, having his hand upon the neck of a bottle, is Mr. Smith, a well-known carcass butcher in Cow Cross. The next, who has his fingers upon a glass of wine, is Mr. Ripley, of Red Lion Street. Mr. Cracraft, a barber in the



COLDBATH HOUSE. *From a View published in 1811. (See page 299.)*

with Mr. Maddox, the wire-dancer, and so on, with the remaining six in the order they stand. The gentleman with one hand upon the pug-dog is Mr. Rosoman, manager of Sadler's Wells. On his left hand is Mr. Justice Keeling, a brewer. Mr. Romaine, a pipe-maker, is distinguished by his having a handful of pipes, and is in the act of delivering one to Mr. Justice Keeling. Mr. Copeland, the tobacconist, is also distinguished by his having a paper of tobacco in his hand, on which is written 'Copeland's best Virginia.' The gentleman with his hand upon the greyhound is Mr. Angier, a carver in Long Acre; on his left is Mr. Cowland, a butcher in Fleet Street. At Mr. Cowland's right hand is Mr. Seabrook, a glazier

same street, sits at his right hand, and is filling his pipe out of a paper of tobacco. At his right hand is Mr. Holtham, scene-painter at Sadler's Wells. The gentleman who sits higher than the rest of the company, and who is in the attitude of singing, having a bottle under his arm, is Mr. Ranson, a tailor at Sadler's Wells, known by the name of Tailor Dick. Mr. Bass, a plasterer in Cow Cross, sits at his right hand, and is in the attitude of putting a punch ladle into the bowl. At his right hand Mr. Chalkill, a poulterer in Whitecross Street. At Mr. Chalkill's right hand is Mr. Norris, a salesman in the sheep-skin market. When he died he left £2,000 in hard cash in his chest. At his right hand is Mr. Davis, a walksman at the New River

**Head.** The name of the gentleman at Mr. Davis's right hand is forgotten. Mr. George, a tallow-chandler in Islington, sits at the right hand of the unknown gentleman. He married the late Alderman Hart's mother. The gentleman next to him is Mr. Davenport, ballet master at Sadler's Wells, and was master to Charles Matthews. Next to him is Mr. Greenwood, painter, father of the scene-painter. The gentleman at Mr. Rosoman's right hand is Mr. Hough, his partner. The gentleman in a blue and gold theatrical dress, with one hand upon Mr. Davis's shoulder, is Mr. Maddox, the wire-dancer, who was drowned. The one standing by in a cocked hat is Mr. Thomas Banks, a carver and arts' master in Bridewall; also harlequin and clown at Sadler's Wells. Billy Williams, a tumbler, is standing between Tailor Dick and Mr. Bass. Peter Garman, a rope-dancer and tumbler at Sadler's Wells, is between Mr. Holtman and Tailor Dick, and is in the attitude of blowing the smoke from his pipe into Tailor Dick's face. The next standing figure is Mr. John Collier, a watch finisher in Red Lion Street. A cheesemonger (name forgot) is at the left hand. Mr. Talmash, vestry clerk of St. James's, Clerkenwell (a mighty great man in Red Lion Street), is at the back of the chair of the gentleman before-mentioned with the vulgar nickname."

In the days when clover grew round Islington, and the cows of that region waded knee-deep in golden buttercups—when the skylark could be heard in Pentonville, the Cockney pedestrian, after his early summer walk, expected to fall upon a good honest breakfast at some such suburban tavern as the "Sir Hugh Myddelton." About 1745,

Spencer's Breakfasting House, a mere hut with benches outside, at the end of Myddelton Place, supplied this want—tea at threepence per head, and coffee at three halfpence per dish, fine Hyson tea at sixpence per head, "a cat with two legs, to be seen gratis." On Sunday mornings Spencer's hut was filled with 'prentices and their sweethearts. The house had a cow-lair and a wooden fence that almost surrounded it. Here, in July, 1765, the celebrated mimic and adventurer, George Alexander Stevens, delivered his "Lectures on Heads," which the celebrated comedians of the day attempted in vain to rival. In the *Public Advertiser*, July 24th, 1765, is the following advertisement:—

"This evening, and every evening during the summer season, at the Long Room opposite to Sadler's Wells, will be delivered the celebrated 'Lectures on Heads,' by Mr. Geo. Alex. Stevens.

"Part I. Introduction.—Alexander the Great—Cherokee Chief—Quack Doctor—Cuckold—Lawyer, humorous Oration in Praise of the Law, Daniel against Dishclout—Horse Jockeys—Nobody's, Somebody's, Anybody's, and Everybody's Coats of Arms—Family of Nobody—Architecture—Painting—Poetry—Astronomy—Music—Statues of Honesty and Flattery.

"Part II. Ladies' Heads—Riding Hood—Ranelagh Hood—Billingsgate—Laughing and Crying Philosophers—Venus's Girdle—Cleopatra—French Nightcap—Face Painting—Old Maid—Young Married Lady—Old Batchelor—Lass of the Spirit—Quaker—Two Hats Contrasted—Spitalfields Weaver.

"Part III. Physical Wig—Dissertation on Sneezing and Snuff-taking—Life of a Blood—Woman of the Town—Teatable Critic—Learned Critic—City Politician, humorously described—Gambler's Three Faces—Gambler's Funeral and Monument—Life and Death of a Wit—Head of a well-known Methodist Parson, with Tabernacle Harangue.

"The doors to be opened at five, begin exactly at six. Front seats, 1s. 6d.; Back seats 1s."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### BAGNIGGE WELLS.

Nell Gwynne at Bagnigge Wells—Bagnigge House—"Black Mary's Hole"—The Royal Bagnigge Wells—"The 'Prentice to his Mistress"—"A Bagnigge Well's Scene."—Mr. Deputy Dumpling—Curious Print of Bagnigge Wells.

BAGNIGGE WELLS HOUSE was originally the summer residence of Nell Gwynne. Here, near the Fleet and amid fields, she entertained Charles and his saturnine brother with concerts and merry breakfasts, in the careless Bohemian way in which the noble specimen of divine right delighted. The ground where the house stood was then called Bagnigge Vale.

Bagnigge House, "near the 'Pindar of Wakefield,'" became a place of entertainment for rus-

ticating Londoners as early as 1680. It stood on the site of the present Phoenix Brewery. The garden entrance was a little south-west of the Clerkenwell Police Court. The gate and an inscription remained in Coppice Row, on the left, going from Clerkenwell towards the New Road, as late as 1847. In the memory of man the garden still possessed fruit-trees; and at the north side stood a picturesque gable-ended house, the front luxuriously covered with vines. At the back

stood a small brewery. The "Pinder of Wakefield" was an old public-house in the Gray's Inn Road, near Chad's Well, formerly much frequented by the wagoners of the great north road. The Pinder of Wakefield was a jolly Yorkshireman, it will be remembered, who once thrashed Robin Hood himself.

About 1760 Bagnigge House became famous, from the discovery in the garden of two mineral springs. Dr. Bevis, who wrote a pamphlet on Bagnigge Wells, describes them as near Coppice Row and Spa Fields, and about a quarter of a mile from Battle Bridge Turnpike, and the great new road from Paddington to Islington, and near a footpath which led from Southampton Row and Russell Square to Pentonville. The doctor also mentions that over one of the chimney-pieces was the garter of St. George, the Royal arms, and a bust of "Eleanor Gwynne, a favourite of Charles II.'s." Cromwell says that a black woman named Woolaston lived near one of the fountains, and sold the water, and that, therefore, it was called "Black Mary's Hole." The spring was situated, says Mr. Pinks, in the garden of No. 3, Spring Place. Close by there used to be a low public-house called "The Fox at Bay," a resort, about 1730, of footpads and highwaymen.

In the "Shrubs of Parnassus," poems on several occasions, by W. Woty, otherwise "John Copywell," published in 1760, there are some lines entitled "Bagnigge Wells," wherein the following allusion is made to these springs:—

..... "And stil'd the place  
Black Mary's Hole—there stands a dome superl,  
Hight Bagnigge; where from our forefathers hid,  
Long have two springs in dull stagnation slept;  
But taught at length by subtle art to flow,  
They rise, forth from oblivion's bed they rise,  
And manifest their virtues to mankind."

In the *Daily Advertisement* for July, 1775, we find the following:—

"The Royal Bagnigge Wells, between the Foundling Hospital and Islington.—Mr. Davis, the proprietor, takes this method to inform the publick, that both the chalybeate and purging waters are in the greatest perfection ever known, and may be drank at 3d. each person, or delivered at the pump-room at 8d. per gallon. They are recommended by the most eminent physicians for various disorders, as specified in the handbills. Likewise in a treatise written on those waters by the late Dr. Bevis, dedicated to the Royal Society, and may be had at the bar, price 1s., where ladies and gentlemen may depend upon having the best tea, coffee, hot loaves, &c."

The prologue to Colman's *Bon Ton*, published in 1775, notices Bagnigge Wells as a place of low fashion:—

"Ah, I loves life and all the joy it yields,  
Says Madam Fupock, warm from Spittlefields,

Bon Ton's the space 'twixt Saturday and Monday,  
And riding in a one-horse chair on Sunday,  
'Tis drinking tea on summer's afternoons  
At Bagnigge Wells, with china and gilt spoons."

In the opening lines of a satirical poem, attributed to Churchill, entitled "Bagnigge Wells," published in 1779, the kind of persons then resorting to the gardens are described:—

"Thy arbours, Bagnigge, and the gay alcove  
Where the frail nymphs in amorous dalliance rove;  
Where 'prenticed youths enjoy the Sunday feast,  
And City matrons boast their Sabbath rest;  
Where unfledged Templars first as fops parade,  
And new-made ensigns sport their first cockade."

"In later days," says Mr. Pinks, "Miss 'Edgeworth, in one of her tales, alludes to this place as one of vulgar resort:—

"The City to Bagnigge Wells repair,  
To swallow dust, and call it air."

We have seen an old engraving of Bagnigge Wells Gardens, bearing the following inscription:—

"Frontispiece—A view taken from the centre bridge in the gardens of Bagnigge Wells. Published as the Act directs."

We do not know whether the engraving appeared in a magazine or in a book giving an account of the gardens. The "centre bridge" was, we think, the one crossing the Fleet. The engraving represents on the left a round, railed pond, in the middle of which is the figure of a boy clasping a swan, from the mouth of which issue six jets of water. Round the garden are plain-looking wooden drinking bowers or boxes; and on the right are trees with tall stems and closely-cut formal foliage at the top; and also two large figures representing a pastoral-looking man with a scythe, and a pastoral-looking woman with a hay-rake in one hand and a bird's nest in the other.

In the old song of "The 'Prentice to his Mistress" are the following lines:—

"Come, prithee make it up, miss, and be as lovers be,  
We'll go to Bagnigge Wells, miss, and there we'll have some tea;  
It's there you'll see the ladybirds perch'd on the stinging nettles,  
The chrystal water fountain, and the copper shining kettles,  
It's there you'll see the fishes, more curious they than whales,  
And they're made of gold and silver, miss, and wags their little tails,  
O! they wags their little tails, they wags their little tails,  
O! they're made of gold and silver, miss, and they wags their little tails.  
O dear! O la! O dear! O la! O dear! O la! how funny!"

Another engraving, published by the famous print-seller, Carrington Bowles, of St. Paul's Churchyard, represents "A Bagnigge Wells Scene; or, No Resisting Temptation." The scene is laid in the gardens, close by the boy and swan fountain; and

a young lady, in an elaborate old-fashioned head-dress, and a gaily-trimmed petticoat and long skirt, is plucking a rose from one of the flower-beds, while another damsel of corresponding elegance looks on.

A mezzotint, also published by Bowles, in 1772, shows "The Bread and Butter Manufactory; or, the Humours of Bagnigge Wells." This plate, which is in size fourteen inches by ten, and represents several parties of anciently-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and a boy-waiter with a tray of cups and saucers, was hung up, framed and glazed, in the bar of Old Bagnigge Wells House.

Another engraving, issued by the same publisher, shows "Mr. Deputy Dumpling and Family, enjoying a Summer Afternoon." One of the lower projecting windows of "Bagnigge Wells" Tavern, with the western side-entrance to the gardens, is represented. Over the gate, on a board, are the words "Bagnigge Wells." Mr. Deputy Dumpling is a very short, fat man, wearing a wig, perspiring freely, and carrying a child. His wife, who is also short and fat, is walking behind him, with an open fan

and his walking-stick. Beside them is a boy, dragging a perambulator of the period, in which is a girl with a doll.

In 1772, a curious aquatinta print of Bagnigge Wells, from a painting by Saunders, was published by J. R. Smith. It represents the interior of the long room, filled with a gay and numerous company, attired in the fashion of the period. Some are promenading, others are seated at tables partaking of tea. The room is lighted by brazen sconces of wax lights, hanging from the ceiling, and the organ is visible at the distant end. The artist has, after the manner of Hogarth, well depicted the humours of the motley company who are quizzing one another, and being ogled in turn. The prominent feature of the sketch is a richly-bedizened madam on the arm of a gallant, who is receiving a polite salute from an officer, by whom she is recognised, at which her companion seems to be somewhat chagrined.

In 1813, Bagnigge Wells boasted a central temple, a grotto stuck with sea-shells, &c. It ceased to be a place of amusement many years ago.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### COLDBATH FIELDS AND SPA FIELDS.

*Coldbath Field's Prison—Thistlewood and his Co-conspirators there—John Hunt there—Mr. Hepworth Dixon's Account of Coldbath Fields Prison—The Cold Bath—Budgell, the Author—An Eccentric Centenarian's Street Dress—Spa Fields—Rude Sports—Gooseberry Fair—An Ox Roasted whole—Ducking-pond Fields—Clerkenwell Fields—Spa Fields—Pipe Fields—Spa Fields Chapel—The Countess of Huntingdon—Great Bath Street, Coldbath Fields—Topham, the Strong Man—Swedenborg—Spa Fields Burial-ground—Crawford's Passage, or Pickled Egg Walk.*

THE original House of Correction here was built in the reign of James I., the City Bridewell being then no longer large enough to hold the teeming vagabonds of London.

The oldest portion of the Coldbath Fields Prison now standing was built on a swamp, in 1794, at an expense of £65,650, and large additions have from time to time been made. For a long time after it was rebuilt, Coldbath Fields had a reputation for severity. In 1799 Gilbert Wakefield, the classic, expressed a morbid horror of it; and Coleridge and Southey, many years later, in "The Devil's Walk," published their opinion that it exceeded hell itself, as a place of punishment:—

"As he went through Coldbath Fields he saw  
A solitary cell;  
And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint  
For improving his prisons in hell."

In 1820 Thistlewood and the other Cato Street conspirators were lodged here, before being sent to

the Tower. At present the prison has proper accommodation for about 1,250 prisoners, though many more are sometimes thrust into it, causing great confusion.

The prison, built on a plan of the benevolent Howard's, soon became a scene of great abuses. Men, women, and boys were herded together in this chief county prison, and smoking and drinking were permitted. The governor of the day strove vigorously to reform the hydra abuses, and especially the tyranny and greediness of the turnkeys. Five years later he introduced stern silence into his domain. "On the 29th of December, 1834, a population of 914 prisoners were suddenly apprised that all intercommunication, by word, gesture, or sign, was prohibited." "This is what is called the Silent Associated System. The treadmill had been introduced at Coldbath Fields several years before. This apparatus, the invention of Mr. Cubitt, an engineer at Lowestoft, was

first set up," says Mr. Pinks, "at Brixton Prison, in 1817. At first, the allowance was 12,000 feet of ascent, but was soon reduced to 1,200."

This desolate prison has made a solitude of the immediate neighbourhood, but not far off brass-founders, grocers' canister makers, and such like abound.

The dismal Bastille has frequently been enlarged. In 1830 a vagrants' ward for 150 prisoners was added, and shortly afterwards a female ward for 300 inmates. Coldbath Fields is now devoted to male prisoners alone, the females having been removed from it to Westminster Prison in 1850. The tread mill finds labour for 160 prisoners at a time, and grinds flour. The ordinary annual charge for each prisoner is estimated at £21 19s. 4d. The Report of the Inspector of Prisons for 1861 speaks of the Coldbath Fields cells as too crowded and badly ventilated, the prisoners being sometimes 700 or 800 in excess of the number of cells, and sleeping either in hammocks slung too close together in dormitories, or, still worse, on the floors of workshops, only a short time before emptied of the working inmates.

John Hunt, Leigh Hunt's brother, was imprisoned here for a libel, in the *Examiner*, on the Prince Regent, the "fat Adonis," afterwards George IV. Mr. Cyrus Redding, Campbell's friend, used to come and chat and play chess with him. He had a lofty and comfortable, though small apartment at the top of the prison. Townsend, the old Bow Street runner, the terror of highwaymen, was the governor at the time. Hunt had the privilege from the kind, shrewd old officer, of walking for a couple of hours daily in the governor's gardens.

"Leaving the oakum room," says Mr. H. Dixon, writing about this prison in 1850, "we enter the body of the original building. It consists of four long galleries, forming a parallelogram by their junction, on the sides of which are ranged the cells. If the system on which the prison is ostensibly conducted were rigorously carried out, all the prisoners would be separated at night; but the number of separate cells is only 550, while the inmates often amount to upwards of 1,300. The surplus is, therefore, to be provided for in general dormitories, in which officers are obliged to remain all night to prevent intercourse or disorder. . . . ."

"It is in the midst of passions like these, seething in the hearts of 1,200 criminals, not separately confined as at Pentonville, that the administration of this vast prison has to be conducted. The official staff consists of the governor, 2 chaplains, 1 surgeon, 3 trade instructors, and 134 assistant officers; in

all 141 persons: a corps rather too small than too large, considering the nature of the duties devolving upon it. Without system, or without a system rigorously administered, it would be impossible to maintain order in such a place, unless each individual was kept under lock and key, as in the neighbouring House of Detention. . . . ."

"Passing through an inner gate to the left, we come upon a yard in which we find a number of prisoners taking walking exercise, marching in regular order and perfect *silence*. All of these are habited in the prison uniform, a good warm dress of coarse woollen cloth; the misdemeanants in blue, the felons in dark grey. Each prisoner wears a large number on his back, which number constitutes his prison name and designation, proper names not being used in this gaol. Every kind of personality that can possibly be sunk is sunk. The subordinate officers of the prison seldom know anything of the real name, station, crime, connections, or antecedents of the person who is placed under their charge; and this kind of knowledge, except in rare cases indeed, never comes to the ears of fellow-culprits while within the walls of the prison. Some of the men, it will also be noticed, bear stars upon their arms; these are marks of good conduct, of great value to the wearer when in the gaol, and entitling him to a certain allowance on discharge, varying according to circumstances from five shillings to a pound. These allowances are often the salvation of offenders."

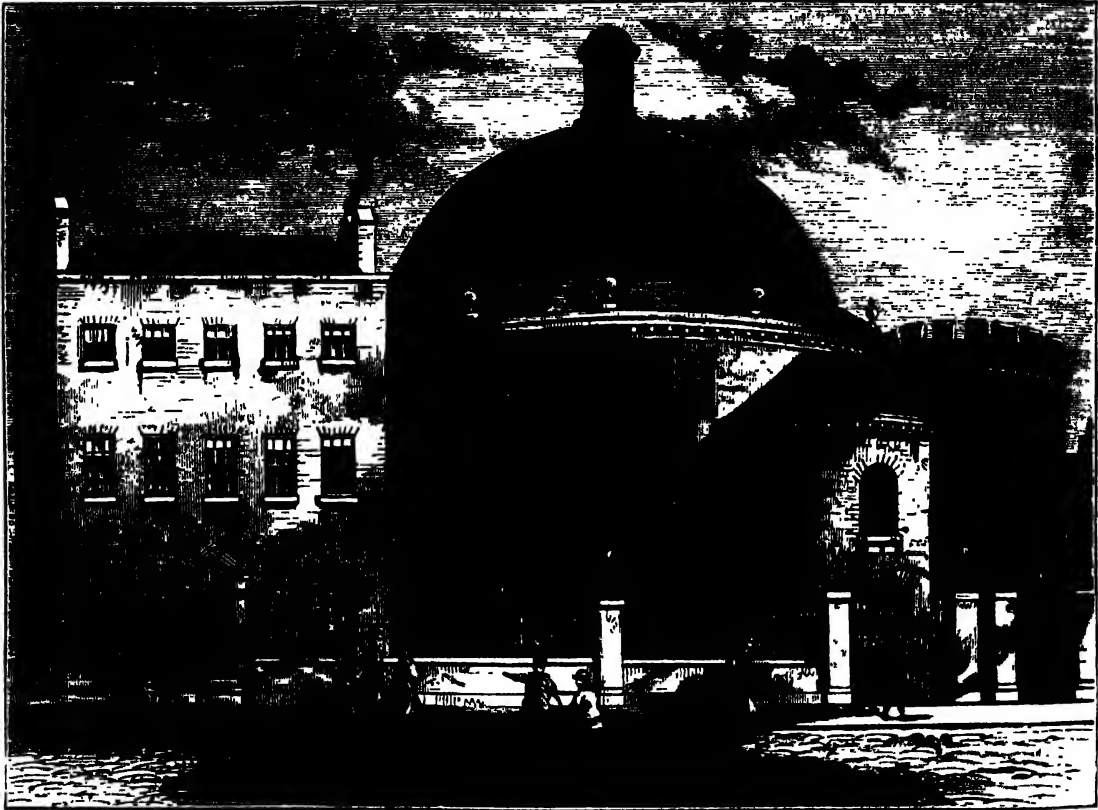
Coldbath Square derives its chief name, says Mr. Pinks, from a celebrated cold bath, the best known in London, fed by a spring which was discovered by a Mr. Baynes, in 1697. The active discoverer declared the water had great power in nervous diseases, and equalled those of St. Magnus and St. Winifred. In Mr. Baynes's advertisement in the *Post Bag* he asserts that his cold bath "prevents and cures cold, creates appetite, helps digestion, and makes hardy the tenderest constitution. The coach-way is by Hockley-in-the-Hole." The bath is described as "in Sir John Oldcastle's field, near the north end of Gray's Inn Lane." The bathing-hours were from five a.m. to one, the charge two shillings, unless the visitor was so infirm as to need to be let down into this Cockney Pool of Bethesda in a chair. Mr. Baynes died in 1745, and was buried in the old church of St. James's. He was originally a student of the Middle Temple, and was for fifteen years treasurer of St. James's Charity School. The old bath-house was a building with three gables, and had a large garden with four turret summer-houses. In 1811 the trustees of the London Fever Hospital bought

the property for £3,830, but, being driven away by the frightened inhabitants, the ground was sold for building, the bath remaining.

In Coldbath Square, near the Cold Bath, Eustace Budgell, a relation of Addison, resided in 1733. Budgell, who wrote many articles in the *Spectator*, was pushed into good Government work by his kinsman, Addison, but eventually ruined himself by the South Sea Bubble and litigation. Budgell having helped Dr. Tindal in the publication of

"But ill the motion with the music suits;  
So Orpheus fiddled, and so danced the brutes."

In this same square, for ninety monotonous years, also lived Mrs. Lewson, or Lady Lewson, as she was generally called, who died in 1816, aged, as was asserted, one hundred and sixteen years. She seldom went out, and still more seldom saw visitors. In one changeless stagnant stream her wretched life flowed on. "She always," says Mr. Pinks, "wore powder, with a large *tache*, made of



SPA FIELDS CHAPEL IN 1781. (See page 303.)

one of his infidel works, was in consequence left by the doctor £2,000. There arose, however, a suspicion of fraud, and the will was set aside. Pope did not forget the scandal, in attacking his enemies—

"Let Budgell charge even Grub Street on my bill,  
And write whate'er he please, except my will."

This disgrace seems to have turned Budgell's brain. He took a boat, one May-day, at Somerset Stairs, having first filled his pockets with stones, and vainly tried to decoy his little daughter with him. While the boat was shooting London Bridge Budgell leaped out, and was drowned. Budgell's best epigram was on some persons who danced detestably to good music—

horsehair, upon her head, over which the hair was turned up, and a cap was placed, which was tied under her chin, and three or four curls hung down her neck. She generally wore silk gowns, with the train long, a deep flounce all round, and a very long waist. Her gown was very tightly laced up to her neck, round which was a kind of ruff, or frill. The sleeves came down below the elbows, and to each of them four or five large cuffs were attached. A large bonnet, quite flat, high-heeled shoes, a large black silk cloak trimmed round with lace, and a gold-headed cane, completed her everyday costume for the last eighty years, in which dress she walked round the square. She never washed herself, because she thought those people who did so were



always taking cold, or laying the foundation of some dreadful disorder. Her method was to besmear her face and neck all over with hog's-lard, because that was soft and lubricating; and then, because she wanted a little colour on her cheeks, she bedaubed them with rose pink. Her manner of living was so

reigns, and was supposed to have been the most faithful living historian of her time, events of the year 1715 being fresh in her recollection. The sudden death of an old lady who was a near neighbour made a deep impression on Mrs. Lewson. Believing her own time had come she became



RAY STREET, CLERKENWELL, ABOUT 1860 (See page 306)

methodical, that she would not drink tea out of any other than a favourite cup. At breakfast she arranged in a particular way the paraphernalia of the tea-table, and dinner the same. She observed a general rule, and always sat in her favourite chair. She enjoyed good health, and entertained the greatest aversion to medicine. At the age of eighty-seven she cut two new teeth, and she was never troubled with the toothache. She lived in five

weak, took to her bed, refused medical aid, and on Tuesday, the 28th May, 1816, died at her house in Coldbath Square, at the advanced age of one hundred and sixteen. She was buried in Bunhill Fields Burying Ground."

"In former times," says Mr. Pinks, "the district around the chapel known as Spa Fields, or the Ducking-pond Fields, now intersected by streets of well-built houses, was the summer's evening resort

of the townspeople, who came hither to witness the rude sports that were in vogue a century ago, such as duck-hunting, prize-fighting, bull-baiting, and others of an equally demoralising character. We are informed by an old newspaper that in 1768 'Two women fought for a new shift, valued at half-a-crown, in the Spaw Fields, near Islington. The battle was won by a woman called "Bruising Peg," who beat her antagonist in a terrible manner.' In the summer of the same year 'an extraordinary battle was fought in the Spa Fields by two women against two taylors, for a guinea a head, which was won by the ladies, who beat the taylors in a severe manner.' On Saturday, the 28th August, 1779, 'a scene of fun and business intermixed took place in Spa Fields, to which no language can do justice. Bills had been stuck up and otherwise circulated, that an ox would be roasted whole, and beer given to the friends of their king and country, who were invited to enlist; that two gold-laced hats should be the reward of the two best cudgel-players; that a gown, a shift, and a pair of shoes and stockings should be run for by four old women; and that three pounds of tobacco, three bottles of gin, and a silver-laced hat, should be grinned for by three old men, the frightfullest grinner to be the winner.'

"About the middle of the last century it was dangerous to cross these fields in the dusk of evening, robberies being frequent, and the persons filched were often grievously maltreated by the villains who waylaid them."

About 1733—1748 Spa Fields seem to have been much infected by sneaking footpads, who knocked down pedestrians passing to and from London, and despoiled them of hats, wigs, silver buckles, and money. It was about this dangerous time that link-boys were in constant attendance at the door of Sadler's Wells, to light persons home returning by the lonely fields to the streets of Islington, Clerkenwell, or Holborn. The lessees of the theatre constantly put at the foot of their bills, "There will be moonlight," as a special inducement to timid people. "I have seen two or three link-men," Mr. Britton says, in his Autobiography, "thus traverse the fields from the Wells towards Queen's Square."

At Whitsuntide there was annually held in these fields a fair generally known in London as "the Welsh" or "Gooseberry Fair." A field on which the south side of Myddelton Street is built was from this reason distinguished in old maps as "the Welsh Field." The grand course for horse and donkey racing was where Exmouth Street and Cobham Row are now built. The fair is mentioned

as early as 1744, about which time it was removed to Barnet.

In 1779 appeared in the *Clerkenwell Chronicle* the following notice of sports which took place in Spa Fields:—"On Friday, some bricklayers enclosed a piece of ground ten feet by six, for roasting the ox; and so substantial was the brickwork that several persons sat up all night to watch that it did not fall to pieces before the morning. An hour before sunrising the fire was lighted for roasting the ox, which was brought in a cart from St. James's Market. At seven o'clock the ox was laid over the fire in remembrance of the cruelty of the Spaniards in their conquest of Mexico. By nine o'clock one of the legs was ready to drop off, but no satire on the American colonies was intended; for if it had fallen there were numbers ready to have swallowed it. At seven o'clock came a sergeant and a number of deputy Sons of the Sword. The sergeant made an elegant speech, at which every one gaped in astonishment, because no one could understand it. At half-past two the beef was taken up, slices cut up and thrown among the crowd, and many and many a one caught his hat full to fill his belly.

"Instead of four old women to run for the gown, &c., there were only three girls, and the race was won without running; for two of the adventurers gave out before half the contest was over, and even the winner was a loser, for she tore off the sleeve of her gown in attempting to get it on. Only one man grinned for the tobacco, gin, &c. But it was enough. Ugliness is no word to express the diabolicality of his phiz. If the king had ten such subjects he might fear they would grin for the crown. Addison tells us of a famous grinner who threw his face into the shape of the head of a base viol, of a hat, of the mouth of a coffee-pot, and the nozzle of a pair of bellows; but Addison's grinner was nothing to the present, who must have been born grinning. His mother must have studied geometry, have longed for curves and angles, and stamped them all on the face of the boy. The mob was so immense that, though the tide was constantly ebbing and flowing, it was supposed the average number was 4,000 from nine in the morning till eight at night; and as this account is not exaggerated, 44,000 people must have been present. All the ale-houses for half a mile round were crowded, the windows were lined, and the tops and gutters of the houses filled. The place was at once a market and a fair; curds and whey were turned sour, ripe filberts were hardened, and extempore oysters baked in the sun. The bread intended for the loyal was thrown about the fields

by the malcontents. The beer was drunk out of pots without measure and without number; but one man who could not get liquor swore he would eat if he could not drink His Majesty's health; and observing an officer with a piece of beef on the point of his sword, he made prize of it, and ate it in the true cannibal taste.

"The feast, on the whole, was conducted with great regularity; for if one got meat another got bread only, and the whole was consumed; but to add to the farce a person threw a basket of onions among the bread-eaters. Some men were enlisted as soldiers, but more were impressed, for the bloodhounds were on the scent, and ran breast-high. If not spring-guns, it might fairly be said that men-traps had been fixed in the Spa Fields. The beef was good of its kind, but like the constitution of Old England, more than half spoiled by bad cooks."

The Ducking-pond Fields, Clerkenwell Fields, Spa Fields, and Pipe Fields, were one and the same place, under different names. The oldest of these names was the first, which applied especially to the district surrounding Spa Fields Chapel, and extending to the northward. The Pipe Fields were so called from the wooden pipes (merely elm-trees perforated) of the New River Company mentioned by Britton about the close of last century.

The building, afterwards Spa Fields Chapel, on the south side of Exmouth Street, was originally opened in 1770, as a place of public amusement. The "Pantheon," as it was called, soon became disreputable. It is described by a contemporary as a large round building crowned by a statue of Fame. In the inside were two galleries. There was a garden with fancy walks, classical statues, and boxes for tea-parties, wine-drinkers, and negu-sippers. The company, as might be supposed, consisted chiefly of small tradesmen, apprentices, dressmakers, servant-girls, and disreputable women. This building had been preceded by a small country inn, with swinging sign, and a long railed-in pond, where citizens used to come and send in their water-dogs to chase ducks. In this ducking-pond six children were drowned in 1683, while playing on the ice. The Spa Fields Pantheon proprietor became bankrupt in 1774, and the house and gardens, which had cost the speculator £6,000, were sold.

In 1776 Selina, the zealous Countess of Huntingdon, consulted Toplady as to purchasing the Pantheon for a chapel, but was dissuaded from the attempt. It was then taken by a company, and opened as a Church of England chapel, in 1777,

but the Rev. William Sellon, incumbent of St. James's, Clerkenwell, being refused the pew-rents, compelled the proprietors to close it. Eventually the Countess of Huntingdon purchased it, but Mr. Sellon again obtained a verdict in a law-court, and stopped all further services. The countess then turned it into a Dissenting chapel, and two of her curates seceded from the Established Church, and took the oath of allegiance as Dissenting ministers. The Gordon rioters of 1780 threatened to destroy it, but did not, when they heard it belonged to the good countess. Shrubsole, the organist of the Spa Fields Chapel, was the composer of that beautiful hymn, "All hail the power of Jesu's name." The Rev. T. E. Thoresby accepted the pastorate in 1846. The fine building will hold more than 2,000 persons, and was for many years one of the wealthiest and most influential Dissenting chapels in London.

The Spa Fields Charity School was established in 1782 by the good countess before mentioned, and new school-rooms were built in 1855 on the site of the countess's garden.

The Countess of Huntingdon herself lived in a large house covered with jasmine, once a part of the old Pantheon tea-gardens, and standing on the east side of the chapel. This lady, who did so much to benefit a godless age, was born in 1707 (Queen Anne), and died in 1791 (George III.) She married the Earl of Huntingdon in 1728. Both by birth and marriage she was connected, says her chaplain, Dr. Haweis, with English kings. Her profound impressions of religion seem to have commenced in early infancy, at the funeral of a child of her own age. A severe illness in later life, and conversation with her sister-in-law, Lady Margaret Hastings, a convert to Methodism, still more affected her. She went to court, but soon married a serious nobleman, and devoted herself to her true profession—not the mere encouragement of milliners, but the study of doing good.

"Bishop Benson," says Mr. Pinks, "was sent for by her husband to reason with her ladyship on her changed religious views, but she pressed upon him so hard with articles and homilies, and so urged upon him the awful responsibility of his station, that his temper was ruffled, and he rose up in haste to depart, bitterly lamenting that he had ever laid his hands on George Whitefield, to whom he imputed the change. She called him back, saying, 'My lord, when you come to your dying bed that will be one of the few ordinations you will reflect upon with complacency.' The Prince of Wales one day at court asked a lady of fashion where my Lady Huntingdon was, that she seldom

visited the city. Lady Charlotte E—— replied, with a sneer, 'I suppose praying with her beggars.' The Prince shook his head, and said, 'When I am dying I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon's mantle to lift me up with her to heaven.' We cannot help remarking the prejudice of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who says, in one of her letters, 'I have seen very little of Lady Huntingdon, so I am not able to judge of her merit; if I wanted to paint a fanatic, I should desire her to sit for the picture. I hope she means well, but she makes herself ridiculous to the profane, and dangerous to the good.'

The countess having opened her house in Park Street for religious services, Whitefield and Romaine preached in her drawing-room to the great and fashionable. She began to build chapels at Brighton, Bath, Tunbridge Wells, and elsewhere, and also established a training-college in South Wales. Altogether, she either built or helped to build sixty-four chapels, and is supposed to have expended £100,000 in charity, though for many years she lived on a small jointure of £1,200 a year. The countess seems to have been a truly excellent and sensible woman, but with a warm-tempered prejudice, and with a true aristocratic dislike to opposition. "I believe," says her chaplain, "that during the many years I was honoured with her friendship, she often possessed no more than the gown she wore. I have often said she was one of the poor who lived on her own bounty."

Great Bath Street, Coldbath Fields, where Tottenham, the Strong Man of Islington, exhibited his feats of strength in 1741, was built about 1725. On the sale of the Jervoise estate, in 1811, this property was sold for £8,560. At No. 26 in this street that extraordinary man of science and divine, Emanuel Swedenborg, resided towards the end of his life, and died there in 1772. A short sketch of this philosopher will not be uninteresting.

This 'great "seer"' was the son of a Swedish bishop, and was born in 1688. As a child his thoughts turned chiefly on religion. At the University of Upsala the lad steadily studied the classical languages, mathematics and natural philosophy, and at the age of twenty-two took his degree as a doctor of philosophy, and published his first essay. In 1710 the young student came to London, when the plague prevailed in Sweden, and narrowly escaped being hung for breaking the quarantine laws. He spent some time at Oxford, and then went abroad for three years, living chiefly in Utrecht, Paris, and Griefswalde. He returned

to Sweden in 1714 through Stralsund, which that valiant madman, Charles XII., was just then besieging. Introduced to the chivalrous king in 1716, he was made Assessor to the Board of Mines. During the siege of Frederickshall Swedenborg "rendered important service by transporting over mountains and valleys, on rolling machines of his own invention, two galleys, five large boats, and a sloop, from Strömstadt to Iderfjol, a distance of fourteen miles. Under cover of these vessels the king brought his artillery (which it would have been impossible to have conveyed by land) under the very walls of Frederickshall." He now devoted years to the production of works on mathematics, astronomy, chemistry, and mineralogy. He retired from his office of assessor in 1747, and probably then returned to his theological contemplations and writings. It appears that Swedenborg came from Amsterdam to London in 1771, and resided at Shearsmith's, a peruke-maker's, No. 26, Great Bath Street, Coldbath Fields, where he finished his "True Christian Religion." Towards the end of the year Dr. Hartley and Mr. Cookworthy visited him in Clerkenwell. "The details of the interview," says Mr. Pinks, "are not given, but we gather enough to show his innocence and simplicity, for on their inviting him to dine with them he politely excused himself, adding that his dinner was already prepared, which dinner proved to be a meal of bread and milk. On Christmas Eve, 1771, a stroke of apoplexy deprived him for a time of speech. Towards the end of February, 1772, the Rev. John Wesley was in conclave with some of his preachers, when a Latin note was put into his hand. It caused him evident astonishment, for the substance of it was as follows:

'Great Bath Street, Coldbath Fields, 1772.

'SIR,—I have been informed in the world of spirits that you have a desire to converse with me. I shall be happy to see you if you will favour me with a visit.

'I am, Sir, your humble servant,

'E. SWEDENBORG.'

"Wesley frankly acknowledged that he had been strongly impressed with a desire to see him, but that he had not mentioned that desire to any one. He wrote an answer that he was then preparing for a six-months' journey, but he would wait upon Swedenborg on his return to London. Swedenborg wrote in reply that he should go into the world of spirits on the 29th of the then next month, never more to return. The consequence was that these two remarkable persons never met."

Swedenborg professed to the last the entire truth of all his strange revelations of heaven and hell, and died on the day he had predicted to Wesley.

After lying in state for several days at the undertaker's, he was buried in the Lutheran Chapel, Princes' Square, Ratcliff Highway, and his coffin lies by the side of that of Captain Cook's friend, Dr. Solander, the naturalist.

"In person," says Mr. Pinks, "Swedenborg was about five feet nine inches in height, rather thin, and of brown complexion; his eyes were of a brownish-grey, nearly hazel, and rather small; he had always a cheerful smile upon his countenance. His suit, according to Shearsmith, was made after an old fashion; he wore a full-bottomed wig, a pair of long ruffles, and a curious-hilted sword and he carried a gold-headed cane. In diet he was a vegetarian, and he abstained from alcoholic liquors. He paid little attention to times and seasons for sleep, and he often laboured through the night, and sometimes continued in bed several days together, while enjoying his spiritual trances. He desired Shearsmith never to disturb him at such times, an injunction which was necessary, for the look of his face was so peculiar on those occasions, that Shearsmith thought he was dead."

Soon after Spa Fields Chapel was opened, in 1777, some speculators leased from the Earl of Northampton the two acres of ground in the rear of the building, and converted it into a general burying-ground. The new cemetery, embedded among houses, was intended to bring in a pretty penny, as it was calculated to have room for 2,722 adults, but it soon began to fill at the rate of 1,500 bodies annually, there being sometimes thirty-six burials a day. In fifty years it was carefully computed that 80,000 interments had taken place in this pestilential graveyard! in 1842 some terrible disclosures began to ooze out, proving the shameless greediness of the human ghouls who farmed the Spa Fields burial-ground. It was found that it was now the nightly custom to exhume bodies and burn the coffins, to make room for fresh arrivals. To make the new grave seven or eight bodies were actually chopped up, and corpses recently interred were frequently dragged up by ropes, so that the coffin might be removed and split up for struts to prop up the new made graves. Bodies were sometimes destroyed after only two days' burial. A grave-digger who, being discharged, insisted on removing the body of his child, which had been recently interred, declared that he and his mates had buried as many as forty-five bodies in one day, besides still-borns. In one year they had had 2,017 funerals, and the stones of families who had purchased graves in perpetuity were frequently displaced and destroyed. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood then petitioned Parliament,

complaining of the infectious smells from the burial-ground, and of the shameful scandal generally.

"The lessees of the ground," says the historian of Clerkenwell, "sought to allay the general excitement by repudiating the charges brought against their underlings, but there was no mitigation of the evil complained of; nightly burnings still took place. On the night of the 14th December, 1843, an alarm was raised that the bone-house of Spa Fields ground was on fire, and the engine-keeper stated he saw in the grate a rib-bone and other bones, partly burnt, and a quantity of coffin-wood in different stages of decay. By the exertions of Mr. G. A. Walker, M.D., of the Society for the Abolition of Burials in Towns, seconded by several of the principal inhabitants, this disgraceful state of things was brought again under the attention of the magistrates, and the lessees, managers, and others were summoned to appear at the Clerkenwell Police Court, when other revolting statements were made and confirmed. At length these disgusting and loathsome practices were suppressed by law."

Dorrington Street was erected, says Mr. Pinks, in 1720, and was famous for its old public-house, the "Apple Tree," at the south-east corner. It was a favourite resort of prisoners discharged from the neighbouring House of Correction. Topham, the Strong Man, already mentioned by us in our chapter on Islington, once kept the "Apple Tree." The favourite tap-room joke was, that the bell-pulls were handcuffs; and when a guest wished a friend to ring the bell for the barman, he shouted, "Agitate the conductors!"

Crawford's Passage—or, as it was formerly called, Pickled Egg Walk—is a small lane, leading from Baker's Row into Ray Street. Half-way up stood till recently a public-house known as the "Pickled Egg," from a Dorsetshire or Hampshire man, who here introduced to his customers a local delicacy. It is said that Charles I., during one of his suburban journeys, once stopped here to taste a pickled egg, which is said to be a good companion to cold meat. There was a well-known cockpit here in 1775. There were two kinds of this ancient but cruel amusement, which is now only carried on by thieves and low sporting men in sly nooks of London; one was called the "battle royal," and the other the "Welsh main." In the former a certain number of cocks were let loose to fight, the survivor of the contest being accounted the victor, and obtaining the prize; in the latter, which was more cruel, the conquerors fought again and again, till there was only one survivor, and he became "the shakebag" or pet of the pit.



THE OLD HOUSE OF DETENTION, CLERKENWELL. (*See page 309.*)

## CHAPTER XXXIX

### HOCKLEY-IN-THE-HOLE.

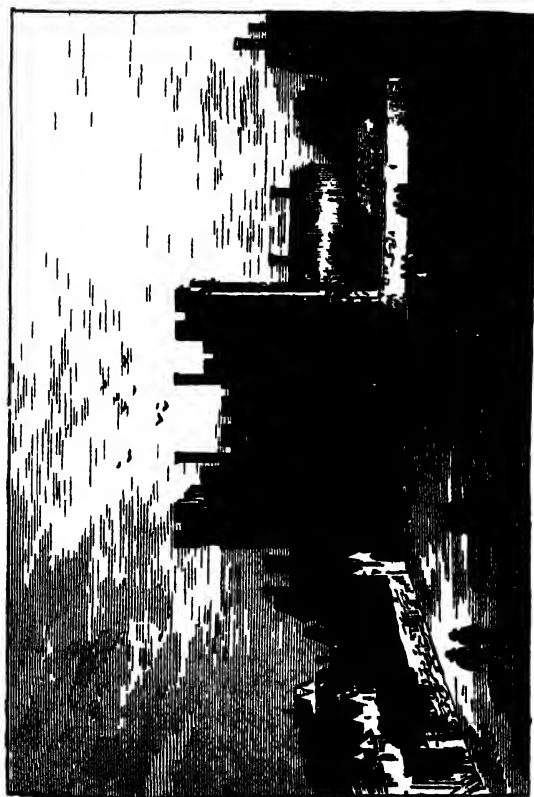
Ray Street—Bear Garden of Hockley-in-the-Hole - Amusements at Hockley—Bear-baiting—Christopher Preston Killed—Indian Kings at Hockley—Bill of the Bear Garden—Dick Turpin.

THIS place was formerly one of those infamous localities equalled only by Tothill Fields, at Westminster, and Saffron Hill, in the valley of the Fleet. It was the resort of thieves, highwaymen, and bull-baiters. Its site was marked by Ray Street, itself almost demolished by the Clerkenwell improvements of 1856-7. The ill-omened name of Hockley-in-the-Hole seems to have been derived from the frequent overflows of the Fleet. Hockley, in Saxon, says Camden, means a "muddy field:" there is a

Hockley-in-the-Hole in Bedfordshire; and Fielding makes that terrible thief-taker, Jonathan Wild, the son of a lady who lived in Scragg Hollow, Hockley-in-the-Hole. In 1756 this wretched locality was narrow, and surrounded by ruinous houses, but the road was soon after widened, raised, and drained. In 1855 the navvies came upon an old pavement near Ray Street, and oak piles, black and slimy, the site of a City mill.

The upper portion of the thoroughfare in con-





THE GATE FROM THE WEST.



THE MONASTERY OF ST JOHN OF JERUSALEM, CLERKENWELL. (See page 310.)  
GENERAL VIEW FROM THE NORTH-EAST.



THE CHAPEL FROM THE SOUTH.

tinuation of Coppice Row was, says Mr. Pinks, formerly called Rag Street, in allusion, it may be, to the number of marine-store shops. In 1774 the notorious and polluted name of Hockley-in-the-Hole was formally changed to that of Ray Street.

On the site of the "Coach and Horses," in Ray Street, once stood the Bear Garden of Hockley-in-the-Hole, which, in Queen Anne's time, rivalled the Southwark Bear Garden of Elizabethan days. Here, in 1700, the masters of "the noble science of self-defence" held their combats.

The earliest advertisement of the amusements at Hockley occurs in the *Daily Post* of the 10th July, 1700. In the spring of the following year it was announced that four men were "to fight at sword for a bet of half-a-guinea, and six to wrestle for three pairs of gloves, at half-a-crown each pair. The entertainment to begin exactly at three o'clock." The same year a presentment of the grand jury for the county of Middlesex, dated the 4th June, 1701, complained of this place as a public nuisance, and prayed for its suppression. "We having observed the late boldness of a sort of men that stile themselves masters of the noble science of defence, passing through this city with beat of drums, colours displayed, swords drawn, with a numerous company of people following them, dispersing their printed bills, thereby inviting persons to be spectators of those inhuman sights which are directly contrary to the practice and profession of the Christian religion, whereby barbarous principles are instilled in the minds of men; we think ourselves obliged to represent this matter, that some method may be speedily taken to prevent their passage through the city in such a tumultuous manner, on so unwarrantable a design."

"You must go to Hockley-in-the-Hole and Marybone, child, to learn valour," says Mrs. Peachum to Filch, in *Gay's Beggar's Opera*. On Mondays and Thursdays, the days of the bull and bear baitings at this delectable locality, the animals were paraded solemnly through the streets.

In 1709 a most tragical occurrence took place at Hockley-in-the-Hole. Christopher Preston, the proprietor of the Bear Garden, was attacked by one of his own bears, and almost devoured, before his friends were aware of his danger. A sermon upon this sad event was preached in the church of St. James's by the Rev. Dr. Pead, the then incumbent of Clerkenwell.

When the bulls and bears were paraded in the street, or swordsmen were to fight, bills such as the following were distributed among the crowd:—

"A trial of skill to be performed between two profound masters of the noble science of self-defence, on Wednesday

next, the 13th of July, 1709, at two o'clock precisely. I, George Gray, born in the city of Norwich, who has fought in most parts of the West Indies—viz., Jamaica, Barbadoes, and several other parts of the world, in all twenty-five times upon the stage, and was never yet worsted, and am now lately come to London, do invite James Harris to meet and exercise at the following weapons: back-sword, sword and dagger, sword and buckler, single falchion, and case of falchions. I, James Harris, master of the said noble science of defence, who formerly *rid* in the Horse Guards, and hath fought 110 prizes, and never left a stage to any man, will not fail (God willing) to meet this brave and bold inviter at the time and place appointed, desiring sharp swords, and from him no favour. No person to be upon the stage but the seconds.

"VIVAT REGINA."

"At his Majesty's Bear Garden, in Hockley-in-the-Hole, a trial of skill is to be performed to-morrow, being the 9th instant (without beat of drum), between these following masters:—I, John Terrewest, of Oundle, in Northamptonshire, master of the noble science of defence, do invite you, William King, who lately fought Mr. Joseph Thomas, once more to meet me and exercise at the usual weapons.—I, William King, will not fail to meet this fair inviter, desiring a clear stage, and, from him, no favour. Note. There is lately built a pleasant cool gallery for gentlemen." (Advertisement in the *Postboy* for July 8th, 1701.)

"At the Bear Garden, Hockley-in-the-Hole, 1710.—This is to give notice to all gentlemen gamesters, and others, that on this present Monday is a match to be fought by two dogs, one from Newgate Market against one from Honey Lane Market, at a bull, for a guinea, to be spent. Five let-goes out of hand; which goes fairest and farthest in wins all. Likewise a *green bull* to be baited, which was never baited before, and a bull to be turned loose, with fireworks all over him; also a mad ass to be baited. With a variety of bull-baiting and bear-baiting, and a dog to be drawn up with fireworks. To begin exactly at three of the clock."

In 1710 the four Indian kings mentioned by Addison came to Hockley-in-the-Hole, to see the rough playing at backsword, dagger, single falchion, and quarter-staff. In 1712 Steele described a combat here, in the *Spectator*. The result of these fights was, it appears, often arranged beforehand, and the losing man often undertook to receive the cuts, provided they were not too many or too deep. About this time the proprietor of the Bear Garden left Hockley, and started a new garden at Marylebone, and for a time Hockley-in-the-Hole fell into disrepute with "the fancy." In 1715, however, there was a great backsword player here, who boasted he had cut down all the swordsmen of the West, and was ready to fight the best in London. In 1716 a wild bull was baited with fireworks here, and bears were baited to death; and, in 1721, people came to Hockley to see sparring and eat furmenty and hasty pudding.

In 1735 we find swordsmen having nine bouts with single sword, their left hands being tied down. When a favourite dog was tossed by a Hockley-in-

the-Hole bull, his master and his friends used to run and try to catch him on their shoulders, for fear he should be hurt in the fall. Good sensitive creatures! It was also the custom to stick ribbon crosses on the foreheads of favourite bull-dogs, and when these were removed and stuck on the bull's forehead, the dog was cheered on till he had recovered his treasured decoration. Cowardly dogs stole under the bull's legs, and often got trampled to death. The really "plucky" dog pinned the bull by the nose, and held on till his teeth broke out or he was gored to death. There was cock-fighting here too, and, in 1744, says Mr. Pinks, the prize was a large sow and ten pigs. No game-cock was to exceed four pounds and an ounce in weight.

The old dwelling-house that adjoined the Bear Garden was, in later years, the "Coach and Horses" public-house. The place is so old that the present large room over the bar was originally on the second storey, and the beer-cellars were habitable apartments. Many years ago a small valise, with wooden ends, and marked on the lid "R. Turpin" (perhaps the famous Dick Turpin, the highwayman) was found here, and also several old blank keys, such as thieves wax over to get impressions of locks they wish to open. For the use of such "minions of the moon," there used to be a vaulted passage, now closed, that communicated with the banks of the Fleet.

## CHAPTER XL.

### CLERKENWELL.

House of Detention—Explosion and Attempted Rescue of Fenian Prisoners—St. John's Gate—Knights Hospitallers and Knights Templars—Rules and Privileges of the Knights of St. John—Revival of the Order—Change of Dress—The Priors of Clerkenwell and the Priory Church—Its Destruction—Henry II.'s Council—Royal Visitors at the Priory—The Present Church—The Cock Lane Ghost—St. John's Gate—The Jerusalem Tavern—Cave and the *Gentleman's Magazine*—Relics of Johnson—The Urban Club—Hicks's Hall—Red Lion Street and its Associations—St. John's Square and its Noble Inhabitants—Wilkes's Birthplace—Modern Industries in Clerkenwell—Burnet House and its Inmates—Bishop Burnet—Clarke the Commentator—An Unjust Judge—Poole of the *Synopsis*—Jesuits' College Discovered.

THE House of Detention, Clerkenwell, a place of imprisonment as old as 1775, was rebuilt in 1818, and also in 1845. This prison was the scene, in December, 1867, of that daring attempt to rescue the Fenian prisoners, Burke and Casey, which for a day or two scared London.

"In the course of the day," says a writer in the *Annual Register*, "a policeman on duty outside the prison had his suspicions so strongly aroused, by seeing a woman named Justice and a man frequently conversing together, that he communicated with one of the prison authorities, who, in consequence, made arrangements for giving an alarm, if it should become necessary. During the day, a warder on duty inside had his attention directed to a man at a window in the upper part of a house in Woodbridge Street, overlooking the prison-yard. He went to bring another warder, and on their return the man had vanished, but was shortly afterwards seen talking to the woman Justice near the entrance to the prison, and to the man who had been seen loitering with her. Later in the day, the warder had his attention called to the same window in the opposite house in Woodbridge Street, overlooking the prison-yard; and there he saw a woman leaning out, and several men inside the room. He distinctly counted five men; but there seemed to him to be more, and they were all looking anxiously in the direction of the

place where the explosion occurred almost immediately afterwards.

"The explosion, which sounded like a discharge of artillery, occurred at exactly a quarter to four o'clock in the afternoon, when there was still some daylight, and was heard for miles round. In the immediate neighbourhood it produced the greatest consternation; for it blew down houses, and shattered the windows of others in all directions. A considerable length of the outer wall of the prison was levelled with the ground. The windows of the prison, of coarse glass more than a quarter of an inch thick, were, to a large extent, broken, and the side of the building immediately facing the outer wall in which the breach was made, and about 150 feet from it, showed the marks of the bricks which were hurled against it by the explosion. The wall surrounding the prison was about twenty-five feet high, two feet three inches thick at the bottom, and about fourteen inches thick at the top.

"The result of the explosion upon the unfortunate inmates of the houses in Corporation Lane and other adjoining buildings was most disastrous. Upwards of forty innocent people—men, women, and children of all ages, some of whom happened to be passing at the time—were injured more or less severely; one was killed on the spot, and three more died shortly afterwards."

Several persons were arrested as having been

implicated in the crime, and tried at the Central Criminal Court. At their trial a boy, who was the only eye-witness of the attempt, deposed that about a quarter to four o'clock he was standing at Mr. Young's door, No. 5, when he saw a large barrel close to the wall of the prison, and a man leave the barrel and cross the road. Shortly afterwards the man returned with a long squib in each hand. One of these he gave to some boys who were playing in the street, and the other he thrust into the barrel. One of the boys was smoking, and he handed the man a light, which the man applied to the squib. The man stayed a short time, until he saw the squib begin to burn, and then he ran away. A policeman ran after him; and when he arrived opposite No. 5 "the thing went off." The boy saw no more after that, as he himself was covered with bricks and mortar. "There was a white cloth over the barrel, which was black; and when the man returned with the squib he partly uncovered the barrel, but did not wholly remove the cloth. There were several men and women in the street at the time, and children playing. Three little boys were standing near the barrel all the time. Some of the people ran after the man who lighted the squib."

The legends and traditions of this most ancient and interesting district of London all cluster round St. John's Gate (the old south gate of the priory of St. John of Jerusalem), and the old crypt of St. John's Church, relics of old religion and of ancient glory.

For upwards of four hundred years the Knights Hospitallers flourished in Clerkenwell, and a brief note of their origin here becomes indispensable. The order seems to have had its rise in the middle of the eleventh century, when some pious merchants of Amalfi obtained leave of the Mohammedans to build a refuge for sick and needy Christian pilgrims, near the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The hospital was dedicated to St. John the Cypriote, Patriarch of Alexandria, a good man, who, in the seventh century, when the Saracens first took Jerusalem, had generously sent money and food to the afflicted Christians of Syria. Subsequently the order renounced John the Patriarch, and took as their patron St. John the Baptist instead.

In the first crusade, when the overwhelming forces of Christian Europe forced their way into the Holy City, and the streets which Christ had trodden, scattering blessings, floated in infidel blood, the hospital of St. John was filled with wounded Crusaders, many of whom, on their recovery, doffed their mail and put on the robes of the holy and charitable brotherhood. The real

founder of the order was Gerard, who, when Godfrey de Bouillon was chosen King of Jerusalem, in 1099, proposed to the brethren a regular costume, and became the first rector or master of the order. The dress formally adopted, in 1104, was a black robe and white cross. Raymond de Pay, who succeeded Gerard, took a bolder step. Tired of merely feeding and nursing sick and hungry pilgrims, he proposed to his brethren to make the order a military one. By 1130 this section of the church militant had whipped off hundreds of shaven heads, and covered themselves with glory.

In 1187, when Saladin retook Jerusalem, he was gracious to the Hospitallers, who had been kind to the wounded and the prisoners, and he allowed ten of the order to remain and complete their cures. Still indefatigable against the unbelievers, the men of the black robe and white cross fought bravely at the taking of Ptolemais, in 1191, and from them this strong seaport town, which they held for nearly two centuries, derived its new name of St. Jean d'Acre.

Siege and battle, desert march and hill fights, had, however, now thinned the black mantles, and more men had to be sent out to recruit the little army of muscular Christians. The departure of the reinforcement from Clerkenwell Priory is thus picturesquely described by the old monkish chronicler, Matthew Paris:—"In 1237 the Hospitallers sent their prior, Theodoric, a German by birth, and a most clever knight, with a body of other knights and stipendiary attendants, and a large sum of money, to the assistance of the Holy Land. They having made all arrangements, set out from their house at Clerkenwell, and proceeded in good order, with about thirty shields uncovered, with spears raised, and preceded by their banner, through the midst of the City, towards the bridge, that they might obtain the blessings of the spectators, and, bowing their heads with their cowls lowered, commended themselves to the prayers of all."

"It is said," says one writer, "that on the return of the English Crusaders to their native country, the Knights Hospitallers and Knights Templars, on the 3rd of October, 1247, presented King Henry III. with a beautiful crystalline vase, containing a portion of the blood of our Saviour that He had shed on the cross for the salvation of mankind, the genuineness of the relic being attested by the seals of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and the archbishops, bishops, abbots, and other prelates of the Holy Land."

In 1292, at the desperate siege of Acre, the fighting of straight sword against sabre was so hot,

and such were the falls from roof and battlement, that only seven of the Syrian detachment escaped to Cyprus. In 1310 the Hospitallers conquered Rhodes and seven other islands from the Infidel, and commenced privateering against all Mohammedan vessels. In 1344 these stalwart Christians took Smyrna, which post they held for fifty-six years, till they were forced out of the stronghold by Tamerlane. Rhodes becoming an unbearable thorn in the flesh to turbaned mariners, in 1444, an army of 18,000 Turks besieged the island for forty days, but in vain. In 1492 Mahomet II. was repulsed, after a siege of eighty-nine days, leaving 9,000 shaven Infidels dead around the ramparts. In 1502 cautious Henry VII. of England was chosen Protector of the order, and promised men and money against the scornors of Christianity, but supplied neither. But the end came at last; in 1522 Solymán the Magnificent besieged Rhodes with 300,000 men, and eventually, after a stubborn four months' siege, and the loss of 80,000 men by violence, and as many by disease, the brave grand master, L'Isle Adam, after his honourable capitulation, came to England to appeal to Henry VIII., whose fat, greedy hand was already stretched out towards the Clerkenwell Priory. The order had done its duty, and Henry was touched by the venerable old warrior's appeal: he confirmed the privileges of the knights, and gave L'Isle Adam a golden basin and ewer, set with jewels, and artillery to the value of 20,000 crowns. The recovery of Rhodes was not, however, attempted by the Hospitallers, as the Emperor Charles V. ceded Malta to them on the annual payment of a falcon to the reigning King of Spain.

The generous concessions of Henry VIII. lasted only as long as the tyrant's purse was full. Having little to say against the Clerkenwell knights, he suppressed the order because it "inaliciously and traitorously upheld the 'Bishop of Rome' to be Supreme Head of Christ's Church," intending thereby to subvert "the good and godly laws and statutes of this realm." William Weston, the last prior, and other officers of the order, were bought off by small annuities. Fuller particularly mentions that the Knights Hospitallers, "being gentlemen and soldiers of ancient families and high spirits," would not present the king with puling petitions, but stood bravely on their rights. They judged it best, however, to submit. Some of the knights retired to Malta. Two who remained were beheaded as traitors to King Henry, and a third was hanged and quartered. Queen Mary restored the order to their possessions, but Elizabeth again drove off the knights to Malta.

"The rules and privileges of the order of the Knights of St. John," says Mr. Pinks, "were as follows. Raymond de Pay made the following rules, which were confirmed by Pope Boniface, in the sixth year of his pontificate:—Poverty, chastity, and obedience; to expect but bread and water and a coarse garment. The clerks to serve in white surplices at the altar. The priests in their surplices to convey the Host to the sick, with a deacon or clerk preceding them bearing a lantern, and a sponge filled with holy water. The brethren to go abroad by the appointment of the master, but never singly; and, to avoid giving offence, no females to be employed for or about their persons. When soliciting alms, to visit churches, or people of reputation, and ask their food for charity; if they received none, to buy enough for subsistence. To account for all their receipts to the master, and he to give then, to the poor, retaining only one-third part for provisions, the overplus to the poor. The brethren to go soliciting only by permission, to carry candles with them, to wear no skins of wild beasts, or clothes degrading to the order. To eat but twice a day on Wednesday and Saturday, and no flesh from Septuagesima until Easter, except when aged or indisposed. To sleep covered. If incontinent in private, to repent in privacy, and do penance. If the brother was discovered, he was to be deprived of his robe in the church of the town after mass, severely whipped, and expelled from the order, but if truly penitent, he might be again received, but not without penance, and a year's expulsion. If two of the brethren quarrelled, they were to eat only bread and water on Wednesday and Friday, and off the bare ground for seven days. If blows passed, and to those who went abroad without permission, this discipline was extended to forty days. No conversation when eating, or after retiring to the dormitory, and nothing to be drunk after the ringing of the compline. If a brother offended, and did not amend after the third admonition, he was compelled to walk to the master for correction. No brother was to strike a servant. The twenty-second rule of this monastic code was both revolting and disgraceful to any community. It ordered that if a brother died without revealing what he possessed, his money should be tied about the body's neck, and it was to be severely whipped in the presence of the members of the house. Masses were sung thirty days for deceased brethren and alms given in the house. In all decisions they were to give just judgment. They sung the epistle and gospel on Sundays, made a procession, and sprinkled holy water. If a brother embezzled money appropriated to the poor, or excited opposition



to the master, he was expelled. When a brother's conduct was found to be too bad, another was to reprove him, but not to publish his faults. If amendment did not follow, the reprovcr was to call the assistance of others, and ultimately report his crimes to the master in writing, but those accusations were to be supported by proof. The brothers were universally to wear the cross on their breasts.

"The order was that of St. Augustine. He who

man, that he would live and die under the superior whom God should place over him, to be chaste and poor, and a servant to the sick. He who received the new brother then promised him bread and water, and coarse garments, and a participation in all the good works of the order.

"Whoever wished to be received into the brotherhood was required to prove his nobility for four descents, on his mother's as well as his father's side, to be of legitimate birth (an exception being



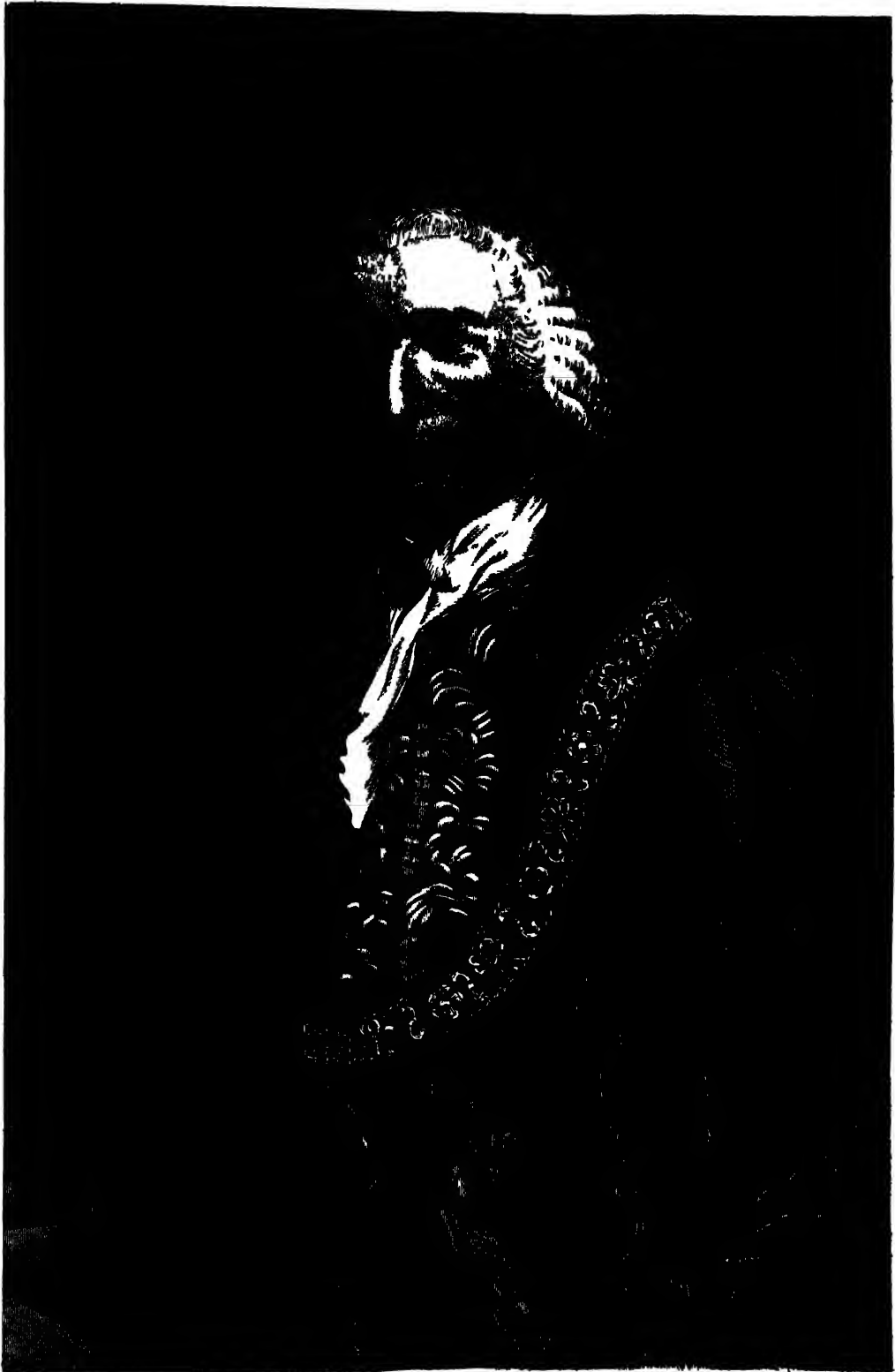
THE ORIGINAL PRIORY CHURCH OF ST JOHN, CLERKENWELL (See page 310)

wished for admission came before the Chapter on Sunday, and humbly expressed his hope that he might be received. If no objection was made, a brother informed him that numbers of men of consequence had preceded him, but that he would be entirely deceived in supposing that he should live luxuriously, for that instead of sleeping he would be required to wake, and fast when desirous to eat, to visit places he would rather have avoided, and, in short, have no-will of his own. The exordium concluded with a demand whether he was willing to do these things. Upon answering in the affirmative, an oath was administered, by which he bound himself never to enter any other order, declared himself a bachelor without having promised marriage, that he was free from debt, and a free-

man, that he would live and die under the superior whom God should place over him, to be chaste and poor, and a servant to the sick. He who received the new brother then promised him bread and water, and coarse garments, and a participation in all the good works of the order.

"The following ceremonies were performed at the creation of a knight — 1. A sword was given to the novice, in order to show that he must be valiant. 2. A cross hilt, as his valour must defend religion. 3. He was struck three times over the shoulder with the sword, to teach him patiently to suffer for Christ. 4. He had to wipe the sword, as his life must be undefiled. 5. Gilt spurs were put on, because he was to spurn wealth at his heels. 6. He took a taper in his hand, as it was his duty to enlighten others by his exemplary conduct. 7. He had to go and hear mass, where we will leave him."





COPY L'E OLL & NEW LONDON PLATE 8

ALDERMAN BLACKFORD [From the Portrait in the Guildhall Collection]



"In the season of its prosperity this renowned order included in its fraternity men of eight different nations, of which the English were the sixth in rank. The languages were those of Provence, Auvergne, France, Italy, Arragon, England, and Germany. The Anglo-Bavarian was afterwards substituted for that of England, and that of Castile was added to the number. Cowardice on the battle-field involved the severest of all penalties — degradation and expulsion from the order. 'W-

"the Langue of England," as an independent corporation existing under the royal letters patent of Philip and Mary, but it proved hard to galvanise the corpse of chivalry. In 1831 Sir Robert Peat was installed into the office of grand prior; and in 1834, by proceedings in the Court of King's Bench, the corporation of the sixth Langue was formally revived. Sir Robert Peat was succeeded in 1837 by Sir Henry Dymoke, seventeenth hereditary champion of the Crown, and he in 1847 by Sir



COFFEE-ROOM AT ST. JOHN'S GATE. (See page 318)

place this cross on your breast, my brother,' says the ritual of admission, 'that you may love it with all your heart; and may your right hand ever fight in its defence and for its preservation. Should it ever happen that, in combating against the enemies of the faith, you should retreat and desert the standard of the cross, and take flight, you will be stripped of the truly holy sign, according to the customs and statutes of the order, and you will be cut off from our body, as an unsound and corrupt member.' A knight, when degraded, had his habit torn from off him, and the spurs which he received at his investiture were hacked off."

Between the years 1826 and 1831 an attempt was made in London by a body of gentlemen to revive

C. Lamb. The revived order, now under the headship of the Duke of Manchester, still holds the meetings at St. John's Gate, devoting their funds to feeding convalescent patients from the London Hospitals, and founding Ambulance Associations.

About 1278 the knights adopted a red cassock, and a white cross as their military dress, reserving the black mantle worn in imitation of the Baptist's garment in the wilderness for hospital use. Their standard was red, with a white cross. The Hospitallers' churches were all sanctuaries, and lights were kept perpetually burning in them. The knights had the right of burying even felons who had given them alms during life.

The Hospitallers had also the privilege of administering the sacrament to interdicted persons, and even in interdicted towns; and they were also allowed to bury the interdicted in the churchyards of any of their commanderies.

The order began, like the Templars, in poverty, and ended in luxury and corruption. The governor was entitled, at first, "The Servant to the Poor Serviteurs of the Hospital of Jerusalem." The knights ended by growing so rich, that about the year of our Lord 1240, says Weever, they held in Christendom 19,000 lordships and manors. They are known to have lent Edward III. money. In 1211 Lady Joan Grey, of Hampton, left her manor and manor-house of Hampton (several thousand acres) to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, an estate of which Cardinal Wolsey procured a lease for ninety-nine years from Sir Thomas Docwra, the last prior, who lost the election for the grand mastership by only three votes, when contesting it with his kinsman, L'Isle Adam.

Brave as the Hospitallers of Clerkenwell always remained, they soon, we fear, grew proud, avaricious, and selfish. Edward III. had to reprove the brotherhood for its proud insolence. When Henry III. threatened to take away their charter, the prior told him that a king who was unjust did not deserve the name of monarch. In 1338 the English prior, Thomas l'Archer, raised £1,000 by cutting down woods round all the commanderies; he also sold leases and pensions for any terms of ready money, and by bribes to the judges, he procured for the order forfeited lands of the Templars.

Every preceptory of the Hospitallers paid its own expenses, except that of Clerkenwell, where the grand prior resided, and had many pensioners to support, and many courtly and noble guests to entertain. In the year 1337 this priory spent more than its entire revenue, which was at least £8,000.

"The consumption," says Mr. Pinks, "of the good things of the earth in the preceptory of Clerkenwell by the brotherhood, the pensioners, guests, and servitors was enormous. In one year, besides fish and fowl from its demesnes, it expended 430 quarters of wheat, 413 quarters of barley, 60 quarters of mixed corn (dragnet), 225 quarters of oats for brewing, 300 quarters of oats for horse-feed. They used eight quarters of oats and four quarters of peas for pottage, and laid out in *expensis coquinae* (in the expenses of the kitchen) £121 6s. 8d. The next item shows that in the midst of all their excesses they had not forgotten to be hospitable. 'For twenty quarters of beans distributed among the poor on St. John

the Baptist's Day, according to custom, at 3s. per quarter, 60s.'"

The prior of St. John of Jerusalem ranked as the first baron of England, "a kind of otter," says Selden, "a knight half-spiritual, half-temporal." His proud motto was "Sane Baro"—a baron indeed.

Sir William Weston, the last prior but one of St. John, distinguished himself during the siege of Rhodes. His father's two brothers were also knights of the order, and one of them had been Lord Prior of England and General of the Galleys. At the dissolution King Henry awarded Sir William a pension of £1,000 a year; but the suppression of the order in England broke his brave heart soon after. Sir Thomas Tresham, the last prior, died a year or two after his investiture. A Sir William Tresham was residing at Clerkenwell Green in 1619. He was of the same family as Sir Francis Tresham, whose mysterious letter to his friend Lord Monteagle led to the fortunate discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. It will not be forgotten by our readers that a Protestant band of the Knights Hospitallers still exists in Prussia, rich and numerous.

The Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, at Clerkenwell, was founded by Lord Jordan Briset, in the reign of Henry I. He founded also the Nuns' house at Clerkenwell. In 1185 the church was consecrated by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem. In the reign of Edward I. further additions were made to the priory; the preceptory was burned by Wat Tyler's rabble, and it was not till 1504 that the hospital was restored to its full grandeur, and the grand south gate erected by Sir Thomas Docwra. Camden says of the second building, admiringly, that it resembled a palace, and had in it a very fair church, and a tower-steeple raised to a great height, with so fine workmanship that it was a singular beauty and ornament to the city.

At the dissolution Henry VIII. gave the priory church to John Dudley, Viscount Lisle, Lord High Admiral of England for £1,000; and the church and priory were used by the unscrupulous Henry, as a storehouse for his toils and hunting-tents. Edward VI., as careless of confiscating sacred things as his tyrannical father, gave away the remaining land.

"But in the third year of Edward VI.," says Stow, "the church for the most part, to wit, the body and side aisles, with the great bell-tower (a most curious piece of workmanship, graven, gilt, and inameled, to the great beautifying of the city, and passing all other that I have seen), was undermined and blown up with gunpowder; the stone thereof was employed in building of the Lord

Protector's house in the Strand (old Somerset House)."

The curse of sacrilege, in Spelman's opinion, fell on the Protector. He never finished his Strand house, nor did his son inherit it, and he himself perished on the scaffold. The stones of St. John's Priory went to build the porch of the church of Allhallows, in Gracechurch Street. The choir, in Fuller's time, was in "a pitiful plight," the walls having been shattered by the Protector's gunpowder.

On Mary's succession, Cardinal Pole, on the revival of the order, built a west front to the priory church, and repaired the side chapels. We find on the day of the decollation of St. John the Baptist, that the Merchant Taylors came to celebrate mass at the priory church, when the choir was hung with arras, and every one made offerings at the altar.

Many remarkable historical scenes took place at the priory of Clerkenwell. One of the most remarkable of these was the aulic council held by Henry II. and his barons, when the patriarch Heraclius and the grand master of the Hospitallers, came to England to urge Henry to a new crusade. Heraclius brought with him the keys of David's Tower and the Holy Sepulchre, and an offer of the crown of Jerusalem. When the barons agreed that the king should not lead the crusaders in person, the patriarch flew into an inappeasable rage. "Here is my head," he cried; "here is my head; treat me, if you like, as you did my brother Thomas," meaning A'Becket. "It is a matter of indifference to me whether I die by your orders or in Syria by the hands of the infidels; for you are worse than a Saracen." The master of the Hospitallers was extremely hurt at the behaviour of the patriarch Heraclius, but the king took no notice of his insolence.

In 1212 King John, that dark and malign usurper, spent a whole month at the Priory of St. John, feasted by the prior, and on Easter Sunday, at table, he knighted Alexander, the son of the King of Scotland, a ceremony which cost young Sandy £14 4s. 8d. In 1265 Prince Edward and his loving wife, Eleanor of Castile, were entertained here. The prince had married his wife when she was only ten years of age, and on claiming her, at twenty, came to St. John's Priory for their honeymoon. In 1399 we find Henry IV., not yet crowned, coming down Chepe to St. Paul's, and, after lodging with the bishop for five or six days, staying a fortnight at the priory. In 1413 King Henry V., that chivalrous king, says the Grey Friars' chronicler, was "lyvinge at Sent Jones."

In the year 1485 a royal council was held at St. John's. Public indignation was aroused by a well-founded rumour of the intended espousal by Richard III. of Elizabeth of York, his niece, his queen, Anne, being then lately dead. "Richard, perceiving the public disgust, gave up the idea of marrying Elizabeth, and immediately after the funeral of his wife was over, called a meeting of the civic authorities in the great hall of St. John's, Clerkenwell, just before Easter, and in their presence distinctly disavowed any intention of espousing his niece, and forbade the circulation of the report, as false and scandalous in a high degree." The chronicler relates that a convocation of twelve doctors of divinity had sat on a case of marriage of uncle and niece, and declared that the kindred was too near for the Pope's bull to sanction.

The Princess Mary lived at the priory in much pomp, sometimes visiting her brother, Edward VI., in great state. Machyn, in his curious diary, describes her riding from St. John's to Westminster, attended by Catholic lords, knights, and gentlemen, in coats of velvet and chains of gold, and on another day returning to St. John's, followed by fourscore Catholic gentlemen and ladies, each with an ostentatious set of black beads, "to make a profession of their devotion to the mass." In 1540 ten newly-made serjeants-at-law gave a great banquet at St. John's, to all the Lords and Commons, and the mayor and aldermen. Rings were given to the guests, and, according to Stow, at one of these feasts, in 1531, thirty-four great beeves were consumed, besides thirty-seven dozen pigeons and fourteen dozen swans.

In Elizabeth's reign, when great changes frequently took place, Tylney, the queen's Master of the Revels, resided at St. John's, with all his tailors, embroiderers, painters, and carpenters, and all artificers required to arrange court plays and masques. In this reign Master Tylney licensed all plays, regulated the stage for thirty-one years, and passed no less than thirty of Shakespeare's dramas, commencing with *Henry IV.* and ending with *Antony and Cleopatra*; he might have told us one or two things about the "great unknown," but he died in 1610, and left no diary or autobiography. The court revels were all rehearsed in the great hall at St. John's. In 1612 James I. gave the priory to Lord Aubigny, and the Revels' Office was removed to St. Peter's Hill. The house afterwards came into the possession of Sir William Cecil, grandson of the famous Lord Treasurer Burleigh. The repaired choir was reopened in 1623, by Dr. Joseph Hall, afterwards Bishop of

Exeter and Norwich. In the reign of Charles I. the church served as private chapel to the Earl of Elgin, who occupied the house, and it was called Aylesbury Chapel. It became a Presbyterian meeting-house till 1710.

During the absurd Sacheverell riots, when a High Church mob turned out to destroy Dissenting chapels, St. John's Chapel happening to be near the house of the obnoxious Bishop Burnet, the fanatics gutted the building, and burnt the pews, &c., before Burnet's door. Sacheverell was a High Church clergyman, who, in a public sermon at St. Paul's, had proclaimed the doctrine of passive obedience, and was, in consequence, sent for trial to Westminster Hall, where the Tories triumphantly acquitted him. The chapel was enlarged in 1721, and in 1723 was bought for £3,000 by the commissioners for building fifty new churches.

In the present church, which was restored and improved by Mr. Griffith, in 1845, one of the large painted windows at the east end remains in its old state. In the south and east walls are remains of Prior Docwra's perpendicular work, and the pews stand upon capitals and rib mouldings of the former church. There are some few traces of early English architecture. An old gabled wooden building near the south side of the church, as seen in Hollar's view of the priory (1661), is still standing, says Mr. Pinks, and is occupied by St. John's Sunday Schools. Stones of the old church were discovered in 1862, forming sides of the main sewer through St. John's Square. The arms of Prior Botyler (1439-1469), a chevron between three combs, are still to be seen in the central east window. The head of the beadle's staff, a Knight Hospitaller in silver, was in use in the time of James II., and belonged to the old church of St. James. The portable baptismal bowl is antique, and once supplied the place of a font. Langhorne, the poet, was curate and lecturer at St. John's, Clerkenwell, in 1764. He defended the Scotch against Churchill's satire, and helped his brother to translate Plutarch's "Lives." A poem of Langhorne's moved Burns to tears, the only night Sir Walter Scott, then a child, ever saw him.

In the vaults of this church the celebrated "Cock Lane Ghost" promised to manifest itself to credulous Dr. Johnson and others. The great bibliopole and his friends were thus ridiculed by Churchill for their visit to St. John's:—

"Through the dull deep surrounding gloom,  
In close array, t'wards Fanny's tomb  
Adventured forth. Caution before,  
With heedful step, a lanthorn bore,

Pointing at graves; and in the rear,  
Trembling and talking loud, went Fear.

At length they reach the place of death.  
A vault it was, long time apply'd  
To hold the last remains of pride.

Thrice each the pond'rous key apply'd,  
And thrice to turn it vainly try'd,  
'Till, taught by Prudence to unite,  
And straining with collected might,  
The stubborn wards resist no more,  
But open flies the growling door.  
Three paces back they fell, amazed,  
Like statues stood, like madmen gazed.

How would the wicked ones rejoice,  
And infidels exalt their voice,  
If M——e and Plausible were found,  
By shadows aw'd, to quit their ground?  
How would fools laugh should it appear  
Pomposo was the slave of fear?

Silent all three went in; about  
All three turn'd silent, and came out."

The church is, in fact, chiefly remarkable for its crypt, the descent to which is at the north-east angle, under the vestry. It seems originally, by Hollar's view of the east end of the church, in 1661, to have been then above ground. Though 700 years old, the crypt of St. John's is in good preservation. The chief portion consists of four bays, two semi-Norman and two early English, the ribs of the latter bays springing from triple clustered columns, with moulded capitals and bases. From each keystone hangs an iron ring. On each side of the two western bays are pointed window openings, now blocked up. The central avenue of the crypt is sixteen feet wide, and twelve feet high, and there are corresponding side-aisles. At the entrance of the vault is a place where the gardener used to keep his tools, and where, for many years, stood a coffin said to have been arrested for debt. The coffins used to stand in rows, four or five deep, covered with dust and shreds of black cloth. The ends of some had fallen out, and the bony feet had protruded. In 1800 a committee of gentlemen reporting on repairs found a sheet of cobweb hanging from the upper coffins ten to fifteen feet long, and in parts nearly as broad. In 1862 the coffins were piled up in the aisles, that of "Scratching Fanny," the Cock Lane Ghost, among them, and all the side passages bricked up.

Many years ago workmen making a sewer beneath the square, nearly in a line with Jerusalem Passage, came on a chalk and flint wall seven feet thick, and Mr. Cromwell decided that this was part of the foundation of the stately tower described by Stow. It is supposed that the church was 300



feet long, and that its transepts stood in a direct line with St. John's Gate. The enclosure walls can still partially be traced, and the modern buildings in St. John's Square, says Mr. Griffiths, "are mostly built on the old rubble walls of the hospital." The foundations of the cellars under No. 19, and the basements of Nos. 21 and 22 on the north side of St. John's Square, formed the foundations of the old priory walls. Between No. 19 and No. 20 a wall was found seven feet thick: some of the stones had been used for windows, and showed the action of fire. The north postern of the priory was taken down in 1780: here were then sixty-seven feet of old wall westward of St. John's Gate. There were also remains of the priory in Ledbury Place, which formed the west garden-wall of Bishop Burnet's house, and also in the west garden-wall of Dr. Adam Clarke's house, which adjoined Burnet's house.

That fine specimen of Sir Thomas Docwra's architecture, St. John's Gate, is built of brick and freestone. The walls are about three feet thick, and are built of brick, faced with Rye-gate stone, the same as used for Henry VII.'s Chapel. The famous gate and its flanking towers, formerly much higher than they are now since the soil has risen around them, are pierced with numerous windows, the principal one being a wide Tudor arch, with three mullions and many coats of arms. Beneath this window are several shields, set in Gothic niches. In the centre are the arms of France and England, surmounted by a crown; on each side are the arms of the priory. Outside these are two shields, one bearing the founders' arms impaling the arms of England, the other emblazoning the insignia of Sir Thomas Docwra. Underneath these last shields were formerly the initials "T. D.," separated by a Maltese cross and the word "Prior." On the north side of the gate, facing the square, are three other shields, and, in low relief, the words "Ano-Dni., 1504."

The entrance to the west tower, says Mr. Pinks, from the north side of the gate, now no longer used, once led to a staircase, the entrance to Cave's printing-office. The carvings on the spandrels of the doorcase, now decayed, are described in 1788 as representing a hawk and a cock, a hen and a lion, supporting the shield of the priory, and that of Sir Thomas Docwra. The old stone floor is three feet below the present surface. The round tower internally contains remains of the old well staircase (half stone, half oak) which led to the top of the gateway. The upper part was made of blocks of oak six inches thick. The east tower had probably a similar staircase. The stone stair-

case in the north-west tower was removed in 1814. The entrance to the east tower, on the north side the gate, has been long ago blocked up.

In 1661 Hollar draws the gate as blocked up with a wooden structure, beneath which were two distinct passages. This was removed in 1771. The roof of the now dwarfed archway is, says an able historian of Clerkenwell, "a beautiful example of the groining of the fifteenth century, adorned with shields, bosses, and moulded ribs, springing from angular columns with moulded capitals." On the keystone is carved the paschal lamb, kneeling on a clasped copy of the Gospels, and supporting a flag. In a line with the lamb are coloured shields of the priory, and of Docwra.

On the east side of the archway Mr. Foster, the keeper of the "Jerusalem" Tavern, and a great lover of ancient architecture, placed a large oil-painting, by Mr. John Wright, representing the Knights of St. John starting for a joust. For the "Jerusalem" Tavern, on the east basement, a south side-entrance was ruthlessly cut through the angle of the projecting gate-tower.

The basement on the west side was, in 1813, converted into a watch-house, and was afterwards turned into a dispensary hospital by the modern Knights of St. John, which in its first year benefited 2,062 persons. It had previously been used as a coal-shed and a book-store. In many of the gate-house rooms there are still oak-panelled ceilings. The "grand hall," the memorable room over the arch, is approached by an Elizabethan staircase, and in the hall are two dull figures in armour, supposed, by courtesy, to represent Prior Weston and Prior Docwra; and a handsome bust of Mr. Till, the numismatist, adorns the mantelpiece. It was this Mr. Till who cast from old Greek and Roman coins the bronze armorial bearings of the priory and of Docwra, which adorn the parlour and hall.

It was here Dr. Johnson toiled for Cave, the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and here Garrick made his first theatrical *début* in London.

Between 1737—1741, says Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, in his "Life of Garrick," Garrick's friend Johnson—"now working out a miserable 'per-sheetage' from the very humblest hack-work, and almost depending for his crust on some little article that he could now and again get into the *Gentleman's Magazine*—was by this time intimate with Mr. Cave, of St. John's Gate, the publisher of that journal. Johnson mentioned his companion, and speaking of his gay dramatic talents, inspired this plain and practical bookseller with some curiosity, and it was agreed that an amateur performance should take

place in a room over the archway, with Mr. Garrick in a leading comic character. It was duly arranged; the piece fixed on was Fielding's *Mock Doctor*. Several of the printers were called in, parts were given to them to read, and there is an epilogue to the *Mock Doctor*, by Garrick, which, as it was

The delightful traditions that encrust, as with many-coloured lichens, the old gate, cluster thickest around the old room over the arch, for there Johnson, Garrick, and Goldsmith spent many pleasant hours, and it is good to sit there among the club, and muse over the great men's memories.



ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL. (See page 317.)

inserted shortly afterwards in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, would seem to have been spoken on this occasion. This shows how absorbing was his taste for the stage, sure to break out when there was the slightest promise of an opening. The performance gave great amusement, and satisfied the sober Cave; and presently, perhaps as a mark of the publisher's satisfaction, some of Mr. Garrick's short love verses were admitted into the poetical department of the magazine."

In the coffee-room on the first floor is an old-fashioned wide wooden chair, which, tradition asserts, was the favourite chair of Dr. Johnson. On the top rail is boldly painted the date of the doctor's birth and death. The chair was, however, it is hinted, merely an old chair found in an upper room by Mr. Benjamin Foster, when he took the tavern, and labelled "Dr. Johnson's," as an attraction to the gullible public. The stone Tudor mantelpiece in the coffee-room is an old one dis-

covered on the pulling down of a modern fireplace. In the wall (three feet four inches thick) in the side of this fireplace was found the entrance to a secret passage opening at the archway of the gate. It is doubtful whether this tavern was opened before or after Cave's death, but it is supposed

£108, the Society of Antiquaries refusing to assist. The original gate was no doubt burned by W<sup>m</sup> Tyler's men, but Mr. Griffith, F.S.A., during these restorations, discovered a fragment of the first gate, carved with scallop-shells and foliage, in a ceiling in Berkeley Street Clerkenwell, on the site of the



HICKS'S HALL, ABOUT 1750. (See page 321.)

that it was first called the "Jerusalem" Tavern, this name being assumed from the "Jerusalem" Tavern in Red Lion Street. In 1845 the terms of the Metropolitan Building Act compelled the parish to repair the gate, when the Freemasons of the Church, a useful architectural society, at once generously undertook its restoration, and saved it from being daubed up with cement. The upper portions of the towers were then re-cased with rough stone, the windows new mullioned, at a cost of

residence of Sir Maurice Berkeley, standard-bearer to Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Elizabeth. He also, in 1855, discovered near the gate a stone boss, sculptured with foliage, and a carved stone window-head, from the old priory, with the priory arms in the spandril of the arch. Both interesting fragments are preserved at the South Kensington Museum. In the reign of James I. this great south gate was given to Sir Roger Wilbraham, who resided here.

In 1731 the gate became dignified by its connection with literature. Cave, the printer, careful, shrewd, and industrious, set up his presses in the hall over the gateway, and started the *Gentleman's Magazine*, January, 1731, displaying the gate in a rude woodcut on the exterior of the periodical, and very soon drew public attention to his magazine.

With St. John's Gate is connected Dr. Johnson's first struggles towards the daylight. Here, after hungry walks with Savage round St. James's Square, and long controversies in Grub Street cook-shops, he came to toil for Cave, who employed him to edit the contributions, and to translate from Latin, French, and Italian. About the year 1738 he produced his "London," a grand imitation of the third satire of Juvenal. In 1740, like a loyal vassal of his editor, Johnson gratified an insatiable public curiosity, by giving himself a monthly sketch of the debates in both Houses of Parliament, a scheme projected by a man named Guthrie. "These productions were characterised by remarkable vigour, for they were written at those seasons, says Hawkins, when Johnson was able to raise his imagination to such a pitch of fervour as bordered upon enthusiasm. We can almost picture the doctor in his lone room in the gate, declaiming aloud on some public grievance. For the session of 1740-41 he undertook to write the debates entirely himself, and did so for the whole of three sessions. He began with a debate in the House of Commons on the bill for prohibiting exportation of corn, on the 19th November, 1740, and ended with one in the Lords, on the bill for restraining the sale of spirituous liquors, on the 23rd February, 1742-3. Such was the goodness of Johnson's heart, that a few days before his death he solemnly declared to Mr. Nichols, whom he had requested to visit him, "that the only part of his writings which then gave him any compunction was his account of the debates in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but that at the time he wrote them he did not think he was imposing on the world. The mode of preparing them which he adopted, he said, was to fix upon a speaker's name, then to make an argument for him, and to conjure up an answer." He wrote these debates with more velocity than any of his other productions; he sometimes produced three columns of the magazine within an hour. He once wrote ten pages in one day, and that not a long one, beginning, perhaps, at noon, and ending early in the evening. Of the "Life of Savage" he wrote forty-eight octavo pages in one day, but that day included the night, for he sat up all night to do it.

"The memoranda for the debates," continues

Mr. Pinks, "which were published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* were obtained sometimes by stealth, and at others from members of the House who were favourable to their publication, and who furnished Cave with notes of what they had themselves said or heard, through the medium of the post, and frequently by *viva voce* communication. Cave, when examined at the bar of the House of Lords on the charge of printing an account of the trial of Lord Lovat, in 1747, being asked, says Nichols, in his 'Literary Anecdotes,' how he came by the speeches which he printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, replied that he got into the House and heard them, and made use of black-lead pencil, and took notes of only some remarkable passages, and from his memory he put them together himself. He also observed that sometimes he had speeches sent him by very eminent persons, as well as from the members themselves."

When working for Cave, at St. John's Gate, Johnson was still dependent. "We are told," remarks Mr. Pinks, "by Boswell that soon after his 'Life of Richard Savage' was anonymously published, Walter Harte, author of the 'Life of Gustavus Adolphus,' dined with Cave at the gate, and in the course of conversation highly commended Johnson's book. Soon after this Cave met him, and told him that he had made a man very happy the other day at his (Cave's) house. 'How could that be?' said Harte; 'nobody was there but ourselves.' Cave answered by reminding him that a plate of virtuals had been sent behind a screen at the dinner-time, and informed him that Johnson, who was dressed so shabbily that he did not choose to appear, had emptied that plate, and had heard with great delight Harte's encomiums on his book.

"From that spoilt child of genius, Richard Savage, Cave had many communications before he knew Johnson. The misfortunes and misconduct of this darling of the Muses reduced him to the lowest state of wretchedness as a writer for bread; and his occasional visits to St. John's Gate brought him and Johnson together, poverty and genius making them akin.

"The amiable and accomplished authoress, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, whom Johnson, from an appreciation of her talents, highly esteemed, and who was a frequent contributor to the *Magazine*, under the name of Eliza, during the interval of her occasional visits to London, lodged at St. John's Gate. Hither also came Richard Lauder, Milton's detractor; Dr. Hawkesworth, the author of 'Belisarius;' and a shoal of the small-fry of literature, who shared the patronage of Cave,

"Jedediah Buxton, a mental calculator of extraordinary powers, resided for several weeks in 1754 at St. John's Gate. This man, although he was the son of a schoolmaster (William Buxton), and the grandson of a vicar of his native parish (John Buxton), Elmtun, in Derbyshire, had never learned to write, but he could conduct the most intricate calculations by his memory alone; and such was his power of abstraction, that no noise could disturb him. One who had heard of his astonishing ability as a calculator, proposed to him for solution the following question:—In a body whose three sides measure 23,145,789 yards, 5,642,732 yards, and 54,965 yards, how many cubical eighths of an inch are there? This obtuse reckoning he made in a comparatively short time, although pursuing the while, with many others, his labours in the fields."

In 1746 some small cannon were mounted on the battlements of St. John's Gate, but for what purpose is not known. About 1750 one of the lightning-conductors recommended by Dr. Franklin was erected on one of the eastern towers of St. John's Gate, for electrical experiments, which were the rage of the day.

After Cave's death, in 1754, the *Magazine* was printed and published at the gate by Cave's brother-in-law and nephew. On the nephew's death Mr. David Bond became the publisher for the family, and continued so till the end of 1778. Mr. Nichols then purchased a large share of the *Magazine*, and in 1781 the property was transferred to Red Lion Passage, Fleet Street, and forty years after to Parliament Street. It was subsequently published by Messrs. Parker, of the Strand, and by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, in Whitefriars.

A short biographical notice of the worthy Cave, Johnson's earliest patron, is indispensable to a full history of that interesting relic of old London, St. John's Gate. The enterprising printer and publisher, born in 1691, was the son of a man reduced in fortune, who had turned shoemaker, and was educated at Rugby. In youth he was alternately clerk to an excise collector, and a Southwark timber-merchant. After being bound apprentice to a London printer, he was sent to manage an office and publish a weekly newspaper at Norwich. He was subsequently employed at the printing-office of Alderman Barber (a friend of Swift), and wrote Tory articles in *Mist's Journal*. Obtaining a small place in the Post Office, he began to supply the London papers with provincial intelligence, and the country printers with surreptitious reports of Parliamentary debates, for which, in 1728, he was imprisoned for several days.

From the Post Office he was moved to the Frank Office, where he was dismissed for stopping a letter—as he considered legally—being a frank given to the terrible old Duchess of Marlborough by Mr. Walter Plummer. Putting by, at last, a strain of money (in spite of endless unsuccessful projects), Cave started the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and for the last twenty years of his industrious life was an affluent, thrifty man. His prizes for poems and epigrams brought forward but few poets, and his chief prize-takers, after all, turned out to be Moses Browne, a Clerkenwell pen-cutter, and Mr. John Duick, another pen-cutter, in St. John's Lane, with whom Cave used to play at shuttlecock in the old gate-house.

In 1751 the death of his wife hastened Cave's end. One of his last acts was to fondly press the hand of his great contributor, and the main prop and stay of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Dr. Samuel Johnson. Cave died at the old gate-house in 1754, and was buried (probably without memorial) in the old church of St. James, Clerkenwell. An epitaph was, however, written by Dr. Hawkesworth for Rugby Church, where all Cave's relations were buried.

An old three-quarter length portrait of Cave was found by Mr. Foster in a room on the south side of the great chamber over St. John's gateway, and, in his usual imaginative yet business-like way, Mr. Foster labelled it "Hogarth." This gentleman, it is said, originally kept the "Old Milestone" house, in the City Road, near the "Angel," and in 1848 removed to St. John's Gate, where, by energy and urbanity, he soon hunted up traditions of the place, and, indeed, where they were thin, invented them. He was chairman of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, and was active in the cause of benevolence. He died in 1863, of apoplexy, after speaking at a Clerkenwell vestry-meeting.

The Urban Club, a pleasant literary society, well supported, was started at St. John's Gate during Mr. Foster's reign, under the name of "The Friday Knights," but soon changed its name, in compliment to that abstract yet famous personage, Sylvanus Urban. It annually celebrated the birth of Shakespeare in an intellectual and yet convivial way.

The once famous "Hicks's Hall," whence one of the milestone distances from London was computed, "stood," says the indefatigable Mr. Pinks, "about 200 yards from Smithfield, in the widest part of St. John's Street, near the entrance to St. John's Lane." Hicks's Hall was a stately house, built in 1612, as a sessions house for Clerkenwell, by that great citizen, Sir Baptist Hicks, silk mercer,

in Soper Lane, in the reign of James I. During the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth the Middlesex magistrates had generally met in a scrambling and indecorous fashion, at some chance inn, frequently the "Windmill" or the "Castle," in St. John Street, by Smithfield Bars. The noise of the carriers' wagons vexing the grave Justice Shallows of those days, James I. granted, in 1610, to Sir Thomas Lake and fourteen other knights and esquires of Middlesex, a piece of ground, 128 feet long and 32 feet broad, with 20 feet of carriage-way on each side. Sir Baptist, having built the new sessions hall at his own proper charge, feasted, on the day of opening, twenty-six justices of the county, who then, standing up with raised goblets, with one consent christened the new building Hicks's Hall. Sir Baptist seems to have been a most wealthy and influential citizen, and to have lent King James, who was careless and extravagant enough, vast sums of money, besides supplying the court with stuffs and cloths, of tissue and gold, and silks, satins, and velvets, the courtiers getting very much entangled with the rich mercer's bills and bonds. In 1614 the Earl of Somerset borrowed Sir Baptist's house at Kensington, and it is certain that he lived with all the splendour of a nobleman. In 1628 Sir Baptist Hicks was advanced to the peerage as Viscount Campden. He died in the year 1629, and was buried at Campden, in his native county of Gloucestershire. Of his daughters, one married Lord Noel, the other Sir Charles Morison, of Cashibury, and it is said he gave each of them £100,000 for a marriage portion. He left £200 to the poor of Kensington, founded almshouses at Campden, and left large sums to the Mercers' Company. That celebrated preacher, Baptist Noel, son of the Earl of Gainsborough, Viscount Canpden, derived his singular Christian name from the rich mercer of Soper Lane. Sir Baptist's great house at Kensington (with sixty rooms), burnt in 1816, was, it is said, won by him from Sir Walter Cope, in a game of chance. The Viscountess Campden, the widow of Sir Baptist, left vast sums in charity, some of which bequests, being illegal, were seized by the Parliament.

The sessions hall built by Sir Baptist was a mean square brick house, with a stone portico, and annexed to the hall was a round-house, and close by was a pillory. At Hicks's Hall criminals were dissected. This court has been the scene of some great historical trials. The twenty-nine regicides were tried there, and so were many of the conspirators in the so-called Popish Plot; and here also Count Königsmarck was tried for murdering

his rival, Mr. Thynne, and was acquitted. Hicks's Hall is referred to in "*Hudibras*:"—

"An old dull sot, who told the clock  
For many years at Bridewell dock,  
At Westminster and Hicks's Hall,  
And *hiccius doccius* played in all."

When Sir John Hawkins, a builder, the father of Dr. Johnson's spiteful biographer, used to go to Hicks's Hall, as chairman of the Middlesex Quarter Sessions, he used to drive pompously from his house at Highgate, in a coach and four horses.

In 1777 Hicks's Hall became so ruinous that it was proposed to rebuild it, at an expense of £12,000. This was opposed in Parliament, the traffic of Smithfield rendering the place too noisy and inconvenient. A new sessions house was therefore built on the west side of Clerkenwell Green, in 1782, and the old hall was pulled down, but for a long time afterwards the new hall went by the old name. Large additions were made on the south side in 1876, when the new Clerkenwell Road was formed.

St. John Street, Clerkenwell, is one of the most ancient of the northern London streets, and is mentioned in a charter of confirmation as early as the year 1170. It seems originally to have been only a way for pack-horses. It was first paved in the reign of Richard II. In the reign of Henry VIII. it had become "very foul, full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noxious," and very necessary to be kept clean for the avoiding of pestilence. In Stow's time this road was used by persons coming from Highgate, Muswell Hill, &c., but grand persons often took to the fields, in preference, as we find Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. doing; and no doubt St. John Street was a deep-rutted, dirty country road, something like a neglected plank road in Kentucky, or a suburban street in a Russian country town.

There was, in early times, a raised and paved causeway leading from St. John Street to Islington Church, which was called the "Long Causeway." About 1742 numerous footpads prowled about here. On the fortification of London during the civil wars, in 1642-3, a battery and breastworks were erected at the south end of St. John Street; Captain John Eyre, of Cromwell's Regiment, superintended them. There were also fortifications at Mountmill (the plague-pit spot before mentioned), in Goswell Street Road, a large fort, with four half bulwarks, at the New River upper pond, and a small redoubt near Islington Pound.

What is now Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell, was formerly an open piece of ground belonging to St. John's Priory, subsequently called Bocher or Butt



Close, and afterwards Garden Alleys. The houses were chiefly built about 1719, by Mr. Michell, a magistrate, who lived on the east side of Clerkenwell Green. His house was afterwards occupied by Mr. Wildman, the owner of that unparalleled race-horse, Eclipse, who sold him to lucky Colonel O'Kelly for 1,700 guineas. This horse, which was never beaten, and said to be a "roarer," could run four miles in six minutes and four seconds.

In the house at the north-west corner of Red Lion Street, the "Jerusalem" Tavern, recently demolished on the formation of the new Clerkenwell Road, that industrious compiler, Mr. John Britton, was bound apprentice to Mr. Mendham, a wine-merchant, an occupation which nearly killed the young student. In snatches of time stolen from the fuming cellar, Britton used to visit Mr. Essex, a literary dial-painter, who kindly lent him useful books, and introduced him to his future partner in letters, Mr. Edward Brayley, and to Dr. Trusler and Dr. Towers, the literary celebrities of Clerkenwell.

This Dr. Trusler was a literary preacher, who, in 1787, resided at No. 14, Red Lion Street, and supported himself by selling MS. sermons to the idle clergy. His father had been proprietor of the fashionable "Marybone Gardens," and his sister made the seed and plum-cake for that establishment. Trusler, a clever, pushing man, was at first an apothecary and then a curate. Cowper, in "The Task," laughed at Trusler as "a grand caterer and dry nurse of the church." He seems to have been an impudent projector, for when told by Dr. Terrick, Bishop of London, that he offered his clergy inducements to idleness, Trusler replied that he made £150 a year by his manuscript sermons, and that, for a benefice of the same value he would willingly discontinue their sale. He afterwards started as printer, at 62, Wardour Street, and published endless ephemeral books on carving, law, declamation, farming, &c.—twenty-five separate works in all. He died in 1820. In 1725 a Jew rag-merchant of this street died, worth £40,000. Early in the century an Arminian Jew named Simons lived here. He made some £200,000, but, ruined by his own and his son's extravagance, died at last in the parish workhouse. In 1857 an old lady named Austin died in this street (No. 22), aged 105.

It was to a printer named Sleep, in St. John Street, that Guy Fawkes, *alias* Johnson, used to come stealthily, in 1605, to meet fellow-Romanists, Jesuits, and other disaffected persons. St. John Street was a great place for carriers, especially those of Warwickshire and Nottingham, and the "Cross Keys,"

one of their houses of call, was one of Savage's favourite resorts, and there probably his sworn friend, Johnson, also repaired. The "Pewter Platter," the "Windmill," and the "Golden Lion" were well enough, but some of these St. John Street hostelrys, in 1775, seem to have been much frequented by thieves and other bad characters.

St. John's Square occupied, says Mr. Pinks, the exact area of the court of the ancient priory. In the reign of James II., a Father Corker built a convent here, which was pulled down by Protestant rioters, in 1688, and several 'prentice boys were shot here by the Horse Guards in the riots. The Little Square, as the north-western side is called, was formerly known as North's Court, from its builder, a relation of Lord Keeper North, in Charles II.'s time. Sir John North resided here in 1677 and 1680. Dr. William Goddard, one of the Society of Chemical Physicians, who lived in St. John's Close, as it was then called, was one of those who had Government permission to sell remedies for the Great Plague. At the south-west corner of Jerusalem Passage stood the printing-office of Mr. Dove, whose neat "English Classics" are still so often seen at old bookstalls. On the south side of the square was the Free-Thinking Christians' Meeting House. This body seceded from the Baptists, and built a chapel here, about the year 1830. They were at first in Old Change, then in Cateaton Street (now Gresham Street), but were persecuted by Bishop Porteus. They held discussions on passages of the Bible, but no public prayers or ceremonies whatever.

In 1661 Charles Howard, first Earl of Carlisle, resided in the precincts of St. John's Square. This useful partisan of Charles II., ennobled at the Restoration, was our ambassador in Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, and was subsequently Governor of Jamaica. At the same period Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, resided here, until 1670. He was afterwards Viceroy of Ireland, and First Lord of the Treasury. Persecuted for his doubtful share in the Rye House Plot, he killed himself in the Tower. Here also lived the first Lord Townshend, one of the five Commoners deputed by Parliament to go over to Holland and beg Charles II. to return. Another eminent resident was a staunch Commonwealth man, Sir William Fenwicke, who died in 1676. To these noble names we have to add that of Sir William Cordell, Master of the Rolls in the times of Mary and Elizabeth. He was Solicitor-General at the trial of Sir Thomas Wyatt. Queen Elizabeth visited him at his estate in Suffolk, when the Duke of Alençon sent to sue for her hand.

The following epitaph on Sir William Cordell is thus translated by Fuller from the tomb in Long Melford Church, Suffolk :—

" Here William Cordal doth in rest remain,  
Great by his birth, but greater by his brain ;  
Plying his studies hard his youth throughout,  
Of causes he became a pleader stout.

manufactory. His father, Israel Wilkes, a rich distiller, lived in a handsome old brick house, approached by a paved court with wide iron gates, north of the church. There had been a distillery here as early as 1747. The old distiller who lived here, like a generous and intelligent country squire, drove a coach and six horses, and cultivated the



EDWARD CAVE. *From the Portrait by Hogarth.* (See page 321.)

His learning deep such eloquence did vent,  
He was chose Speaker of the Parliament ;  
Afterwards Queen Mary did him make (knight),  
And counsellor, State work to undertake ;  
And Master of the Rolls, well worn with age,  
Dying in Christ, heaven was his upmost stage ;  
Diet and clothes to poor he gave at large,  
And a fair almshouse founded on his charge."

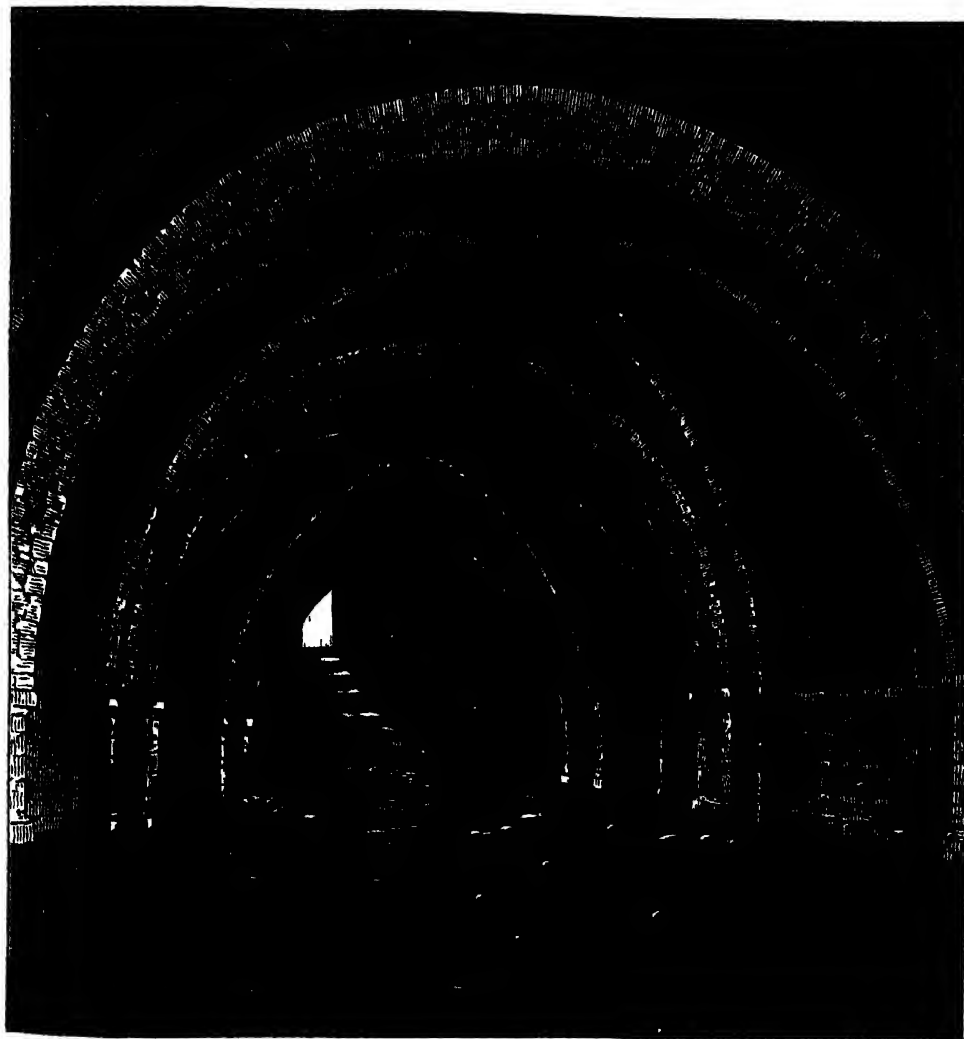
The site of the birthplace of that clever but unprincipled demagogue, John Wilkes, is now a clock

society of philosophers, men of letters, noblemen, and merchants. The house, which was pulled down about 1812, was at one time occupied by Colonel Magniac, who rendered himself famous by the automaton clocks he made for the Emperor of China.

Clerkenwell is noted for its clock-makers, and here armies of busy and intelligent men spend their lives in brass-casting, silvering dials, wheel-cutting,

pinion-cutting, and glass-bending; and at No. 35, Northampton Square, Clerkenwell, is the British Horological Institute, for the cultivation of the science of horology, and its kindred arts and manufactures. Th Northampton Road is the office of the Goldsmiths' and Jewellers' Annuity

latterly a poor bricked passage leading to Ledbury Place, which stood on the site of the bishop's old garden, was approached by several steps, and boasted a portico consisting of two Tuscan columns supporting a moulded entablature. In course of time the house lost caste, till, in 1817, it was



THE CRYPT OF ST. JOHN'S CLERKENWELL. (See page 310.)

Association, for relieving the decayed members of the two trades.

A special feature of this part of Clerkenwell was, till recently, Burnet House, which formerly stood on the west side of St. John's Square. It was originally a noble mansion of two storeys in height, and was lighted in front by fourteen square-headed windows. The forecourt, upon which shops were built, in 1859, was a garden. The grand entrance,

shared between an undertaker and a hearth-rug maker. The old staircases had long vanished, but in the basement were the original kitchens and cellars. "In several of the rooms," wrote Mr. Pinks, shortly before its demolition, "are very handsome mantelpieces, different in design, the ornaments in relief upon them consisting of flowers and leaves in festoonings, medallions, interlacing lines, and groups of female figures. The chimney

jams are of white marble, as are also the hearths. The old stoves have been all removed, and replaced by smaller ones of more recent date. There was formerly a very curious back to one of the grates in this mansion; it was a bas-relief in iron of Charles I., with the date of 1644 upon it, and represented that monarch triumphantly riding over a prostrate female figure, the Spirit of Faction. On each side were pillars, encircled with bay-leaves and a scroll of palm-branches. On the top were the royal crown, and the initials, 'C. R.,' and below the effigies of two women, seated on low stools, having baskets of fruit before them. Nothing is known of this device by the subsequent inmates, and it was probably either burnt out or removed. In the north-east corner of the yard of the right wing of the house, raised about eighteen inches from the ground on two piers of brickwork, was an old leaden cistern, the dimensions of which are four feet two inches in length, twenty and a half inches in width, and two feet six and a half inches in depth, with a mean thickness of half an inch. The cistern, which was a massive piece of cast work, was ornamented with several devices in low relief. On the front, and at either end, was a figure of the Goddess of Plenty, recumbent, by the side of a cornucopia overflowing with flowers and fruits, and behind her was a sheaf of full-eared wheat. Within a panel there was also a shield, quite plain, and over this, as a crest, was a lion passant, the dexter paw resting on a blazing star. Near the upper edge of the cistern was the date of its casting, 1682, with the initials, 'A. B. M.,' doubtless those of an occupier antecedent to Burnet's tenancy of the premises.

"There was until recently another cistern on the premises, similar to the above, bearing the date of 1721, and the initial 'G.,' for Gilbert, surmounted by a mitre. This may have been re-cast by one of Burnet's successors, as a memorial of him. Recently, having fallen from its position, it was removed altogether off the premises, and sold for old metal, and it is said to have weighed four hundredweight."

Bishop Burnet, the son of an Edinburgh lawyer, was born in 1643. He was educated in Aberdeen; in 1669 he became professor of divinity at Glasgow, and when only twenty-six years old was offered a Scottish bishopric, which he modestly declined. In 1674, when he had already married a daughter of the Earl of Cassilis, he came to London, and was appointed preacher at the Rolls' Chapel by Sir Harbottle Grimstone, and soon after was chosen lecturer at St. Clement Danes. In 1679 appeared the first folio volume of the chief work of his life,

the "History of the Reformation." Charles II. offered him the bishopric of Chichester, if he would only turn Tory, but Burnet, though vain, and fond of money, conscientiously refused, and even wrote a strong letter to the king, animadverting on his flagrant vices. At the execution of the good Lord William Russell, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Burnet bravely attended him on the scaffold, and in consequence instantly lost the preachiership at the Rolls and the lectureship of St. Clement's.

On the accession of James II. Burnet retired to the Continent, and travelled; but on the accession of the Prince of Orange was rewarded by the bishopric of Salisbury. According to some writers, Burnet was the very paragon of bishops. Two months every year he spent in traversing his diocese. He entertained his clergy, instead of taxing them with dinners, and helped the holders of poor benefices. He selected promising young men to study in Salisbury Close under his own eye; and was active in obtaining Queen Anne's Bounty for the increasing small livings.

Burnet died at his Clerkenwell house in 1715, and was buried near the communion-table of St. James's, Clerkenwell, the base Tory rabble flinging stones and dirt at the bishop's hearse.

In conversation Burnet is described as disagreeable, through a thick-skinned want of consideration. One day, during Marlborough's disgrace and voluntary exile, Burnet, dining with the duchess, who was a reputed termagant, compared the duke to Belisarius. "How do you account for so great a man having been so miserable and deserted?" asked the duchess. "Oh, madam," replied the bishop, "he had, as you know, such a brimstone of a wife." Burnet was opposed to the clergy enjoying a plurality of livings. A clergyman of his diocese once asked him if, on the authority of St. Bernard, he might hold two livings. "How will you be able to serve them both?" inquired Burnet. "I intend to officiate by deputy in one," was the reply. "Will your deputy," said Burnet, "be damned for you too? Believe me, sir, you may serve your cure by proxy, but you must be damned in person."

Burnet was extravagantly fond of tobacco and writing, and to enjoy both at the same time, he perforated the brim of his large hat, and putting his long pipe through it, puffed and wrote, and wrote and puffed again.

How far Burnet's historical writings can be relied on is still uncertain. He was a wholesale Whig, and seems to have been a vain, credulous man, who, according to Lord Bathurst, listened too much to flying gossip. Swift, in his violent and ribald way, denounced Burnet as a common liar, but, on

the whole, we are inclined to think that he was only a violent party man, who, however, had a conscience, and tried his best to be honest. There is no doubt, however, from a letter discovered in the Napier charter chest, that on the discovery of the Rye House Plot, Burnet made many timid advances to the cruel and corrupt court.

In Burnet's house afterwards lived that remarkable man, Dr. Joseph Towers, the son of a poor bookseller in Southwark, who was born in the year 1737. Failing as a bookseller himself, Towers turned dissenting minister. He compiled the first seven volumes of "British Biography," and wrote fifty articles for Kippis's "Biographia Britannica." In 1794 Towers was arrested for his connection with the Society for Constitutional Information, of which Sheridan, Erskine, and the Duke of Norfolk were members. He died at this house, in St. John's Square, in 1799. Dr. Adam Clarke, the learned and pious author of the well-known Bible commentary, frequently lodged at No. 45, St. John's Square, where his sons carried on a printing business. He spent fifteen years in passing his eight quarto volumes through the press. He died in 1832, and was buried in the rear of the City Road Chapel, near Wesley. The Wesleyan chapel in St. John's Square was erected in 1849, at a cost of £3,800, by the transplanted congregation of Wilderness Row Chapel. The old-established printing offices of Messrs. Gilbert and Rivington were started in St. John's Square about 1757, and the firm still bears the name of Rivington.

St. John's Lane was, in the Middle Ages, the chief approach to the Hospital of St. John from the City. About 1619 this quarter was fashionable, numbering Lord Berkeley, Lady Cheteley, Sir Michael Stanhope, Sir Anthony Barker, and Lord Chief Justice Keeling among its noble and influential inhabitants. This last disgrace to the Bench was the base judge who sent John Bunyan to prison for three months, for being an upholder of conventicles. Some persons were once indicted before him for attending a conventicle; and, "although it was proved that they had assembled on the Lord's Day, with Bibles in their hands, without prayer-books, they were acquitted. He therefore fined the jury 100 marks a-piece, and imprisoned them till the fines were paid. Again, on the trial of a man for murder, who was suspected of being a Dissenter, and whom he had a great desire to hang, he fined and imprisoned all the jury, because, contrary to his directions, they brought in a verdict of manslaughter." Retribution came at last to this unjust judge. He was cited to the bar of the House of Commons in 1667, for constantly vilifying Magna

Charta, and only obtained mercy by the most abject submission. He retired to his house in Clerkenwell, disgraced, drew up a volume of divers cases in pleas of the Crown, and died in 1671.

In this same memorable lane resided, in 1677, that hard theological student, Matthew Poole, the compiler of the great Biblical synopsis, in five volumes folio. During the sham disclosures of Titus Oates, Poole's name was said to be down for immediate assassination. He fled to Holland in dismay, and died there the same year.

The "Old Baptist's Head," in St. John's Lane, a very historical house, was part of an old Elizabethan mansion, and the residence of Sir Thomas Forster, one of the judges in the Court of Common Pleas, who died here in 1612 (James I.) The quaint sign of the house was "John the Baptist's Head on a Charger." The inn formerly boasted bay windows of stained glass, and in the tap-room a carved stone mantelpiece, with what was supposed to be the Forster arms in the centre. In 1813 the rooms still had panelled wainscoats, and in the tap-room hung a picture of a Dutch revel, by Heemskerke, an imitator of Brauer. In later years the "Old Baptist's Head" became a halting-place for prisoners, on their way from Newgate to the New Prison, Clerkenwell. In 1716 one of the celebrated Whig mug-houses was in St. John's Lane; and at the south-west corner of St. John's Lane, just beyond the boundary-mark of the parish, stood the "Queen's Head." It bore the date 1595, and in a niche of the gable-ended front was a bust of Queen Elizabeth, carved in stone.

In 1627-28 (Charles I.) a secret Jesuits' College was discovered near Clerkenwell Church, in a house where the Earl of Marlborough had formerly lived. Sir John Coke, then Secretary of State, drew up a report of the discovery, which was edited by Mr. J. G. Nichols, and re-published in the "Camden Miscellany." Sir John's narrative commences thus: "About Christmas last Humphrey Cross, one of the messengers in ordinarie, gave mee notice that the neighbours in St. John's saw provisions carried into the corner house uppon the broadway above Clerkenwel, but knewe none that dwelt there. In March following, about the beginning of the Parliament, Crosse brought word that divers lights were observed in the howse, and that some companie were gathered thither. The time considered, I thought fitt to make noe further delay, and therefore gave warrant to the sayd Crosse and Mr. Longe, and the constables next adjoyning to enter the house, and to search what persons resorted thither, and to what end they concealed their being there. At their entrie they found one that called

himselfe Thomas Latham, who pretended to be keeper of the howse for the Earle of Shrewsburie. They found another, named George Kemp, said to be the gardener; and a woman, called Margaret Isham. But when they desired to go further, into the upper roomes, which (whilst they had made way into the hall) were all shutt upp and made fast, Latham tould them plainly that if they offred to goe further they would find resistance, and should doe it at their perils. They there-uppon repared to my house and desired more help, and a more ample warrant for their proceedings. And then both a warrant was granted from the councell boorde, and the Sherifes of London were sent for their assistance. But by this protraction they within the upper roomes gott advantage to retire themselves by secret passages into their

vaults or lurking-places, which themselves called their securities; so as when the officers came up they found no man above staires save only a sick man in his bed, with one servant attending him. The sick man called himselfe by the name of Weeden, who is since discovered to be truly called Plowden; and the servant named himselfe John Penington. More they found not, til, going downe againe into the cellars, Crosse espied a brick wall, newly made, which he caused to be perced and there within the vault they found Daniel Stanhop, whom I take to be Father Bankes, the Rector of their college, George Holland, alias Guy Holt, Joseph Underbill, alias Thomas Poulton, Robert Beaumont, and Edward Moore, the priest; and the next day, in the like lurking-place, they found Edward Parre."

## CHAPTER XLI.

### CLERKENWELL—(continued).

Bowls and Bowling-greens—Clerkenwell Close—Thomas Weaver—Sir Thomas Challoner—The Fourth Earl of Clanricarde—A Right Mad Doctor—Newcastle Place and its Inhabitants—Clerkenwell Green—Isaak Walton—Jack Adams, the Clerkenwell Simpleton—The Lamb and Flag Ragged School—The Northampton Family—Miss Ray—The Bewicks—Aylesbury House and its Associations—The Musical Small-coal Man—Berkeley Street—"Sally in our Alley"—Red Bull Theatre—Ward's Public-house—The Old and New Church of St. James.

BOWLING-GREENS were once numerous in Bowling Green Lane, Clerkenwell. In 1675, says Mr. Pinks, there were two at the north-east corner. The bowling-alleys were both open and covered, and were laid with turf or gravel. The bowls were flat or round, and the simple object was to lay your bowl so many times nearest the jack, or mark. The pleasant game is repeatedly mentioned by Shakespeare, and furnished his quick fancy with innumerable metaphors. There was also a game of ground balls, which were driven through an arch. This game expanded became Charles II.'s favourite diversion, "Pall Mall," and, contracted and complicated, it changed into our modern "Croquet." In 1617 (James I.) the Groom Porters' Office issued licences for thirty-one bowling-alleys, fourteen tennis-courts, and forty gambling-houses in London, Westminster, and their suburbs, all to be closed on Sundays. In 1675 there were only six houses in this lane, and at the south-west corner was the churchyard of St. James's. The "Cherry Tree" public-house was well known in 1775, and there were cherry-trees still there in 1825. At the south-west corner of Bowling Green Lane, in 1675, stood one of those mountain heaps of cinders and rubbish which disgraced old London. At one end of the lane there once stood a whipping-post for petty offenders. An old name for this lane was Feather

Bed Lane, but why we do not know, unless boys like Defoe's Colonel Jack lolled, burrowed, and gambolled on the huge dust-heap.

Clerkenwell Close teems with old legends and traditions; and well it may, for was it not part of the old convent cloisters, and afterwards a portion of the glebe of the church of St. James? The house now No. 22, says Mr. Pinks, the Stow of Clerkenwell, was originally the parsonage house. The "Crown Tavern," at the south-west corner of the Close, was rebuilt in the early part of this century. The mummy of a poor cat, which some mason of John or Richard's reign had cruelly buried alive in one of the walls of St. James's Church, used to be solemnly shown there. Formerly the southern entrance to the Close was small, and squeezed in between a butcher's shop and the "Crown Tavern."

That good plodding "old mortality," John Weever, lived in Clerkenwell Close in 1631 (Charles I.), and to that place brought home many a pocket-load of old epitaphs, to adorn his good old book, "Ancient Funeral Monuments." His house was the next one northward of No. 8. It is large, and double-fronted, and has fine old staircases, and foliated ceilings. Weever was a friend of Cotton and Selden, and therefore not lightly to be despised, but Anthony à Wood pronounces him credulous, and he is said to



be careless in his dates. The following is Weever's epitaph, in St. James's, Clerkenwell :—

" Lancashire gave me breath,  
And Cambridge education ;  
Middlesex gave me death,  
And this church my humation ;  
And Christ to me hath given  
A place with Him in heaven."

In the Close, opposite the convent, according to Weever, resided Sir Thomas Challoner, in a house which either Thurlow or Cromwell himself afterwards occupied. On the front of the mansion, which stood in a large garden, were written four Latin lines, which have been thus Englished :—

" Chaste faith still stays behind, though thence be flown  
Those veiled nuns who here before did nest;  
For reverend marriage wedlock vows doth own,  
And sacred flames keep here in loyal breasts."

This Sir Thomas Challoner, of Clerkenwell Close, was a gallant gentleman, who fought beside the Emperor Charles V., in Algiers ; on his return he was made by Henry VIII. first clerk of the Council, and in the reign of Edward VI. he won the favour of the proud Protector Somerset. By Elizabeth he was sent as a trusty ambassador to Ferdinand, Emperor of Germany, and afterwards to the court of Philip of Spain, where he was vexed by every possible indignity. He returned home in 1564, and spent the rest of his life quietly in the Close, completing his great work, "The Right Ordering of the English Republic," which he dedicated to his friend Burleigh. Sir Thomas, son of this wise courtier, married a daughter of Sir William Fleetwood, the well-known Recorder of London. His study of science in Italy enabled him to enrich himself by the discovery of alum on his own estate, near Gisborough, in Yorkshire. He became a friend of James I., who placed Prince Henry under his tuition, for which he received £4,000, "as a free gift." Two of this learned man's sons sat as judges at the trial of Charles I., and one was bold enough to sign the king's death-warrant. This latter Challoner Cromwell openly denounced as a drunkard when he dissolved the obstructive Parliament.

Near the Challoners, in the Close, in the year 1619, resided the fourth Earl of Clanricarde. This nobleman married the widow of Sir Philip Sidney. At the Restoration there were thirty-one good houses in Clerkenwell Close, Sir John Cropley and Dr. Theophilus Garenciers being the most distinguished residents. The latter gentleman was a Protestant refugee from Normandy, and kindly taught the "musical small-coal man" chemistry. He wrote some books on tapeworms and tincture of coral, and translated the nonsensical prophecies

of Nostradamus. In 1668 Dr. Everard Maynwaring resided in the Close. He was a kinsman of the wife of Ashmole, the antiquary, and wrote a book to show that tobacco produced scurvy.

"An old writer, Aubrey," says Mr. Pinks, "who compiled an amusing volume on the superstitions of his countrymen, when treating of a fatality believed to attach to certain houses, says :—'A handsome brick house, on the south side of Clerkenwell Churchyard, has been so unlucky for at least forty years, that it was seldom tenanted, and at last nobody would adventure to take it.' This was written in 1696. Here also was once a private madhouse, of which the public was apprised by advertisement, as follows :—'In Clerkenwell Close, where the figures of mad people are over the gate, liveth one who, by the blessing of God, cures all lunatick, distracted, or mad people. He seldom exceeds three months in the cure of the maddest person that comes in his house ; several have been cured in a fortnight, and some in less time. He has cured several from Bedlam, and other madhouses in and about this city, and has conveniency for people of what quality soever. No cure, no money.' Such equitable dealing as this, there can be little doubt, secured for the proprietor of this asylum a fair share of patronage from the friends of the insane."

Newcastle Place was the site of old Newcastle House, built upon the ruins of the convent, which had, at the dissolution, become the property of the Cavendish family. One likes to believe that a curse fell on those greedy nobles who stole what good and charitable men had left in trust for the poor, but that the trust had been sometimes abused, who is hardy enough to deny ? But the abuses of the priests could surely have been corrected better than by confiscation. The duke's garden extended as far as the present St. James's Walk, and contained six arches of the southern cloister of the old building. One cloister is described in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1785 as having at its west end an arched door communicating with the church. The roof resembled that of Exeter Cathedral, and the keystones were carved into the form of flowers. Over the cloister was a wareroom, and on the east side of the garden was the site of the ancient cemetery of the nuns. In 1773, according to Noorthouck, the nuns' hall, which still stood at the north-east end of the cloisters, had been turned into a double range of workshops. Two bricked-up arched windows, and the hood moulding of a Gothic doorway are visible in the sketch of the hall in Crowle's "Pennant."

The Duke of Newcastle, William Cavendish, and

his blue-stocking and eccentric wife, Margaret, the youngest daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, who was shot by the Parliamentarians at the surrender of Colchester, were the most memorable residents in this great Clerkenwell mansion. The duke was a gallant and chivalrous cavalier, whose white regiment of cavalry, generally known to the Cromwellians as the "Newcastle Lambs," did good service for wilful King Charles during the Civil War. In disgust at the loss of the battle of Marston Moor by the mad rashness of Prince

justice in Eyre, and Duke of Newcastle. He died at his house at Clerkenwell in 1676, aged eighty-four. The duchess, a *femme savante* of the deepest dye, wrote ten folio volumes of learned trifles and fantastic verses. A footman always slept on a truckle bed in a closet of her bedroom, and whenever a thought struck her in the night, she used to call out, "John!" and poor John had to scramble out in the cold, light a candle, and bind the fugitive fancy fast on paper. "The whole story," writes Pepys, "of this lady is a romance, and all she does



BURNET HOUSE, 1866. (See page 325.)

Rupert, the duke retired to the Continent, and there, with his faithful wife, during eighteen years' exile, endured many hardships while lodging at Antwerp, in a house which belonged to the widow of Rubens.

In the duchess's memoir of her brave husband, on whom she doated, and whom she seems to have considerably bored, she states that at one time of their exile they were both forced to pawn their clothes for a dinner. While abroad the duke produced a luxurious folio on horsemanship. During his absence the Parliament levied, it is computed, £733,579 on his estate. At the Restoration this faithful loyalist was made a chief

is romantic." "April 26, 1667.—Met my Lady Newcastle, with her coaches and footmen, all in velvet, herself, whom I never saw before, as I have heard her often described, for all the town-talk is nowadays of her extravagance, with her velvet cap, her hair about her ears, many black patches, because of pimples about her mouth, naked necked, without anything about it, and a black *just au corps*.

"May 1, 1667.—She was in a black coach, adorned with silver, instead of gold, and snow-white curtains, and everything black and white. Staid at home, reading the ridiculous history of my Lord Newcastle, wrote by his wife, which shows her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and him an

asse to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him."

"On the 10th April, 1667," says Mr. Pinks, Charles and his queen came to Clerkenwell, on a visit to the duchess. On the 18th, John Evelyn went to make court to the noble pair, who received him with great kindness; and another time he dined at Newcastle House, and was privileged to sit discoursing with her grace in her bedchamber, after dinner. Referring to her literary employments, when writing to a friend, she says, 'You will find

which set the whole family by the ears. The Earl of Thanet, another son-in-law, fought a duel with the Earl of Clare, in consequence, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in which both combatants were wounded. The Earl of Clare, for his loyal service to William III., was, in 1694, created Duke of Newcastle, and enjoyed the favour of Queen Anne.

Newcastle House, at one period, was the residence of the eldest daughter of the old duke, the Duchess of Albemarle, a woman crazed with pride, who married General Monk's son, and drove him



NEWCASTLE HOUSE, 1770. (See page 329.)

my works, like infinite Nature, that hath neither beginning nor end; and as confused as the chaos, wherein is neither method nor order, but all mixed together, without separation, like light and darkness.' It will be remembered that Sir Walter Scott, in his "Peveril of the Peak," has cleverly sketched the old-fashioned high-flown duchess, and contrasted her with the gay and wanton beauties of England's corruptest court. The wise and foolish woman died in 1676, and was buried by her husband in Westminster Abbey.

Henry Cavendish, Master of the Robes to Charles II., left the bulk of his estates, realising about £9,000, to his son-in-law, the Earl of Clare,

by her folly to a liquid remedy, which killed him in his youth. At his death the duchess was so immensely wealthy, that pride crazed her, and she vowed never to marry any one but a sovereign prince. In 1692 the Earl of Montague, disguising himself as the Emperor of China, won the mad woman, whom he then kept in constant confinement at Montague House (the site of the British Museum). She survived her second husband thirty years, and at last died at Newcastle House, in 1734, aged ninety-six years. Her body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey and at midnight was privately interred near her father-in-law, General Monk, in Henry VII.'s

Chapel. It is said that up to the time of this mad woman's decease she was always served on the knee, as if she had really been the empress she believed herself.

Newcastle House, in Pennant's time, was a cabinet-maker's, and the garden was strewn with the defaced monuments of Prior Weston, and other worthies. About 1793 Mr. Carr, who built the present church of St. James, erected on the site of the duke's mansion the row of houses called Newcastle Place. Every trace of the convent then disappeared, except a small portion of a wall, the jamb of a Gothic window of the nuns' hall (now the side wall of a house at the north end of Newcastle Street). The old house was a sombre, monotonous brick structure, having its upper storey adorned with stone pilasters. The east and west wings stood forward, and there was a large courtyard in front.

Clerkenwell Green, long gay enough, even as lately as the latter part of the seventeenth century, was environed by mansions of the noble and rich. In Roques's huge Map of London in 1747 there were lofty trees on either side of the Green, and two at the north-east corner of Aylesbury Street. The last tree on the north side of the Green was blown down by a storm in July, 1796. The old pillory, where Mr. John Britton had seen a man fastened and pelted, used to stand on the western slope of the Green, near the bottom; and in 1787 a woman who had committed perjury was nearly killed at this place of punishment. A turnstile stood at the entrance of the close, prior to the houses being taken down to form a better approach to the church. A raised circle of stone with lamp-posts, near the middle of the green, and close to the drinking-fountain, marks, says the best of the local historians, the spot where the old watch-house once stood.

On the north side of the Green, a low brick house, now divided into three shops, was formerly the Welsh Charity School, founded in 1718. The house was built in 1737, and the charity removed to the Gray's Inn Road in 1772, and after that to Ashford, near Staines. There used to be a painted figure of a Welsh boy in a niche in the front of the school. Pennant, a warm-hearted Welshman, intended to have devoted the profits of his great work on "British Zoology" to this school, but its expenses were so great that he was unable to do so, and he gave instead the sum of £100.

Of the chief residents of Clerkenwell Green we can only select the most eminent. Amongst these we may mention Sir Richard Cheverton, the Lord Mayor in 1657, who proclaimed Richard Crom-

well Protector. He lived long, and was styled the Father of the City. Sir William Bolton, an alderman, knighted by Charles II., also resided on the Green; and in 1670 we find, in the list of rich residents, Sir William Bowles, Bart., Sir Edward Smith, and Lady Windham.

Above all these aldermen and city magnates, however, rejoice, Clerkenwell, because that good and gentle spirit, Izaak Walton, once lived in thy midst, and often paced his guileless path, pondering on mighty barbel in the muddy depths of the pleasant river Lea. On his retirement from the snug little linendrapers' shops, first at the Exchange and then in Fleet Street, Walton, before the year 1650, says Sir Harris Nicolas, took a house at Clerkenwell. That delightful book, "The Compleat Angler; or, the Contemplative Man's Recreation," sold by Richard Marriot, in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet Street, appeared in 1653. The good, pious old fisherman lived at Clerkenwell, it is supposed, till 1661. He went to Worcester after that, and died at Winchester, at the house of a son-in-law of his, a prebendary, in 1683. In his will the worthy old man left forty-two mourning-rings to his friends, and (could human forgiveness go further?) £10 to his publisher, Richard Marriot.

George Sawbridge, an eminent bookseller of 1670, who published a book by Culpeper, the herbalist, also dwelt on Clerkenwell Green. He left £40,000 to be divided among his four daughters. Elias Ashmole records that he was a friend of Lilly, the sham astrologer.

Jack Adams, a Clerkenwell simpleton, who lived on the Green, became a notorious street character in the reign of Charles II. This half fool, half knave (like many of Shakespeare's jesters) is constantly mentioned in pamphlets of Charles II.'s reign. In an old work, called "The Wits; or, Sport upon Sport" (published in 1682), the writer describes the excellent comedians at the Red Bull Theatre, in Red Bull Yard, now Woodbridge Street. On one occasion, when Robert Cox, a celebrated low comedian, played "Simpleton the Smith," he used to come in munching a huge slice of bread-and-butter; Jack Adams, seeing it, cried out, "Cuz, cuz, give me some! give me some!" to the great amusement of all the spectators. This Adams seems to have turned astrologer and fortune-teller. You got a better fortune from him for five guineas than for five shillings, and he appears to have been as willing to cheat as his dupes were to be cheated. The conjuror of Clerkenwell seems, after this, to have generally adopted this popular name. There is an old print of Jack Adams, in which he is repre-

sented with a tobacco-pipe in his girdle, and standing by a table, on which lie a horn-book and "Poor Robin's Almanack."

In 1644, during the Civil Wars, Lady Bullock's house, on Clerkenwell Green, was attacked by soldiers, who stole fifty pieces of gold, and tore five rich rings from her ladyship's fingers. Dr. Sibbald, the incumbent of Clerkenwell, who resided near, remonstrated with the Parliamentary soldiers from his window, but the only reply was three musket-bullets at his head, which they narrowly missed. A servant of Lady Bullock was wounded by the soldiers.

In 1844 the Lamb and Flag Ragged School was established on Clerkenwell Green. Since that time day-schools, night-schools, and Sunday-schools have been added to it.

At the corner of Ashby Street, which leads from St. John's Street Road to Northampton Square, stands the old manor house of Clerkenwell, the residence of the Northampton family till nearly the end of the seventeenth century. The first baron was Sir Henry Compton, of Warwickshire, summoned to Parliament among the nobles in 1572 (Elizabeth). The second Lord Compton was created Earl of Northampton in 1618 (James I.), and also K.G. and Lord President of the Marches of Wales.

How that nobleman carried off the daughter of rich Lord Mayor Spencer, in a baker's basket, from Canonbury, we have before related. The wife of the second earl had the courage to attend her lord to the battle of Edgehill, where she witnessed the daring and danger of her three Cavalier sons. Spencer Compton fell at the battle of Hopton Heath, in 1643. The third earl resided at Clerkenwell in 1677; his estates, which had been confiscated, were returned to him at the Restoration. He is said to have had a troop of 200 retainers, who wore his livery of blue and grey, and he was one of the king's Privy Council and Constable of the Tower. This earl's youngest brother, after being a cornet of horse, was made Bishop of London, and was entrusted with the education of the Princesses Mary and Ann. After being suspended by James II., he performed the coronation service for William of Orange, and was appointed one of the commissioners for revising the Liturgy. His toleration of Dissenters rendered him unpopular with the Tories. He died in 1713. Joshua Alwyne Spencer, the tenth earl and second marquis, was the President of the Royal Society.

At the end of the seventeenth century the old manor-house of the Spencers was converted into a private lunatic asylum, by Dr. Newton. Thoresby,

the Leeds historian, speaks doubtfully of this doctor's honesty. He published a herbal, which Cave printed, and seems to have had a botanic garden behind the madhouse. It was here that strange fanatic and false prophet, Richard Brothers, was confined. This man had been a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, but left the service in 1789, and refusing, from conscientious scruples, to take the necessary oath, he lost his half-pay. He then became poor, and had to take refuge in a workhouse. In 1790 he became insane, believed himself a prophet sent from God, and warned all who called him mad, an impostor, or a devil, that they were guilty of blasphemy. In 1792 he sent letters to the king, the ministers, and the 'speaker, saying he was ordered by God to go to the House of Commons, and inform the members, for their safety, that the time was come for the fulfilment of the seventh chapter of Daniel. He went accordingly, and met with the rough reception that might have been expected. Soon after Brothers prophesied the death of King George, the overthrow of the monarchy, and the delivery of the crown into his own hands; this being treasonable, he was sent to Newgate. On his release, he persuaded many weak people to sell their goods and prepare to accompany him, in 1795, to the New Jerusalem, which was to be built on both sides of the river Jordan, and to become the capital of the world. In 1798 the Jews were to be restored, and he was to be revealed as their prince and ruler, and the governor of all nations, a post for which Brothers had even refused the divine offer of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Brothers at last got too troublesome, even for English toleration, and was confined as a lunatic in Clerkenwell; he was released in 1806, by the zealous intercession of his great disciple, John Finlayson, with whom he afterwards resided for nine years. Brothers died suddenly, of cholera, in 1824. His last words were addressed to Finlayson, asking if his sword and hammer were ready, referring to the building of the New Jerusalem. In 1817 the old manor-house was turned into a ladies' boarding-school.

Albemarle Street was so called from General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, during whose popularity the street was built. Albion Place was erected in 1822. In this street, in 1721, lived Christopher Pinchbeck, an inventor of "astronomico-musical clocks," and the peculiar compound metal to which he gave the name. We have already briefly mentioned this ingenious man in our chapter on Fleet Street. Pinchbeck made musical automata that played tunes and imitated birds, like the curious Black Forest clocks now so familiar to us. He



also sold self-playing organs, to save the expense of organists in country churches, and he also condescended to mend clocks and watches.

Miss Ray, that unfortunate mistress of Lord Sandwich, who was shot by her lover, Hackman, the clergyman, served her time with a mantua-maker in St. George's Court, Albion Place. A pleasant memory of those delightful old engravers, the Bewicks, is also associated with St. George's Court; for here, about 1780, lived a bookseller named Hodgson, for whom they worked. In the same obscure yet honoured locality also lived that sturdy old antiquary, Dr. Thomas Birch, the son of a Quaker coffee-mill maker, of Clerkenwell. Birch eventually, after being usher to Mr. Besse, a Quaker in St. George's Court, took orders in the Church of England, and married the daughter of a clergyman. Lord Hardwicke patronised him, and in 1734 he became domestic chaplain to the unfortunate Jacobite Earl of Kilmarnock, who, joining in the luckless rebellion of '45, was beheaded on Tower Hill. In 1743 he was presented to the united rectories of St. Michael, Wood Street, and St. Mary Staining. He worked much for Cave, and was killed by a fall from his horse, near Hampstead, in 1760. He bequeathed his valuable library and manuscripts to the British Museum, and the residue of his small property to increase the salaries of the three assistant librarians.

Aylesbury Street, close by, is so called because in bygone times the garden-wall of the house of the Earls of Aylesbury skirted the south side of the thoroughfare. Aylesbury House was probably a name given to part of the old Priory of St. John, where the Earls of Elgin and Aylesbury resided about 1641. Robert Bruce, second Earl of Elgin, who lived here in 1671, was a devoted Cavalier, and an ardent struggler for the Restoration, and was made Earl of Aylesbury in 1663 by that not usually very grateful king, Charles II., to whom he was privy councillor and gentleman of the bedchamber. At the coronation of that untoward monarch, James II., the Earl of Aylesbury bore in procession St. Edward's staff, eight pounds nine ounces in weight, and supposed by credulous persons to contain a piece of the true cross. The earl died in 1685, the year he had been appointed Lord Chamberlain of the Royal Household. Anthony à Wood sums up the earl as a good historian and antiquary, a friend to the clergy, and a "curious collector of manuscripts."

But a far more interesting resident in Aylesbury Street was Thomas Britton, the "musical small-coal man," who, though a mere itinerant vendor

of small coal, cultivated the highest branches of music, and drew round him for years all the great musicians of the day, including even the giant Handel. This singular and most meritorious person, born in Northamptonshire, brought up to the coal trade, and coming to London, took a small stable at the south-east corner of Jerusalem Passage, on the site now occupied by the "Bull's Head" public-house, and commenced his humble business. His coal he kept below, and he lived in a single room above, which was ascended by an external ladder. From Dr. Garendiers, his neighbour, this active-minded man obtained a thorough knowledge of practical chemistry, and in his spare time he acquired an extensive practical and theoretical knowledge of music. This simple-minded man founded a musical club, which met at his house for nearly forty years, and at first gave gratuitous concerts, afterwards paid for by an annual subscription of ten shillings, coffee being sold to his distinguished visitors at a penny a cup. The idea of the club is said to have been first suggested by Sir Roger l'Estrange. Dr. Pepusch, or the great Handel, played the harpsichord; Bannister, or Medler, the first violin. Hughes, a poet, and Woolaston, a painter, were also members, while Britton himself played excellently on the viol di gamba. The musical invitation to these concerts ran thus:—

"Upon Thursdays repair to my palace, and there  
I hobble up stair by stair, but I pray you take care  
That you break not your shins by a stumble;  
And without e'er a couse, paid to me or my spouse,  
Sit still as a mouse at the top of the house,  
And there you shall hear how we fumble."

Britton's friend, Ned Ward, describes these pleasant Thursday evening concerts, which, he says, were as popular as the evenings of the Kit-Cat Club. Thomas Britton, in his blue frock, with a measure twisted into the mouth of his sack, was as much respected as if he had been a nobleman in disguise.

"Britton," says our Clerkenwell historian, "besides being a musician, was a bibliomaniac, and collector of rare old books and manuscripts, from which fact we may infer that he had cultivated some acquaintance with literature. It often happened that, on Saturdays, when some of these *literati* were accustomed to meet at the shop of one Christopher Bateman, a bookseller, at the corner of Ave Maria Lane, Paternoster Row, Britton, who had usually completed his morning round by twelve o'clock at noon, would, despite his smutty appearance and blue smock, after pitching his sack of small coal on the bulk of Bateman's shop, join the literary conclave, and take part in



the conversation, which generally lasted an hour. Often as he walked the streets some one who knew him would point him out, and exclaim, 'There goes the small-coal man, who is a lover of learning, a performer of music, and a companion for gentlemen.' The circumstances of Britton's death are as remarkable as those of his life; he was literally frightened out of his life by a practical joke which was played on him by one Robe, a justice of the peace, and a frequenter of his concerts, who one day introduced as his friend a man who had the sobriquet of the 'Talking Smith,' but whose real name was Honeyman. This man possessed the power of ventriloquism, and when he saw Britton he, by a preconcerted arrangement, announced in a solemn voice, which seemed to come from a long distance, the death of Britton in a few hours, unless he immediately fell upon his knees and repeated the Lord's Prayer. Britton, in the terror of his soul, instinctively obeyed; but the chord of his life was unstrung by this sudden shock. A brief illness supervened, and in a few days he died. His death occurred in September, 1714, when he was upwards of sixty years of age. On the 1st of October his remains were followed to the grave by a great concourse of people, and interred in St. James's churchyard." Though Britton was honest and upright, ill-natured people, says Walpole, called him a Jesuit and an atheist, and said that the people attended his meetings to talk sedition and practise magic. At his death the worthy small-coal man left 1,400 books, twenty-seven fine musical instruments, and some valuable music.

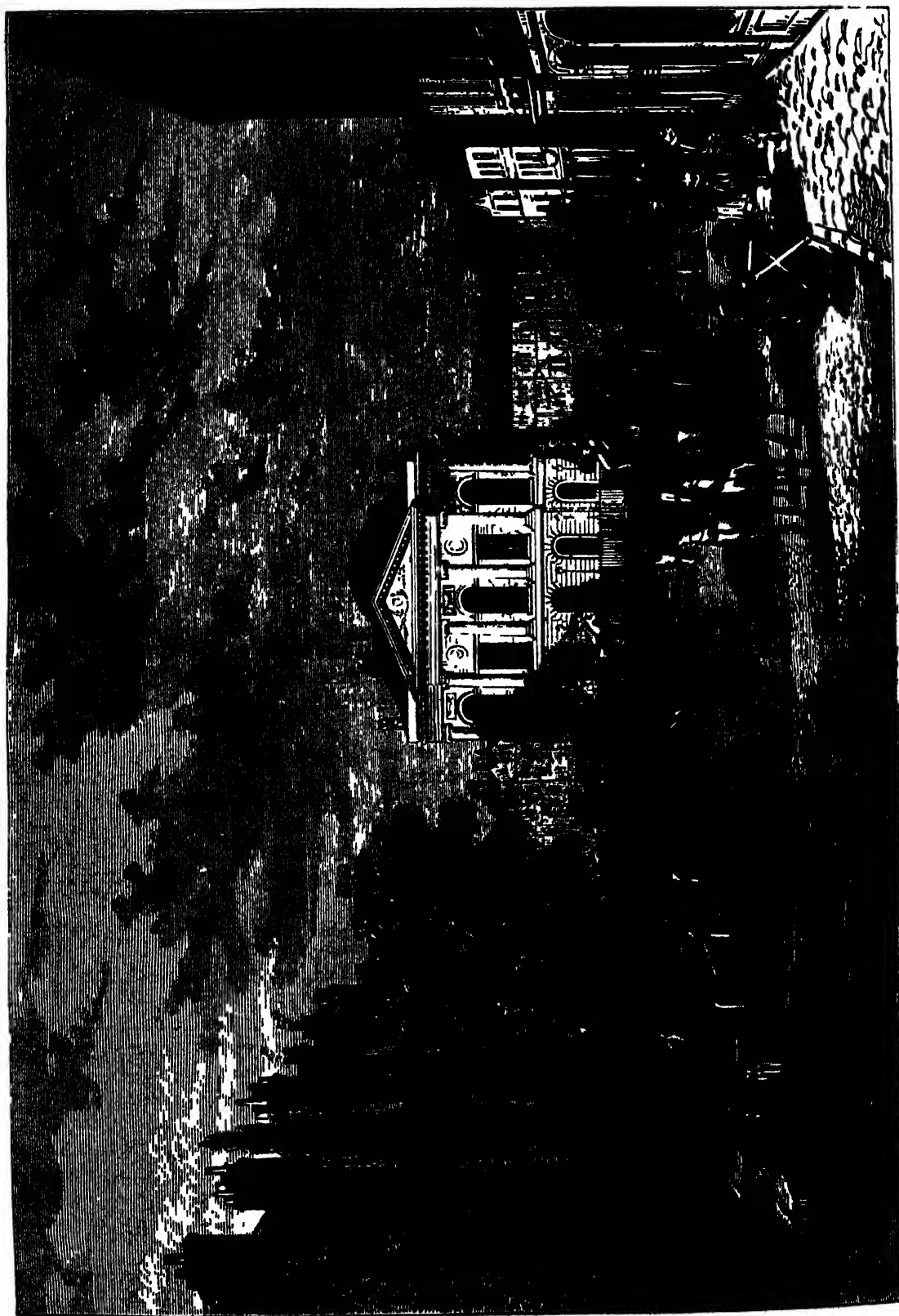
Berkeley Street, formerly called Bartlett Street, was so named from its chief pride, Berkeley House, which stood at the corner facing St. John's Lane. The advanced wings of the mansion enclosed a spacious forecourt, and at the rear was a large garden. Sir Maurice Berkeley, who lived here, was standard-bearer to Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Elizabeth. He it was who, when Sir Thomas Wyatt was beaten back from Ludgate to Temple Bar, yet would not surrender, induced Wyatt to mount behind him on his horse, and ride to Whitehall. In this house lived and died that pious Lord Berkeley, who, in Charles II.'s time was called "George the Traveller," and "George the Linguist." The first Earl of Berkeley obtained the titles of Viscount Dursley and Earl of Berkeley as a reward for his loyalty to Charles II. When the English prisoners were to be released from Algiers he offered to advance the money for their redemption. He bestowed on Sion College a valuable library, and he wrote some religious meditations, which obtained for him a eulogy

from Waller. He died in 1698. His second daughter, Lady Theophila, married the pious and learned Robert Nelson, author of "Fasts and Festivals." At what period Berkeley House was pulled down is unknown, but in the year 1856 a moulded brick, stamped with a lyre, supposed to be a relic of the old mansion, was found in Berkeley Street.

At the south-east end of Ray Street, a broken iron pump, let into the front wall of a dilapidated tenement, marks, as nearly as possible, the site of the ancient Clerks' Well, used by the brothers of St. John and the Benedictine nuns, and the place where, as the old chronicler says, the London parish clerks performed their miracle plays. In Stow's time this fine spring was cared for and sheltered with stone. In Aggas's map (about 1560) there is a conduit-house at the south-west corner of the boundary wall of St. Mary's nunnery, and the water falls into an oblong trough, which is enclosed by a low wall. In 1673 the Earl of Northampton gave this spring for the use of the poor of the parish of St. James, but it was at once let to a brewer. Strype, writing about 1720, describes the well as at the right-hand side of a lane which led from Clerkenwell to Hockley-in-the-Hole, and it was then enclosed by a high wall, which had been built to bound Clerkenwell Close. Hone, in 1823, writing of the mystery plays of the Middle Ages, points out that as the priory stood about half way down the slope from Clerkenwell Green to the Fleet, people stationed on the rising ground near could have easily seen the quaint performances at the well. Near the pump, erected in 1800, to mark the old well, stood one of the parish watch-houses, erected in 1794.

Vineyard Walk, Clerkenwell, is supposed to mark the site of one of the old priory vineyards. The ground was called the Mount, and against the western slopes grew vines, row above row, there being a small cottage at the top. It existed in this form as late as 1752. There was also a vineyard in East Smithfield as late as the reign of Stephen. It is said that the soil of this Mount Pleasant was sold, in 1765, for £10,000.

That remarkable man, Henry Carey, the author of "Sally in our Alley," one of the very prettiest of old London love songs, lived and died at his house in Great Warner Street. Carey, by profession a music-master and song-writer for Sadler's Wells, was an illegitimate son of the Marquis of Halifax, who presented the crown to William III. He was for long supposed to have written "God Save the King," but the composition has now been traced much further back. The origin of Carey's great



CLERKEWELL GREEN IN 1789 (See page 332.)

hit, "Sally in our Alley," was a 'prentice day's holiday, witnessed by Carey himself. A shoemaker's apprentice making holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying chairs (ups and downs), and all the elegancies of Moorfields, and from thence proceeding to the Farthing Pye House, he gave her a collation of buns, cheesecakes, stuffed beef, and bottled ale; through all of which scenes the author dodged them. Charmed with the sim-

Edward Alleyn, founder of Dulwich College, played here in 1617. In 1627 we find the king's company obtaining an injunction from the Master of the Revels, forbidding the use of Shakespeare's plays by the Red Bull company. Some of the earliest female performers upon record in this country appeared at the Red Bull. The theatre was rebuilt and enlarged in 1633, when it was, probably for the first time, roofed in, and decorated somewhat elaborately, the management particularly



THE OLD CHURCH OF ST. JAMES, CLERKENWELL.

plicity of their courtship, he wrote his charming song of "Sally in our Alley," which has been well described as one of the most perfect little pictures of humble life in the language. Reduced to poverty or despair by some unknown cause, Carey hung himself in 1743. Only a halfpenny was found in his pocket.

The Red Bull Theatre, a house as well known, in Elizabeth's time, as the Globe or the Fortune, stood at the south-west corner of what was afterwards a distillery, in Woodbridge Street. At the commencement of the reign of James I. the queen's servants, who had been the Earl of Worcester's players, performed at this house. In 1613, George Wither, the poet, speaks disparagingly of the place.

priding itself on a stage curtain of "pure Naples silk." We find Carew, in some commendatory lines on a play of Davenant's, denouncing the Red Bull performances as bombast and nonsense.

During the Commonwealth, when the victorious zealots prohibited stage plays, the Red Bull company were permitted to produce drolls and farces. From a print dated 1622 we see that the stage was at that time lighted by chandeliers, and that there were boxes for spectators behind the actors. At the Restoration the king's players acted for a few days at the Red Bull, and then went to a new playhouse built for them in Vere Street, Clare Market. Pepys speaks of the Red Bull as a low

theatre, and the performance as bad. The house closed in 1663, and was then turned into a fencing-school.

In the same street as the Red Bull Theatre, in Queen Anne's reign, Ned Ward, a coarse but clever writer we have often quoted, kept a public-house. In his poetical address to the public he says, with indistinct reference to the Red Bull Theatre—

"There, on that ancient, venerable ground,  
Where Shakespeare in heroic buskins trod,  
Within a good old fabrick may be found  
Celestial liquors, fit to charm a god;  
Rich nectar, royal punch, and home-brewed ale,  
Such as our fathers drank in time of yore.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Commodious room, with Hampstead air supplied.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
No bacchanalian ensigns at the door,  
To give the public notice, are displayed,  
Yet friends are welcome. We shall say no more,  
But hope their friendship will promote a trade."

Ward, who retorted an attack of Pope's in the "Dunciad," was, as we have mentioned, a friend of the musical coal-man, and at his public-house Britton's books and musical instruments were sold after his death.

The old church of St. James, Clerkenwell, was only a fragment in Stow's time. No. 22 in the Close was the original rectory house. The church was sold in 1656 to trustees for the parish. The steeple fell down in 1623, after having stood for five centuries, and, being badly rebuilt, fell again, when nearly repaired, the bells breaking in the roof and gallery, and all the pews. There was no organ in the church till within sixty years of its demolition. The old building was pulled down in 1788, and a fine monument of Sir William Weston, the last prior of St. John's, was sold to Sir George Booth, and removed to Burleigh. The prior's effigy represented a skeleton. There was also a fine brass over the monument of Dr. John Bell, Bishop of Worcester in the time of Henry VIII., to whom it is said he acted as secretary. He was engaged by the king in the matter of his divorce from Catherine of Arragon and Anne of Cleves. He was buried, says Green, the historian of Worcestershire, "like a bishop, with mitre and odours, things that belong to a bishop, with two white branches, two dozen staves, torches, and four great tapers, near the altar," in the old church of

St. James, Clerkenwell. On the north side of the church stood a costly stone altar-tomb, with Corinthian pillars, to the memory of Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, whose effigy lay in state, with the head of a negro at her feet. This lady was a gentlewoman to the Princess Elizabeth, in the Tower, and refusing to go to mass, was so threatened that she was compelled to fly to Geneva, where she remained till the death of the persecuting Mary. There was also the monument of Thomas Bedingfield, one of Queen Elizabeth's gentlemen pensioners, the son of that worthy Governor of the Tower who treated Elizabeth with such kindness and forbearance when, in her earlier years, she was a prisoner in his care.

The old church also contained a marble tablet, affixed to a chancel pillar, to the memory of that patient old antiquary, John Weever, who collected a great volume of epitaphs and inscriptions. A tomb to the memory of Elizabeth, Countess of Exeter, who married the grandson of the famous Burleigh, and died in 1653, is now in the vaults of the new church. On a painted board near this tomb it was stated that the venerable countess was grandmother to thirty-two children, and great-grandmother to thirty-three. In the old chapter-house, which had been turned into a vestry, was buried Sir Thomas Holt, father of the famous Lord Chief Justice Holt. Near the south-east corner of the church was a black and white marble monument, which had been erected in memory of George Strode, an old Cavalier officer, and a great benefactor to the poor of Clerkenwell.

The new church of St. James, which cost nearly £12,000, was consecrated by Bishop Porteus, in 1792. The church contains several interesting monuments, including one erected to the memory of Bishop Burnet, in 1715, who, as we have already stated, was buried beneath the altar in the old church. The plain blue slab, carved with his arms, surrounded by the garter, is now preserved in the vault. Against the wall, on the gallery staircase, is a memorial stone to the famous Clerkenwell archer, Sir William Wood, captain of the Finsbury archers, who died in 1691. He was the wearer of many a prize-badge, and the author of "The Bowman's Glory," a curious little book in praise of archery. He lived to the age of eighty-two, and three flights of whistling arrows were discharged over his grave.

## CHAPTER XLII.

## SMITHFIELD.

Bartholomew Fair—A Seven Days' Tournament—Duels and Trial by Ordeal in Smithfield—Terrible Instances of the *Odium Theologicum*—The Maid of Kent—Foxe's Account of the Smithfield Martyrs—The Smithfield Gallows—William Wallace in Smithfield—Bartholomew Priory—The Origin of Bartholomew Fair—St. Bartholomew becomes popular with Sailors—Miscellaneous Occupiers of Smithfield—Generosity of English Kings to St. Bartholomew's—A Religious Brawl—The London Parish Clerks in Smithfield—The Court of Pie-poudre

SMITHFIELD, or "Smoothfield," to follow the true derivation, was from the earliest times a memorable spot in old London. Bartholomew Fair, established in the reign of Henry II., in the neighbourhood of the priory and hospital founded by Rayer, the king's worthy jester, brought annually great crowds of revellers to the same place where, in Mary's cruel reign, so many of her 277 victims perished. Smithfield, in the reign of the early Edwards, was a chosen place for tournaments, and here many a spear was splintered on breastplate and shield, and many a stout blow given, till armour yielded or sword shattered.

In 1374 Edward III., then sixty-two, enamoured of Alice Pierce, held a seven days' tournament in Smithfield, for her amusement. She sat beside the old man, in a magnificent car, as the Lady of the Sun, and was followed by a long train of plumed knights, careless of the disgrace, each leading by the bridle a beautiful palfrey, on which was mounted a gay damsel.

In 1390 that young prodigal, Richard II., wishing to rival the splendid feasts and jousts given by Charles of France, on the entry of his consort, Isabella of Bavaria, into Paris, invited sixty knights to a tilt in Smithfield, commencing on the Sunday after Michaelmas Day. This tournament was proclaimed by heralds, in England, Scotland, Hainault, Germany, Flanders, and France. The Sunday was the feast of the challengers. About three p.m. came the procession from the Tower—sixty barbed coursers, in full trappings, each attended by a squire of honour, and after them sixty ladies of rank, mounted on palfreys, "most elegantly and richly dressed," and each leading by a silver chain a knight, completely armed for tilting, minstrels and trumpeters attending the procession to Smithfield. Every night there was a magnificent supper for the tilters at the bishop's palace, where the king and queen were lodged, and the dancing lasted till daybreak. On Tuesday King Edward entertained the foreign knights and squires, and the queen the ladies. On Friday they were entertained by the Duke of Lancaster, and on Saturday the king invited all the foreign knights to Windsor.

That great historical event, the death of Wat Tyler, we have elsewhere described, but it is necessary here to touch upon it again. Wrongs, no doubt, his followers had, but they were savage and cruel, and intoxicated with murder and plunder. They had beheaded the Archbishop of Canterbury, and held London in terror for seven days. Wat Tyler's insolent behaviour at the meeting in Smithfield (June 15, 1381) greatly alarmed the king's friends. He came towards Richard, throwing his dagger in the air, and he even ventured to hold the king's bridle. Walworth, in the alarm of the moment, ran his sword into the rough rebel's throat, and at the same instant a squire stabbed Wat in the side. It was then that Richard II. courageously, and with great presence of mind, led off the rebels to Islington Fields, where the mayor and a thousand men soon scattered them to the winds.

Smithfield was frequently chosen as the scene of mediæval duels, and of the ordeal by battle. The combat, in the reign of Henry VI., between the master and the 'prentice, who had accused him of treason, will be remembered by all readers of Shakespeare. The ordeal was, perhaps, hardly fairly tried in this case, as the poor armourer had been plied with liquor by his over-zealous friends; but there is one comfort, according to the poet, he confessed his treason in his dying moments.

Smithfield was, at one time, a place of torture peculiarly in favour with theologians. Here that swollen Ahab, Henry VIII., burnt poor wretches who denied his ecclesiastical supremacy; here Mary burnt Protestants, and here Elizabeth burnt Anabaptists. In 1539 (Henry VIII.) Forest, an Observant friar, was cruelly burnt in Smithfield, for denying the king's supremacy, the flames being lit with "David Darvel Gatheren," an idolatrous image from Wales. Latimer preached patience to the friar, while he hung by the waist and struggled for life. And here, too, was burnt Joan Boucher, the Maid of Kent, for some theological refinement as to the incarnation of Christ, Cranmer almost forcing Edward VI. to sign the poor creature's death-warrant. "What, my lord!" said Edward,

will ye have me send her quick to the devil, in her error? I shall lay the charge therefore upon you, my Lord Cranmer, before God."

Of the last moments of the Smithfield martyrs, Foxe, their historian, has left a narrative, so simply told, so pious in tone, and so natural in every detail, as to guarantee its truth to all but partisans. A few passages from Foxe will convey a perfect impression of these touching scenes, and of the faith wherewith these good and brave men embraced death. Speaking of Roger Holland, a Protestant martyr, Foxe says, with a certain exultation:—"The day they suffered a proclamation was made that none should be so bold to speak or talk any word unto them, or receive anything of them, or to touch them upon pain of imprisonment, without either bail or mainprize; with divers other cruel threatening words, contained in the same proclamation. Notwithstanding the people cried out, desiring God to strengthen them; and they, likewise, still prayed for the people, and the restoring of His word. At length Roger, embracing the stake and the reeds, said these words:—"Lord, I most humbly thank Thy Majesty that Thou hast called me from the state of death unto the light of Thy heavenly word, and now unto the fellowship of Thy saints, that I may sing and say, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts! And Lord, into Thy hands I commit my spirit. Lord, bless these Thy people, and save them from idolatry." And so he ended his life, looking up into heaven, praying and praising God, with the rest of his fellow-saints: for whose joyful constancy the Lord be praised."

The end of three more of the holy army Foxe thus gives:—"And so these three godly men, John Hallingdale, William Sparrow, and Master Gibson, being thus appointed to the slaughter, were, the twelfth day after their condemnation (which was the 18th day of the said month of November, 1557), burnt in Smithfield in London. And being brought thither to the stake, after their prayer made, they were bound thereunto with chains, and wood set unto them; and after wood, fire, in the which being compassed about, and the fiery flames consuming their flesh, at the last they yielded gloriously and joyfully their souls and lives into the holy hands of the Lord, to whose tuition and government I commend thee, good reader. Amen."

Of the heroic death of John Rogers, the proto-martyr in the Marian persecution, Foxe gives the following account:—

"After that John Rogers," he says, "had been long and straitly imprisoned, lodged in Newgate

amongst thieves, often examined and very uncharitably treated, and at length unjustly and most cruelly, by wicked Winchester, condemned. The 4th of February, A.D. 1555, being Monday in the morning, he was warned suddenly by the keeper's wife of Newgate, to prepare himself to the fire; who, being then sound asleep, scarce with much shogging could be awaked. At length, being raised and waked, and bid to make haste, 'Then,' said he, 'if it be so I need not tie my points;' and so was had down first to Bonner to be degraded. That done, he craved of Bonner but one petition. And Bonner asking what that should be: 'Nothing,' said he, 'but that I might talk a few words with my wife before my burning.' But that could not be obtained of him. 'Then,' said he, 'you declare your charity, what it is.' And so he was brought into Smithfield by Master Chester and Master Woodroofe, then sheriffs of London, there to be burnt; where he showed most constant patience, not using many words, for he could not be permitted; but only exhorting the people constantly to remain in that faith and true doctrine which he before had taught and they had learned, and for the confirmation whereof he was not only content patiently to suffer and bear all such bitterness and cruelty as had been showed him, but also most gladly to resign up his life, and to give his flesh to the consuming fire, for the testimony of the same.

. . . The Sunday before he suffered he drank to Master Hooper, being then underneath him, and bade them commend him unto him, and tell him, 'There was never little fellow better would stick to a man than he would stick to him,' presupposing they should both be burned together, although it happened otherwise, for Master Rogers was burnt alone. . . Now, when the time came that he, being delivered to the sheriffs, should be brought out of Newgate to Smithfield, the place of his execution, first came to him Master Woodroofe, one of the aforesaid sheriffs, and calling Master Rogers unto him, asked him if he would revoke his abominable doctrine and his evil opinion of the sacrament of the altar. Master Rogers answered and said, 'That which I have preached I will seal with my blood.' 'Then,' quoth Master Woodroofe, 'thou art a heretic.' 'That shall be known,' quoth Rogers, 'at the day of judgment.' 'Well' quoth Master Woodroofe, 'I will never pray for thee.' 'But I will pray for *you*,' quoth Master Rogers; and so was brought the same day, which was Monday, the 4th of February, by the sheriffs towards Smithfield, saying the psalm 'Miserere' by the way, all the people wonderfully rejoicing at his constancy, with great praises and thanks to God for



the same. And there, in the presence of Master Rochester, Comptroller of the Queen's Household, Sir Richard Southwell, both the sheriffs, and a wonderful number of people, the fire was put unto him; and when it had taken hold both upon his legs and shoulders, he, as one feeling no smart, washed his hands in the flame as though it had been in cold water. And, after lifting up his hands unto heaven, not removing the same until such time as the devouring fire had consumed them, most mildly this happy martyr yielded up his spirit into the hands of his heavenly Father. A little before his burning at the stake his pardon was brought if he would have recanted, but he utterly refused. He was the first martyr of all the blessed company that suffered in Queen Mary's time, that gave the first adventure upon the fire. His wife and children, being eleven in number, and ten able to go, and one sucking on her breast, met him by the way as he went towards Smithfield. This sorrowful sight of his own flesh and blood could nothing move him; but that he constantly and cheerfully took his death, with wonderful patience, in the defence and quarrel of Christ's Gospel."

The chosen place for executions before Tyburn was the Elms, Smithfield, between "the horsepond and Turnmill brook," which, according to Stow, began to be built on in the reign of Henry V. The gallows seems to have been removed to Tyburn about the reign of Henry IV. In Stow's time none of the ancient elms remained. Here that brave Scotch patriot and guerilla chief Sir William Wallace, was executed, on St. Bartholomew's Eve, 1305. After many cruel reprisals on the soldiers of Edward I., and many victories, this true patriot was betrayed by a friend, and surrendered to the conquerors. He was dragged from the Tower by horses, and then hung, and, while still conscious, quartered. Here also perished ignominiously Mortimer, the cruel favourite of the queen, the murderer of her husband, Edward II. Edward III., then aged eighteen, seized the regicide, Mortimer, at Nottingham Castle, and he was hung at the Elms, the body remaining on the gibbet, says Stow, "two days and nights, to be seen of the people."

The history of Bartholomew Priory and of Bartholomew Fair, so admirably narrated by Mr. Henry Morley, is an interesting chapter in the history of Smithfield. The priory was founded by Rayer, a monk, who had been jester and revel-master to Henry I., a specially superstitious monarch. Rayer was converted by a vision he saw during a pilgrimage to Rome, where he had fallen grievously sick. In his vision Rayer was borne up to a high place by a beast with four feet and two wings, from

whence he saw the mouth of the bottomless pit! As he stood there, crying out and trembling, a man of majestic beauty, who proclaimed himself St. Bartholomew the Apostle, came to his succour. The saint said that, by common favour and command of the celestial council, he had chosen a place in the suburbs of London where Rayer should found a church in his name. Of the cost he was to doubt nothing; it would be his (St. Bartholomew's) part to provide necessaries.

On Rayer's return to London he told his friends and the barons of London, and by their advice made his request to the king, who at once granted it, and the church was founded early in the twelfth century. It was an unpromising place, though called the King's Market, almost all marsh and dirty fens, and on the only dry part stood the Elms gibbet. Rayer, wise in his generation, now feigned to be half-witted, drawing children and idlers together, to fill the marsh with stones and rubbish. In spite of his numerous enemies, many miracles attended the building of the new priory. At evensong a light appeared on the new roof; a cripple recovered the use of his limbs at the altar; by a vision Rayer discovered a choral book which a Jew had stolen; a blind boy recovered his sight. In the twelfth year of his prelacy Rayer obtained from King Henry a most ample charter, and leave to institute a three days' fair on the Feast of St. Bartholomew, forbidding any but the prior levying dues on the frequenters of the fair during those three days. Fairs, as Mr. Morley has most learnedly shown, generally originated in the assembling of pilgrims to church festivals, and St. Bartholomew's Fair was no exception to the rule.

Rayer, after witnessing endless miracles, and showing a most creditable invention, and a true knowledge of his old juggler's art, died in 1143, leaving a little flock of thirteen monks, living very well on the oblations of the rich Londoners. The miracles continued very well. The saint became a favourite with seamen, and the sailors of a Flemish ship, saved by prayers to the saint of Smithfield, presented a silver ship at his altar. The saint appeared to a sailor on a wreck, and led a wrecked Flemish merchant to land in safety. He cured madmen, and was famous in cases of fires and possession by devils.

Fragments of the old Norman priory of Rayer still exist in Bartholomew Close, and the dim passage called Middlesex Passage. This latter place is a fragment of the old priory, overhung by the wreck of the great priory hall, now broken up, divided into floors, and turned into a tobacco-factory. On each side of this passage there is

access to separated portions of the crypt. In one pickle-store there are pointed Norman arches under a high vaulted ceiling. The entrance to the crypt used to be by a descent of twenty-five feet, until the floor was raised for business convenience. There is a tradition that at the end of this long subterranean hall there used to be a door opening into the church; now the visitor to the shrine will only find, through an alley a door and bit of church wall hemmed in between factories. The present

arches, the zig-zag ornaments of the early Normans, are still as when Rayer eyed them with crafty triumph.

The site of the priory was chosen with a true monkish wisdom. The saint had included in his wishes a piece of the king's Friday Market, and horses, oxen, sheep, and pigs would all bring grist, in one way or another, to the omnivorous monastic mill. Already Smithfield was the great horse-market of London, as it continued to be for many



PLACE OF EXECUTION IN OLD SMITHFIELD.

church is the choir of the old priory, and the nave is entirely gone; the last line of the square of cloisters had been turned into a stable, and fell down some thirty years ago. The apse is shorn off, and a base brick wall closes that forlorn space. "Half-way," says Mr. Morley, "between capital and base of the pillars of that oratory of the Virgin which a miracle commended once to reverence, now stands the floor of the vestry of the parish church." The walls and aisles on either side of the church are still nearly as when Rayer's sham miracles and pious trickeries were all over, and he took a last glance at the great work of his singular life, and the house raised to God and the builder's own vanity. The high aspiring columns and solid

long centuries. On Shrove Tuesday every school-boy came here to play football; and it was also the Rotten Row of the horsemen of the Middle Ages. It was the great Campus Martius for sham-fights and tilts. It was a ground for bowls and archery; the favourite haunt of jugglers, acrobats, and posture-makers. There were probably, in early times, says Mr. Morley, two Bartholomew Fairs, one held in Smithfield, and one within the priory bounds. The real fair was held within the priory gates, and in the priory churchyard; where, too, on certain festivals, schoolmasters used to bring their boys, to hold in public logical controversies. The churchyard fair seems from the first to have been chiefly a draper's and clothiers'



THE "HAND AND SHEARS"  
A CASE BEFORE THE COURT OF PIE-POUDRE. (From a Drawing dated 1811.)

fair; and the gates were locked every night, and guarded, to protect the booths and stands.

The English kings did not forget the hospital. In 1223 we find that King Henry III. gave an old oak from Windsor Forest as fuel for the infirm in the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, the generous grant to be renewed every year. In 1244 (Henry III.) a disgraceful religious brawl occurred at the very gate of the West Smithfield Priory. Boniface, the Provençal Archbishop of Canterbury, came to visit Rayer's friars, and was received with solemn procession. The bishop was rather angry at the state, and told the canons that he passed not for honour, but to visit them as part of the duties of his office. The canons, irritated at his pride, replied that having a learned bishop of their own, they desired no other visitation. The archbishop, furious at this, smote the sub-prior on the face, crying, "Indeed! indeed! doth it become you English traitors so to answer me?" Then, bursting with oaths, this worthy ecclesiastic fell on the unfortunate sub-prior, tore his rich cope to shreds, trampled them under foot, and then thrust the wearer back with such force against a chancel pillar as nearly to kill him. The canons, alarmed at this furious onslaught, pulled the archbishop on his back, and in so doing discovered that he was armed. The archbishop's Provençal attendants, seeing their master down, fell in their turn on the Smithfield canons, beat them, rent their frocks, and trod them under foot.

The canons then ran, covered with blood and mire, to the king, at Westminster, but he refused to interfere. The citizens, by this time roused, would have rung the common bell, and torn the foreign archbishop to pieces, had he not fled over the water to Lambeth. They called him a ruffian and a cruel brute, and said he was greedy for money, unlearned and strange, and, moreover, had a wife.

The early miracle plays seem to have been often performed at Smithfield. In 1390 the London parish clerks played interludes in the fields at Skinner's Well, for three consecutive days to Richard II., his queen, and court. In 1409 (Henry IV.) the parish clerks played *Matter from the Creation of the World* for eight consecutive days; after which followed jousts. In those early times delegates of the merchant tailors, with their silver measure, attended Bartholomew Fair, to try the measures of the drapers and clothiers.

From the earliest times of which there is record, says Mr. Morley, whose wide nets few odd facts escape, the Court of Pie-poudre, which has jurisdiction over offences committed in the fair, was held within the priory gates, the prior being lord of the fair. It was held, indeed, to the last, close by, in Cloth Fair. After 1445 the City claimed to be joint lord of the fair with the prior, and four aldermen were always appointed as keepers of the fair and of the Court of Pie-poudre.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### SMITHFIELD AND BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

The Mulberry-garden at St. Bartholomew's—Prior Bolton—The Growth of Bartholomew Fair—Smithfield reduced to order—"Ruffians' Hall"—Ben Jonson at Bartholomew Fair—A Frenchman's Adventures there—Neil Ward's Account—The *Heggar's Opera*—"John Audley"—Garrick meets a Brother Actor—A Dangerous Neighbourhood—Old Smithfield Market—Remains of the Smithfield Burnings—Discovery of Human Remains.

A GREAT part of the priory was rebuilt in the reign of Henry IV., and it became famous for its mulberry-garden, one of the first planted in England. That garden stood to the east of the present Middlesex Passage, and it was under its great leafy trees that scholars at fair-time held their logical disputations. Within the gates the northern part of the priory ground was occupied by a large cemetery with a spacious court, now Bartholomew Close. After the time of Henry IV. the City established a firm right to all fair-tolls outside the priory enclosure. The last prior of St. Bartholomew who was acknowledged by the English kings died in office, and was the last prior but one of the Black Canons of West Smithfield. This was

that same Prior Bolton who built the oriel in the church for the sacristan to watch the altar-lights; and he built largely, as we have already shown, at Canonbury. He had two parishes, Great St. Bartholomew and Little St. Bartholomew, within his jurisdiction. At the dissolution the priory, and the hospital were torn apart by greedy hands for ever.

In 1537 Sir Thomas Gresham, then Lord Mayor, prayed that the City might govern St. Mary, St. Thomas, and St. Bartholomew Hospitals, "for the relief, comfort, and aid of the helpless poor and indigent." In 1544 the king established a new Hospital of St. Bartholomew, under a priest, as master, and four chaplains; but the place was mis-

managed, and King Henry VIII. founded it anew, "for the continual relief and help of a hundred sore and diseased."

At the dissolution the privileges of the fair were shared by the corporation and Lord Rich (died 1568), ancestor of the Earls of Warwick and Holland. The Cloth Fair dwindled away in the reign of Elizabeth, when the London drapers found wider markets for their woollens, and the clothiers, as roads grew better, started to wider fields. The three days' fair soon grew into a fourteen days' carnival, to which all ranks resorted. We find the amiable and contemplative Evelyn writing of his having seen "the celebrating follies" of Bartholomew; and that accumulative man, Sir Hans Sloane, sending a draughtsman to record every *lusus naturæ* or special oddity. In 1708 (Queen Anne), the nuisance of such licence becoming intolerable to the neighbourhood, the fair was again restricted to three days. The saturnalia was always formally opened by the Lord Mayor, and the proclamation for the purpose was read at the entrance to Cloth Fair. On his way to Smithfield it was the custom for the mayor to call on the keeper of Newgate, and on horseback partake of "a cool tankard of wine, nutmeg, and sugar;" the flap of the tankard lid, it will be remembered, caused the death of the mayor, Sir John Shorter, in 1688, his horse starting, and throwing him violently. The custom ceased in the second mayoralty of Sir Matthew Wood.

"In 1615,"\* says Howes, "the City of London reduced the rude, vast place of Smithfield into a faire and comely order, which formerly was never held possible to be done, and paved it all over, and made divers sewers to convey the water from the new channels which were made by reason of the new pavement; they also made strong rayles round about Smithfield, and sequestered the middle part of the said Smithfield into a very faire and civill walk, and rayled it round about with strong rayles, to defend the place from annoyance and danger, as well from carts as all manner of cattell, because it was intended hereafter that in time it might prove a faire and peaccable market-place, by reason that Newgate Market, Moorgate, Cheapside, Leadenhall, and Gracechurche Street were unmeasurably pestered with the unimaginable increase and multiplicity of market folks. And this field, commonly called West Smithfield, was for many years called 'Ruffians' Hall,' by reason it was the

usual place of frayes and common fighting during the time that sword and bucklers were in use. But the ensuing deadly fight of rapier and dagger suddenly suppressed the fighting with sword and buckler."

Shakespeare has more than one allusion to the horse-fair in Smithfield, and of these the following is the most marked:—

*Falstaff.* Where's Bardolph?

*Page.* He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a horse.

*Falstaff.* I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield; an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.—*Second Part of Henry IV.*, Act i., Sc. 2.\*

That fine, vigorous old satirist, Ben Jonson, the dear friend and protégé of Shakespeare, named one of his best comedies after this great London fair, and has employed his Hogarthian genius to depict the pickpockets, eating-house-keepers, protesting Puritans, silly citizens, and puppet-show proprietors of the reign of James I. Some extracts from his amusing play, *Bartholomew Fair*, 1613 (written in the very climax of the author's power), are indispensable in any history, however brief, of this outburst of national merriment. The following extract from Mr. Morley's "History of Bartholomew Fair" contains some of the most characteristic passages:—

"Nay," says Littlewit, "we'll be humble enough, we'll seek out the homeliest booth in the fair, that's certain; rather than fail, we'll eat it on the ground." "Aye," adds Dame Purecroft, "and I'll go with you myself. Win-the-Fight and my brother, Zeal-of-the-Land, shall go with us, too, for our better consolation." Then says the Rabbi, "In the way of comfort to the weak, I will go and eat. I will eat exceedingly, and prophecy. There may be a good use made of it, too, now I think on't, by the public eating of swine's flesh, to profess our hate and loathing of Judaism, whereof the brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eat, yea, I will eat exceedingly." So these also set off for the fair.

In the fair, as I have said, is Justice Overdue, solemnly establishing himself as a fool, for the benefit of public morals. There are the booths and stalls. There is prosperous Lanthorn Leatherhead, the hobby-horse man, who cries, "What do you lack? What is't you buy? What do you lack? Rattles, drums, halberts, horses, babies o' the best, fiddles of the finest!" He is a too proud peeler, owner also of a famous puppet-show, the manager, indeed, for whom Proctor Littlewit has sacrificed to the Bartholomew muses. Joan Trash, the gingerbread-woman, keeps her stall near him, and the rival traders have their differences. "Do you hear, Sister Trash, lady of the basket! sit farther with your gingerbread progeny, there, and hinder not the prospect of my shop, or I'll have it proclaimed in the fair what stuff they

\* The work began, Anthony Munday informs us, on the 4th of February, 1614-15. "The citizens' charge thereof (as I have been credibly told by Master Arthur Strangewaies) amounting well near to sixteen hundred pounds."

\* This, it may be added, is in allusion to a proverb often quoted by old writers—"Who goes to Westminster for a wife, to St. Paul's for a man, and to Smithfield for a horse, may meet with a queane, a knave, and a jade."

are made on." "Why, what stuff are they made on, Brother Leatherhead? Nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you." "Yes, stale bread, rotten eggs, musty ginger, and dead honey, you know." "I defy thee, and thy stable of hobby-horses. I pay for my ground, as well as thou dost. Buy any gingerbread, gilt gingerbread! Will your worship buy any gingerbread? Very good bread, comfortable bread!"

The cries of the fair multiply. "Buy any ballads? new ballads! Hey!"

"Now the fair's a filling!"

Oh, for a tune to startle

The birds o' the booths here billing

Yearly with old Saint Bartle!"

"Buy any pears, pear, fine, very fine pears!" "What do you lack, gentlemen? Maid, see a fine hoppy-horse for your young master. Cost you but a token\* a week his provender."

"Have you any corns on your feet and toes?"

"Buy a mousetrap, a mousetrap, or a tormentor for a flea?"

"Buy some gingerbread?"

"What do you lack, gentlemen? fine purses, pouches, pin-cases, pipes? What is't you lack? a pair o' smiths, to wake you in the morning, or a fine whistling bird?"

"Ballads! ballads! fine new ballads!"

"Hear for your love, and buy for your money,

A delicate ballad o' the ferret and the coney;

A dozen of divine points, and the godly garters,

The fairing of good counsel, of an ell and three quarters."

"What do you lack, what do you buy, mistress? A fine hobby-horse, to make your son a tilter? A drum, to make him a soldier? A fiddle, to make him a reveller? What is't you lack? little dogs for your daughters, or babies, male or female?"

"Gentlewomen, the weather's hot; whither walk you? Have a care of your fine velvet caps; the fair is dusty. Take a sweet, delicate booth with boughs, here in the way, and cool yourselves in the shade, you and your friends. The best pig and bottle-ale in the fair, sir. Old Ursula is cook. There you may read—'Here be the best pigs, and she does roast them as well as ever she did'—(there is a picture of a pig's head over the inscription, and)—"the pig's head speaks it."

"A delicate show-pig, little mistress, with shweet sauce and crackling, like de bay-leaf i' de fire, la! Thou shalt ha' the clean side o' the table-clot, and di glass vash'd with phatersh of Dame Annesh Cleare."†

In "Wit and Drollery: Jovial Poems," 1682, the writer has hit off several of the chief rarities of the fair:—

"Here's that will challenge all the fair.

Come, buy my nuts and damsons, and Burgamy pears!

Here's the *Woman of Babylon, the Devil, and the Pope,*

And here's the little girl, just going on the rope!

Here's *Dives and Lazarus*, and the *World's Creation*;

Here's the Tall Dutchwoman, the like's not in the nation.

Here is the booths, where the high Dutch maid is;

Here are the bears that dance like any ladies;

Tat, tat, tat, tat, says little penny trumpet;

Here's Jacob Hall, that does so jump it, jump it;

\* Tokens were farthings coined by tradesmen for the convenience of change, before farthings were issued as king's money by Charles II. in 1672.

† A favourite well near Hoxton, that of Agnes le Clare.

Sound, trumpet, sound, for silver spoon and fork,  
Come, here's your dainty pig and pork."

In the year 1698, a Frenchman, Monsieur Sorbière, visiting London, says, "I was at Bartholomew Fair. It consists mostly of toy-shops, also finery and pictures, ribbon-shops—no books; many shops of confectioners, where any woman may commodiously be treated. Knavery is here in perfection, dextrous cutpurses and pickpockets. I went to see the dancing on the ropes, which was admirable. Coming out, I met a man that would have took off my hat, but I secured it, and was going to draw my sword, crying, 'Begar! You rogue! Morbleu!' &c., when on a sudden I had a hundred people about me crying, 'Here, monsieur, see *Jephthah's Rash Vow*.' 'Here, monsieur, see the Tall Dutchwoman.' 'See The Tiger,' says another. 'See the Horse and no Horse,' whose tail stands where his head should do.' 'See the German Artist, monsieur.' 'See *The Siege of Namur*.' So that betwixt rudeness and civility I was forced to get into a *fiacre*, and with an air of haste and a full trot, got home to my lodgings."

In 1702, the following advertisement appeared relative to the fair:—

"At the Great Booth over against the Hospital Gate, in Bartholomew Fair, will be seen the famous company of rope-dancers, they being the greatest performers of men, women, and children that can be found beyond the seas, so that the world cannot parallel them for dancing on the low rope, vaulting on the high rope, and for walking on the slack and sloping ropes, outdoing all others to that degree, that it has highly recommended them, both in Bartholomew Fair and May Fair last, to all the best persons of quality in England. And by all are owned to be the only amazing wonders of the world in everything they do. It is there you will see the Italian Scaramouch dancing on the rope, with a wheelbarrow before him with two children and a dog in it, and with a duck on his head, who sings to the company, and causes much laughter. The whole entertainment will be so extremely fine and diverting, as never was done by any but this company alone."

Ned Ward, as the "London Spy," went, of course, to the fair, but in a coach, to escape the dirt and the crowd, and at the entrance he says he was "saluted with Belphegor's concert, the rumbling of drums, mixed with the intolerable squeaking of catcalls and penny trumpets, made still more terrible with the shrill belches of lottery pickpockets through instruments of the same metal with their faces." The spy having been set down with his friend at the hospital gate, went into a convenient house, to smoke a pipe and drink small beer bittered with colocynth. From one of its windows he looked down on a crowd rushing, ankle-deep in filth, through an air tainted by fumes of tobacco and of singeing, over-roasted pork, to



see the Merry Andrew. On their galleries strutted, in their buffoonery of stateliness, the quality of the fair, dressed in tinsel robes and golden leather buskins. "When they had taken a turn the length of their gallery, to show the gaping crowd how inajestically they could tread, each ascended to a seat agreeable to the dignity of their dress, to show the multitude how imperiously they could sit."

A few years before this the fair is sketched by Sir Robert Southwell, in a letter to his son (26th August, 1685). "Here," he says, "you see the rope-dancers gett their living meerly by hazarding of their lives; and why men will pay money and take pleasure to see such dangers, is of separate and philosophical consideration. You have others who are acting fools, drunkards, and madmen, but for the same wages which they might get by honest labour, and live with credit besides. Others, if born in any monstrous shape, or have children that are such, here they celebrate their misery, and, by getting of money, forget how odious they are made. When you see the toy-shops, and the strange variety of things much more impertinent than hobby-horses of ginger-bread, you must know there are customers for all these matters; and it would be a pleasing sight could you see painted a true figure of all these impertinent minds and their fantastic passions, who come trudging hither only for such things. 'Tis out of this credulous crowd that the ballad-singers attract an assembly, who listen and admire, while their confederate pickpockets are diving and fishing for their prey.

"'Tis from those of this number who are more refined that the mountebank obtains audience and credit; and it were a good bargain if such customers had nothing for their money but words, but they are best content to pay for druggs and medicines, which commonly doe them hurt. There is one corner of this Elizium field devoted to the eating of pig and the surfeits that attend it. The fruits of the season are everywhere scattered about, and those who eat imprudently do but hasten to the physitian or the churchyard."

"In the year 1727-28," says Mr. Morley, "Gay's *Beggar's Opera* was produced, and took the foremost place among the pleasures of the town. It took a foremost place also among the pleasures of the next Bartholomew Fair, being acted during the time of the fair by the company of comedians from the new theatre in the Haymarket, at the 'George' Inn in Smithfield. William Penkethman, one of the actors who had become famous as a booth-manager, was then recently dead, and the Haymarket comedians carried the *Beggar's Opera* out of Bartholomew into Southwark Fair, where 'the late

Mr. Penkethman's great theatrical booth' afforded them a stage. One of the managers of this speculation was Henry Fielding, then only just of age, a young man who, with good birth, fine wit, and a liberal education, both at Eton and at Leyden University, was left to find his own way in the world. His father agreed to allow him two hundred a year in the clouds, and, as he afterwards said, his choice lay between being a hackney writer and a hackney coachman. He lived to place himself, in respect to literature, at the head of the prose writers of England, I dare even venture to think, of the world."

"A writer in the *St. James's Chronicle* (March 24, 1791) wished to place upon record the fact that it was Shuter, a comedian, who, in the year 1759, when master of a droll in Smithfield, invented a way, since become general at fairs, of informing players in the booth when they may drop the curtain and dismiss the company, because there are enough people waiting outside to form another audience. The man at the door pops in his head, and makes a loud inquiry for 'John Audley.'" The ingenious contriver of this device is the Shuter who finds a place in "The Rosciad" of Churchill:

"Shuter, who never cared a single pin  
Whether he left out nonsense, or put in."

"There lived," says Mr. Morley, "about this time a popular Merry Andrew, who sold ginger-bread nuts in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, and because he received a guinea a day for his fun during the fair, he was at pains never to cheapen himself by laughing, or by noticing a joke, during the other 362 days of the year."

"Garrick's name," says the same writer, "is connected with the fair only by stories that regard him as a visitor out of another world. He offers his money at the entrance of a theatrical booth, and it is thought a jest worth transmitting to posterity that he is told by the checktaker, 'We never takes money of one another.' He sees one of his own sturdy Drury Lane porters installed at a booth-door, where he is pressed sorely in the crowd, and calls for help. 'It's no use,' he is told, 'I can't help you. There's very few people in Smithfield as knows Mr. Garrick off the stage.'"

In "Oliver Twist" Dickens sketches with his peculiar power the dangerous neighbourhood of Smithfield, which lay between Islington and Saffron Hill, the lurking-place of the Sykeses and Fagins of thirty years ago:—

"As John Dawkins," says Dickens, "objected to their entering London before nightfall, it was nearly eleven o'clock before they reached the turn-

pike at Islington. They crossed from the 'Angel' into St. John's Road, struck down the small street which terminates at Sadler's Wells Theatre, through Exmouth Street and Coppice Row, down the little court by the side of the workhouse, across the classic ground which once bore the name of

very narrow and muddy, and the air was impregnated with filthy odours. There were a good many small shops, but the only stock-in-trade appeared to be heaps of children, who, even at that time of night, were crawling in and out at the doors, or screaming from the inside. The sole places that



THE CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW-THE-GREAT, 1737.

Hockley-in-the Hole, thence into Little Saffron Hill, and so into Saffron Hill the Great, along which the Dodger scudded at a rapid pace, directing Oliver to follow close at his heels.

"Although Oliver had enough to occupy his attention in keeping sight of his leader, he could not help bestowing a few hasty glances on either side of the way, as he passed along. A dirtier or more wretched place he had never seen. The street was

seemed to prosper amid the general blight of the place were the public-houses, and in them the lowest orders of Irish were wrangling with might and main. Covered ways and yards, which here and there diverged from the main street, disclosed little knots of houses where drunken men and women were positively wallowing in the filth, and from several of the doorways great, ill-looking fellows were cautiously emerging, bound, to all

appearance, upon no very well-disposed or harmless errands."

The enormous sale of roast pork at Bartholomew Fair ceased, says Mr. Morley, with all the gravity of a historian, about the middle of the last century, and beef sausages then became the fashion. Thomas Rowlandson's droll but gross pictures of the shows, in 1799, show those sickening boat-wings and crowds of rough and boisterous sight-seers. He writes on one of the show-boards the

came to their windows with lights, alarmed at the disturbance. In 1807 the place grew even more lawless, and a virago of an actress, who was performing *Belvidera* in *Venice Preserved*, knocked down the august king's deputy-trumpeter, who applied for his fees. Richardson's shows were triumphant still, as in 1817 was Toby, "the real learned pig," who, with twenty handkerchiefs over his eyes, could tell the hour to a minute, and pick out a card from a pack. In one morning of



OLD SMITHFIELD MARKET, 1837.

name of Miss Biffin, that clever woman who, through the Earl of Morton's patronage, succeeded in earning a name as a miniature painter, though born without either hands or arms. In 1808 George III. paid for her more complete artistic education, and William IV. gave her a small pension, after which she married, and, at the Earl of Morton's request, left the fair caravans for good.

This great carnival, a dangerous sink for all the vices of London, gradually grew unbearable. In 1801 a mob of thieves surrounded any respectable woman, and tore her clothes from her back. In 1802 "Lady Holland's Mob," as it used to be called, robbed visitors, beat inoffensive passers-by with bludgeons, and pelted harmless persons who

September, 1815, there were heard at Guildhall forty-five cases of felony, misdemeanour, and assault, committed at Bartholomew Fair. Its doom was fixed. Hone, in 1825, went to sketch the dying festival, and describes Clarke from Astley's, Wombwell's Menagerie, and the Living Skeleton. The special boast of Wombwell, who had been a cobbler in Monmouth Street, was his Elephant of Siam, who used to uncork bottles, and decide for the rightful heir, in a very brief Oriental melodrama. The shows, which were now forced to close at ten, had removed to the New North Road, Islington. Lord Kensington, in 1827, had offered to remove the fair, and in 1830 the Corporation bought of him the old priory rights. In 1839 Mr. Charles

Pearson recommended more restrictions, and the exclusion of theatrical shows followed. The rents were raised, and in 1840 only wild beast shows were allowed. The great fair at last sank down to a few gilt gingerbread booths. In 1849 the fair had so withered away that there were only a dozen gingerbread stalls. The ceremony of opening since 1840 had been very simple, and in 1850 Lord Mayor Musgrove, going to read the parchment proclamation at the appointed gateway, found that the fair had vanished. Five years later the ceremony entirely ceased, but the old fee of 3s. 6d. was still paid by the City to the rector of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, for a proclamation in his parish. The fair had outlived its original purpose.

Smithfield Market was condemned in 1852 by law to be moved to Islington, the noise, filth, and dangers of the place having at last become intolerable, and half a century having been spent in discussing the annoyance.

"The original extent of Smithfield," says Mr. Timbs, "was about three acres; the market-place was paved, drained, and railed in, 1685; subsequently enlarged to four and a half acres, and since 1834 to six and a quarter acres. Yet this enlargement proved disproportionate to the requirements. In 1731 there were only 8,304 head of cattle sold in Smithfield; in 1846, 210,757 head of cattle, and 1,518,510 sheep. The old City laws for its regulation were called the "Statutes of Smithfield." Here might be shown 4,000 beasts and about 30,000 sheep, the latter in 1,509 pens; and there were fifty pens for pigs. Altogether, Smithfield was the largest live market in the world."

The old market-days were, Monday for fat cattle and sheep; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, for hay and straw; Friday, cattle and sheep, and milch cows; and at two o'clock for scrub-horses and asses. All sales took place by commission. The customary commission for the sale of an ox of any value was 4s., and of a sheep, 8d. The City received a toll upon every beast exposed for sale of 1d. per head, and of sheep at the rate of 1s. per score. Smithfield salesmen estimated the weight of cattle by the eye, and from constant practice they approached so near exactness that they were seldom out more than a few pounds. The sales were always for cash. No paper was passed, but when the bargain was struck the buyer and seller shook hands, and closed the sale. £7,000,000, it was said, were annually paid away in this manner in the narrow area of Smithfield Market. "The average weekly sale of beasts," said Cunningham in 1849, "is said to be about 3,000, and of sheep about

30,000, increased in the Christmas week to about 5,000 beasts, and 47,000 sheep. The following return shows the number of cattle and sheep annually sold in Smithfield during the following periods:—

	Cattle.	Sheep.
1841 .....	194,298 .....	1,435,000
1842 .....	210,723 .....	1,655,370
1843 .....	207,195 .....	1,817,360
1844 .....	216,848 .....	1,804,850
1845 .....	222,822 .....	1,539,660
1846 .....	210,757 .....	1,518,510

In addition to this, a quarter of a million pigs were annually sold."

The miseries of old Smithfield are described by Mr. Dickens, in "Oliver Twist," in his most powerful manner. "It was market morning," he says; "the ground was covered nearly ankle-deep with filth and mire, and a thick steam perpetually rising from the reeking bodies of the cattle, and mingling with the fog which seemed to rest upon the chimney-tops, hung heavily above. All the pens in the centre of the large area, and as many temporary ones as could be crowded into the vacant space, were filled with sheep; and tied up to posts by the gutter-side were long lines of oxen, three or four deep. Countrymen, butchers, drovers, hawkers, boys, thieves, idlers, and vagabonds of every low grade, were mingled together in a dense mass. The whistling of drovers, the barking of dogs, the bellowing and plunging of beasts, the bleating of sheep, and grunting and squeaking of pigs; the cries of hawkers, the shouts, oaths, and quarrelling on all sides, the ringing of bells, and the roar of voices that issued from every public-house, the crowding, pushing, driving, beating, whooping, and yelling, the hideous and discordant din that resounded from every corner of the market, and the unwashed, unshaven, squalid, and dirty figures constantly running to and fro, and bursting in and out of the throng, rendered it a stunning and bewildering scene, which quite confused the senses."

"Smithfield Market, on a rainy morning in November, twenty-five years ago," writes Aleph, in the *City Press*, "was a sight to be remembered by any who had ventured through it. It might be called a feat of clever agility to get across Smithfield, on such a greasy muddy day, without slipping down, or without being knocked over by one of the poor frightened and half-mad cattle toiling through it. The noise was deafening. The bellowing and lowing of cattle, bleating of sheep, squeaking of pigs, the shouts of the drovers and often, the shrieks of some unfortunate female who had got amongst the unruly, frightened cattle, could not be forgotten. The long,

narrow lanes of pavement that crossed the wider part of the market, opposite the hospital, were always lined with cattle, as close together as they could stand, their heads tied to the rails on either side of the scanty pathway, when the long horns of the Spanish breeds, sticking across towards the other side, made it far from a pleasant experience for a nervous man to venture along one of these narrow lanes, albeit it was the nearest and most direct way across the open market. If the day was foggy (and there were more foggy days then than now), then the glaring lights of the drover-boys' torches added to the wild confusion, whilst it did not dispel much of the gloom. It was indeed a very great change for the better when at last the City authorities removed the market into the suburbs."

In March, 1849, during excavations necessary for a new sewer, and at a depth of three feet below the surface, immediately opposite the entrance to the church of St. Bartholomew the Great, the work men laid open a mass of unhewn stones, blackened as if by fire, and covered with ashes and human bones, charred and partially consumed. This was believed to have been the spot generally used for the Smithfield burnings, the face of the victim being turned to the east and to the great gate of

St. Bartholomew, the prior of which was generally present on such occasions. Many bones were carried away as relics. Some strong oak posts were also dug up; they had evidently been charred by fire, and in one of them was a staple with a ring attached to it. The place and its former history were too significant for any doubt to exist as to how they had been once used. Gazing upon them thoughtfully, one was forcibly reminded of the last words of Bishop Latimer to his friend Ridley, as they stood bound to the stake at Oxford: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man, we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." And the good Latimer's words have come true.

Some years ago, on removing the foundations of some old houses, on the south side of Long Lane, a considerable quantity of human remains were discovered—skulls and other portions of the skeletons. This spot was understood to be the north-west corner of the burying-ground of the ancient priory of St. Bartholomew. The skulls were thick and grim-looking, with heavy, massive jaws, just as one would expect to find in those sturdy old monks, who were the schoolmen, artists, and sages of their time.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### THE CHURCHES OF BARTHOLOMEW-THE-GREAT AND BARTHOLOMEW-THE-LESS.

The Old Bartholomew Priory—Its Old Privileges—Its Revenue, and Early Seals—The Present Church—The Refectory of the Priory—The Crypt and Chapel—Various Interesting Remains of the Old Priory—The Monument, of Rayer, the Founder, Robert Chamberlain, and Sir Walter Mildmay The Smillpage Family—The Old and New Vestry rooms—The Monument to Abigail Coult—The Story of Roger Walden, Bishop of London Dr. Francis Anthony, the Physician—His *Aurum Potabile*—The Priory of St. Bartholomew-the Great as an Historical Centre—Visions of the Past—Cloth Fair—The Dimensions of St. Bartholomew-the Great—Old Monuments in St. Bartholomew-the-Less—Injudicious Alterations—The Tower of St. Bartholomew-the-Less—The Tomb of Freke, the Eminent Surgeon.

IN 1410, when the priory was rebuilt, it was entirely enclosed with walls, the boundaries of which have been carefully traced out by many diligent antiquaries. The north wall ran from Smithfield along the south side of Long Lane, to its junction with the east wall, about thirty yards west from Aldersgate Street. This wall is mentioned by Stow, and delineated by Aggas, who has marked a small postern gate in it, which stood opposite Charterhouse Square, where there is now (says a writer in 1846) the entrance to King Street, Cloth Fair. The west wall commenced at the south-west corner of Long Lane, and continued along Smithfield and the middle of Duc Lane (now Duke Street) to the south gate, or Great Gate House, now the principal entrance to Bartholomew Close.

The south wall, starting from this spot, ran eastward in a direct line to Aldersgate Street, where it formed an angle, and passed southwards about forty yards, then resumed again its eastern course, and joined the corner of the east wall, which ran parallel with Aldersgate Street, at the distance of about twenty-six yards. The priory wall was fronted by the houses of Aldersgate Street, London House among others, between which and the wall ran a ditch. At the demolition of this wall various encroachments took place, which led to great disputes (especially in 1671) about the boundaries between the privileged parish of St. Bartholomew and the City. The old privileges of Rayer's Priory and precinct were that the parishioners were not to serve on juries, and could

appoint their own constables; paid few City rates, taxed themselves, and were not required to become free of the City on starting in business.

When, in 1539, Sir Richard Rich purchased the church and priory for £1,064 11s. 3d., the thirteen frozen-out canons received annuities of £6 13s. 4d. each. Queen Mary granted the church to the Black Friars, but they had but a short reign, and the Riches, Earls of Warwick and Holland, came again into unrighteous possession. The priory, at the dissolution, was valued at £653 15s. a year. The revenues were principally derived from small houses in the parishes of St. Nicholas and St. Sepulchre, and also from country property, such as land at Stanmore, and in Canonbury, as before mentioned. The chantries were very rich, and the alms and oblations were abundant. The old seals of the priory, necessary to render legal any alienation of rents or possessions, were kept by the prior under three keys, which were in charge of the prior and two brethren specially chosen. The earliest seals of the priory which are preserved are attached to a life-grant of the church of St. Sepulchre, from Rayer to Haymon, priest, and dated in 1137. The seal of the reign of Edward III. represents St. Bartholomew standing on a lion, holding a knife (symbol of martyrdom) in his left hand, and a book in his right. On either side of him is a shield, on which are three lions, guardant, passant. This was the common seal of the hospital. On the seal, which bears date 1341, St. Bartholomew is seated on a throne, as before, holding a knife in his left hand; around him are the heavens, with moon in crescent, and twelve stars; on the reverse is a boat, with a church in it. In what was probably the last seal, the saint stands under a canopy, which is supported by two pillars.

The ruins of the old priory were less hidden and obliterated when the writer on the Priory and Church of St. Bartholomew in Knight's "London" searched for them than they are now. The present church is merely the choir of the old priory church. Its front was probably originally in a line with the small gateway yet remaining, and which formerly led to the southern aisle of the nave, now entirely destroyed. The gateway was a finely-fronted arch of four ribs, each with receding mouldings, alternating with Norman zigzag ornaments, springing from a cluster of sculptured heads. In Knight's time the south wall, once the wall of the south aisle, belonged to a public-house which had rooms with arched ceilings, a cornice with a shield extending through three of them, and a chalk cellar. These had belonged to the priory. Among costermongers' houses and sheds, and near a smith's workshop,

were the arches of the east cloister. The roof and part of the wall fell in many years ago, but five arches of the east and one of the west side still remained. A fine Norman arch leading into the aisle was walled up. In several parts of the ruins of the cloister the groins and key-stones and elaborately carved devices were still visible. It was calculated by the writer in Knight's "London" that the cloisters of St. Bartholomew's were nearly fifteen feet broad, and once extended round the four sides of a square of nearly 100 feet.

The same writer describes the refectory of the priory, then a tobacco-manufactory, divided into two or three stories, as originally a room some forty feet high, thirty feet broad, and 120 feet long, finely roofed with oak. The ceilings and floors of the three stories were evidently temporary, and formed of huge timbers plucked from the original roof. The crypt, which ran below the refectory, still exists. It is of immense length, with a double row of beautiful aisles, and in perfect preservation. A door in this vault is traditionally supposed to lead to Canonbury. Perhaps, says one writer, it was really used as a mode of escape by the Nonconformist ministers who occupied the adjoining chapel during part of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. "It opened till lately," says Mr. Delamotte, in 1846, "into a cellar that extended beneath the chapel, and where the fire broke out, in 1830, that destroyed the latter, and some other interesting parts of the old priory." The chapel formed part of the monastic buildings, but what part, is unknown. It had an ancient timber roof, and a beam projecting across near the centre, and in a corner there is said to have been an antique piece of sculpture, representing a priest with a child in his arms, probably some saint and the infant Jesus. In several parts of the walls were marks of private doors. This chapel had been occupied by Presbyterian ministers till 1753, when Wesley obtained possession of it, and opened it for his followers. It is supposed that Lord Rich's house occupied the site of the prior's stables and wood-yard, and that an old house with a vaulted ceiling and a fine carved mantelpiece marks the spot, near Middlesex Passage, where the mulberry-garden stood, the last tree in which was cut down about 1846.

At the back of the present church, and between it and Red Lion Passage, stood the prior's house. It may still be traced by its massive walls, square flat pillars, and fluted capitals, and the old dormitory, which some years ago was occupied by gimp-spinners. There are also remains of the south transept, and the ruins still heaped there comprise



also the chapter-house, which stood between the old vestry and the transept. There were traces formerly of the once beautiful arch that led into the chapter-house, and there is also a fragment of the wall of the transept. The picturesque-looking low porch, with its deep pent-house, says one writer on the subject, now the entrance into the church from the transept, was formerly an entrance into St. Bartholomew's Chapel. In Cloth Fair a narrow passage points to the position of the north transept. Extending from the sides of the choir north and south, and partly over the aisles, were buildings used as schools; that on the south was burnt in the fire of 1830; the other still exists, and it contains two of the fine circular arches that form the second tier of the choir.

Within the porch of St. Bartholomew's are the remains of a very elegant pointed arch, that probably led into the cloisters. The aisles are separated from the choir by solid pillars and square piers indifferently, from which spring five semicircular arches on either side. The arches next the choir are adorned with billet moulding, which does not cease with the arch, but, in some places, is continued horizontally over the cap of the column, until it meets the next arch. The triforium has similar arches, each opening being divided into four compartments by small Norman columns and arches, formerly bricked up, but now re-opened. The prior's state pew is a bay, or oriel, probably added by Prior Bolton, on the south side. His rebus is upon it. This oriel communicated with the priory, and was where the prior assisted at the service, in all the pride of state and pomp, and from this point of vantage he could watch his thirteen canons. There are similar oriels, says Mr. Godwin, in Malmesbury Abbey, and in Exeter Cathedral.

There is a clerestory above the triforium, with pointed windows, and a passage the whole length of the building. The roof is of timber, divided into compartments by a tie-beam and king-post, the corbels resting on angels' heads. There also remains a portion of the transepts.

"One of the most interesting features of the choir," says Mr. Delamotte, "is the long-continued aisle, or series of aisles, which entirely encircle it, opening into the former by the spaces between the flat and circular arch-piers of the body of the structure. It is about twelve feet wide, with a pure arched and vaulted ceiling, in the simplest and truest Norman style, and with windows of different sizes, slightly pointed. The pillars against the wall, opposite the entrance into the choir, are flat, apparently made so for the convenience of the sitters. One of the

most beautiful little architectural effects, of a simple kind that we can conceive is to be found at the north-eastern corner of the aisle. Between two of the grand Norman pillars, projecting from the wall, is a low postern doorway, and above, rising on each side from the capitals, a peculiarly elegant arch, something like an elongated horse-shoe. The connection between two styles, so strikingly different in most respects, as the Moorish, with its fantastic delicacy (?), variety, and richness, and the Norman, with its simple (occasionally un-outh) grandeur, was never more apparent. That little picture is alone worth a visit to St. Bartholomew's." The postern leads into a curious place, enclosed by the end of the choir (or altar end) on one side, and the circular wall of the eastern aisle on the other. It is supposed by Mr. Godwin to have been the chancel of the original building, and no doubt it was, if we are to suppose that the altar wall has undergone great changes. At present the space is so narrow, and so dark, that it need not surprise us to hear that it is called the Purgatory. We have no doubt that this part has been visible, in some way, from the choir, and not, as it is now, entirely excluded from it; for a pair of exactly similar pillars, with a beautiful arch above, standing at the south-east corner of the aisle, are, in a great measure, shut in here.

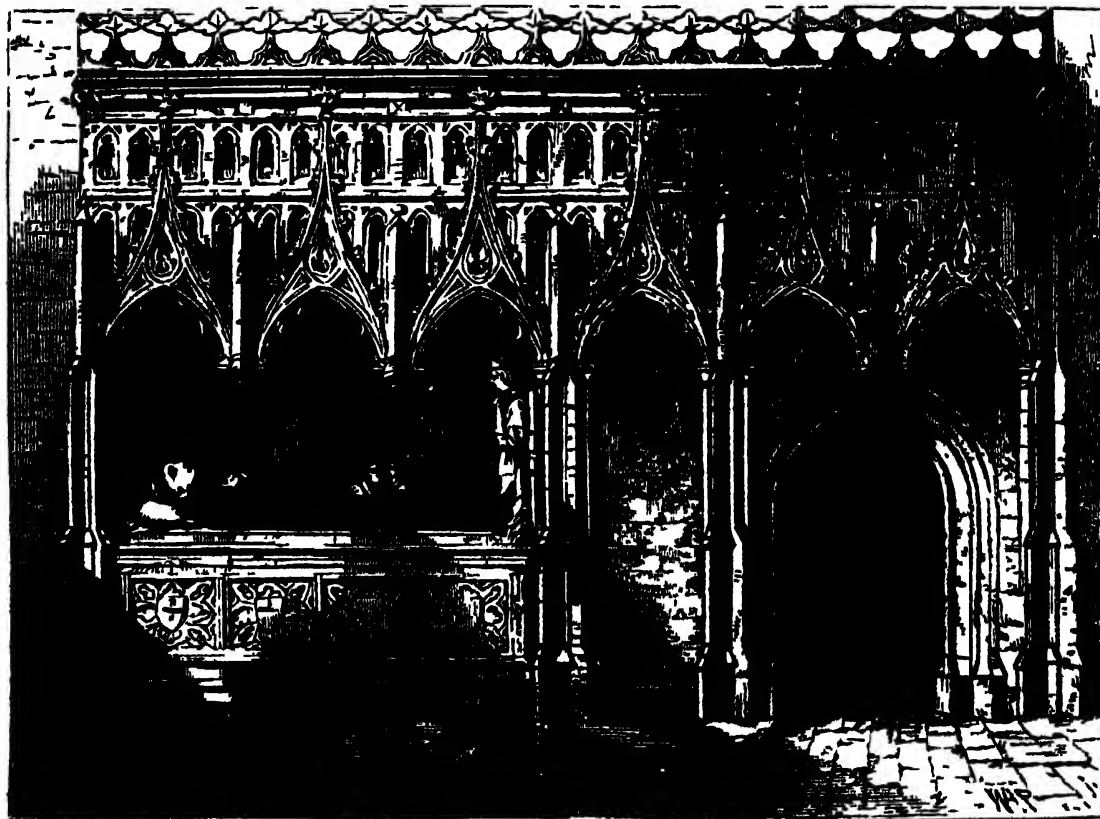
The monument of Rayer (or Rahere), the founder of the priory, the pious jester of Henry I., is in the north-east corner of the church, next the altar, and almost exactly opposite Prior Bolton's beautiful oriel window. Bolton restored this tomb with pious care, and may have placed his window so as to command a perpetual view of that *memento mori*. This monument is of a much later date than the period of Rayer's death. It consists of a highly-wrought stone screen, of pointed Gothic, enclosing a tomb, on which, under a canopy, rests the prior's effigy. The roof of the tomb is exquisitely groined. Except a few of the pinnacles, the monument is still uninjured, and Time has watched kindly over the good man's grave. A crowned angel kneels at Rayer's feet, and monks of his order pray by his side. Each of the monks has a Bible before him, open at Isa. li., which contains the following verse, so applicable to the church built on the marsh:—"The Lord shall comfort Zion: he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody."

"Besides the choir of the old church," says Mr. Godwin, "there remains a portion of the transepts,

and of the nave, at their junction with it, over which rose a tower. At the commencement of each transept, a large arch, spanning its whole width, springs from the capitals of slender clustered columns, and, at the end of the nave and commencement of the choir, other arches (the width of the church) spring from corbels, sculptured to represent the capitals of similar columns. The four arches are surrounded by zigzag ornaments. Of these arches, those at the intersection of the tran-

sept of Robert Chamberlain. It is of very dark brown marble, and consists of a figure of a man in complete armour, kneeling in state under an alcove, while two angels are drawing aside the curtains. The monument of James Rivers bears the date 1641 (eve of the Civil War), and bears this inscription—

“ Within this hollow vault there rests the frame  
Of the high soul which once informed the same ;  
Torn from the service of the State in 's prime  
By a disease malignant as the tune ;



RAYE'S TOMB (See page 353)

septs are pointed, and have been referred to as among the various instances of the *incidental* use made of the pointed arch in early buildings, before it became a component part of a system, at least in England." "The cause for this," says Mr Britton, the famous antiquary, "was evident, for those sides of the tower being much narrower than the east and west divisions, which are formed of semi-circular arches, it became necessary to carry the arches of the former to a point, in order to suit the oblong plan of the intersection, and, at the same time, make the upper mouldings and lines range with the corresponding members of the circular arches."

One of the finest monuments in the choir is that

Whose life and death designed no other end  
Than to serve God, his country, and his friend ;  
Who, when ambition, tyranny, and pride  
Conquered the age, conquered himself, and died."

Beyond is a sumptuous and curious transitional monument, half-classic, half-Gothic, in memory of Sir Walter Mildmay, 1689. This gentleman, the generous founder of Emanuel College, Cambridge, held offices under Henry VIII. and Edward VI., and, though not compliant enough, was made by Elizabeth Chancellor of the Exchequer.

In the corner next to Sir Walter's monument is that to the memory of the Smallpage family (1558), which is of very dark marble. It contains two busts, one of a male, the other of a female. The



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL IN 1750. (See page 359.)

former has a fine face and a double-peaked beard; the latter, in a full ruff, looks rather a Tartar.

In the spandrels of some of the arches of this church there are ornaments which resemble the Grecian honeysuckle, and which are unusual in Gothic work. A small bit of the old nave is now used as the organ-loft; and over what was once part of the aisle of the nave rises the poor brick tower, built in 1628. The vestry-room is part of the south transept, and a magnificent chapel once stood on the east side of this transept. When the ill-judged classic altar-piece was taken down, some years ago, the stone wall was found painted bright red, and spotted with black stars. The chamber between the choir and the east aisle, early in this century, contained several thousand bones.

Near the junction of the south and east aisles is the old vestry-room, a solemn, ancient place, probably once an oratory. The present vestry, a mere place for registers and surplices, is built over the southern aisle. Here is a beautiful Norman semicircular arch, forming one of a range of arches by which the second storey of the choir was probably continued at a right angle along the sides of the transept. "Among the monuments of the aisles is one in the form of a rose, with an inscription to Abigail Coult, 1629, who died "in the sixteenth year of her virginity." Her father, Maximilian Coult, or Colte, was a famous sculptor of the time, and was employed by James I. in various public buildings. In the office-book of the Board of Works appears the line, "Max. Colte, Master Sculptor, at £8 a year, 1633." Filling up the beautiful horse-shoe arch, which it thus conceals, at the south-eastern corner, is the monument of Edward Cooke. There appears to have been attached to the northern aisle—probably corresponding in position with the old vestry—another chapel.

In Walden Chapel, on the north side of the altar, Roger Walden, Bishop of London, was buried, instead of in St. Paul's—but why, no one can guess. "Never had any man," says Weever, "better experience of the uncertainty of worldly felicity." "Raised," says Mr. Delamotte, "from the condition of a poor man by his industry and ability, he became successively Dean of York, Treasurer of Calais, Secretary to the King, and Treasurer of England. When Archbishop Arundel fell under the displeasure of Richard II., and was banished, Walden was made Primate of England. On the return of Arundel, in company with Bolingbroke, and the ascent of the latter to the throne, Arundel of course resumed his archiepiscopal rank and functions, and Roger Walden became again a private individual. Arundel, however, behaved

very nobly to the man whom he must have looked on as a usurper of his place, for he conferred on him the bishopric of London. Walden did not live long to be grateful for this very honourable and kindly act, for he died within the ensuing year. 'He may be compared to one so jaw-fallen,' says Fuller, in his usual quaint, homely style, 'with over-long fasting, that he cannot eat meat when brought unto him; and his spirits were so depressed with his former ill-fortunes, that he could not enjoy himself in his new unexpected happiness.'"

In St. Bartholomew-the-Great was buried, in 1623, Dr. Francis Anthony, a learned physician and chemist of the reign of James I., who was frequently fined and imprisoned by the London College of Physicians for practising physic without a licence. Dr. Anthony, who seems to have been a generous and honest man, prided himself on the discovery of a universal medicine, which he called *aurum potabile*, or potable gold, which he mixed with mercury.

"Dr. Anthony," says Mr. Delamotte, "published a very learned and modest defence of himself and his *aurum potabile*, in Latin, written with great decency, much skill in chemistry, and with an apparent knowledge in the theory and practice of physic. In the preface he says 'that after inexpressible labour, watching, and expense, he had, through the blessing of God, attained all he had sought for in his inquiries.' In the second chapter of his work he affirms that his medicine is a kind of extract or honey of gold, capable of being dissolved in any liquor whatsoever, and referring to the common objection of the affinity between the *aurum potabile* and the philosopher's stone, does not deny the transmutation of metal, but still shows that there is a great difference between the two, and that the finding or not finding of the one does not at all render it inevitable that the other shall also be discovered, or remain hidden. The price of the medicine was five shillings an ounce. Wonderful cures, of course, are displayed in the doctor's pages. His publication produced quite a controversy on the merits of *aurum potabile*. We need not wonder to find that Dr. Anthony had implicit believers in the value of his nostrum, when we see the great chemist and philosopher, Boyle, thus commenting on such preparations: 'Though I have long been prejudiced against the pretended *aurum potabile*, and other boasted preparations of gold, for most of which I have still no great esteem, yet I saw such extraordinary and surprising effects from the tincture of gold I spake of (prepared by two foreign physicians) upon persons of great note with whom I was particularly acquainted, both before they fell

desperately sick and after their strange recovery, that I could not but change my opinion for a very favourable one as to some preparations of gold."

A local antiquary, who is as learned as he is imaginative, has furnished us with some notes on the priory and its neighbourhood, of which we gladly avail ourselves:—

"Excepting the tower and its immediate neighbourhood," says the writer, "there is no part of London, old or new, around which are clustered so many events interesting in history, as that of the Priory of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, and its vicinity. There are narrow, tortuous streets, and still narrower courts, about Cloth Fair, where are hidden away scores of old houses, whose projecting eaves and overhanging floors, heavy cumbersome beams, and wattle and plaster walls, must have seen the days of the Plantagenets and the earlier Tudors. There are remains of groined arches, and windows with ancient tracery, strong buttresses, and beautiful portals, with toothed and ornate archways, belonging to times long anterior to Wycliffe and John of Gaunt, yet to be found lurking behind dark, uncanny-looking tenements. To the real lover of the past history of our great City; to the earnest inquirer into the rise and progress of our present civilisation; to the pious student of the earlier times of our English Church, and her struggles after freedom, there is no part of modern London that will better reward a careful survey than that now under our consideration.

"Note that dark archway yonder. Fully seven centuries have passed since the hand of some good lay brother traced its bold outline, and worked with cunning mallet and chisel the beautiful beading and its toothed ornaments. And in the old times, when Chaucer was young, and his Canterbury Pilgrims were men and women of the period, processions of cowled monks and chanting boys, with censers and crucifix, wended their way from the old priory to that of the Black Friars, by the Thames; and not unfrequently, when Edward III. and his favourite Alice Perrers had spent the morning in witnessing the tourney of mailed knights in Smithfield, have they and their attendants, with all the pomp and pageantry of chivalry, passed beneath this old gateway to the grand entertainments provided by the good prior for their delectation, in the great refectory beyond the south cloisters. Rhenish and Cyprus wines, with sack and strong waters, were there in plenty, and geese, swans, bustards, and lordly peacocks, graced the well-filled board, with venison pasties and the boar's head ready at hand; whilst all such fruits as were then naturalised amongst us were reared by

the careful fathers in their garden at Canonbury, for the use of the good prior's table.

"In later years the solemn, weather-worn stones of this old archway have had sad scenes to frown upon, and yet, nearer our own day, merry parties have gambolled and frisked beneath the ancient portal, as they wended their way to the pandemonium of mirth and folly in Bartholomew Fair.

"In the Great Close, where is now a row of dilapidated houses, was once the west cloister of the priory; and here, as we turn, was the south cloister, just beyond which was, until quite lately, the remains of the great refectory. Beneath it was much of the ancient crypt, with its deep, groined arches, more than half buried under the débris of ages. Some portion of this is still left us, beneath the modern buildings erected on the spot.

"As we go round the Great Close, towards the other end of the church, we pass by some very old houses, that occupy the place where was once the east cloister. Behind these houses used to be a great mulberry-tree, only removed in our own time. This was formerly the centre of the cloister court. You fancy you see a tall, bareheaded man, in monkish garb of grey, his rosary dangling by his side, as he stands near a pillar of the cloister, deeply immersed in the breviary he holds in his hand. See his sandalled feet, and his long grey beard; he is the personal friend of the good Prior Rayer. Now he moves, and silently steps across the grass towards the big mulberry-tree, where he sits down upon a stone seat beneath its umbrageous branches, and laying down his book, he takes from the folds of his habit a scroll. Slowly he unrolls it, and carefully studies the curious lines, curves, and ornaments drawn thereon. That old monk is the good Alfune, the builder of St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

"See here, is the prior's house, its big stones hidden under a casing of bricks and stucco, whilst here and there, like big rocks, a buttress crops out, an enormity quite unsuited to the gingerbread buildings of modern times. But these good monkish architects built more for the future than for themselves. Look above: there, where is now a row of windows to a fringe factory was once the dormitory, or 'dormite,' of the monks. They needed looking-after sometimes, so the prior wisely kept them near himself at night.

"Let us go along this dark and narrow passage. Now we are in Cloth Fair. This is where the ancient cloth fair was held, to which came merchants from Flanders and Italy, with their precious wares for the sons and daughters of old London. How aged some of these houses are! floor leaning over floor, until you may fancy they are toppling



upon you. Now come with me under this low gateway, and take my hand, for it is quite dark here, and we must walk in Indian file, the space is so narrow. Between the houses and the low wall, as your eyes become used to the deep gloom, you will notice that the first floor entirely covers the narrow court behind, and is supported on posts, and the next leaning over the one beneath it. These houses have seen many generations of tenants, and in some of them the old cloth business is still carried on. Now peep over the wall on your left. You will find the level much lower there, for they have lately been clearing away some of the accumulated rubbish, and 'dust and ashes' of past ages, and have exposed to view some beautiful windows, that formed part of the prior's house, perhaps the infirmary, or 'firmary,' as that was under the same roof, or a portion of the crypt, used for such a purpose mayhap. Past these very windows the old priors of the monastery must have gone to the service in the church. Let us follow, and note, as we step into the ancient Norman aisle, the finely-curved semicircular arches, and the curious nooks and crannies, only to be found in such places. See, we have to go through that small door near the purgatory into the choir.

"What a blaze of light! There are scores of tapers on the altar, the crucifix, emblazoned banners, and the rich vestments of the officiating priests; and as they cross and recross the tessellated floor of the chancel, note that they make each time low genuflexions towards the altar. Mark the incense-bearers, swinging the spicy odour to and fro, which is wafted towards us, and mingles, as it were, with the loud pealing of the organ and the sweet chanting of the boy choristers, and the low responses of the cowed brethren of the priory.

"Now they pass in procession round the church, along the choir, and down the lofty nave, towards the beautiful entrance-gate. Anon they return, and on reaching the altar-tomb of their founder, Rayer, they stop, a priest swings a censer to and fro before it, whilst all kneel and cross themselves; then again they move towards the altar, and as the choir ceases chanting, the last notes of the organ are heard reverberating along the lofty roof. The brethren follow each other slowly towards the door, the tapers are extinguished one by one, and thus the pageant fades from our imagination; and once more we find ourselves in Smithfield, outside the Cloth Fair gate of the ancient Priory of St. Bartholomew."

The dimensions of this most interesting church, half Norman, half early English, are generally given

thus: The height about 40 feet, the breadth 60 feet, the length 138 feet; add to this 87 feet for the length of the destroyed nave, and we have 225 feet as the entire length of the church of Rayer's priory. The church was much injured in the fire of 1830, when a portion of the middle roof of the south aisle fell.

When Rayer, on his return from doing penance at Rome, built a hospital in Smithfield, in performance of a vow made in sickness, he added to it that chapel which is now called St. Bartholomew-the-Less, which, after the dissolution, became a parish church for those living within the hospital precinct. In Stow's time the church seems to have been full of old monuments and brasses of the fifteenth and later centuries, a few of which only have been preserved.

Among those which no longer remain were two brass effigies, "in the habit of pilgrims," with an inscription, commencing—

"Behold how ended is  
The poor pilgrimage  
Of John Shirley, Esquire,  
With Margaret, his wife,"

and ending with the date 1456. "This Shirley," says Mr. Godwin, "appears to have been a traveller in various countries. He collected the works of Chaucer, John Lydgate, and other learned writers, 'which works he wrote in sundry volumes, to remain for posterity.' 'I have seen them,' says Stow, 'and partly do possess them.' Such of the epitaphs as Stow omitted to mention were recorded by Weever, in his 'Funeral Monuments.' The earliest of them was as follows:—

'The xliii.c. yere of our Lord and eight,  
Passyd Sir Robart Creuil to God Almighty,  
The xii. day of April; Broder of this place,  
Jesu for his mercy rejoice him with his grace.'

"The length of the church, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, was 99 feet, and the breadth was 42 feet, except in the chancel, the narrowness of which latter, however, was more than counter-balanced by a chapel on the north side."

In 1789, Mr. George Dance, the architect and surveyor to the hospital, repaired the church, by first destroying the whole interior, leaving only the old walls, the vestibule, and the square tower. Dry rot very soon setting in, in an aggravated form, Mr. Hardwick, in 1823, commenced the rebuilding, turning out Mr. Dance's timber octagon, and replacing it with stone and iron. It was then found that Mr. Dance, in his contempt for Gothic architecture, had ruthlessly cut away altar-tombs and such mediæval trifles. The result of all this incompetent tinkering is a *compo* tower and an iron



roof. In the east window are several saints, the arms of Henry VIII. and the hospital, and those of various hospital treasurers. North of the communion-table is a tablet in memory of the wife of Thomas Bodley, Elizabeth's ambassador in France and Germany, and the generous founder of the great library at Oxford. In this church there is also a monument to Henry Earle, surgeon, of St. Bartholomew's, which was erected to this amiable man in 1838. In the lobby that leads to the western porch, where a sexton hung himself in 1838, there is a canopied altar-tomb and several relics of old Gothic sculpture. Among others, a niche containing the figure of an angel bearing a shield, and beneath it the arms of Edward the Confessor, impaled with those of England.

Near Mr. Earle's tablet is a large monument, presenting a kneeling figure beneath an entablature, supported on two columns, and inscribed to Robert Balthrope :—

"Who Sergeant of the Surgeons sworn  
Near thirty years had been.  
He dyed at sixty-nine of years,  
December's ninth the day,  
The year of grace eight hundred twice,  
Deducting nine away."

The tower of St. Bartholomew-the-Less contains some fine Norman and early English arches and pillars. The piscina from the ancient church

is used as a font. A beautiful chancel has been built, in the style of the Lady chapels in Normandy. The pulpit and reredos are marble and alabaster, with bas-relief of the Sermon on the Mount, and the stained glass windows are by Powell. The parish register records the baptism of the celebrated Inigo Jones, son of a Welsh clothworker, residing at or near Cloth Fair; and the burial, in 1664, of James Heath, a Cavalier chronicler of the Civil Wars, who slandered Cromwell, and has been branded by Carlisle, in consequence, as "Carrion Heath." He was buried near the screen door, says Aubrey.

Upon entering the chapel there is, immediately upon your left hand, a remarkably curious tomb of the fireplace kind, most elaborately wrought. It is the tomb of Freke, the senior surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, who wrote many works upon surgery, still to be found in its library. His bust is to be seen in the museum of the hospital, and he is represented by Hogarth, in the last plate of "The Stages of Cruelty," presiding aloft over the dissecting-table, and pointing with a long wand to the dead "subject," upon whom he is lecturing to the assembled students. There is likewise in the office of St. Bartholomew's a curious large wooden chandelier, which Freke carved with his own hand.

## CHAPTER XLV.

### ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

*Its Early History—The Presidency of the Royal Hospitals—Thomas Vicary—Harvey, the Famous Physician—The Great Quadrangle of the Hospital Rebuilt—The Museums, Theatres, and Library of St. Bartholomew's—The Great Abernethy—Dr Percival Pott—A Lucky Fracture—Great Surgeons at St. Bartholomew's—Hogarth's Pictures—Samaritan Fund—View Day—Cloth Fair—Duck Lane.*

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL was founded by Rayer, the jester or minstrel of Henry I. At the dissolution the fat, greedy hands of Henry VIII., that spared no gold that would melt, whether it was God's or man's, soon had a grip of it; but, for very shame, at the petition of Sir Richard Gresham, Lord Mayor and father of the builder of the Royal Exchange, he turned it over to the City. The king then, in 1546, says Mr. Timbs, "vested the Hospital of St. Bartholomew in the mayor, commonalty, and citizens of London, and their successors, for ever, in consideration of a payment by them of 500 marks a year towards its maintenance, and with it the nomination and appointment of all the officers. In September, 1557, at a general court of the governors of all the hospitals, it was ordered that St. Bartholomew's should henceforth

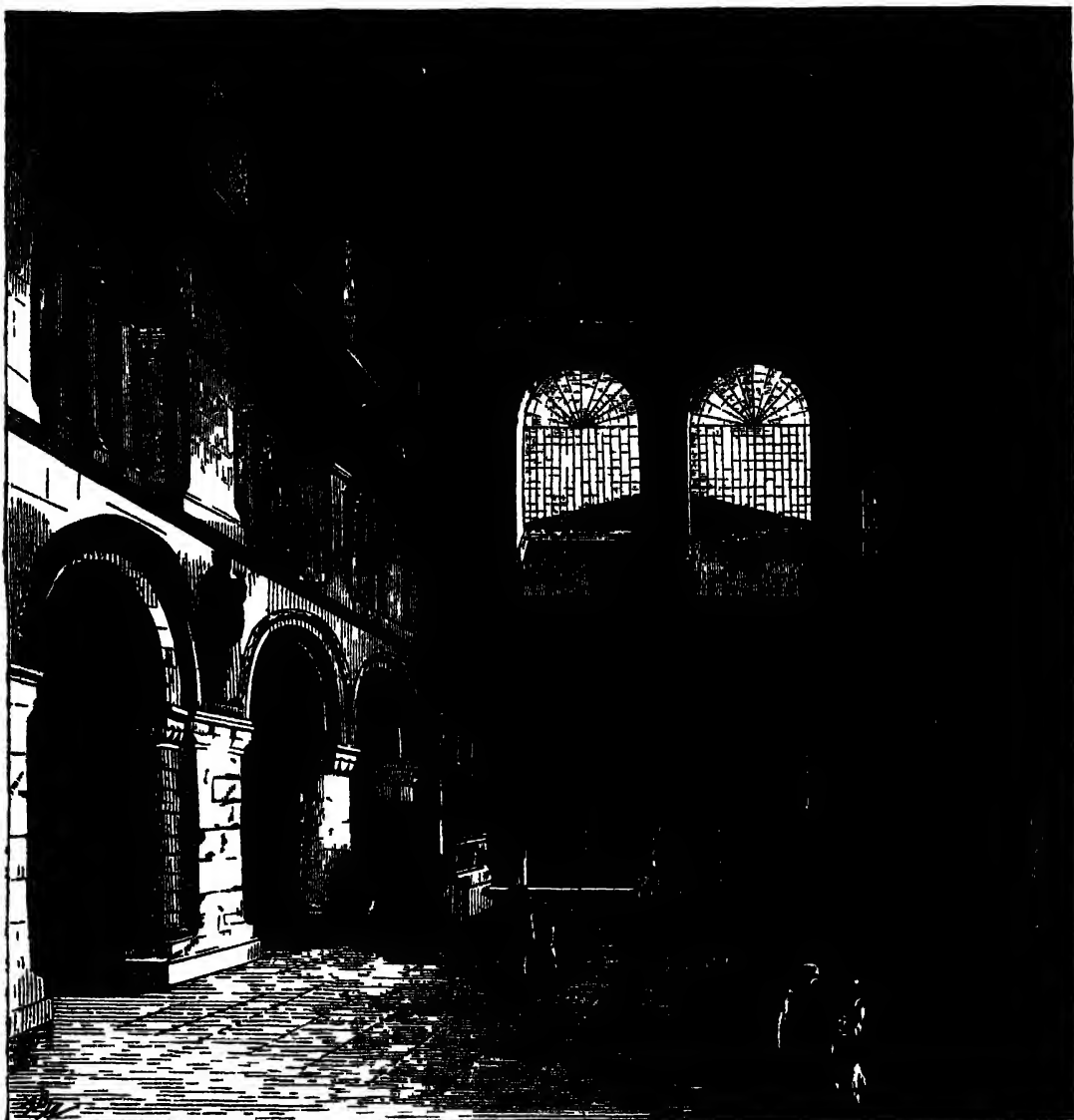
be united to the rest of the hospitals, and be made one body with them, and on the following day ordinances were made by the corporation for the general government of all the hospitals. The 500 marks a year have been paid by the corporation since 1546, besides the profit of many valuable leases."

From a search made in the official records of the City, it appears that for more than 300 years—namely, since 1549—an alderman of London had always been elected president of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Until 1854, whenever a vacancy occurred in the presidency of the royal hospitals (St. Bartholomew's, Bethlehem, Bridewell, St. Thomas's, or Christ's Hospitals), it was customary to elect the Lord Mayor for the time being, or an alderman who had passed the chair. This rule was first

broken when the Duke of Cambridge was chosen president of Christ's Hospital, over the head of Alderman Sidney, the then Lord Mayor; and again, when Mr. Cubitt, then no longer an alderman, was elected president of St. Bartholomew's in preference to the then Lord Mayor. The question

physician to the hospital for thirty-four years, and here, in 1619 (James I.), he first lectured upon his great discovery.

The executors of Whittington had repaired the hospital, in 1423 (Henry VI), but it had to be taken down in 1730, when the great quadrangle



INTERIOR OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW-THE-GREAT, 1868. (See page 353.)

is, however, contested by the foundation-governors, or the corporation, and the donation-governors."

The first superintendent of the hospital was Thomas Vicary, serjeant-surgeon to Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, and one of the earliest English writers on anatomy. The great Harvey, the physician of Charles I., and the first discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was

was rebuilt by Gibbs, the ambitious architect of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and the first stone laid June 9th, 1730. The gate towards Smithfield, a mean structure (with the statue of Henry VIII. and the inscription, "St. Bartholomew's Hospital, founded by Rahere, A.D. 1102; re-founded by Henry VIII., 1546."), was built in 1702. On the pediment of the hospital are two figures—Lameness and

**Sickness.** The cost of the work in 1730 was defrayed by public subscription, Dr. Radcliffe being generously prominent among the donors, and leaving £500 a year for the improvement of the general diet, and £100 a year to buy linen.

The museums, theatres, and library of this noble charity are very large. A new surgery was added in 1842. The lectures of the present day were established by the great Abernethy, who was elected assistant-surgeon in 1787.

with the patient's wishes, but complimented him on the resolute manner he adopted.

Abernethy made but little distinction between a poor and a rich patient, but was rather more attentive to the former; and, on one occasion, gave great offence to a certain peer, by refusing to see him out of his turn. On entering his apartment, the nobleman, having indignantly asked Abernethy if he knew who he was, stated his rank, name, &c., when Abernethy, it is said, replied, with



THE CORNER IN 1789. From a Drawing in Mr. Gardner's Collection. (See page 363.)

Sir Astley Cooper used to say, "Abernethy's manner was worth a thousand a year to him." Some of his patients he would cut short with, "Sir, I have heard enough! You have heard of my book?" "Yes." "Then go home and read it." To a lady, complaining of low spirits, he would say, "Don't come to me; go and buy a skipping-rope;" and to another, who said she felt a pain in holding her arm over her head, he replied, "Then what a fool you must be to hold it up!" He sometimes, however, met with his match, and cutting a gentleman short one day, the patient suddenly locked the door, slipped the key into his pocket, and protested he would be heard, which so pleased Abernethy that he not only complied

the most provoking *sang froid*, "And I, sir, am John Abernethy, surgeon, lecturer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, &c.; and if you wish to consult me, I am now ready to hear what you have to say in your turn." The Duke of Wellington having insisted on seeing him out of his usual hours, and abruptly entering his parlour one day, was asked by the doctor how he got into the room. "By the door," was the reply. "Then," said Abernethy, "I recommend you to make your exit by the same way." He is said to have given another proof of his independence, by refusing to attend George IV. until he had delivered his lecture at the hospital; in consequence of which he lost a Royal appointment.

That eminent surgeon, Percival Pott, was also one of the shining lights of St. Bartholomew's. The following is the story told of the celebrated fracture, which he afterwards learned to alleviate, and to which he gave his name:—In 1756, while on a visit to a patient in Kent Street, Southwark, he was thrown from his horse, and received a compound fracture of the leg. This event produced, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary instances of coolness and prudence on record. Aware of the danger of rough and injudicious treatment, he would not suffer himself to be raised from the pavement, but sent a messenger for two chairmen. When they arrived, he directed them to nail their poles to a door, which he had purchased in the interim, on which he was then carefully placed, and borne to his residence in Watling Street, near St. Paul's. A consultation was immediately called, and amputation of the limb was resolved on; but, upon the suggestion of a humane friend, who soon after entered the room, a successful attempt to save the limb was made. This accident confined Mr. Pott to his house for several weeks, during which he conceived, and partly executed, his "Treatise on Ruptures."

In 1843 the authorities founded a collegiate establishment for the resident pupils within the college walls: a spacious casualty room has also been added. In 1878 a new lecture theatre, a lofty and imposing structure, with the usual offices attached, was built at the corner abutting upon Giltspur Street. In 1736 the grand staircase was painted gratuitously by Hogarth, whose heart always warmed to works of charity. The subjects are "The Good Samaritan" and "The Pool of Bethesda." These two pictures, for which he was made a life governor, were, as he tells us himself in his autobiographical sketch, his first efforts in the grand style.

"Before I had done anything of much consequence in this walk (*i.e.*, the painting and engraving of modern moral subjects)," says the sturdy painter, "I entertained some hopes of succeeding in what the puffers in books call 'the great style of history painting;' so without having had a stroke of this grand business before, I quitted small portraits and familiar conversations, and, with a smile at my own temerity, commenced history painter, and on a great staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital painted two Scripture stories, 'the Pool of Bethesda' and 'the Good Samaritan,' with figures seven feet high."

"This hospital receives," says Mr. Timbs, in 1868, "upon petition, cases of all kinds, free of fees; and accidents, or cases of urgent disease, without letter,

at the surgery, at any hour of the day or night. There is also a 'Samaritan Fund,' for relieving distressed patients. The present buildings contain twenty-five wards, consisting of 650 beds, 400 being for surgical cases, and 250 for medical cases and the diseases of women. Each ward is presided over by a 'sister' and nurse, to the number of nearly 180 persons. In addition to a very extensive medical staff, there are four resident surgeons and two resident apothecaries, who are always on duty, day and night, throughout the year, to attend to whatever may be brought in at any hour of the twenty-four. It further possesses a college within itself, a priceless museum, and a first-class medical school, conducted by thirty-six professors and assistants. The 'View-day,' for this and the other royal hospitals of the City, is a day specially set apart by the authorities to examine, in their official collective capacity, every portion of the establishment, when the public are admitted."

"In January, 1846," says the same writer, "the election of Prince Albert to a governorship of the hospital was commemorated by the president and treasurer presenting to the foundation three costly silver-gilt dishes, each nearly twenty-four inches in diameter, and richly chased with a bold relief of—1. The election of the Prince; 2, the Good Samaritan; 3, the Plague of London. The charity is ably managed by the corporation. The qualification of a governor is a donation of one hundred guineas."

In the court-room is one of the many supposed original portraits of Henry VIII. by the copiers of Holbein, who is venerated here—and in Mr. Froude's study—if nowhere else.

St. Bartholomew's contained in 1880 676 beds. About 6,000 in-patients are admitted every year, besides 100,000 out-patients. The average income of the hospital is £45,000, derived chiefly from rents and funded property. The number of governors exceeds 300.

Dr. Anthony Askew, one of the past celebrities of St. Bartholomew's, a contemporary of Freke, was scarcely more famous in medicine than in letters. The friend of Dr. Mead, Hogarth, and other great people, he was a notable personage in Georgian London, and, like Pitcairne and Freke, was a Fellow of the Royal Society. He employed Roubillac to produce the bust of Mead, which he presented to the College of Physicians, the price arranged being £50. In his delight at the goodness of the work, Askew sent the artist £100 instead of £50, whereupon Roubillac grumbled that he was not paid enough, and sent in a bill to his employer for £108 2s. Askew contemptuously

paid the bill, even to the odd shillings, and sent the receipt to Hogarth. Dr. Pate, a physician of St. Bartholomew's of the same period, lived in Hatton Garden, which, like Ely Place, was long a great place for doctors. Dr. Pitcairne, his colleague, lived in Warwick Court, till he moved into the treasurer's house in St. Bartholomew's. He was buried in the hospital church. The posthumous sale of Dr. Askew's printed library, in 1775, by Baker and Leigh, and which lasted twenty days, was *the* great literary auction of the time. There was a subsequent sale of his MSS. in 1789, which also produced a great sum.

Among the modern physicians of St Bartholomew's we must notice Dr. Baly (Queen's physician, killed in a fearful railway accident) and Dr. Jeaffreson, notable chiefly for his pleasant manners, his skill in whist, billiards, and shooting, and his extraordinary popularity. Wonderfully successful in practice, he was everybody's favourite; but, though a most enlightened man, he did nothing for science, either through literature or investigation.

Among the modern surgeons to be noticed are Sir William Lawrence, Bart.; Mr. Skey, C.B., who was famous for recommending stimulants and denouncing boat-racing, and other too violent sports; and Thomas Wormald, who died lately. Skey and Wormald were favourite pupils of Abernethy, and imitators of their great master's jocular manner and pungent speech. Tommy Wormald, or "Old Tommy," as the students called him, was Abernethy over again in voice, style, appearance, humour. "Done for," was one of his pithy written reports on a "bad life" to an insurance company, whose directors insisted that he should write his reports instead of giving them verbally. He once astounded an apothecary, who was about to put him and certain physicians off with a single guinea fee, at a consultation on a rich man's case, by saying, "A guinea is a lean fee, and the patient is a fat patient. I always have fat fees from fat patients. Pay me two guineas, sir, instantly. Pay Dr. Jeaffreson two guineas, instantly, sir. Sir, pay both the physicians and me two guineas each, instantly. Our patient is a fat patient." Some years since, rich people of a mean sort would drive down to St. Bartholomew's, and get gratuitous advice, as out-patients. Tommy was determined to stop this abuse, and he did it by a series of outrageous assaults on the self-love of the offenders. Noticing a lady, dressed in silk, who had driven up to the hospital in a brougham, Tommy raised his rich, thunderous, sarcastic voice, and, to the inexpressible glee of a roomful of young students, addressed the lady thus:—"Madam, this charity is

for the poor, destitute, miserable invalids of London. So you are a miserable invalid in a silk dress—a destitute invalid, in a rich silk dress—a poor invalid, in a dress that a duchess might wear! Madam, I refuse to pay attention to miserable, destitute invalids, who wear rich silk dresses. You had better order your carriage, madam." The lady did not come again.

A few remaining spots round Smithfield still remain for us to notice, and foremost among these is Cloth Fair, the great resort in the Middle Ages of country clothiers and London drapers. Strype describes the street as even in his day chiefly inhabited by drapers and mercers; and Hatton mentions it as in the form of a T, the right arm running to Bartholomew Close, the left to Long Lane.

This latter lane, originally on the north side of the old priory, reaches from Smithfield to Aldersgate Street, and in Strype's time was known for its brokers, its second-hand linen, its upholstery, and its pawnbrokers. Congreve, always witty, makes Lady Wishfort, in his *Way of the World*, hope that one of her admirers will one day "hang in tatters, like a Long Lane pent-house or a gibbeted thief;" and good-natured Tom Brown declares that when the impudent rag-sellers in Barbican and Long Lane suddenly caught him by the arm and cried, "What do you lack?" he who feared the sight of a bailiff worse than the devil and all his works, was mortally scared.

In Duck Lane we part good friends with Smithfield. R. B., in Strype, describes it as coming out of Little Britain and falling into Smithfield, and much inhabited by second-hand booksellers. Howell, in his "Letters," mentions finding the Poet-Laureate Skelton, "pitifully tattered and torn," skulking in Duck Lane; and Garth, in his pleasant and graphic poem, says—

"Here dregs and sediment of auctions reign,  
Refuse of fairs, and gleanings of Duck Lane."

And Swift, in one of the best of his short poems (that on his own death), writes—

"Some country squire to Lintot goes,  
Inquires for Swift, in verse and prose.  
Says Lintot, 'I have heard the name;  
He died a year ago.' 'The same!'  
He searches all the shop in vain;  
'Sir, you may find him in Duck Lane:  
I sent them with a load of books,  
Last Monday, to the pastrycook's."

At the Giltspur Street end of Smithfield stands Pie Corner, worthy of note as the spot where the Great Fire, which began in Pudding Lane, reached its limits: the figure of a fat boy still marks the spot.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

## CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

*The Grey Friars in Newgate Street—The Origin of Christ's Hospital—A Fashionable Burying-Place—The Mean Conduct of Sir Martin Bowes—Early Private Benefactors of Christ's Hospital—Foundation of the Mathematical School—Rebuilding of the South Front of Christ's Hospital—The Plan of Christ's Hospital—Famous Pictures in the Hall—Celebrated Blues—Leigh Hunt's Account of Christ's Hospital—The "Fanner"—Charles Lamb—Boyer, the Celebrated Master of Christ's Hospital—Coleridge's Experiences—Erasmus—Singular Legacies—Numbers in the School—The Education at Christ's Hospital—Eminent Blues—The Public Suppers—Spital Sermons—Ceremony on St. Matthew's Day—University Exhibitions—The Diet—"Gag-eaters"—The Rebuilding in 1803.*

LIVES there a Londoner who has not, at some stray hour or other, leant against the tall iron gates in Newgate Street, and felt his golden youth return, as he watched the gambols of the little bareheaded men in blue petticoats and yellow stockings? Can any man of thought, however hurried Citywards, but stop a moment to watch and see the "scrouge," the mad rush after the football, the dashing race to rescue prisoners at the bases? Summer or winter, the yellow-legged boys form a pleasant picture of perpetual youth; nor can one ever pass a strapping young Grecian in the streets without feeling some veneration for the successor of Coleridge and Charles Lamb, Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt.

Where the fine old school now stands was the site of a convent of Grey (or Mendicant) Friars, who, coming to London in the thirteenth century, after a short stay in Holborn and Cornhill, were, in 1225, housed on the north side of Newgate Street, on a good plot of ground next St. Nicholas Shambles, by John Ewin, a pious and generous mercer, who eventually became a lay brother. The friars of St. Francis, aided by men like Ewin, thrived well on the scraps of Holborn and Cheapside, and their chapel soon grew into a small church, which was rebuilt in 1327 with great splendour. The Grey Friars' church, says Pennant, was reckoned "one of the most superb of the conventual establishments of London," and alms poured fast into its treasury. It received royal offerings and sheltered royal dead. In 1429 the immortal Whittington built the studious friars of Newgate Street a library, 129 feet long and 31 broad, with twenty-eight desks, and eight double settles. In three years it was filled with books, costing £556 10s., whereof Richard Whittington gave £400, and Dr. Thomas Winchilsey, one of the friars, the rest, adding an especial 100 marks for the writing out the works of D. Nicholas de Lyra, in two volumes, to be chained there. Among the royal contributors to the Grey Friars we may mention Queen Margaret, second wife of Edward I., who gave in her lifetime 2,000 marks, and by will 100 marks, towards building a choir; John Britaine, Earl of Richmond, gave £300 towards the church building, besides jewels and ornaments; Mary, Countess of Pembroke, sent £70, and Gilbert de

Clare, Earl of Gloucester, twenty great oak beams from his forest at Tunbridge and £20; the good Queen Philippa, wife of Edward III., £62; and Isabel, queen-mother of Edward III., £70.

The founder of the school is by most people supposed to have been Edward VI., but it was really his father, Henry VIII., and it was one of the few works of mercy which originated in that cruel tyrant. At the dissolution, when sacramental cups and crucifixes were being melted down by the thousand, to maintain a bad king in his sumptuous splendour, the English Sultan, in one of his few good moments, near the end of his reign, gave the Grey Friars' church to the City, to be devoted to the relief of the poor. The building had previously been used as a storehouse for plunder taken from the French. The gift, confirmed by the pious young king, Edward VI., was announced by Dr. Ridley, Bishop of Rochester, at a public sermon at Paul's Cross. The parishes of St. Ewin, St. Nicholas, and part of St. Sepulchre's were at this time compressed into one large parish, and called Christ Church.

The good work remained in abeyance, till, in 1552, the worthy Ridley, preaching before the young king, his subject being "mercy and charity," made, says Stow, "a fruitful and godly exhortation" to the rich to be merciful to the poor, and also to move those who were in authority to strive, by charitable ways and means, to comfort and relieve them. The young king, always eager to do good, hearing that London swarmed with impoverished and neglected people, at once sent for the bishop to come to him after sermon. The memorable interview between Ridley and Edward took place in a great gallery at Westminster, where the king and bishop were alone. A chair had been already provided for the bishop, and the king insisted on the worthy prelate remaining covered. Edward first gave the bishop hearty thanks for his good sermon and exhortation, and mentioned the special points which he had noted. "'Truely, truely,' remarks Ridley (for that commonly was his oath), 'I could never have thought that excellency to have been in his Grace, but that I beheld and heard it in him.' At the last the king's majestie much com-



mended him for his exhortation for the relieve of the poore. 'For, my lord,' quoth he, 'you willed such as are in authority to bee careful thereof, and to devise some good order for their relieve, wherein I think you mean mee; for I am in highest place, and therefore am the first that must make answer unto God for my negligence, if I should not be careful therein, knowing it to bee the expresse commandment of Almighty God to have compassion of his poore and needy members, for whom we must make an account unto him. And truly, my lord, I am (before all things else) most willing to travaile that way, and doubting nothing of your long and approved wisdom and learning, who have such good zeale as wisheth health unto them; but also that you have had some conference with others what waies are best to be taken therein, the which I am desirous to understand; I pray you therefore to say your minde.'

The bishop, amazed to hear the wisdom and earnest zeal of the child-king, confessed that he was so astonished that he hardly knew what to reply; but after a pause, he urged the special claims of the poor of London, where the citizens were wise, and, he doubted not, pitiful and merciful, and would carry out the work. The king, not releasing Ridley till his letter to the mayor was written, signed, and sealed, sent his express commandment to the mayor that he should inform him how far he had proceeded. Ridley, overjoyed at such youthful zeal, went that night to Sir Richard Dobbes, the Lord Mayor, and delivered the king's letter and message. The mayor, honoured and pleased, invited the bishop to dine the next day with two aldermen and six commoners, to discuss the charitable enterprise. On the mayor's report to the king, Edward expressed his willingness to grant a charter to the new governors, and to be proclaimed as founder and patron of the new hospital. He also confirmed his father's grant of the old Grey Friars' monastery, and endowed it (to bring the charity at once into working order) with lands and tenements that had belonged to the Savoy, of the yearly value of about £450. He also consented to the City's petition that they might take, in mortmain or otherwise, without licence, lands to the yearly value of ——. Edward filled up the blank with the words "4,000 marks," and then, before his whole council, exclaimed, with his usual pious fervour, "Lord, I yield Thee most hearty thanks that Thou hast given me life thus long, to finish this work to the glory of Thy name."

Edward, says the Rev. W. Trollope, the historian of Christ's Hospital, lived about a month after

signing the Charter of Incorporation of the Royal Hospitals. The citizens, roused by the king's fervour, and touched by his untimely death, set to work with gold and steel, and in six months the old Grey Friars' monastery was patched up sufficiently to accommodate 340 boys, a number increased to 380 by the end of the year.

As the Grey Friars' churchyard was thought, in the Middle Ages, to be peculiarly free from ghosts and flying demons of all sorts, it soon became a fashionable burying-place, and almost as popular as the great abbey even with royalty. Four queens lie there, among countless lords and ladies, brave knights, and godly monks—Margaret, second wife of Edward I., and Isabella, the infamous wife and part-murderess of Edward II., both, as we have before mentioned, benefactors to the hospital; Joan, daughter of Edward II. and wife of David Bruce, King of Scotland; and, lastly, Isabella, wife of William, Baron Fitzwarren, titular Queen of Man. The English Queen Isabella, as if to propagate an eternal lie, was buried with the heart of her murdered husband on her breast. Her ghost, according to all true "Blues," still haunts the cloisters.

Here also rest other knights and ladies, almost equally illustrious by birth; among others, Isabella, daughter of Edward III. and wife of Ingelram de Courcy, Earl of Bedford; John Hastings, the young Earl of Pembroke, slain by accident at a Christmas tournament in Woodstock Park, 1389; John, Duke of Bourbon, one of the noble French prisoners taken at Agincourt, who had been a prisoner in the Tower eighteen years; Walter Blount, Lord Mountjoy, Lord Treasurer to Edward IV.; and the "gentle Mortimer," the wretched paramour of Queen Isabella, who was hung at Tyburn, and left two days withering on the gallows. Lastly, those two rapacious favourites of Richard II., Sir Robert Tresilian, Chief Justice of England, and Sir Nicholas Brembre, Lord Mayor of London, both hung at Tyburn. Tradition goes that they could not hang Tresilian till they had removed from his person certain magic images and the head of a devil.

The friars' churchyard seems also to have been fashionable with state criminals of the Middle Ages, for here also lies Sir John Mortimer, an unhappy Yorkist, hung, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn by the Lancastrian party in 1423, the second year of the reign of the child-king, Henry VI. To the same bourne also came a victim of Yorkist cruelty, Thomas Burdet, for speaking a few angry words about a favourite white buck which Edward IV. had carelessly killed. A murderess, too, lies here, a lady named Alice Hungerford, who,

for murdering her husband in 1523, was carted to Tyburn, and there hung. All these ancient monuments and tombs were basely and stupidly sold, in 1545, by Sir Martin Bowes, Lord Mayor, for a poor fifty pounds. The Great Fire of 1666 destroyed the Grey Friars' church, which Wren shortly afterwards rebuilt, a little further to the east; and in the old church perished the tomb of the beautiful Lady Venetia Digby, whom Ben Jonson celebrated, and who, it was absurdly sup-

posed, perished from viper-broth, administered by her husband to heighten her beauty. In 1673, Charles II., at the suggestion of our old friend Pepys, Sir Robert Clayton, and Lord Treasurer Clifford, founded a mathematical school for the instruction of forty boys in navigation, and appointed Pepys one of the governors. King Charles endowed the school with £1,000 for seven years, and added an annuity of £370 out of the Exchequer, for the educating and sending to sea ten boys annually, five of whom pass an examina-



THE WESTERN QUADRANGLE OF OLD CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, ABOUT 1780. (See page 366.)

posed, perished from viper-broth, administered by her husband to heighten her beauty.

One of the earliest private benefactors of this hospital was Sir William Chester, Lord Mayor in 1554, who built the walls adjoining to St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and the next was John Calthrop, draper, who, at his own expense, arched and vaulted the noisome town ditch, from Aldersgate to Newgate. Nor must we forget that worthy though humble benefactor, Castell, the shoemaker, from his early habits generally known as "the Cock of Westminster," who left to the hospital £44 a year from his hard-earned store. The greater part of the school (except the venerable cloisters) so often echoing with the merry shouts

tion before the Elder Trinity Brothers every six months. These boys used to be annually presented by the president to the king, upon New Year's Day, when that festival was observed at court, and afterwards, upon the queen's birthday. They wear, says Mr. Trollope, a badge upon the left shoulder, the figures upon which represent Arithmetic, with a scroll in one hand, and the other placed upon a boy's head; Geometry, with a triangle in her hand; and Astronomy, with a quadrant in one hand and a sphere in the other. Round the plate is inscribed, "Auspicio Caroli secundi Regis, 1673." The dye is kept in the Tower.

Mr. Stone, a governor, to supplement the king's grant, left a legacy for the maintenance of a pre-

liminary class of twelve boys, who were to be taught navigation. The "Twelves" wear a badge on the right shoulder, the king's boys wearing theirs on the left. Sir Robert Clayton, after a severe illness, in 1675, built the south front of the hospital, which had been in ruins since the Great Fire, and, on

Hertford (where all the younger children are educated), to which a large hall was added in 1800. In 1694 Sir John Moore, alderman, built a writing-school. The good work went on, for, in 1734, Samuel Travers gave the hospital an estate for the maintenance of forty or fifty sons of lieutenants,



THE MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. *From a View published by N. Smith, 1793. (See page 368.)*

the death of his partner, Mr. Morrice, who had offered to halve the expense, Sir Robert secretly paid the whole £5,000, which was not known till the Tories had deprived him of the mayoralty and of the governorship of the hospital.

In 1680 Sir John Frederick, the president, rebuilt the great hall, which the Fire had injured, at a cost of more than £5,000; and, three years after, the governors erected a branch building at

to be educated for the navy. Later, John Stock, Esq., left £3,000 to the school, for the maintenance of four boys, children of naval lieutenants, to be educated, two as sailors and two as tradesmen. In 1783 John Smith, Esq., left money to build a new grammar-school, and several masters' houses were afterwards pulled down, and a good entrance made from Little Britain.

This re-disposition of the ground made room

for three playgrounds—the ditch, the garden, and the new playground. The site of the grammar-school was taken from the south side of the ditch. The following used to be a sufficiently accurate account of the school premises:—On the south side of the entrance from Little Britain is the treasurer's house, and the other houses in this playground are occupied by the matron, masters, and headles. Proceeding in an easterly direction leads to the south-east entrance from King Edward Street, Newgate Street, and in this space (which is called the counting-house yard) stands the counting-house, and several other houses, which are inhabited by the clerks and some of the masters. The treasurer has also a back entrance to his house, at the end of the counting-house, and his garden runs at the back of all the houses on the east side of this yard. The opposite building is occupied by the boys, and in a niche in the centre, fronting the door of the counting-house, is a statue of King Edward (considered the most perfect one), which represents his majesty, who stands on a black marble slab, in the act of delivering the charter.

The mathematical school is over the old west entrance, now closed up, and was built by Wren, with a ward for the foundation boys over it. A robed statue of Charles II., dated 1672, stands over the gateway. The entrance leads to the north-west corner of the cloisters, which form the four shady sides of the garden playground, and have porticoes, with Gothic arches all round. The walls are supported by abutments of the old priory. When repaired the cloisters, which are useful to the young blue monks for play and promenade in wet weather.

The great dining-hall is every way worthy of the grand old City school. It was erected from designs of John Shaw, architect, and stands partly on the foundations of the ancient refectory, and partly on the site of the old City wall. The style is pure Gothic, and the southern or principal front is built of Portland stone with cloisters of Heytor granite, running beneath a portion of the dining-hall. Nine large and handsome windows occupy the entire front. On the ground storey are the governors' room, the wardrobe, the buttery, and other offices; and the basement storey contains, besides cellars, &c., a spacious kitchen, 69 feet long by 33 feet wide, supported by massive granite pillars. The hall itself, with its lobby and organ-gallery, occupies the entire upper storey, which is 187 feet long, 51½ feet wide, and 46½ feet high. It was at one time (and perhaps still is) famous for its rats, who, attracted by the crumbs and fragments of food, foraged about after dark in hundreds.

It used to be the peculiar pride of an old "Blue" to catch these rats with his hands only, traps being considered cowardly aids to humanity and unworthy of the hospital. The old dusty picture-frames are favourite terraces for these vermin.

The two famous pictures in the hall—neither of them of much real merit, but valuable for their portraits—are those of Edward VI. renewing his father's gift of the hospital, and of St. Thomas and Bridewell, to the City, falsely ascribed to Holbein, who died seven or eight years before the event took place; and "sprawling" Verrio's picture of James II. receiving an audience of Christ's Hospital boys and girls. The pseudo-Holbein and the painting by Verno are both well described by Malcolm. The so-called Holbein "adorns the west wall, and is placed near the entrance, at the north end of the hall. The king is seated on a throne, elevated on two steps, with two very clumsy brackets for arms, on which are fanciful pilasters, adorned with carving, and an arch; on the left pilaster, a crowned lion holding a shield, with the letter 'E'; a dragon on the other has another inscribed 'R.' Two angels, reclining on the arch, support the arms of England. The hall of audience is represented as paved with black and white marble; the windows are angular, with niches between each. As there are statues in only two of those, it seems to confirm the idea that it is an exact resemblance of the royal apartment.

"The artist has bestowed his whole attention on the young monarch, whose attitude is easy, natural, and dignified. He presents the deed of gift with his right hand, and holds the sceptre in his left. The scarlet robe is embroidered, and lined with ermine, and the folds are correctly and minutely finished. An unavoidable circumstance injures the effect of this picture, which is the diminutive stature of the infant-king, who shrinks into a dwarf, compared with his full-grown courtiers; unfortunately, reversing the necessary rule of giving most dignity and consequence to the principal person in the piece.

"The chancellor holds the seals over his crossed arms at the king's right hand. This officer and three others are the only standing figures. Ridley kneels at the foot of the throne, and shows his face in profile with uplifted hands. On the right are the mayor and aldermen, in scarlet robes, kneeling. Much cannot be said in praise of those worthies. The members of the Common Council, &c., on the other side, are grouped with more skill, and the action is more varied. The heads of the spectators are generally full of anxious attention.

"But five of twenty-eight children who are introduced in the foreground turn towards the king; the

remainder look out of the picture. The matron on the girls' side (if a portrait) was chosen for her mental and not her personal qualifications. Such are the merits and defects of this celebrated painting, which, though infinitely inferior to many of Holbein's Dutch and Italian contemporaries, is a valuable, and in many respects an excellent, historic composition.

"Verrio's enormous picture" of James II. and the Bluecoat children "must originally have been in three parts: the centre on the end wall, and the two others on the adjoining sides. Placed thus, the perspective of the depths of the arches would have been right; as it is at present, extended on one plane, they are exactly the reverse. The audience-chamber is of the Ionic order, with twenty pilasters, and their entablatures and arches. The passage, seen through those, has an intersected arched ceiling. The king sits in the centre of the painting, on a throne of crimson damask, with the royal arms embroidered on the drapery of the canopy, the front of which is of fringed white cloth of gold. The footstool is of purple cloth of gold, and the steps of the throne are covered by a rich Turkey carpet, not remarkably well painted. The king holds a scroll in his left hand, extends the right, and seems to address a person immediately before him. The position of his body and the fore-shortened arm are excellent, and the lace and drapery are finely drawn and coloured. On the sides of the throne are two circular portraits.

"The painter has committed a strange error in turning the king's face from the Lord Mayor, who points in vain to an extended map, a globe, and all the kneeling figures, exulting in the progress of their forty boys in the mathematics, who are busily employed in producing their cases and definitions. Neither in such an attitude could the king observe fourteen kneeling girls, though their faces and persons are handsome and graceful, and the matron and her assistant seem eager to place them in the monarch's view. Verrio has stationed himself at the extreme end of the picture, and his expression appears to inquire the spectators' opinion of his performance. On the opposite side a yeoman of the guard clears the way for some person, and a female seems alarmed at his violence, but a full-dressed youth before him looks out of the picture with the utmost indifference. There is one excellent head which speaks earnestly to a boy. Another figure, probably the master or steward, pulls a youth's hair with marks of anger. Several lords-in-waiting are correct and good figures.

"At the upper end of the room, and on the same west wall, is a large whole-length of Charles II.

descending from his throne, a curtain from which is turned round a pillar. The king holds his robe with his right hand, and points with the left to a globe and mathematical instruments.

"Some years past"—the date of Malcom's writing is 1803—"an addition was made to the hall, by taking part of the ward over the south cloister into it. In this are several portraits. Queen Anne, sitting, habited in a gown of cloth of gold with a blue mantle laced with gold and lined with ermine. Her black hair is curled, and without ornament; the arms are too small, but the neck and drapery are good. She holds the orb in her left hand, rested on the knee; the right crosses her waist."

"Although Christ's Hospital is, and has been from its foundation, in the main a commercial seminary," says Mr. Howard Staunton, "the list of 'Blues' who have acquired celebrity in what are called the 'liberal professions' would confer honour upon a school of much loftier pretensions. Notably among the earliest scholars are the memorable Jesuit, Edmund Campian, a man whose unquestionable piety and marvellous ability might well have saved him from a horrible and shameful death; the great antiquary, William Camden, though the fact of his admission is not satisfactorily authenticated; Bishop Stillingfleet (according to the testimony of Pepys); David Baker, the ecclesiastical historian; John Vicars, a religious controversialist of considerable learning and indefatigable energy, but whose fanaticism and intolerance have obtained him an unenviable notoriety from the pen of the author of 'Hudibras'; Joshua Barnes, the Greek scholar; John Jurin, another scholar of great eminence, and who was elected President of the College of Physicians; Jeremiah Markland, a man of distinction, both as scholar and critic; Richardson, the celebrated novelist; Bishop Middleton, of Calcutta; Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Robert Allen."

In the present century Christ's Hospital can boast of Thomas Mitchell, the well-known translator of Aristophanes; William Henry Neale, Master of Beverley School; Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, George Dyer, James White, James Scholefield, Regius Professor of Greek in Cambridge; the Rev. George Townsend; Field Marshal Lord Seaton; and Thomas Barnes, editor of the *Times*, than whom no man, if he had cared for it, could have been more certain of distinction.

"In the cloisters," says Leigh Hunt, "a number of persons lie buried, besides the officers of the house. Among them is Isabella, wife of Edward II., the 'she-wolf of France.' I was not aware of this



circumstance then ; but many a time, with a recollection of some lines in Blair's 'Grave' upon me, have I run as hard as I could, at night-time, from my ward to another, in order to borrow the next volume of some ghostly romance. In one of the cloisters was an impression resembling a gigantic foot, which was attributed by some to the angry stamping of the ghost of a beadle's wife !"

"Our dress," says the same pleasant author, "was of the coarsest and quaintest kind, but was respected out of doors, and is so. It consisted of a blue druggat gown, or body, with ample skirts to it ; a yellow vest underneath, in winter-time ; small-clothes of Russia duck ; worsted yellow stockings ; a leathern girdle ; and a little black worsted cap, usually carried in the hand. I believe it was the ordinary dress of children in humble life, during the reign of the Tudors. We used to flatter ourselves that it was taken from the monks ; and there went a monstrous tradition that at one period it consisted of blue velvet with silver buttons. It was said, also, that during the blissful era of the blue velvet we had roast mutton for supper, but that the smallclothes not being then in existence, and the mutton suppers too luxurious, the eatables were given up for the ineffables. . . .

"Our routine of life was this : We rose to the call of a bell at six in summer and seven in winter ; and after combing ourselves and washing our hands and faces, went at the call of another bell to breakfast. All this took up about an hour. From breakfast we proceeded to school, where we remained till eleven, winter and summer, and then had an hour's play. Dinner took place at twelve. Afterwards was a little play till one, when we again went to school, and remained till five in summer and four in winter. At six was the supper. We used to play after it in summer till eight : in winter we proceeded from supper to bed. On Sundays, the school-time of the other days was occupied in church, both morning and evening ; and as the Bible was read to us every day before every meal and on going to bed, besides prayers and graces, we rivalled the monks in the religious part of our duties. . . .

"When I entered the school," says Leigh Hunt, speaking of the Grecians, "I was shown three gigantic boys—young men, rather (for the eldest was between seventeen and eighteen)—who, I was told, were going to the university. These were the Grecians. They were the three head boys of the grammar-school, and were understood to have their destiny fixed for the Church. The next class to these—like a college of cardinals to those three popes (for every Grecian was in our

eyes infallible)—were the deputy-Grecians. The former were supposed to have completed their Greek studies, and were deep in Sophocles and Euripides. The latter were thought equally competent to tell you anything respecting Homer and Demosthenes."

The "fazzer," in Leigh Hunt's time, was the mumbo-jumbo of the hospital. The "fazzer," says this author, "was known to be nothing more than one of the boys themselves. In fact, he consisted of one of the most impudent of the bigger ones ; but as it was his custom to disguise his face, and as this aggravated the terror which made the little boys hide their own faces, his participation of our common human nature only increased the supernatural fearfulness of his pretensions. His office as fazzer consisted in being audacious, unknown and frightening the boys at night, sometimes by pulling them out of their beds, sometimes by simply *fazzing* their hair ('fazzing' meant pulling or vexing, like a goblin) ; sometimes (which was horriblem of all) by quietly giving us to understand, in some way or other, that the 'fazzer was out,' that is to say, out of his own bed, and then being seen (by those who dared to look) sitting, or otherwise making his appearance, in his white shirt, motionless and dumb."

Charles Lamb talks of the earlier school in a different vein, and with more poetry and depth of feeling. "I must," he says, "crave leave to remember our transcending superiority in those invigorating sports, leapfrog and basting the bear ; our delightful excursions in the summer holidays to the New River, near Newington, where, like otters, we would live the long day in the water, never caring for dressing ourselves when we had once stripped ; our savoury meals afterwards, when we came home almost famished with staying out all day without our dinners ; our visits, at other times, to the Tower, where, by ancient privilege, we had free access to all the curiosities ; our solemn processions through the City at Easter, with the Lord Mayor's largess of buns, wine, and a shilling, with the festive questions and civic pleasantries of the dispensing aldermen, which were more to us than all the rest of the banquet ; our stately suppers in public, when the well-lighted hall, and the confluence of well-dressed company who came to see us, made the whole look more like a concert or assembly than a scene of a plain bread and cheese collation ; the annual orations upon St. Matthew's Day, in which the senior scholar, before he had done, seldom failed to reckon up among those who had done honour to our school, by being educated in it, the names of those accomplished critics and



Greek scholars, Joshua Barnes and Jeremiah Markland (I marvel they left out Camden, while they were about it). Let me have leave to remember our hymns and anthems, and well-toned organ; the doleful tune of the burial anthem, chanted in the solemn cloisters upon the seldom-occurring funeral of some schoolfellow; the festivities at Christmas, when the richest of us would club our stock to have a gaudy-day, sitting round the fire, replenished to the height with logs, and the penniless and he that could contribute nothing partook in all the mirth and some of the substantialities of the feasting; the carol sung by night at that time of the year, which, when a young boy, I have so often lain awake to hear, from seven (the hour of going to bed) till ten, when it was sung by the older boys and monitors, and have listened to it in their rude chanting, till I have been transported in fancy to the fields of Bethlehem, and the song which was sung at that season by angels' voices to the shepherds.

"Nor would I willingly forget any of those things which administered to our vanity. The hem-stitched bands and town-made shirts, which some of the most fashionable among us wore; the town girdles, with buckles of silver or shining stone; the badges of the sea-boys; the cots, or superior shoe-strings, of the monitors; the medals of the markers (those who were appointed to hear the Bible read in the wards on Sunday morning and evening), which bore on their obverse, in silver, as certain parts of our garments carried, in meaner metal, the countenance of our founder, that godly and royal child, King Edward the Sixth, the flower of the Tudor name—the young flower that was untimely cropt, as it began to fill our land with its early odours—the boy-patron of boys—the serious and holy child, who walked with Cranmer and Ridley, fit associate, in those tender years, for the bishops and future martyrs of our Church, to receive or (as occasion sometimes proved) to give instruction:—

'But, ah! what means the silent tear?  
Why, e'en mid joy, my bosom heave?  
Ye long-lost scenes, enchantments dear!  
Lo! now I linger o'er your grave.

'Fly, then, ye hours of rosy hue,  
And bear away the bloom of years!  
And quick succeed, ye sickly crew  
Of doubts and sorrows, pains and fears!  
Still will I ponder Fate's unalter'd plan,  
Nor, tracing back the child, forget that I am man.'

Of the hospital Charles Lamb says:—"I remember L—— at school, and can well recollect that he had some peculiar advantages which I and others of his schoolfellows had not. His friends lived in

town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of going to see them, almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction, which was denied to us. The present worthy sub-treasurer to the Inner Temple can explain how that happened. He had his tea and hot rolls in a morning, while we were battenning upon our quarter of a penny loaf—our 'crug'—moistened with attenuated small beer, in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from. Our Monday's milk porridge, blue and tasteless, and the pease-soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of 'extraordinary bread and butter' from the hot loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant—(we had three banyan to four meat days in the week)—was endeared to his palate by a lump of double-refined, and a smack of ginger (to make it go down the more glibly), or the fragrant cinnamon. In lieu of our *half-pickled* Sundays, or *quite fresh* boiled beef on Thursdays (strong as *caro equina*), with detestable marigolds floating in the pail, to poison the broth—our scanty mutton scrags on Fridays, and rather more savoury but grudging portions of the same flesh, rotten roasted or rare, on the Tuesdays (the *only* dish which excited our appetites and disappointed our stomachs in almost equal proportion)—he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting griskin (exotics unknown to our palates), cooked in the paternal kitchen (a great thing), and brought him daily by his maid or aunt! I remember the good old relative (in whom love forbade pride), squatted down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters, disclosing the viands (of higher regale than those cates which the ravens ministered to the Tishbite), and the contending passions of L—— at the unfolding. There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it, and, at top of all, hunger (eldest, strongest of the passions!) predominant, breaking down the strong fences of shame, and awkwardness, and a troubling over-consciousness.

"Under the stewardship of Perry, can L—— have forgotten the cool impunity with which the nurses used to carry away openly, in open platters, for their own tables, one out of two of every hot joint which the careful matron had been seeing scrupulously weighed out for our dinners? . . .

"I was a hypochondriac lad; and the sight of a boy in fetters, upon the day of my first putting on the blue clothes, was not exactly fitted to assuage the natural terrors of initiation. I was of tender

years, barely turned of seven, and had only read of such things in books, or seen them but in dreams. I was told he had *run away*. This was the punishment for the first offence. As a novice, I was soon after taken to see the dungeons. These were little square Bedlam cells, where a boy could just lie at his length upon straw and a blanket—a mattress, I think, was afterwards substituted—with a peep of light, let in askance, from a prison orifice at top, barely enough to read by. Here the poor

pated. With his pale and frightened features, it was as if some of those disfigurements in Dante had seized upon him. In this disguise he was brought into the hall (L——'s *favourite state-room*), where awaited him the whole number of his schoolfellows, whose joint lessons and sports he was henceforth to share no more; the awful presence of the steward, to be seen for the last time; of the executioner-beadle, clad in his state robe for the occasion; and of two faces more, of direr



THE CLOISTERS, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. From a View published in 1804. (See page 368.)

boy was locked in by himself all day, without sight of any but the porter, who brought him his bread and water, *who might not speak to him*, or of the beadle, who came twice a week to call him out to receive his periodical chastisement."

"The culprit who had been a third time an offender, and whose expulsion was at this time deemed irreversible, was brought forth, as at some solemn *auto da fe*, arrayed in uncouth and most appalling attire, and all trace of his late 'watchet weeds' being carefully effaced, he was exposed in a jacket resembling those which London lamp-lighters formerly delighted in, with a cap of the same. The effect of this divestiture was such as the ingenious devisers of it must have antici-

import, because never but in these extremities visible. These were governors, two of whom, by choice or charter, were always accustomed to officiate at these *ultima supplicia*—not to mitigate (so, at least, we understood it), but to enforce the uttermost stripe. Old Bamber Gascoigne and Peter Aubert, I remember, were colleagues on one occasion, when the beadle turning rather pale, a glass of brandy was ordered to prepare him for the mysteries. The scourging was, after the old Roman fashion, long and stately. The lictor accompanied the criminal quite round the hall. We were generally too faint with attending to the previous disgusting circumstances to make accurate report with our eyes of the degree of corporal





CASELL'S OLD & NEW LONDON PLATE 17

1

TEMPLE BAR (1878)

suffering inflicted. After scourging he was made over, in his *san benito*, to his friends, if he had any, or to his parish officer, who, to enhance the effect of the scene, had his station allotted to him on the outside of the hall gate."

Of Boyer, the celebrated master of Christ's

hands hung out of the sleeves, with tight wrist-bands, as if ready for execution; and as he generally wore grey worsted stockings, very tight, with a little balustrade leg, his whole appearance presented something formidably succinct, hard, and mechanical. In fact, his weak side, and un-



SUPPER AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL (See page 376.)

Hospital, Leigh Hunt says—"The other master, the upper one, Boyer—famous for the mention of him by Coleridge and Lamb—was a short, stout man, inclining to punchiness, with large face and hands, an aquiline nose, long upper lip, and a sharp mouth. His eye was close and cruel. The spectacles which he wore threw a balm over it. Being a clergyman, he dressed in black, with a powdered wig. His clothes were cut short; his

doubtedly his natural destination, lay in carpentry and he accordingly carried, in a side-pocket made on purpose, a carpenter's rule.

"Jeremy Boyer had two wigs, both pedantic, but of different omen—the one, serene, smiling, fresh-powdered, betokening a mild day; the other, an old, discoloured, unkempt, angry caxon, denoting frequent and bloody execution. Woe to the school when he made his morning appearance

in his *passy*, or *passionate* wig. No comet expounded surer. Jeremy Boyer had a heavy hand. I have known him double his knotty fist at a poor trembling child (the maternal milk hardly dry upon its lips), with a 'Sirrah, do you presume to set your wits at me?' Nothing was more common than to see him make a headlong entry into the school-room, from his inner recess or library, and, with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, 'Od's my life, sirrah!'—his favourite adjuration,—'I have a great mind to whip you;' then, with as sudden a retracting impulse, fling back into his lair, and, after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context), drive headlong out again, piecing out his imperfect sentence, as if it had been some devil's litany, with the expletory yell, '*and I WILL, too!*'"

Of Coleridge at school Charles Lamb says:—"Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope, like a fiery column, before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, logician, metaphysician, bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young *Mirandola*), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedest not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar, while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy*! Many were the 'wit-combats' (to dally awhile with the words of old Fuller) between him and C. V. Le Grice, 'which, too, I behold, like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. C. V. L., with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.'"

"The discipline at Christ's Hospital, in my time," says Coleridge, in his "Table-Talk," in 1832, "was ultra-Spartan; all domestic ties were to be put aside. 'Boy!' I remember Boyer saying to me once, when I was crying, the first day of my return after the holidays, 'boy! the school is your father; boy! the school is your mother; boy! the school is your brother; the school is your sister; the school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations. Let's have no more crying!' No tongue can express good Mrs. Boyer. Val Le Grice and I were once

going to be flogged for some domestic misdeed, and Boyer was thundering away at us by way of prologue, when Mrs. B. looked in, and said, 'Flog them soundly, sir, I beg!' This saved us. Boyer was so nettled at the interruption, that he growled out, 'Away! woman, away!' and we were let off."

"The upper grammar-school was divided into four classes, or forms. The two under ones were called Little and Great Erasmus; the two upper were occupied by the Grecians and Deputy-Grecians. We used to think the title of Erasmus taken from the great scholar of that name; but the sudden appearance of a portrait among us, claiming to be the likeness of a certain Erasmus Smith, Esq., shook us terribly in this opinion, and was a hard trial of our gratitude. We scarcely relished this perpetual company of our benefactor, watching us, as he seemed to do, with his omnipresent eyes. I believe he was a rich merchant, and that the forms of Little and Great Erasmus were really named after him. It was a poor consolation to think that he himself, or his great uncle, might have been named after Erasmus. Little Erasmus learned Ovid; Great Erasmus, Virgil, Terence, and the Greek Testament. The Deputy-Grecians were in Homer, Cicero, and Demosthenes; the Grecians in the Greek plays and the mathematics."

"I have spoken," says Leigh Hunt, speaking of Charles Lamb, "of the distinguished individuals bred at Christ's Hospital, including Coleridge and Lamb, who left the school not long before I entered it. Coleridge I never saw till he was old. Lamb I recollect coming to see the boys, with a pensive, brown, handsome, and kindly face, and a gait advancing with a motion from side to side, between involuntary consciousness and attempted ease. His brown complexion may have been owing to a visit in the country; his air of uneasiness, to a great burden of sorrow. He dressed with a quaker-like plainness. I did not know him as Lamb; I took him for a Mr. 'Guy,' having heard somebody address him by that appellation, I suppose in jest."

Soon after the foundation of the schools, says the latest writer on the subject, we find lands and legacies pouring in for the benefit of the charity; many, however, of the gifts being for the blind and aged, for exhibitions, for apprenticing, and for many other objects not strictly attached to the hospital, considered merely as a school. In the same manner many persons left estates and moneys to the governors, on condition that a certain number of scholars should be taken from the ranks of certain City companies, or from certain particular parishes, or should be nominated by some public body, fixed by the donor. From these causes the



present property of the trust is encumbered with many charges for purposes which, in the present day, are unnecessary, and often impracticable. Thus, one person left a legacy on condition that a certain number of boys should receive pairs of gloves, on which should be printed, "Christ is risen," and these were to be worn in the various processions in which the school took part in Easter week. The gloves are still given, but instead of being printed on the glove, a little badge is worn, with the words required by the founder. A certain Mary Hunt gave £100, that £3 yearly should be expended for a dinner of boiled legs of pork, while several other persons left moneys to be expended on roast beef and mutton, one of them expressly stating that his gift was to be in addition to the ordinary meat provided for the scholars. If Charles Lamb is to be believed—and he himself was a "Blue"—the gifts of extra meat were, at that date, very much needed; and we are also told that in addition to the quantity being small, the quality also was then far from good. No such complaints can be made in the present day. Many of the contributions given for the hospital were very large, that of Lady Mary Ramsey, wife of a Lord Mayor of London, being now worth over £4,000 a year; and within the last few years Mr. Richard Thornton bequeathed a large sum to the charity. One cannot, therefore, be astonished to find, particularly when we remember that the school is especially connected with the Corporation of London, that the present gross income of Christ's Hospital is now about £75,000 per annum, of which about £50,000 is expended on education.

The Schools' Inquiry Commissioners hesitate to disturb the old dress, which Charles Lamb has declared it would be a kind of sacrilege to change; it is, however, very distasteful to the "Grecians," or senior boys.

The number of boys in the school at present is, as a rule, about 1,200, of whom somewhat less than 700 are at the premises in Newgate Street; the remainder—the younger boys—being kept at Hertford for from one to three years before being sent to the London institution. As a general rule the boys are supposed to leave at fifteen years of age, the Grecians and Deputy-Grecians, with a few of the Mathematical boys, who require a further time for their studies, remaining longer in the school. The age of admission is eight, the boys, as is well known, being nominated by the various members of the governing body. In addition to the fixed body of governors there are a large number of presentation governors, who have each paid £500 to the funds of the charity. This payment, indeed,

is not supposed necessarily to cause the donor to be elected a governor, but as the privilege has rarely been withheld, it is practically the fact that such a gift will, in all reasonable probability, secure an appointment as governor with its corresponding benefits. It has been calculated that a governor so appointed has, in twelve years from his appointment, through his nominees, received a benefit of over £900 from the charity. Whether the charity was founded with this intention, we leave our readers to judge. No doubt, in many cases the *quasi-purchased* presentations relieve distressed parents; but there can be no doubt that many of the children in the school (we might almost say the larger number) belong to a class of persons perfectly able to support them, without any appeal to the funds of the charity.

The education given at the hospital is of a superior class, and many of the past students have taken high honours at both universities. Between twenty and thirty masters are employed as the London staff, of whom we remark that the head master receives what appears a very small sum for such a position.

The eminent "Blues" of former times, whom we have before epitomised, deserve a word or two to themselves. Edmund Campian, the celebrated Jesuit, after a quiet life as a professor of rhetoric in a Catholic college at Prague, came to England proselytising, but being seized by Walsingham, Elizabeth's zealous Secretary of State, was tried, found guilty, and hung at Tyburn, in 1581. William Camden, that patriarch of English antiquaries, whose indefatigable researches and study of Saxon rendered his work of special value, was finally appointed by Sir Fulke Greville, his friend, to a post in the Heralds' College. Camden, as a herald, was consulted by Bacon as to the ceremonies for creating him viscount. In his old age Camden founded a history lecture at Oxford, and died at his house at Chiselhurst, in Kent (afterwards occupied by the French ex-emperor), in 1623. Camden's papers relative to ecclesiastical affairs belonged to Archbishop Laud, and were, it is supposed, destroyed by Prynne and Hugh Peters. Camden seems to have been an easy, unruffled man. He was accused by his enemies of borrowing too freely, and without acknowledgment, from his predecessor, Leland. He wrote some by no means indifferent Latin poetry, and an epitaph on Mary Queen of Scots. Joshua Barnes, Greek professor at Cambridge, was another shining light of the Bluecoats. His editions of Homer and Anacreon were in their time celebrated. He died in 1712, and on the old scholar's monument it is recorded that he had read

his small English Bible through 121 times. Dr. Bentley used to say of Joshua Barnes that "he understood as much of Greek as an Athenian cobbler." In Emmanuel Library great bundles of Barnes's Greek verses fade and gather dust, together with a part of a Latin-Greek lexicon never finished. Jeremiah Markland, a learned scholar and critic, was another memorable "Blue." He vindicated Addison's character against Pope's satire, was sneered at by Warburton, and edited many editions of classical works. Latterly, this worthy scholar lived in retirement, near Dorking, and twice refused the Greek professorship. Poor George Dyer, Lamb's friend, a true "Blue" indeed, was originally a reporter and private tutor. He wrote some weak poems, and edited Valpy's unsuccessful Delphin classics. Dr. Middleton, Lord Bishop of Calcutta, another "Blue," was early in life Vicar of St. Pancras. Val Le Grice, mentioned so lovingly by Charles Lamb, afterwards became a perpetual curate at Penzance, where he helped to found a geological society, and was an opponent of the Methodist revival. James White, another "Blue" of this epoch, for some time filled a post in the hospital country house. His "Letters of Falstaff," were much applauded by the Lamb set. Meyer, nephew of Hoppner, an eminent engraver, was placed in the hospital by Boydell's interest. He was an eminent portrait painter, and a friend of George Dyer. Another great credit to the Blue-coat School was the Rev. Thomas Mitchell, the admirable translator and commentator upon the plays of Aristophanes. Previous to his dexterous rendering, only two out of the extant comedies of Aristophanes had been translated into English.

Among the pictures in the dining-hall we should not forget a simple-hearted representation of Sir Brook Watson (Lord Mayor,) escaping when a boy from the shark that bit his leg off while bathing. This is the work of Copley, the father of Lord Lyndhurst. A wit of the time had the cruelty, from personal knowledge of this worthy Lord Mayor, to observe that if the shark had got hold of Sir Brook Watson's skull instead of his leg, the shark would have got the worst of it.

There is a curious history attached to the portrait of a Mr. John St. Amand, the grandfather of a benefactor to the hospital, which hangs in the treasury. By the terms of James St. Amand's will all the money he left passes to the University of Oxford if this picture is ever lost or given away; and the same deprivation occurs if this picture is not produced once a year at the general court, and also shown, on requisition, to the Vice-Chancellor

or his deputy. As the St. Amands had intermarried, in the reign of Henry III., with the luckless Stuarts, there is a tradition in the school that this picture is the portrait of the Pretender, but this is an unfounded notion.

A very old feature of Christ's Hospital is the public supper on the six Thursday evenings preceding Easter, for which pleasant sight the treasurer and governors have the right of issuing tickets. It is a pretty quaint ceremony of the old times, and was witnessed by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, in 1845. The long tables are laid with plates of bread and butter, and vessels containing milk. Formerly the supper consisted of bread and cheese and beer. The interesting ceremony commences by the steward rapping a table three times with a hammer. The first stroke is for taking places, the second for silence, the third is the signal for a Grecian to read the evening lesson from the pulpit, which lesson is followed by appropriate prayers. The Lord Mayor, as President, is seated in a state chair made of oak from old St. Katherine's Church. A psalm is then sung, which is followed by a short grace. The "amen" at the end of the prayers, pronounced by nearly 800 voices, has an electrical effect. The visitors walk between the tables, and mark the happy, excited faces and the commensurate appetite of youth. After supper, about which there is no "coy, reluctant, amorous delay," an anthem is sung, and the boys then pass before the president's chair in procession, bow, and retire.

The wards are each headed by their special nurses, who formerly, when the public suppers began at Christmas and ended at Easter, were each preceded by a little Bluecoat holding two high candlesticks, the "trade boys" of each ward carrying the bowls, candlesticks, tablecloths, bread-baskets, and knife-baskets. The sight is at all times a pretty one, and the ceremony makes one young again to witness it.

The Spital sermons are annually preached in Christchurch, Newgate Street, on Easter Monday and Tuesday before the Lord Mayor and corporation, and the governors of the five royal hospitals; the bishops in turn preaching on Monday, and, usually his lordship's chaplain on Tuesday. On Tuesday the children go to the Mansion House, and pass through the Egyptian Hall before the Lord Mayor, each boy receiving a glass of wine, two buns, and a shilling, the monitors half-a-crown each, and the Grecians a guinea. The boys formerly visited the Royal Exchange on Easter Monday, but this has been discontinued since the burning of the last Exchange in 1838. They

also formerly went to the Mansion House on Easter Monday, but this has likewise been discontinued.

"At the first drawing-room of the year," writes John Timbs, "forty 'mathematical boys' are presented to the sovereign, who gives them £8 8s. as a gratuity. To this other members of the Royal Family formerly added smaller sums, and the whole was divided among the ten boys who left the school in the year. During the illness of George III. these presentations were discontinued, but the governors of the hospital continued to pay £1 3s., the amount ordinarily received by each, to every boy on quitting. The practice of receiving the children was revived by William IV."

Each of the "mathematical boys," having passed his Trinity House examination, and received testimonials of his good conduct, is presented with a watch, in addition to an outfit of clothes, books, mathematical instruments, a quadrant, and sea-chest, and twenty-five pounds after three years' service.

On the annual prize-day, in July, the Grecians deliver orations before the Lord Mayor, corporation, governors, and their friends, this being a relic of the scholars' disputations in the cloisters. "Christ's Hospital," says an author we have already quoted, "by ancient custom possesses the privilege of addressing the sovereign, on the occasion of his or her coming into the City to partake of the hospitality of the corporation of London. On the visit of Queen Victoria in 1837 a booth was erected for the hospital boys in St. Paul's Churchyard, and on the royal carriage reaching the cathedral west gate the senior scholar, with the head master and treasurer, advanced to the coach-door and delivered a congratulatory address to Her Majesty, with a copy of the same on vellum."

The annual amount of salaries in London and Hertford is about £5,000. About 200 boys, says Mr. Timbs in 1868, are admitted annually. By the regulations passed at a court in 1809 it was decreed "that no children of livery servants (except they be freemen of the City of London), and no children who have any adequate means of being educated or maintained, and no children who are lamed, crooked, or deformed, or suffering from any infectious or incurable disease, should be admitted. Also, that a certificate from a minister, churchwarden, and three principal inhabitants of the parish be required with every child, certifying its age, and that it has no adequate means of being educated or maintained." How far this rule of the old charity has been carried out, and in what way the rigour of such a binding form has been evaded, it

is not for us to say; but one thing is certain, ~~and~~ in spite of the fact that Christ's Hospital was originally intended to educate dependent children, very many of the boys brought up here are the sons of well-to-do gentlemen.

Mr. Howard Staunton, writing in 1869, says: "On an average four scholars are annually sent to Cambridge with an Exhibition of £80 a year, tenable for four years, and one to Oxford with £100 a year for the like period. Besides these there are the 'Pitt Club' Scholarship and the 'Times' Scholarship, each of £30 a year for four years, which are awarded by competition to the best scholar in classics and mathematics combined, and held by him in addition to his general Exhibition. Upon proceeding to the university each Grecian receives an allowance of £20 for books, £10 for apparel, and £30 for caution-money and settling-fees." Five boys are now sent annually to each university for four years, with an allowance of £90.

The dietary of the boys is still somewhat monastic. The breakfast, till 1824, was plain bread and beer, and the dinner three times a week consisted only of milk-porridge, rice-milk, and pea-soup. The old school-rhyme, imperishable as the Iliad, runs—

" Sunday, all saints ;  
Monday, all souls ;  
Tuesday, all trenchers ;  
Wednesday, all bowls ;  
Thursday, tough Jack ;  
Friday, no better ;  
Saturday, pea-soup with bread and butter."

The boys, like the friars in the old refectory, till lately ate their meat off wooden trenchers, and ladled their soup with wooden spoons from wooden bowls. The beer was brought up in leather jacks, and retailed in small piggins. Charles Lamb, as we have seen before, does not speak highly of the food. The small beer was of the smallest, and tasted of its leather receptacle. The milk-porridge was blue and tasteless; the pea-soup coarse and choking. The mutton was roasted to shreds; the boiled beef was poisoned with marigolds.

There was a curious custom at Christ's Hospital in Lamb's time never to touch "gags" (the fat of the fresh boiled beef), and a "Blue" would have blushed, as at the exposure of some heinous immorality, to have been detected eating that forbidden portion of his allowance of animal food, the whole of which, while he was in health, was little more than sufficient to allay his hunger. The same, or even greater refinement, was shown in the rejection of certain kinds of sweet cake. What

give rise to these supererogatory penances, these self-denying ordinances? The "gag-eater" was held as equivalent to a ghoul, loathed, shunned, and insulted. Of a certain juvenile monster of this kind Lamb tells us one of his most charming anecdotes, droll and tender as his own exquisite humour. A "gag-eater" was observed to carefully gather the fat left on the table, and to secretly stow away the disreputable morsels in the settle at his

up four flights of stairs, and the wicket was opened by an old woman meanly clad. Suspicion being now certainty, the spies returned with cruel triumph to tell the steward. He investigated the matter with a kind and patient sagacity, and the result was, that the supposed mendicants turned out to be really the honest parents of the brave gag-eater. "This young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old



THE HALL OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL ('i pag. 368)

bedside. A dreadful rumour ran that he secretly devoured them at midnight, but he was watched again and again, and it was not so. At last, on a leave-day, he was marked carrying out of bounds a large blue check handkerchief. That, then, was the accursed thing. It was suggested that he sold it to beggars. Henceforward he moped alone. No one spoke to him; no one played with him. Still he persevered. At last two boys traced him to a large worn-out house inhabited by the very poor, such as then stood in Chancery Lane, with open doors and common staircases. The "gag-eater" stole

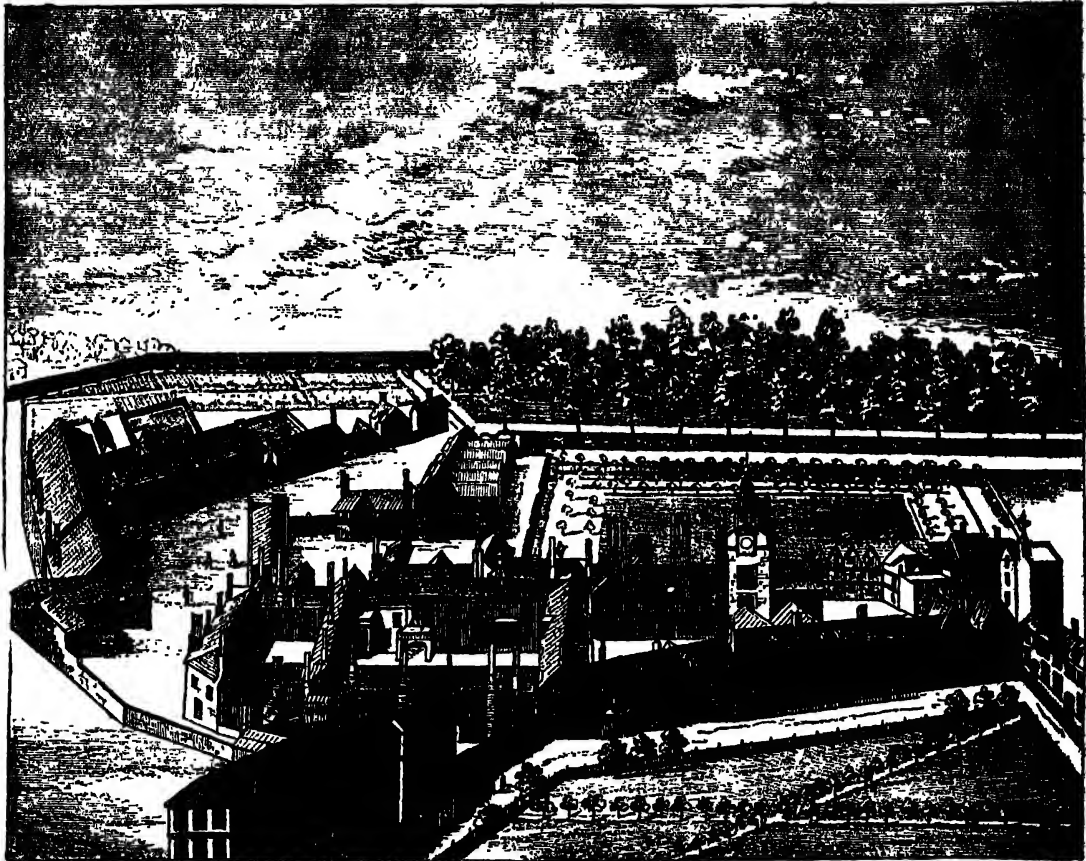
birds." "The governors on this occasion," says Lamb, "much to their honour, voted a present relief to the family, and presented the boy with a silver medal. The lesson which the steward read upon rash judgment, on the occasion of publicly delivering the medal, I believe would not be lost upon his auditory. I had left school then, but I well remember the tall, shambling youth, with a cast in his eye, not at all calculated to conciliate hostile prejudices. I have since seen him carrying a baker's basket. I think I heard he did not do so well by himself as he had done by the old folks."

"There were some school-rhymes," says Leigh Hunt, "about 'pork upon a fork,' and the Jews going to prison. At Easter a strip of bordered paper was stuck on the breast of every boy, containing the words, 'He is risen.' It did not give us the slightest thought of what it recorded; it only reminded us of an old rhyme which some of the boys used to go about the school repeating—

'He is risen, he is risen,  
All the Jews must go to prison.'

Those who became Grecians always went to the university, though not always into the Church, which was reckoned a departure from the contract. When I first came to school, at seven years old, the names of the Grecians were Allen, Favell, Thomson, and Le Grice, brother of the Le Grice above mentioned, and now a clergyman in Cornwall. Charles Lamb had lately been Deputy-Grecian, and Coleridge had left for the university."

In 1803 it was resolved by degrees to rebuild



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE OLD CHARTERHOUSE. (See page 388.)

A beautiful Christian deduction! Thus has charity itself been converted into a spirit of antagonism; and thus it is that the antagonism, in the progress of knowledge, becomes first a pastime and then a jest.

"When a boy," says the same writer, "entered the upper school, he was understood to be in the road to the university, provided he had inclination and talents for it; but, as only one Grecian a year went to college, the drafts out of Great and Little Erasmus into the writing-school were numerous. A few also became Deputy-Grecians without going farther, and entered the world from that form.

Christ's Hospital. Part of the revenues were laid aside for a building-fund, and £1,000 was given by the corporation. The first stone of the great Tudor dining-hall was laid by the Duke of York, April 28, 1825, John Shaw being the architect. The back wall stands in the ditch that surrounded old London, and is built on piles driven twenty feet deep. In excavating, some Roman coins and a pair of Roman sandals were discovered. The southern front, facing Newgate Street, is supported by buttresses, and has an octagonal tower at each extremity, and is embattled and pinnacled in a trivial and unreal kind of way. The great metal



gates of the playground are enriched with the arras of the hospital, argent, a cross gules in the dexter chief, a dagger of the first on a chief azure between two fleurs-de-lis, or, a rose argent. Behind the hall is the large infirmary, built in 1822, and on the east and west sides of the cloisters are the dormitories.

"In the year 1552," says Stow, "began the repairing of the Grey Friars' house, for the poor fatherless children; and in the month of (23) November, the children were taken into the same, to the number of almost four hundred. On Christmas Day, in the afternoon, while the Lord Mayor and aldermen rode to Paules, the children of Christ's Hospital stood from St. Lawrence Lane end, in Cheape, towards Paules, all in one livery of russet cotton, three hundred and forty in number; and in Easter next they were in blue at the Spittle, and so have continued ever since."

A few years ago a dinner given to Mr. Tice, late head beadle of the hospital, to present him with a purse of seventy guineas, strongly marks the brotherhood that prevails among old "Blues." The first toast drank was to the grand old words—"The religious, royal, and ancient foundation of Christ's Hospital. May those prosper who love it, and may God increase their number." One of the speakers said—"Mr. Tice had an immense amount of patronage in his hands, for he promoted him to be 'lavatory-boy' and 'jack-boy,' till at last he rose

to the height of his ambition, and was made 'beer-boy.' He remembered there was a tradition amongst all the boys who went to Peerless Pool, that unless they touched a particular brick they would inevitably be drowned. The grandest days of all, though, were the public suppers, at which Mr. Tice had to precede the Lord Mayor in the procession, and people used to be always asking who he was. He was taken for the French Ambassador, for Garibaldi, and indeed for everybody but Mr. Tice."

Under the scheme for the administration of the foundation and endowments of Christ's Hospital, drawn up in conformity with the Endowed Schools Act of 1869, it is proposed that the residue of income of the general fund, if any, may be applied for the purposes of the Exhibitions Fund, or otherwise for the benefit of the schools of the foundation, or any of them, in improving the accommodation or convenience of the school buildings or premises, or generally in extending or otherwise promoting the objects and efficiency of the schools. Whatever shall not be so applied shall, on passing the yearly accounts, be treated as unapplied surplus, and be deposited in a bank on account of the governors, in order that, when it amounts to a suitable sum, it may be used in augmentation of the general endowment. It has been proposed to abolish the Hertford school.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### THE CHARTERHOUSE.

**The Plague of 1348—The Origin of the Charterhouse—Sir Thomas More there—Cromwell's Commissioners—Prior Houghton—The Departure of the Carthusians from London—A Visit from the Grave—Effect of the Dissolution on the Charterhouse Priory—The Charterhouse and the Howards—Thomas Sutton—Bishop Hall's Letter and its Effect—Sutton's Death—Baxter's Claim defeated—A Letter from Bacon—Settlement of the Charterhouse: its Constitution—Sutton's Will—His Detractors—Funeral Sermon.**

In the year 1348 (Edward III.) a terrible pestilence devastated London. The dirt and crowding of the old mediæval cities made them at all times nurseries of infectious disease, and when a great epidemic did come it mowed down thousands. The plague of 1348 was so inappassable that it is said grave-diggers could hardly be found to bury the dead, and many thousand bodies were carelessly thrown into mere pits dug in the open fields.

Ralph Stratford, Bishop of London, shocked at these unsanctified interments, in his zeal to amend the evil consecrated three acres of waste ground, called "No Man's Land," outside the walls, between the lands of the Abbey of Westminster and those of St. John of Jerusalem, at Clerkenwell. He there erected a small chapel, where masses were said for

the repose of the dead, and named the place Pardon Churchyard. The plague still raging, Sir Walter de Manny, that brave knight whose deeds are so proudly and prominently blazoned in the pages of Froissart, purchased of the brethren of St. Bartholomew Spital a piece of ground contiguous to Pardon Churchyard, called the Spital Croft, which the good Bishop Stratford also consecrated. The two burial-grounds, afterwards united, were known as New Church Hawe.

Stow, in his "Survey," mentions a stone cross in this cemetery, recording the burial there during the pestilence of 50,000 persons. In 1361, Michael de Northburgh, Bishop Stratford's successor, died, bequeathing the sum of £2,000, for founding and building a Carthusian monastery at Pardon Church-



yard, which he endowed with all his leases, rents, and tenements, in perpetuity. He also bequeathed a silver enamelled vessel for the Host and one for the holy water, a silver bell, and all his books of divinity. Sir Walter de Manny, in the year 1371, founded here a Carthusian convent, which he called "The House of the Salutation of the Mother of God." This he endowed with the thirteen acres and one rod of land which Bishop Stratford had consecrated for burial, and, with the consent of the general of the order, John Lustote was nominated first prior. Sir Walter's charter of foundation was witnessed by the Earls of Pembroke, March, Sarum, and Hereford, by John de Barnes, Lord Mayor, and William de Walworth and Robert de Gayton, sheriffs.

The order of Carthusians, we may here remind our readers, was founded by Bruno, a priest in the church of St. Cunibert, at Cologne, and Canon of Rheims, in Champagne, in 1080 (William the Conqueror). Bruno, grieved at the sins of Cologne, withdrew with six disciples to the Chartreuse, a desert solitude among the mountains of Dauphine. A miracle hastened the retirement of Bruno. One of his friends, supposed to be of unblemished life, rose from his bier, and exclaimed, "I am arraigned at the bar of God's justice. My sentence is just now passed. I am condemned by the just judgment of God." Bruno died in 1101, and miracles soon after were effected by a spring that broke forth near his tomb.

"Not content," says a recent writer, "with the rigorous rule of St. Benedict, the founder imposed upon the order precepts so severe as to be almost intolerable, and a discipline so harsh, that it was long before the female sex could be induced to subject themselves to such repugnant laws. One of their peculiarities was, that they did not live in cells, but each monk had a separate house, in which were two chambers, a closet, refectory, and garden. None went abroad but the prior and procurator, on the necessary affairs of the house. They were compelled to fast, at least one day in a week, on bread, water, and salt; they never ate flesh, at the peril of their lives, nor even fish, unless it was given them; they slept on a piece of cork, with a single blanket to cover them; they rose at midnight to sing their matins, and never spoke to one another except on festivals and chapter days. On holy days they ate together at the common refectory, and were strictly charged to keep their eyes on the meat, their hands upon the table, their attention on the reader, and their hearts fixed upon God. Their laws professed to limit the quantity of land they should possess, in order to prevent the luxury and wealth so prevalent among

the other orders. Their clothing consisted of two hair-cloths, two cowls, two pair of hose, and a cloak, all of the coarsest manufacture, contrived so as almost to disfigure their persons. Their rigorous laws seem to have prevented the increase of their order, for in the height of their prosperity they could not boast of more than 172 houses, of which five only were of nuns."

The London Charterhouse was the fourth house of the order founded in England, the first being at Witham, in Somersetshire, where Hugh, the holy Bishop of Lincoln, was the first prior. The grants to the new London monastery of the Carthusians were no doubt numerous; for, we find, among others enumerated in the "Chronicles of the Charterhouse," 260 marks given by Felicia de Thymelby, in the reign of Richard II., for the endowment of a monk "to pray and celebrate the divine offices for the souls of Thomas Aubrey and the aforesaid Felicia, his wife;" also a grant of one acre of land in Conduit-shote Field, near Trillemyle Brook, in the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, lying between the pasture-land of the Convent of Charterhouse, the pasture of St. Bartholomew's Priory, and the king's highway leading from Holborn towards Kentish Town. The prior of St. John, Clerkenwell, also frequently exchanged lands, and we find the Prior of Charterhouse granting a trental of masses, to the end that "the soul of Brother William Hulle, the Prior of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, might the sooner be conveyed, with God's providence, into Abraham's bosom."

"About the latter part of the fifteenth century," says an historian of the Charterhouse, "we find our convent the home of a future Lord Chancellor of England; for we read that Sir Thomas More gave himself to devotion and prayer, in the Charterhouse of London, religiously living there without vow about four years."

The Charterhouse had flourished for nearly three centuries in prosperity, its brethren retaining a good character for severe discipline and holy life, when the storm of the Dissolution broke upon them. Three of Cromwell's cruel commissioners visited the Charterhouse, and their merciless eyes soon found cause of complaint. In 1534 John Houghton, the prior, and Humfry Midylmore, procurator, after being sent to the Tower for a month, were released on signing a certificate of conditional conformity. The majority of the brethren refused to subscribe to Henry's supremacy. The exertions, however, of the Confessor to the Bridgettine Convent, at Sion House, gradually led the refractory monks to subscribe to the king's supremacy. In

April, 1535, the prior, Houghton, whose adhesion had been received with distrust, was arraigned on a vague charge of speaking too freely of the king's proceedings, and he and two other Carthusians, one a father of Sion, the other the vicar of Isleworth, were hung, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn. "As they were proceeding from the Tower to execution, Sir Thomas More, who was then confined for a similar offence, chanced to espy them from the window of his dungeon; and, as one longing in that journey to have accompanied them, said unto his daughter, then standing there beside him, 'Lo, dost thou not see, Megg, that these blessed fathers be now as cheerfully going to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage?' Not long after he followed their steps on his way to the scaffold."

The three heads were exposed on London Bridge, and the fragments of Prior Houghton's body were barbarously spiked over the principal gate of Charterhouse. The prior's fate, however, only roused the collective zeal of the brotherhood, and the very next month three more monks were condemned and executed. From the letter of Fylott, one of the king's assistant commissioners, we learn that though the Charterhouse monks claimed to be solitary, there had been found no less than twenty-four keys to the cloister doors, and twenty-two to the buttery. The monks plainly told the commissioners that they would listen to no preacher who denounced images and blasphemed saints; and that they would read their Doctors, and go no further.

The monks had not long to rest. In 1537 the Charterhouse brothers refused to renounce the Pope by oath, or acknowledge Henry as supreme head on earth of the English Church. Some of the order who had previously yielded now refused to obey, and were at once hurried to prison. The monastery was then dissolved, and Prior Trafford at once resigned. The majority of the monks consented to the surrender, the prior receiving an annual pension of £20, and the monks £5 each. Nine out of ten brothers, cruelly handled in Newgate, were literally starved to death. The survivor, after four years' misery, was executed in 1541.

"According to Dugdale," writes a Carthusian, "the annual revenues of this house amounted at the dissolution to £642 os. 4d., whilst the united revenues of the nine houses of Carthusians in England were valued at the sum of £2,947 15s. 4½d."

"Before the final departure of the convent from London, sundry miracles are said to have been wrought, and revelations to have been made, urging the brothers to abide in the faith, and to bear witness of the truth of the Christian religion at the

expense of their lives. Unc earthly lights were seen shining on their church. At the burial of one of their saints, when all things appeared mournful and solemn, a sudden flash of heavenly flame kindled all the lamps of their church, which were lighted only on great days; and a deceased father of the convent twice visited a living monk who had attended him in his last illness. The narrative of this last alleged miracle is given in the following letter, written by the favoured monk:—

"Item. The same day, at five of the clock at afternoon, I being in contemplation in our entry, in our cell, suddenly he appeared unto me in a monk's habit, and said to me, 'Why do ye not follow our father?' and I said, 'Wherefore?' He said, 'For he is entered in heaven, next unto angels;' and I said, 'Where be all our other fathers, which died as well?' He answered and said, 'They be well, but not so well as he?' And then I said to him, 'Father, how do you?' And he answered and said, 'Well enough.' And I said, 'Father, shall I pray for you?' And he said, 'I am well enough, but prayer, both from you and others, doeth good;' and so suddenly vanished away.

"Item. Upon Saturday next after, at five of the clock in the morning, in the same place, in our entry, he appeared to me again, with a large white beard, and a white staff in his hand, lifting it up, whereupon I was afraid; and then, leaning upon his staff, said to me, 'I am sorry that I lived not till I had been a martyr.' And I said, 'I think that he, as well as ye, was a martyr.' And he said, 'Nay, Fox, my lord of Rochester, and our father, was next unto angels in heaven.' And then I said, 'Father, what else?' And then he answered and said, 'The angels of peace did lament and mourn without measure;' and so vanished away."

The remnant of the order sought refuge in Bruges. Returning in 1555, they were reinstated at Shene, near Richmond, by Cardinal Pole, but Elizabeth soon expelled them, and they fled to Nieupoort, in Belgium, where they remained till the suppression of religious orders by Joseph II., in 1783. One of their chief treasures, an illuminated Bible, given the Shene monastery by Henry V., was in existence in the Tuileries in 1847.

The dissolution pressed heavily on the Charterhouse Priory, of which almost all that now remains is part of the south wall of the nave, incorporated in the present chapel. When the monasteries became lumber-rooms, stables, and heaps of mere history materials, Charterhouse was tossed (as Henry threw sops to his dogs) to John Brydges, yeoman, and Thomas Hale, groom of the king's "hales" and tents, as a reward for their care of Henry's nets and pavilions deposited in the old monastery. They retained the sacred property for three years, and then surrendered the grant for an annual pension of £10. The king then cast this portion of God's land to Sir Thomas Audley, Speaker of the House of Commons, from whom it passed to Sir Edward North, one of the king's

serjeants-at-law, and a privy-councillor in high favour with the royal tyrant.

"But even he," says one historian, "was not free from Henry's suspicion and distrust, as the following anecdote will show:—One morning, a messenger from the king arrived at Charterhouse, commanding the immediate presence of Sir Edward at court. One of North's servants, a groom of the bedchamber, who delivered the message, observed his master to tremble. Sir Edward made haste to the palace, taking with him this said servant, and was admitted to the king's presence. Henry, who was walking with great earnestness, regarded him with an angry look, which Sir Edward received with a very still and sober carriage. At last the king broke out in these words: 'We are informed you have cheated us of certain lands in Middlesex.' Receiving a humble negative from Sir Edward, he replied, 'How was it then? did we give those lands to you?' To which Sir Edward responded, 'Yes, sire; your Majesty was pleased so to do.' The king, after some little pause, put on a milder countenance, and calling him to a cupboard, conferred privately with him for a long time; whereby the servant saw the king could not spare his master's service yet. From this period Sir Edward advanced still higher in the estimation of the king, and at his death received a legacy of £300, besides being included among the sixteen guardians appointed during the minority of his son, Edward VI. North was compelled to acknowledge Lady Jane Grey's right to the throne, but subsequently changed his opinions, and was one of the first to proclaim the Princess Mary queen. For his flexibility he was soon after re-elected to the Privy Council, and elevated to the peerage, 17th February, 1554, being then summoned to Parliament by the title of Baron North."

Sir Edward North conveyed Charterhouse to the Duke of Northumberland; but on the execution of the duke the house was granted again to Sir Edward North. In 1558, on her journey from Hatfield to London, Queen Elizabeth was met at Highgate by the Lord Mayor and corporation, and conducted to Charterhouse, where she stayed many days. In 1561 Elizabeth made another visit to Lord North, and remained with him four days. This visit is supposed to have crippled this nobleman, who lived in privacy the remainder of his days, but was, in compensation, appointed Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire and the Isle of Ely. Lord North died in 1564; and his son Roger sold Charterhouse in 1565 to the Duke of Norfolk (without Pardon Chapel and Whitewell Beach) for £2,500, and for a further £320 eventually surrendered the rest of the estate.

"Here the duke," says the author of the "Chronicles of the Charterhouse," "resided till the year 1569, when he was committed to the Tower for being implicated in a conspiracy for the restoration of Mary Queen of Scots, and for engaging in a design of espousal between himself and fallen royalty. From the Tower he was released in the following year, and allowed to return to the Charterhouse; but he resumed his traitorous idea of marriage, and his papers and correspondence being discovered in concealment, some under the roof of his house, and others under the door-mat of his bedchamber, he was attainted of high treason, and again incarcerated in the Tower, on the 7th of September, 1571. This unfortunate nobleman suffered on the scaffold in the year 1572, when the Charterhouse, along with his other estates, escheated to the Crown. His son Philip, Earl of Arundel, was impeached in 1590, for also favouring Mary, and died in prison in the year 1595, most probably escaping by disease a more disgraceful and ignominious death by the hands of the executioner."

On the death of Mary Queen of Scots, that fair siren who had been so fatal to the House of Norfolk, Elizabeth generously returned the forfeited estates to the Norfolk family, Lord Thomas Howard, the duke's second son, receiving Charterhouse. The Howards flourished better under King James, who remembered they had assisted his mother, and he visited Charterhouse for several days, knighted more than eighty gentlemen there, and soon after made Lord Howard Earl of Suffolk. From this earl, Charterhouse—or Howard House, as it was now called—was purchased by that remarkable man, Thomas Sutton, the founder of one of London's greatest and most permanent charities.

"Of noble and worthy parentage, this gentleman," says the author of the "Chronicles of the Charterhouse," "descended from one of the most ancient families of Lincolnshire, was born at Knaith, in that county, in the year 1531. His father was Edward Sutton, steward to the courts of the Corporation of Lincoln, son of Thomas Sutton, servant to Edward IV.; and his mother, Jane, daughter of Robert Stapleton, Esq., a branch of the noble family of the Stapletons of Yorkshire, one of whom was Sir Miles Stapylton, one of the first Knights of the Garter, and Sir Bryan Stapylton, of Carleton, *tempore* Richard II., also a Knight of the Garter & 'ancestors,' as the learned antiquary, Hearne, justly observes, 'not so low, that his descent should be a shame to his virtues; nor yet so great, but that his virtue might be an ornament to his birth.' He was brought up for three years at Eton, under the

tuition of Mr. Cox, afterwards Bishop of Ely, and two years in St. John's College, Cambridge. In 1553, however, he removed from Cambridge, without having taken a degree, and became a student of Lincoln's Inn. But here he did not remain long, his desire of travel increasing with his knowledge, and his principles (he being a member of the Anglican Church) compelling him to leave London, he determined to visit foreign parts. He accordingly departed for Spain, and

had once held, and it appears that Mr. Sutton himself acted as a volunteer, and commanded a battery at the memorable siege of Edinburgh, when that city held out for the unfortunate Mary. After a blockade of five weeks, the castle surrendered on the 28th May, 1573. On his return from Scotland, Mr Sutton obtained a lease of the manors of Gateshead and Wickham, near Newcastle. This was the source of his immense wealth, for having 'several rich veins of coal,' which he worked with



THE CHARTERHOUSE, FROM THE SQUARE. *From a View by G. C., published in 1804. (See page 389)*

having stayed there half a year, passed into Italy, France, and the Netherlands. He is said to have taken a part in the Italian wars, and was present at the sacking of Rome, under the Duke of Bourbon. He returned to England in the year 1561, and through a recommendation from the Duke of Norfolk, he became secretary to the Earl of Warwick, who, 'in consideration of trewe and faithful service to us done by our well-beloved servant, Thomas Sutton,' appointed him Master of the Ordnance of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and granted him an annuity of £3 6s. 8d. for life. When Lord Westmoreland's rebellion broke out in the North, the Earl of Warwick created Mr. Sutton Master-General of the Ordnance in that quarter, a post which he himself

great advantage, he had become, in 1585, worth £50,000. The following year he left Newcastle for London, and assisted against the Spanish Armada, by fitting out a ship, named after himself, *Sutton*, which captured for him a Spanish vessel, worth £20,000.

"He brought with him to London the reputation of being a moneyed man, insomuch that it was reported 'that his purse returned from the North fuller than Queen Elizabeth's Exchequer.' He was resorted to by citizens, so that in process of time he became the banker of London, and was made a freeman, citizen, and girdler of the City.

"Mr. Sutton, being now advanced in years, thought proper to retire from public life. He relinquished

his patent of Master-General of the Ordnance, and on the 20th of June following he executed a will, in which he surrendered all his estates in Essex to the Lord Chief Justice, Sir John Popham, and others (with power of revocation), in trust, to found an hospital at Hallingbury Bouchers, in Essex, which place, as will be seen, he afterwards changed for London; and, 'as a proof of his trewe and faithful heart borne to his dread sovereign, Queen Elizabeth, he bequeathed

insidious legacy-hunter and voluptuary whom the old poet has painted in the darkest colours, lived at this time in a house near Broken Wharf, and between Trig Stairs and Queenhithe, in Thames Street, an old City palace which had once belonged to the Dukes of Norfolk. The death of Sutton's wife seems to have first led the childless millionaire to project some great and lasting work of charity. He was already surrounded by a swarm of carrion-crows, both from town and city, while a jackal



THE EXTERIOR OF THE HALL, CHARTERHOUSE.

Her Majesty £2,000 in recompense of his oversights, careless dealing, and fearfulness in her service, most humbly beseeching her to stand a good and gracious lady to his poor wife." He also instituted a great many scholarships at Magdalen and Jesus Colleges, Cambridge; his generous will, in fact, being one long schedule of benevolent legacies.

Among other curious bequests in the interminable will of this great philanthropist, are the following:—£100 to the fishermen of Ostend, and £26 13s. 4d. for mending the highways between Islington and Newington, &c.

Sutton, who by many is thought to have been the original of Ben Jonson's Volpone, the Fox, that

pack of advisers followed untiringly at his heels. A Dr. Willet urged him to leave his money to the Controversial College at Chelsea, a ridiculous project encouraged by the king, or to assist James I. in bringing the water of the river Lea to London, by underground pipes.

The following passage in a letter from Mr. Hall, of Waltham, afterwards the celebrated Bishop of Exeter, served to fix the old man's determination:

"The very basest element yields gold. The savage Indian gets it, the servile apprentice works it, the very Midianish camel may wear it; the miserable worldling admires it, the covetous Jew swallows it, the unthrifty ruffian spends it. What are all these the better for it? Only good use gives praise to earthly possessions. Hearing, therefore, you owe more to God, that He hath given you an heart to do good,



a will to be as rich in good works as great in riches; to be a friend to this Mammon is to be an enemy to God; but to make friends with it is royal and Christian. . . .

"Whatever, therefore, men either shew or promise, happy is that man that may be his own auditor, supervisor, executor. As you love God and yourself, be not afraid of being happy too soon. I am not worthy to give so bold advice; let the wise man Syrach speak for me:—'Do good before thou die, and according to thine ability stretch out thine hand, and give. Defraud not thyself of thy good day, and let not the portion of thy good desires pass over thee. Shalt thou not leave thy travails to another, and thy labours to them that will divide thy heritage?' Or, let a wiser than he speak, viz., Solomon:—'Say not, To-morrow I will give, if thou now have it; for thou knowest not what a day will bring forth.' It hath been an old rule of liberality, 'He gives twice who gives quickly;' whereas slow benefits argue uncheerfulness, and lose their worth. Who lingers his receipts is condemned as unthrifty. He who knoweth both, saith, 'It is better to give than to receive.' If we are of the same spirit, why are we hasty in the worst, and slack in the better? Suffer you yourself, therefore, good sir, for God's sake, for the Gospel's sake, for the Church's sake, for your soul's sake, to be stirred up by these poor lines to a resolute and speedy performing of your worthy intentions. And take this as a loving invitation sent from heaven by an unworthy messenger. You cannot deliberate long of fit objects for your beneficence, except it be more for multitude than want; the streets, yea, the world is full. How doth Lazarus lie at every door! How many sons of the prophets, in their meanly-provided colleges, may say, not '*Mors in olla*,' but '*Fames!*' How many churches may justly plead that which our Saviour bad his disciples, '*The Lord hath need!*'"

This letter fixed the wandering atoms of the old man's intentions. He at once determined to found a hospital for the maintenance of aged men past work, and for the education of the children of poor parents. He bought Charterhouse of the Howards for £13,000, and petitioned King James and the Parliament for leave and licence to endow the present hospital in 1609. This "triple good," as Bacon calls it—"this masterpiece of Protestant English charity," as it is called by Fuller, was also "the greatest gift in England, either in Protestant or Catholic times, ever bestowed by any individual."

Letters patent for the hospital were issued in June, 1611. Sutton himself was to be first master; but "man proposes, and God disposes." On December 12th of the same year Mr. Sutton died at his house at Hackney. His body was embalmed, and was borne to a vault in the chapel of Christchurch, followed by 6,000 persons. The procession of sable men from Dr. Law's house, in Paternoster Row, to Christchurch, lasted six hours. There was a sumptuous funeral banquet afterwards at Stationers' Hall, which was strewn with nine dozen bundles of rushes, the doors being hung with black cloth. Camden, as Clarenceux King of Arms, was on duty on the august

occasion. The sumptuous funeral feast in Stationers' Hall we have already mentioned.

But what greediness, envy, and hatred often lurk under a mourner's cloak! The first act of Mr. Thomas Baxter, the chief mourner, at his cousin's funeral, was, as heir-at-law, to claim the whole of the property, and to attempt to forcibly take possession of Charterhouse. The case was at once tried, Sir Francis Bacon, Mr. Gaulter, and Mr. Yelverton appearing for the plaintiff, and Mr. Hubbard, Attorney-General, Mr. Serjeant Hutton, and Mr. Coventry arguing for the hospital. It was then adjourned to the Exchequer Chamber, where it was solemnly argued by all the judges of the land, except the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who was indisposed; and, by Sir Edward Coke's exertions, a verdict was at last given for the defendants, the executors of Sutton. The rascally Baxter (although all impugnors of the will were held by Sutton to forfeit their legacies) received the manor of Turback, in Lancashire, valued at £350 a year, a rectory worth £100, and £300 by will.

But the old man's money had still a greedy mouth open for it. Bacon, that wise but timid man, that mean courtier and false friend, was base enough to use all his eloquence and learning to fritter away, for alien purposes that would please and benefit the king, the money so nobly left. Hurt vanity also induced Bacon to make these exertions; his name not having been included in Sutton's list of governors. Bacon's subtle letter opening the question is a sad instance of perverted talent. It begins—

"May it please your Majesty,—I find it a positive precept in the old law that there should be no sacrifice without salt; the moral whereof (besides the ceremony) may be, that God is not pleased with the body of a good intention, except it be seasoned with that spiritual wisdom and judgment as it be not easily subject to be corrupted and perverted; for salt, in the Scripture, is both a figure of wisdom and lasting. This cometh into my mind upon this act of Mr. Sutton, which seemeth to me as a sacrifice without salt; having the materials of a good intention, but not powdered with any such ordinances and institutions as may preserve the same from turning corrupt, or, at least from becoming unsavoury and of little use. For though the choice of the *seoffees* be of the best, yet neither can they always live; and the very nature of the work itself, in the vast and unfit proportion thereof, is apt to provoke a misemployment."

King James, though eager enough to lay his sprawling hands on the old man's money, which he had left to the poor of London, hardly dared to go as far as such a confiscation as Bacon had proposed; but he dropped a polite hint to the governors that he would accept £10,000, to repair the bridge of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and this they reluctantly gave.



In 1614 the officers of the hospital were appointed, and the Rev. Andrew Perue chosen as master. Sutton's tomb in the Charterhouse Chapel being now completed, the corpse was carried there by torchlight on the shoulders of his pensioners and re-interred, a funeral oration being pronounced over the grave.

Malcolm gives the following summary of the property bequeathed in Mr. Sutton's will:—He left £12,110 17s. 8d. in legacies, and nearly £4,000 was found in his chest. His gold chain weighed fifty-four ounces, and was valued at £162. His damask gown, faced with wrought velvet, and set with buttons, was appraised at £10; his jewels at £59; and his plate at £218 6s. 4d. The total expenses of his funeral amounted to £2,228 10s. 3d., and his executors received, from the time of his decease to 1620, £45,163 9s. 9d.

At an assembly of governors in 1627, among other resolutions passed, it was agreed to have an annual commemoration of the founder every 12th of December, with solemn service, a sermon and "increase of commons," as on festival days. It was also decided that, except "the present physician, auditor, and receiver," no member of the foundation or lodger in the house should be a married man.

But the hospital had still another terrible danger to encounter. King James (who had no more notion of real liberty than an African king), at the instigation of his infamous favourite, Buckingham, demanded the revenues of Charterhouse to pay his army; but Sir Edward Coke, who had saved the charity before, stepped to the front, and boldly repelled the king's aggression. The hospital at last reared its head serene as a harbour for poverty, an asylum for the vanquished in life's struggle. As an old writer beautifully says, "The imitation of things that be evil doth for the most part exceed the example, but the imitation of good things doth most commonly come far short of the precedent; but this work of charity hath exceeded any foundation that ever was in the Christian world. Nay, the eye of time itself did never see the like. The foundation of this hospital is *opus sine exemplo*." A great school had arisen in London, as rich and catholic in its charity as Christ's Hospital itself.

The governors of Charterhouse are nineteen in number, inclusive of the master. The Queen and the archbishops are always in the list. The master was entitled to fine any poor brother 4s. 4d. or 8s. 8d. for any misdemeanour. He was to accept no preferment in church or commonwealth which would draw him from his care of the hospital.

The physician was to receive £20 a year, and not to exceed £20 a year for physic bills. The poor brethren were not to exceed four score in number, and were required to be either poor gentlemen, old soldiers, merchants decayed by piracy or shipwreck, or household servants of the king or queen.

Herne, in his "Donus Carthusiana," a small 8vo volume published in 1677, shows that the world had not been kind to the founder's memory. Herne, in his preface, says: "Sir Richard Baker, Dr. Heylin, Mr. Heylin, and Mr. Fuller say little of him, and that little very full of mistakes; for they call him Richard Sutton, and affirm he lived a bachelor, and so by his single life had an opportunity to lay up a heap of money, whereas his dear wife is with much honour and respect mentioned in his will. Others give him bad words, say he was born of obscure and mean parents, and married as inconsiderable a wife, and died without an heir; but then, to give some reason for his wealth (having no time nor desire to inquire into the means of his growing rich), to cut short the business, they resolve all into a romantic adventure. They say it was all got at a lump by an accidental shipwreck, which the kind waves drove to shore, and laid at his feet, whilst the fortunate Sutton was walking pensively upon the barren sands. They report that in the hulk coals were found, and under them an inestimable treasure, a great heap of fairy wealth. This I fancy may go for the fable, and his farming the coal-mines for the moral."

Percival Burrell, the preacher of Sutton's funeral sermon thus describes the character of the generous man:—"He was," said the divine, "a great and good builder, not so much for his owne private as for the publicke. His treasures were not lavished in raying a towre to his own name, or erecting stately pallaces for his owne pompe and pleasure, but the sustaining of living temples, the endowing of colledges, the enriching of corporations, the building causewayes, and repairing of high-wayes. Above all, the foundation of King James his Hospitall, at his sole and proper charge, were the happy monuments of his architecture. Surely this was to be a Megarensis in the best sense—that is, to build for ever. He did fulfill the letter of the apostle, in building *gold, silver, and precious stones*; for he commanded plate and jewels to bee sold and converted into money, for the expediting of our hospitall.

"I shall not mention thousands conferred upon friends and servants, but these legacies ensuing merit a lasting memory:—In the renowned University of Camb., to Jesus Colledge, 500 markes;

to Magdalen, 500 pound; for the redemption of prisoners in London, 200 pound; for the encouragement of merchants, 1,000, to be lent gratis unto ten beginners. Nor was his charity confined within these seas, but that western Troy, stout Ostend, shall receive 100 pound, for the relief

of the poore, from his fountain. In all these his piety was very laudable; for in many of these acts of bounty, his prime repose was in the conscionable integrity of the priest, in those places where he sowed his benefits. Certes, this was to build as high as heaven."

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### THE CHARTERHOUSE—(continued).

Archdeacon Hale on the Antiquities of the Charterhouse—Course of the Water Supply—The "Aye"—John Houghton's Initials—The Entrances—The Master's Lodge—Portraits—Sheldon—Burnet—Mann and his Epitaph—The Chapel—The Founder's Tomb—The Remains of Norfolk House—The Great Hall and Kitchens—Ancient Monogram—The Cloisters—The School—Removal to Godalming—Experiences of Life at Charterhouse—Thackeray's Bed—The Poor Brothers—A Scene from "The Newcomes"—Famous Poor Brothers—The Charterhouse Plays—Famous Carthusians.

IN a monograph on the Charterhouse, Archdeacon Hale, so long holding the post of master, entered deeply into its antiquities. "The monastery," said the archdeacon, in the *Transactions of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society* for October, 1869, "originally consisted of a number of cells, which, with the chapel, chapter-house, sacristan's cell, and little cloister, formed a quadrangle, to which some other irregular buildings were attached. The laundry was in the principal court; and near to it was the sacristan's washing-place, for washing the sacred utensils and vestments. The water-pipes entered under the cells on the north side of the quadrangle, and the water was received in an octangular building, and which is called the 'Aye,' the use and derivation of which word has not been discovered." The water was supplied by pipes running at the back of the cells, and the "lavoirs" were probably washing-places. The brewhouse is not shown in the old plan; its water-supply is only marked, and "the buttery-cock is shown without any building attached to it, whilst the water is described as passing on in two courses to the flesh-kitchen, one through the cloister, another through the gateway from the cistern at the kitchen-door, with a branch to a place or house called Elmys and the Hartes-Horne. We thus find two kitchens mentioned; the first denoted by the kitchen-door, and the remains of the second kitchen are to be found in the wall next the present gateway of the Charterhouse, formed of squares of flint and stone. The gateway of the old plan appears disconnected with the rest of the buildings, but it still exists." We have also the interesting fact, discovered by the diligence of Mr. Burt, of the Record Office, that the Abbot of Westminster granted to the Prior and Convent of the Charterhouse three acres of land ("No Man's Land")

"probably a small piece by the wayside, the consideration for it being only the rendering of a red rose and the saying a mass annually for the sacred King and Confessor Edward."

The course by which the water was brought from Islington, across the fields, for the supply of the Charterhouse is shown in old vellum rolls, on which the course passes the windmill, of which the "Windmill" Inn, in St. John Street, was a remnant and a remembrance. The neighbouring Hospital of St. John was, in 1381, burnt by the Essex and Kent rebels, when the fire lasted seven days. The hospital does not appear to have been rebuilt before the end of the fifteenth century, and possibly the ruins of St. John's supplied some materials. Amongst other interesting fragments was the head of an Indian or Egyptian idol, which was found imbedded in the mortar amidst the rubble. The connection of the brethren of St. John of Jerusalem with the East suggests the idea that this little figure might have found its way to the Charterhouse from St. John's.

From a rough sketch accompanying Archdeacon Hale's paper, exhibiting the course of the conduit as it existed in 1624, it appears that "the 'Aye' in the centre of the quadrangle occupied by the monks had disappeared, and that, the water was brought to a reservoir still existing but now supplied from the New River instead of from the conduit. No record can be found of the time when this exchange took place. The drawing exhibits in a rude manner traces of buildings which still exist, as well as of those which were taken down for the erection of the new rooms for the pensioners some forty years since. Three sides of a small quadrangle, an early addition to if not coeval with the building of the monastery, still remain; the windows and doorways give evidence

of great variety of structure and of date, and the joints of the brickwork proofs of many alterations. There are letters on the west external wall, 'J. H.,' which we would willingly assume to be the initials of John Houghton, the last prior but one, and the wall itself as of his building. The cells of the monks, which were in the quadrangle, in the centre of which the conduit stood, have been all destroyed, with the exception of some few doorways still remaining. The buildings of the monastery now existing are on the south side of that quadrangle: they include the chapel, the small quadrangle above mentioned, and the courts of Howard House, including the Great Hall and the court called the Master's Court. At what time these buildings were erected between the ancient flesh kitchen, the small quadrangle to the west, and the prior's lodgings on the north, has not been discovered. They were doubtless for the accommodation of strangers who resorted to and were received at the monastery. It has been said that much information respecting the temper and feelings of the people was obtained by Henry VII. from the knowledge which the Carthusian monks acquired through intercourse thus kept up with various classes."

Charterhouse Square has three entrances—Carthusian Street, Charterhouse Lane, and Charterhouse Street. The two first had originally each a gatehouse, and in Charterhouse Lane, where it stood there is a gate of iron surmounted by the arms of the hospital—arms that have never been blazoned with blood, but have been ever irradiated with a halo of beneficence and charity. Charterhouse Square is supposed to have been part of the ground first consecrated by Bishop Stratford, as a place of charitable burial. A town house belonging to the Earls of Rutland once adorned it, and in this mansion Sir William Davenant, wishing to win the gloom-struck Londoners from their Puritan severities, opened a sort of opera-house in 1656. Rutland Place, a court at the north-east corner of the square, still marks the spot, at the sight of which Cavaliers grew gayer, and Puritans sourer and more morose. A pleasant avenue of light-leaved limes traverses the square, for Charterhouse masters to pace under and archæologists to ponder beneath.

As we enter Charterhouse Square from Carthusian Street, the entrance to the old hospital is on the north side. The gateway is the original entrance of the monastery, and has been rubbed by many a monk's gown. This interesting relic is a Tudor arch, with a drip-stone, terminating in plain corbels. Above is a shelf, supported by two lions, grotesquely carved, and probably dating back to

the early part of the sixteenth century. On the right stands the porter's lodge, on the left the house of the resident medical officer.

From the entrance court are two exits. The road straight from the entrance leads to the quadrangles, the schoolmaster's house, "the Gown Boys," and the preacher's residences; the left road points to the master's lodge, the hall, and the chapel. In the latter, turning under an archway leading to the head-master's court, is the entrance to the master's lodge. The fine hall of the lodge is adorned by a good portrait of the maligned but beneficent Sutton. In the noble upper rooms are some excellent portraits of illustrious past governors—men of all sects and of various fortunes. Prominent among these we note the following:—Black-browed, saturnine Charles II., and his restless favourite, George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham; the Earl of Shaftesbury, their dangerous Whig rival, and Charles Talbot, first Earl and afterwards Duke of Shrewsbury—a florid full-length, in robes of the Garter (the white rod the earl carries was delivered to him in 1714, by Queen Anne, with her dying hand); the ill-starred Duke of Monmouth, swarthy, like his father, in a long black wig, and in the robes of the Garter, and the charitable Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, who is said to have expended more than £66,000 in public and private almsgiving, in relieving the sufferers by the Great Plague, and in redeeming Christian slaves from the Moors. The theatre Sheldon built at Oxford was a mark of his respect to the university, and a grateful remembrance of his time studiously spent as warden of the college of All Souls. There is also in an upper room a fine three-quarter length of the clever and learned but somewhat Darwinian divine, Dr. Thomas Burnet, who was elected Master of Charterhouse in 1685; he was the author of the "Sacred Theory of the Earth," a daring philosophical romance, which barred the rash writer's further preferment. As master, Burnet boldly resisted the intrusion of Andrew Popham, a Roman Catholic, into the house, by meddling James I. "Soon after Burnet's election," says Mr. Timbs, "James II. addressed a letter to the governors, ordering them to admit one Andrew Popham as pensioner into the hospital, upon the first vacancy, without tendering to him any oath, or requiring of him any subscription or recognition in conformity with Church of England doctrine, the king dispensing with any statute or order of the hospital to the contrary. Burnet, as junior governor, was called upon to vote first, when he maintained that, by express Act of Parliament, 3 Car. I., no officer could be admitted into that hospital without

taking the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. An attempt was made, but without effect, to overrule this opinion. The Duke of Ormond supported Burnet, and, on the vote being put, Popham was rejected; and, notwithstanding the threats of the king and the Popish party, no member of the communion was ever admitted into the Charterhouse." This eccentric man—no relation of the great Whig friend of William of Orange—died in 1715. He appears here as a well-favoured man, in a black gown, and with short hair.

English means, "Here lies one who formerly dusted boys' jackets, and is now dust himself." In the small square ante-chapel is a modern screen, surmounted by the royal arms and those of the founder, Sutton. This ante-chapel is vaulted and groined; the bosses that bind the ribs being ornamented with roses, foliage, and shields, charged with the instruments of the Passion. The font is modern, and of the most Pagan period, contrasting painfully with the perpendicular of the ante-chapel, which bears the date 1512. The equilateral arch

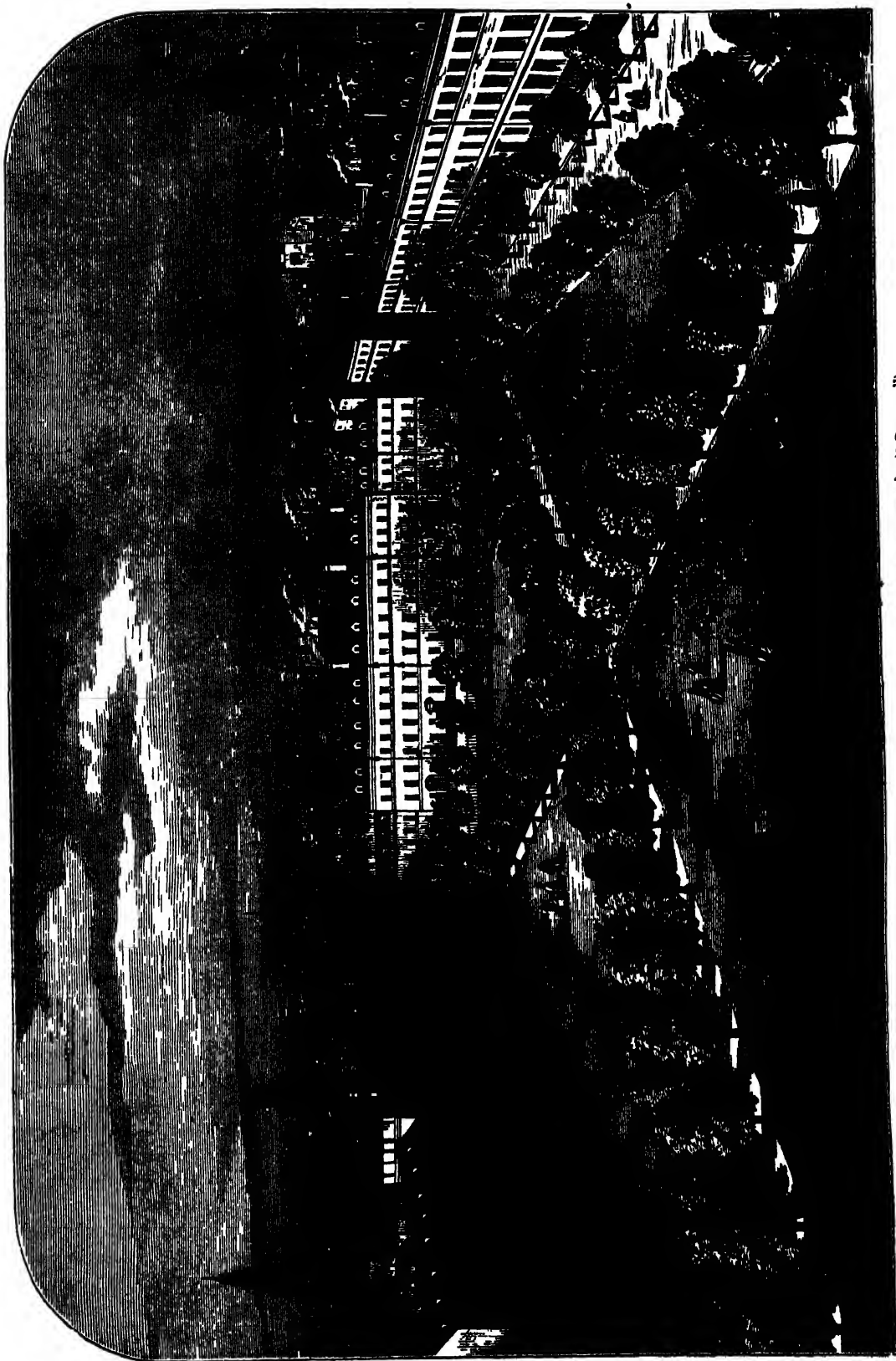


CHARTERHOUSE—THE QUADRANGLE. (*From a View taken in 1805*)

An arched passage on the left of the master's court leads to Washhouse Court. A porch, surmounted by the royal arms, brings you to the great hall and kitchen, and a passage on the right conducts you to Chapel Court, which is surrounded by buildings to the south and west, by a piazza on the north, and by the chapel on the east. The chapel cloister consists of six Italian semi-classic arches, dull, clumsy, and exactly unsuited to the purpose of the place. Among the gravestones are those of a past organist, Richard John Samuel Stevens (1757), and Samuel Berdmore, master (1802). A door at the east end, leading to the ante-chapel, has over it a small tablet to Nicholas Mann, "*Olim magister, nunc remistus pulvere,*" which in

at the east end, leading to the main chapel, is conjectured by the best authorities to have been the nave-arch of the original monastic church. It is filled up with a carved wooden screen, consisting of a series of pointed cinque-foiled arches.

The chapel is a thorough Jacobean structure, with the founder's tomb conspicuous in a proud position at the north-west corner, the rows of seats where the Charterhouse boys once sat with ill-concealed restlessness, and the pews of the old brotherhood arranged gravely by themselves. The present chancel, say the antiquarians, is part of the original nave. It is square, divided in the centre by two Tuscan pillars. An aisle (or, rather, recess) was added to the north side in 1826, and there is a



CHARTERHOUSE SQUARE. (From a View taken for Snow's "Survey.")

tower at the east end parallel with the ante-chapel. "The south wall alone is part of the original church; and it is supposed that the choir extended some way to the east beyond the present chapel." Behind a panel in the east wall the visitor is shown an aumbrye (cupboard), with some crumbling stonework round it. "The pillars which divide the chapel in the centre support three semicircular arches, the keystones of which are embellished with the Charterhouse arms. The roof is flat, ceiled, and decorated after the style of the time of James I. At the west end, under the tower, is an open screen of wood, carved in a style corresponding with the date of the rest of the chapel. This supports a gallery containing the organ. Its principal ornaments are grotesque, puffy-faced cherubim, helmets and swords, drums, and instruments of music; and in the centre is a shield, tied up with a thick cable charged with the arms of the hospital. The altar is of wood, and on each side in the corner of the chancel is a sort of stall, the one on the right being appropriated to the head-master, and that on the left to the second-master of the school."

The east window of five lights, filled with painted glass (the subject the Divine Passion), is the gift of the Venerable Archdeacon Halc, when master of the house. Another east window, representing the Bearing of the Cross, was the result of a subscription among the boys themselves. In a southern window are some fragments of glass representing the Charterhouse arms. "The pulpit and reading-desk," says the chronicler of the Charterhouse, "are against the south wall, as also are the master's and preacher's pews; the latter have small canopies over the seats allotted to them. The seats for the pensioners are open, and have at the side poppy-heads in the shape of greyhounds' heads, couped, ermine, collared gules, garnished and ringed, or, on the collar three annulets of the last, the crest of the hospital." The scholars formerly sat in the recess to the north.

"The founder's tomb on the north side of the chancel is a most superb specimen of the monumental taste in the reign of James I. It is composed of the most valuable marbles, highly carved and gilt, and contains a great number of quaint figures, of which the founder is the principal. His painted figure, in a gown, lies recumbent on the tomb. On each side is a man in armour, standing upright, supporting a tablet containing the inscription, and above is a preacher addressing a full congregation. The arms of the hospital are to be seen still higher, and above all a statue of Charity. It is also enriched with statues of Faith and Hope, Labour and Rest, and Plenty and Want,

and is surrounded by painted iron railings. The inscription is as follows:—

"Sacred to the glory of God, in grateful memory of Thomas Sutton, Esquire. Here lieth buried the body of Thomas Sutton, late of Castle-Camps, in the county of Cambridge, Esquire, at whose only costs and charges this hospital was founded and endowed with large possessions for the relief of poor men and children. He was a gentleman, born at Knaythe, in the county of Lincoln, of worthie and honest parentage. He lived to the age of seventy-nine years, and deceased the 12th of December, 1611."

This sumptuous tomb, still so perfect, cost £366 15s.

"In the return of the wall, opposite the founder's tomb, is a small monument to the memory of Francis Beaumont, Esq., formerly master of the hospital. He is represented kneeling before a desk, his hand resting on the Holy Scriptures, and habited in the costume of the period.

"The other monuments in the chapel are for the most part tasteless and inelegant; there are, however, a few exceptions. On the south wall is a full-sized figure of Edward, Lord Ellenborough, by Chantrey. He is represented sitting, in his robes as Chief Justice, with the following legend:—

"In the Founder's vault are deposited the remains of Edward Law, Lord Ellenborough, son of Edmund Law, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench from April, 1802, to November, 1818, and a Governor of the Charterhouse. He died December 13th, 1818, in the sixty-ninth year of his age; and, in grateful remembrance of the advantages he had derived through life from his education upon the Foundation of the Charterhouse, desired to be buried in this church."

The chapel contains monuments to Mathew Raine, one of the most eminent of the Charterhouse masters; John Law, one of the founder's executors; Dr. Patrick, preacher to the house, who died in 1695; Andrew Tooke, master 1731; Thomas Walker, 1728; Dr. H. Levett, physician to the hospital in 1725; John Christopher Pepusch, organist to the house, and friend of Handel. In the Evidence Room behind the organ, in which the hospital records are kept, there are three doors, the three keys being kept by the master, the registrar, and one of the governors. A small door on the right of the cloisters communicates with a spiral staircase leading to the roof of the tower.

"The tower," says Carthusian, "is square, and is surmounted by a heavy Italian parapet, with a thing in the shape of a pinnacle at each angle. The whole is crowned with a wooden dome resting on pillars supporting semicircular arches. The dome carries on its top a vane representing the Charterhouse arms. Under this cupola is a bell, which bears the following legend:—

"T. S. Bartlet for the Charterhouse made this bell, 1631."



In a vault beneath the chapel is the leaden coffin of Sutton, an Egyptian shaped case, with the date, 1611, in large letters on the breast, the face of the dead man being modelled with a square beard case.

A small paved hall leading from the cloister is the approach to the great oak staircase of old Norfolk House, richly carved with shallow Elizabethan trophies and ornaments, the Sutton crest, a greyhound's head, showing conspicuously on the posts, probably additions to the original staircase, which is six feet wide, and consists of twenty-one steps. A large window midway looks into the master's court. The apartments of the reader are at the top of the staircase, on the right, and on the left an ante-chamber conducts to the terrace—a grand walk, eighty yards long, which commands a view of the green. Beyond this terrace, to the north, rises the great window of the chapel of the new Merchant 'Taylors' School. The library, near the terrace, is a grave-looking room, containing a selection of divinity and old Jesuit books of travel, &c., given by Daniel Wray, Esq., whose portrait hangs over the fireplace.

The governors' room, part of old Norfolk House, which is next the library, is remarkable for its Elizabethan decorations, which are of the most magnificent description. "The ceiling," says Carthusian, "is flat, and is adorned with the armorial distinctions (three white lions) of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, brilliantly painted and gilt. His motto, 'Sola virtus invicta,' is inscribed on ornamental scrolls, tastefully arranged alternately with the date of the year (1838) in which this remnant of Elizabethan splendour was rescued from ruin. Previous to that time the emblazoned shields, which now glitter so brightly in gold and silver, were well-nigh obliterated with whitewash. The figures in the tapestry then presented a motley mixture of indistinguishable objects; half of the beautifully-carved cornice which now supports the ceiling had vanished. The paintings of the ceiling consist of the following:—In the intercolumniations of the four pillars which form the basement are arabesque shields, containing paintings of Mars and Minerva, and over the space for the stove, representations of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Above this is a shield, charged with Mr. Sutton's arms, with his initials, T. S., one on each side. A large oval, containing the royal arms, supports this, with the emblems of the four evangelists in the spandrels formed by the square panel, of which it is the centre. On each side is an arch, supported by Ionic pillars, upon which are ovals, in which are portraits of the twelve apostles. The colours used are black, red, and gold. In this room

there are four square-headed windows, of five, four, and two lights, transomed.

"The tapestry on the walls consist of six pieces—three of large dimensions, the subjects of which are not known, though many conjectures have been hazarded. The largest piece represents a king, sitting enthroned, crowned, and sceptred; behind him is a woman in plain attire, whilst at his feet kneels a queen, who is followed by a retinue, consisting of two black men, carrying a cushion, upon which rests a model of a fortress, another bearing the key of this citadel, and other attendants. This has been taken for the siege of Calais, and also the siege of Troy. The last supposition is, that it is a representation of the visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. A second piece has been supposed to represent David, armed by Saul, in the act of sallying forth to meet 'the uncircumcised Philistine.' Two armies are seen in the background. Another appears to be a mixture of Scriptural subjects. A scene in the foreground does not much differ from the account of Deborah with Sisera's head, whilst the death of Abimelech is depicted behind. Three other pieces, containing figures of men, some of which are crowned, all which bear a striking resemblance the one to the other, seem intended for the judges and kings of Israel. Similar illustrations are not unfrequently found in ancient Bibles."

Descending the great staircase we enter the great hall, the most ancient of the buildings dating subsequent to the Reformation, the west wall being part of the old convent. This wall, the local antiquaries think, was rebuilt by Sir Edward North. The unfortunate Duke of Norfolk, it is *supposed*, lifted the roof of the hall higher, to make room for a new music-gallery. Its date, 1571, marks the time when he was released from the Tower on a kind of furlough, and employed himself here on such improvements as this. The carving is executed with extreme care and finish. A small side-gallery leads to the great staircase. The room is lighted by three large windows with some stained glass, and there is a lantern in the roof.

"In the windows are some curious fragments of stained glass. One pane contains the arms of the Lord Protector, Duke of Somerset, encircled by the garter; another contains a collection of pieces, the subject of which is rather ambiguous, the chief objects being a woman walking over a bridge, two horsemen galloping through the water underneath, a ship, the crown of Spain, the arms of Castile and Arragon, and the date, 1670. A third pane displays the arms of the founder, Sutton.

"The chimney-piece was an addition by Mr.

Sutton, and is of later date than any other part of the building. It is carved in stone, but is of grotesque design, consisting of imaginary scrolls in the style of the *Rénaissance* school. The arms of the founder, surmounted by helmet, mantlings, and crest, complete, are well executed; as also are two small pieces of ordnance on each side, which are boldly yet accurately wrought. Beneath these, and in the centre above the space allotted to the stove, is an oval, upon which is carved a dragon, or some fabulous monster. It is now," adds Carthusian (1847), "very much mutilated.

"One thing yet remains to be spoken of, and that is the noble portrait of Mr. Sutton at the upper end of the hall. He is represented dressed in a black gown, sitting in an antique high-backed chair, and holding in his right hand the ground-plan of the Charterhouse. . . . The room is now used as a dining-hall for the pensioners, and the banquet is held here on the ever-memorable 12th of December."

A door on the right opens into the upper hall, a small, low room, adorned by a carved stone chimney-piece, with the founder's arms sculptured above. The windows are square-headed. It is traditionally supposed to be the former refectory of the lay brothers of the monastery. It was latterly used as a dining-hall for the foundation scholars. A massive door at one corner opens into the cloister.

A door in the Great Hall, under the music-gallery, opens into a stone passage, on the right of which were the apartments of the manciple. On the left there is an opening into the Master's Court, and in the centre are three doorways with depressed square-headed Tudor arches, the spandrels being filled with roses, foliage, and angels bearing shields.

The great kitchen boasts a fireplace, at which fifteen sirloins could be roasted at the same time. In one of the stones of the pavement there are brass rivets remaining, which once fastened down the monumental brass of some Carthusian.

Returning through the Master's Court and the entrance court, on our way to the "Gown Boys" and the green, we pass a gateway, older than the outer one already described. It has a four-centred arch, but no mouldings or drip-stone. The wall built over it for some height terminates in a horizontal parapet, supported by a plain corbel table. The rough unhewn stone of a wall to the right proves it, according to antiquaries, to have been part of the old monastic building. "The letters 'I. H.,' says Carthusian (1847), "with a cross of Calvary, which are worked into the wall, prove the ecclesiastical character of its former inmates. The letters 'I. H.,' worked out in red brick on the

wall, have been a matter of some discussion. Some have supposed them to be the two first letters of our Saviour's monogram, but, upon close examination, it will be found that there are no traces of the final S. The arch beneath, over which is the cross of Calvary, must have had its meaning. It has been suggested that it is the entrance to a burial crypt, and that the letters 'I. H.' are the initials of the unfortunate Prior Houghton, interred in the vault beneath. A doorway on the right opens into the Abbot's Court. This was called, at the period when Charterhouse was known as Howard House, by the name of the Kitchen Court. Subsequently it obtained the name of the Washhouse Court, and this was changed, some time since, for Poplar Court, on account of some poplar-trees which formerly grew there, but which so inconvenienced the buildings that they were removed a few years since. The name disappeared with them, and the court is now called by its former incorrect cognomen." This is the most solitary and the most ancient of all the Charterhouse courts. In one corner half an arch can be distinguished, and the square-headed windows are older than they seem.

The Preacher's Court, with its castellated and turreted modern buildings, was built in 1825, after the designs of Edward Blore, Esq. The preacher's residence was on the east side. One of the octangular turrets over the northern gateway of this court holds the bell, which rings regularly a quarter of an hour before the pensioners' meals, to call home the loiterers. Some of the poor brethren lodge on the west side. On the south and east sides runs a paved cloister, and at the south-east angle is the large west window of the governor's room, above which five shields are carved in stone. The northern gateway is a depressed Tudor arch, with spandrels filled with the Charterhouse arms.

The Pensioner's Court, also built in 1825, has three gateways, but no cloister or octangular tower. The one gateway opens into the stable-yard and servants' quarter, the second into the burial-ground, the third into the Scholars' Court. In this last, at the north-east angle, the head-master used to reside, while the matron favoured a house to the north, and the gown boys' butler sheltered himself cozily at the south-east corner lodge. The stones round the semicircular arch, on the east side, are thickly engraved with the names of scholars once on the foundation, and the date of their departure.

The foundation boys' school-rooms were, for some exquisite reason, called "Gown Boys," and consisted of a hall and a writing-school. The hall boasts an Elizabethan stone chimney-piece, and the

ceiling is adorned with arabesque shields and scrolls. The scholars used to have all their meals but dinners here, and it was also a sitting-room for the "Uppers." The writing-school opposite is a square room, and part of the old school. The roof is upheld by four massive wooden pillars, and is ornamented with nine shields, and charged with the armorial bearings of the founder, the former governors, and benefactors.

Part of the cloister of the old monastery, which led to the fives-court of the Duke of Norfolk's palace, runs along the west side of the green, and above it is a terrace of old Norfolk House. This cloister formerly adjoined the monks' cells, as an ancient doorway still proves. The brick wall to the east bears the date 1571, the date of the music-gallery in the Great Hall, and the date of the duke's final imprisonment. The present cloister windows are mere square openings, and there seems to have formerly been a false flat roof. In the centre of the cloisters is an octagonal abutment, which has for generations been called by the boys "Middle Briars." The cloisters used to be the great resort of the football and hockey players, especially in bad weather. The Upper Green is three acres of fine grass-plot, formerly the special property of the "Unders," and bounded on the north by Wilderness Row, on the east by Goswell Street, on the south by the school and Upper Green, and on the west by the master's garden, where there was a fountain, in a stone basin, in the centre of the lawn, which was divided by iron railings from the burial-ground of the poor brethren. Dr. Hulme, physician to Charterhouse, who died from a fall down-stairs, in 1803, was interred here.

The School is a large brick building, on a small hill, which separates the two greens, and is supposed to have been built over the northern side of the old cloisters. It was built from designs by Mr. Pilkington, in 1803. The large door in the centre is surrounded, like that of the old school, with the names of bygone Carthusians. The head-master used to preside, at prayers, on a large seat, elevated on three steps, and regally surmounted by a canopy. There were five lesser thrones for the ushers and assistant-masters, with horseshoe seats before each, capable of seating sixteen boys. Six large windows, and a central octagonal lantern lit the room. At the east and west ends there were small retiring-rooms—little tuscolums for masters and their classes. Behind the head-master's desk was another room. On the outer keystone of the arch the names of several of the head-masters were engraved—Crusins, 1719;

Hotchkis, 1720; Berdmore, 1755; Raine, 1778; Russell, 1803; Saunders, 1819.

On ground given by the governors of Charterhouse St. Thomas's Church and Schools were built, some years ago. The entrance to the school is in Goswell Street.

The Upper Green was the cricket-ground of the "Uppers." The gravel walk to the left was the site of the eastern cloisters. Two doorways of ancient cells still remain. Near one of them are two flat square stones, which tradition reports to have formed the foot of the coffin of the former inhabitant of the cell.

A door from the cloister on the right opens into a room called Brooke Hall, "named," says the author of "Chronicles of the Charterhouse," "after Mr. Robert Brooke, fourth master of the school, who was ejected for not taking the Solemn League and Covenant, but to whom, on the Restoration, this apartment belonged. Over the fireplace is an ancient portrait of a man reading, with the following motto inscribed on the sides:—

"And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach. 1626."

"This has occasioned many surmises and suppositions. Some suppose it to be a likeness of Brooke, while others assert that neither the date nor the apparent age of the figure by any means agrees with the account received of that gentleman, who, it appears, was but a young man when admitted usher, in 1626. The last conjecture is that the portrait was either that of Nicholas Grey, the first schoolmaster, who resigned his place in 1624, or of his brother, Robert Grey, who ceased to be master in 1626. This room was used as a dining-room for the officers of the house."

On the eastern wall of what was called the Upper Green, between two doorways, is, in white paint, a large figure of a crown, with the word "Crown" under it. It is the spot where the "Crown" Inn formerly stood, says Carthusian. Tradition states that this was painted by the first Lord Ellenborough, when he was a boy in the school, as a sign-post for the boys to halt at when they played at coaches; and finding it there perfect when he visited the place as a man, he expressed a wish that it might be kept renewed. In the south-west corner of the green was an old tree, cut down about thirty years ago, which was called "Hoop Tree," from the custom the boys had of throwing their hoops into the branches when they broke up for the holidays. Hoop-bowling was a great game at Charterhouse, up to about 1825 or 1830; and some boys attained such proficiency, that they could trundle five or six hoops, or even

more, at one time. At the north-east corner of the Under Green, now built over, was the "Coach Tree," so called from the boys climbing into it at certain times of the day, to see the coaches pass up Goswell Street, between Islington and St. Martin's-le-Grand. The site of St. Thomas's Church, Charterhouse, was the ground where boys

scholars on the foundation. An extra half-holiday is given at Charterhouse when a Carthusian obtains distinction at either of the universities. The gown-boys were prohibited going out during Lent. The chapel-bell rings at eight or nine at night, to warn the pensioners. When one of the old men dies, his comrades are informed of his departure



THOMAS SUTTON. (*From an Engraving by Virtue of the Charterhouse Portrait.*)

who quarrelled were accustomed to give each other pugilistic satisfaction.

In the south-east corner of the green was the "Tennis Court," really the "Fives-Court."

The school, which moved to Godalming, for sanitary and other reasons, in May, 1872, was divided into seven forms, inclusive of the "shell," or transition state between the third and fourth forms. The very young boys were called "Petties." The present number of boys is 320, of which 55 are

by one stroke less being given than on the preceding evening. The number of strokes usually given is eighty, corresponding to the number of the old gentlemen in the black cloaks.

The following description of Charterhouse discipline and customs, from 1842 to 1847, was kindly communicated to us by Arthur Locker, Esq.:—

"I was," says Mr. Locker, "at the Charterhouse from 1842 to 1847. At that time Dr. A. P.

Saunders was head-master (now Dean of Peterborough); Rev. Oliver Walford was second-master (since dead); Rev. H. W. Phillott and Rev. F. Poynder were assistant-masters; Rev. C. N. Dicken, the reader, read the daily prayers in the chapel, and also taught in the school. While I was there the numbers of the school varied from about 150 to 180. Of these 44 (and, at one time, by a special privilege, 45) were foundationers, or gown-boys, who were fed, educated, and partially

fag or be fagged, and very often, in consequence, great bullies. The lower school (all subject to fagging) were the shell, the third, second, first forms, and the petties. In our house we had four monitors, who exercised some of the duties of masters. They could cane boys for breach of rules, and could put their names down in the black book (three insertions during one week in that volume involved a flogging; and the floggings, administered with long apple-twigs, were very severe). These moni-



STREET FRONT OF THE ELITE PRISON.

clothed, by the institution. Each governor (the governors were the leading men of the country, cabinet ministers, archbishops, &c.) selected a boy in turn, as a vacancy occurred, and the eligible age was from ten till fourteen. Most of the gown-boys were either aristocratically connected, or possessed interest with the higher class. The remainder of the boys, whose parents paid for their education, lived respectively in the three boarding-houses of Messrs. Saunders, Walford, and Dicken, and were called Sanderites, Verrites, and Dickenites. There were also about twenty day-scholars. The upper school consisted of the sixth and fifth forms, which had the privilege of fagging; then came the fourth form, a sort of neutral class, neither allowed to

tors, and some others of the big boys, had little slips of rooms for their own use, called 'studies,' and each proprietor of a study had a study-fag, who, besides keeping his books free from dust and in good order, made his coffee, toasted his roll, washed his hair-brushes, &c. Boys rather liked this special service, as it saved them from the indiscriminate fagging inflicted by strangers. The cricket-fagging was the worst. I have been kept stopping balls behind a wicket for a fellow practising for five hours at a stretch, and beaten on the back with a bat if I missed a ball. Fagging produced laziness and tyranny among the big boys, and lying and deception among the little ones. The monitors, by the way, had a special set of

fags called 'basinites,' whose business it was to take care that the basins were filled, towels dried, and soap ready in the monitors' bedroom, for they washed up-stairs. We washed in a public room, fitted up with basins.' The dietary arrangements at Charterhouse were under the management of a jolly old red-faced gentleman named Tucker, who had formerly been in the army. He was called the 'Manciple.' The food was very good; and on Fridays (perhaps as a protest against Roman Catholicism) we fared especially well. Friday was styled 'Consolation Day,' and we had roast lamb and currant tart, or roast pork and apple tart, according to the season of the year. We *said* our lessons in a large building called the New School, in the centre of the two greens; but we learnt our lessons, and had for an in-door playing-place a writing-school of our own. Here, from eight till nine o'clock every evening, one of the masters kept 'banco'—that is to say, everybody was bound to be quiet for one hour, though they might read story-books, or do what they pleased. We were locked up in our bedrooms at night, the windows of which were further secured by iron bars. The doors were unfastened at seven o'clock, and school began at eight. Cricket was the chief game in the summer quarter; during the rest of the year we had football and hockey. Fives was also played in one of the courts, but tops and marbles were discountenanced, as savouring (heaven save the mark!) of private schools. As a rule, boys are very conventional and narrow-minded. We were kept quite apart from the eighty old pensioners, or 'coddys,' as they were called, and only saw them on Sundays and saints' days in chapel. I remember two in whom we felt an interest—Mr. Moncrieff, the dramatist; and a Mr. Bayzand (or some such name), who had been a harlequin, but who at fourscore had grown a very decrepit, unwieldy man. The upper form boys were allowed the privilege of going out from Saturday afternoon till Sunday evening, at nine p.m., provided they received an invitation from parents or friends, which invitation had to be submitted for approval to the head-master. The lower forms were allowed the same privilege every alternate Saturday. At all other times we were strictly confined to our own part of the premises; and many a time have we, imprisoned behind those gloomy walls, longed for the liberty of Goswell Street, the houses of which overlooked our under green.

"The great festival of the year was the 12th December, held in memory of our benefactor, Thomas Sutton, when, after a service in the chapel, a Latin oration was delivered by the head gown-boy, then going to college, and a collection put into the

trencher-cap by the visitors who came to hear him. A hundred pounds, or more, was often thus collected. After this the old Carthusians dined together, and spent the rest of the evening at the house of the master (Archdeacon Hale). The master was supreme over the whole establishment, both boys and pensioners: he must not at all be confounded with the *school-master*. When a boy left school, his name was engraved on the stone wall which faced the school buildings, with the date of the year of his departure."

"In former times," says Mr. Howard Staunton, "there was a curious custom in this school, termed 'pulling-in,' by which the lower boys manifested their opinion of the seniors in a rough but very intelligible fashion. One day in the year the fags, like the slaves in Rome, had freedom, and held a kind of saturnalia. On this privileged occasion they used to seize the upper boys, one by one, and drag them from the playground into the school-room, and, accordingly as the victim was popular or the reverse, he was either cheered and mildly treated, or was hooted, groaned at, and sometimes soundly cuffed. The day selected was Good Friday, and, although the practice was nominally forbidden, the officials, for many years, took no measures to prevent it. One ill-omened day, however, when the sport was at the best, the doctor was espied approaching the scene of battle. A general *sauve qui peut* ensued, and, in the hurry of flight, a meek and quiet lad (the Hon. Mr. Howard), who happened to be seated on some steps, was crushed so dreadfully that, to the grief of the whole school, he shortly after died. 'Pulling-in' was thenceforth sternly interdicted."

On the resignation, in 1832, of Dr. Russell (who was appointed to the living of Bishopsgate, the number of the school fell off from about 600 boys to something about 100 or 80, consequently many of the junior masters were dismissed.

The poor brothers of the Charterhouse (a very interesting feature of Sutton's rather perverted charity) are now eighty in number. They receive £36 a year, have comfortable rooms rent free, and are required to wear, when in bounds, a long black cloak. They attend chapel twice a day, at half-past nine and six, and dine together in the Duke of Norfolk's fine old hall. The only special restriction over the old brothers is the necessity of being in every night at eleven, and they are fined a shilling for every non-attendance at chapel—a rule that secures, as might have been expected, the most Pharisaic punctuality at such ceremonials. This respectable brotherhood used to contain a good many of Wellington's old Peninsular officers, now and



then a bankrupt country squire, and now and then—much out of place—came the old butler of one of the governors.

Thackeray has immortalised his old school, about which he writes so fondly, and with that air of thoughtful regret, that so marks his sadder passages: "Mention," says the great novelist, in "The Newcomes," "has been made once or twice, in the course of this history, of the Grey Friars' School—where the colonel, and Clive, and I had been brought up—an ancient foundation of the time of James I., still subsisting in the heart of London city. The death-day of the founder of the place is still kept solemnly by the Cistercians. In their chapel, where assemble the boys of the school, and the fourscore old men of the hospital, the founder's tomb stands—a huge edifice, emblazoned with heraldic decorations and clumsy carved allegories. There is an old hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of James's time. An old hall? Many old halls, old staircases, old passages, old chambers decorated with old portraits, walking in the midst of which we walk, as it were, in the early seventeenth century. To others than Cistercians, Grey Friars is a dreary place, possibly. Nevertheless, the pupils educated there love to revisit it, and the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into those scenes of childhood.

"The custom of the school is, that on the 12th of December, the Founder's Day, the head gown-boy shall recite a Latin oration, in praise *Fundatoris Nostri*, and upon other subjects, and a goodly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to attend this oration; after which we go to chapel, and hear a sermon; after which we adjourn to a great dinner, where old condisciples meet, old toasts are given, and speeches are made. Before marching from the oration-hall to chapel, the stewards of the day's dinner, according to old-fashioned rite, have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession, and sit there in places of honour. The boys are already in their seats, with smug fresh faces, and shining white collars; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their benches, the chapel is lighted, and founder's tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Founder Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the Great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here, and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of *our* time—

used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys, on whom it lighted; and how the boy next us *would* kick our shins during service-time, and how the monitor *would* cane us afterwards because our shins were kicked. Yonder sit forty cherry-cheeked boys, thinking about home and holidays to-morrow. Yonder sit some threescore old gentlemen-pensioners of the hospital, listening to the prayers and the psalms. You hear them coughing feebly in the twilight—the old reverend blackgowns. Is Codd Ajax alive? you wonder. The Cistercian lads called these old gentlemen 'codd's,' I know not wherefore—I know not wherefore—but is old Codd Ajax alive? I wonder; or Codd Soldier, or kind old Codd Gentleman, or has the grave closed over them? A plenty of candles light up this chapel, and this scene of age and youth, and early memories, and pompous death. How solemn the well-remembered prayers are, here uttered again in the place where in childhood we used to hear them! How beautiful and decorous the rite! How noble the ancient words of the supplications which the priest utters, and to which generations of fresh children, and troops of bygone seniors, have cried 'Amen' under those arches! The service for Founder's Day is a special one, one of the Psalms selected being the thirty-seventh, and we hear—'23. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way. 24. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand. 25. I have been young, and now am old: yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' As we came to this verse I chanced to look up from my book towards the swarm of black-coated pensioners, and amongst them—amongst them—sat Thomas Newcome.

"His dear old head was bent down over his prayer-book; there was no mistaking him. He wore the black gown of the pensioners of the Hospital of Grey Friars. His order of the Bath was on his breast. He stood there amongst the poor brethren, uttering the responses to the psalm. The steps of this good man had been ordered hither by Heaven's decree: to this almshouse! Here it was ordained that a life all love, and kindness, and honour should end! I heard no more of prayers, and psalms, and sermon after that." \* \* \* \*

And who can forget the solemn picture of the colonel's death? "One afternoon," says Thackeray, "he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him and sate by the bed with a very awe-stricken face; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a

half-holiday, and they were having a cricket match with the St. Peter's boys in the green, and Grey Friars were in and winning. . . . At the usual evening hour, the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands, outside the bed, feebly beat time; and just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, 'Adsum,' and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called, and lo! he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master."

At the Poor Brothers' celebration was formerly sung the old Carthusian melody, with this quaint chorus:—

"Then blessed be the memory  
Of good old *Thomas Sutton*,  
Who gave us lodging—learning,  
And he gave us beef and mutton."

Among the poor brothers of the Charterhouse who have here found a refuge the rough outer world denied, the most justly celebrated was Stephen Gray, Copley medallist of the Royal Society, and a humble and patient resident here in the early part of the eighteenth century. This remarkable and now almost forgotten discoverer formed the subject of a lecture lately delivered at Charterhouse by Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, F.R.S., from which we derive the following facts:—The first time that Mr. Gray was known anything about was in the year 1692, when he was, perhaps, about the age of forty, and was living at Canterbury, pursuing astronomical studies. In that year he was known to have made astronomical inquiries as to certain mock suns which he saw. He then, in 1696, turned his attention to microscopes, and made one by melting a rod of glass, which, when the end was in a molten state, dropped off and formed a round solid globe, which acted as a powerful magnifier. That, however, was not sufficiently powerful, so he made a more powerful one by having a hollow globe of glass filled with water, and with this he was enabled to discover animalculæ in the water. The same year witnessed a great improvement of his in the barometer. It had been invented some years before, but Mr. Gray hit upon an ingenious method of taking an accurate reading of the instrument. In 1699 the same gentleman observed again mock suns in the heavens, and a halo round the true sun, but did nothing more than record the fact. His next step in science was to obtain a meridian line, after which, in about a couple of years, spots in the sun attracted his attention: Mr. Gray was one of the first observers of that phenomenon, and in 1706 he re-

corded an eclipse of the sun. From that time to 1720, not much was heard of either him or his discoveries, but in the latter year a letter was sent by Prince George to the Charterhouse, requesting that he might be admitted. After his admission to the charity he remained without doing much for some time, but at length he recommenced his labour by sending a paper to the Royal Society, denominated "Some New Electrical Experiments," and some little time after that he became known to Dr. Gilbert, a man of great research. Dr. Gilbert made several experiments with the magnet, as to its power of attraction; he also discovered that amber when rubbed would lead a balance-needle, and in prosecuting his inquiries further, found out that sealing wax, resin, and glass possessed the same qualities, but that they were different from the magnet in many other respects. He therefore named them after the Greek word for amber (*electron*), thus bringing into use the word electricity. That was one of the men who took notice of Mr. Gray and his experiments. About this period some experiments were made with reference to repulsion and attraction by Mr. Gray, which were followed up by Sir Isaac Newton, during which the great philosopher discovered that small pieces of gold leaf and paper placed in a box with a glass lid would fly up to the lid when it was briskly rubbed. Mr. Gray then discovered if parchment, goldbeaters' skin, and brown paper were heated, they would all attract feathers towards them. A fir rod, with an ivory ball attached to it and placed in a cork, and the tube in a charged glass rod, would also produce the same result. That showed to the ingenious mind of Mr. Gray that electricity could be transmitted from one substance to another. Mr. Gray having discovered that electricity could be so transmitted, was led to try packthread as a conductor. Packthread was accordingly employed, and found to act very well as such a medium when used in a vertical position, but when in a horizontal one it would not carry any spark at all. This discovery was made in a barn by Mr. Granville Wheeler, at Atterden House, near Faversham. The cause of the failure was owing to the fact that the current passed off up to the ceiling. The line was then suspended at distances by means of pieces of silk thread, and when that was done the current passed through to the end of the line. As silk thread was easily broken copper wire was employed, but with no better result, and by that means the discovery was arrived at that there were some bodies which carried off the electric current, and others which concentrated it. After this later discovery the first electric line in

the world was made on Mr. Wheeler's ground, and a message through a packthread, and attached to a charged glass rod, was sent a distance of 870 yards from the grounds of Mr. Wheeler up to his garret window. Mr. Gray having thus made one of the grandest discoveries in the world, followed up his researches, and found out that it was not necessary to have contact to pass an electrical current. That was called induction, and some short time afterwards, in 1732, the Royal Society awarded their gold medal; and in the same year the recipient of the gold medal further contributed to science by discovering that water could be made a conductor, and also that resin could be made to act as a good insulator—a grand discovery, for without insulators we could not make much use of the electric current. In 1735 Mr. Gray also succeeded in obtaining the electric spark, which he did by means of a charged glass rod brought into contact with an iron bar resting upon bands of silk. After this period nothing much was heard of him, and his time was fast drawing to a close. Before that time, however, he invented a machine which he called his planetarium. It was a round box filled with resin, and a metal ball in its centre, over this was suspended a pith pellet, and if the pellet gyrated in a circle the ball was in the centre, but if it were not it would move in an elliptic. By such a means as that he thought he could show a complete planetary system. He was, however, mistaken, for the twirling of the pith pellet round the globe of metal was no doubt caused by the pulsation of the blood through the fingers. As a further proof of Mr. Gray's intellect, when he obtained the first spark of electricity, he prophesied that electricity generated by a machine would become as powerful as the same force in nature. That, no doubt, will soon be the case, for sheep and other large animals have been instantaneously killed by a machine weighing fifteen hundredweight.

With all the vices that superstition and laziness could engender, there can never be a doubt among tolerant men that learning owes a deep debt to the much-abused tenants of monasteries. Many great Biblical works and ponderous dictionaries were the products of the indomitable patience of those ascetic workers. The Carthusian order had, at least, its share of these sturdy toilers, whose life's silent but faithful labour was often summed up in an old brown folio. Among the more celebrated of these patient men we find Theobald English (beginning of the fourteenth century), who wrote the lives of all holy men, from the Creation to his own time; Dr. Adam (about 1340), whose works are now in the Bodleian, wrote the "Life of Saint

Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln," treatises and works on Tribulation and on the Eucharist; John Olvey (1350) wrote a book on the miracles of the Virgin; Prior Rock, who died in 1470, left dialogues, epigrams, and poems behind him, in MS.; Thomas Spencer (1529) produced commentaries on St. Paul's Epistles; John Batmore, or Batmanson, prior in the sixteenth century, wrote against Luther and Erasmus; Prior Chauncey, of Bruges, who succeeded Houghton, wrote a "History of the Emigration of the Carthusians," and "Passio Octidni Cartusianorum."

The allowance to each pensioner was originally £26 *12s.*, paid in quarterly instalments. The scholars of the foundation were not to exceed forty. The schoolmaster and usher were not allowed to take in their houses more than sixty other scholars, "unless they entertained another under-usher out of their own means, to be dieted and lodged in the hospital." At the annual examination in Easter a gold medal is now awarded for the best Latin hexameter. There are also two silver medals for Greek iambics and Latin prose. On the Foundation Day a Latin oration is delivered in the great hall by the senior gown-boy; and at the banquet which follows the orator's trencher goes round like the purse at Westminster, which contributes to the orator's outfit for Oxford.

"It was anciently the custom of the Charterhouse scholars to perform a dramatic piece on "Founder's Day." It appears, however, that there were other epochs set apart for conviviality and merriment, such as the 5th of November, the anniversary of the deliverance of the kingdom from the Popish plot. A play is still extant, entitled "A Dramatic Piece, by the Charterhouse Scholars, in memory of the Powder Plot, performed at the Charterhouse, Nov. 6th, 1732." The scene is the Vatican, and the characters represented are the Pope, the devil (in the character of a pilgrim), and two Jesuits. The plot is by no means uninteresting, and some passages evince considerable tact and experience." An attempt has been made to connect this play with a dramatist, Elkanah Settle by name, who died a pensioner of Charterhouse in 1724.

"Dr. Young," says the author of the "Chronicles of the Charterhouse," "in his epistle to Mr. Pope, refers to Settle's last days in the following lines:—

'Poor Elkanah, all other changes past,  
For bread in Smithfield dragons hissed at last;  
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,  
And found his manners suited to his shape.'

"Mr. Settle finally obtained admission into Charterhouse, and there, resting from his literary

labours, died in obscurity in the year 1724. The similarity of sentiment which appears between Mr. Settle's works and the play performed by the Charterhouse scholars, gives rise to a supposition that the latter was the work of Settle himself. The active part which Mr. Settle took in the famous ceremony of Pope-burning in the year 1680, agrees strictly with the ridicule which is laid upon his Holiness, when made to 'run away in a fright' in the said play, and the date of his

commenced by Bishop Wilson, of translating the Scriptures into the Manx language; Joseph Addison; Richard Steele; John Wesley, the founder of Wesleyan Methodism; Sir William Blackstone; Dr. John Jortin; Dr. Martin Benson, formerly Bishop of Gloucester; Monk, late Bishop of Gloucester, one of our best Greek scholars; Sir Simon Le Blanc, one of the late Judges of the King's Bench. There was a time when this school could claim as her sons the then Primate of England, Dr. Manners

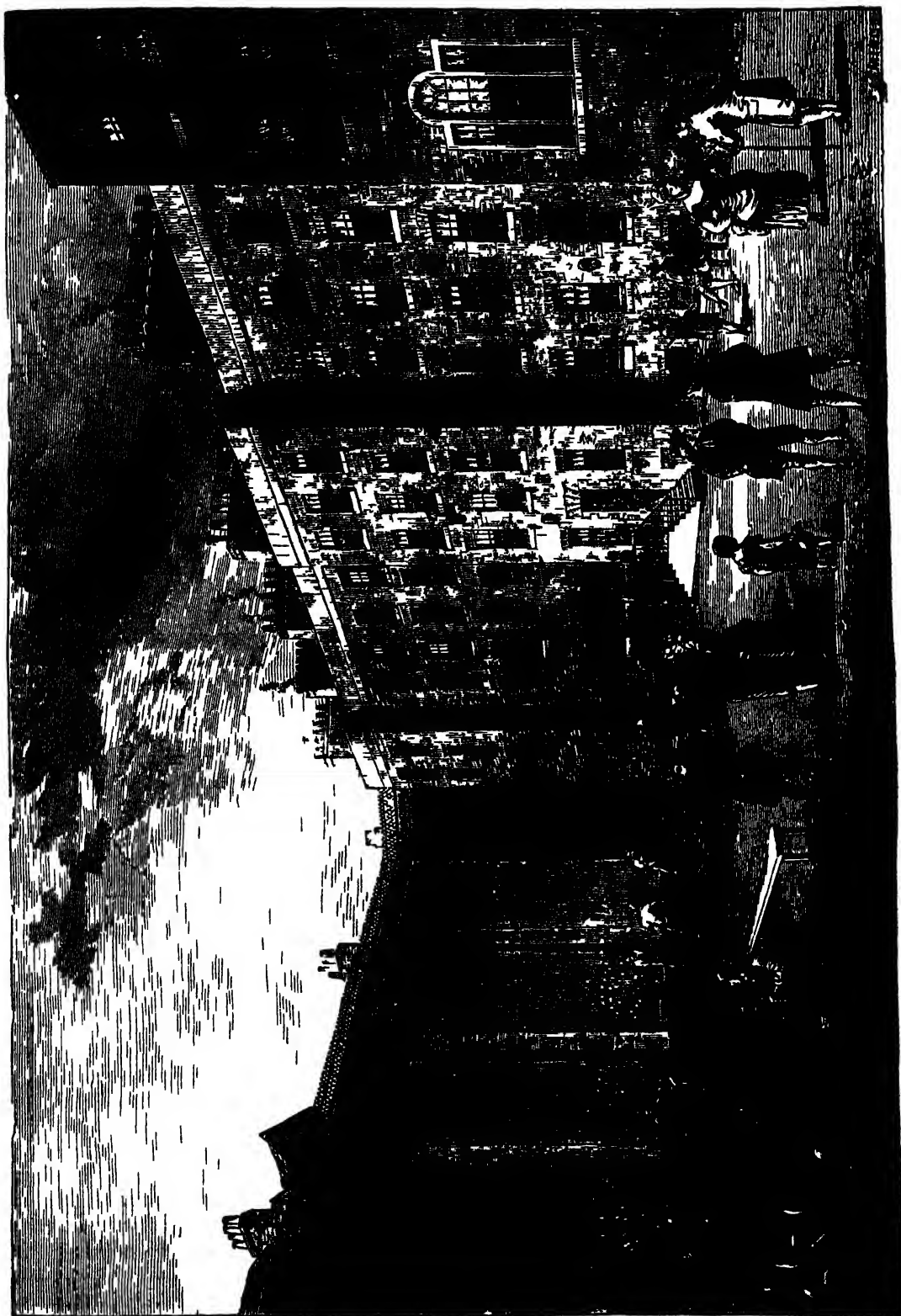


COURTYARD IN THE NEW PRISON

death was only a few years anterior to the said performance; there can be but little or no doubt that it is a composition of the fallen bard, who, it is said, 'had a numerous poetical issue, but shared the misfortune of several other gentlemen, to survive them all.'

"The register of Charterhouse," says Mr. Staunton, in his "Great Schools of England," 1869, contains the names of numerous pupils afterwards illustrious in various departments of public life. Among these may be noted Richard Crashaw, the poet; Richard Lovelace; Dr. Isaac Barrow; Dr. John Davies, Master of Queen's College, Cambridge; Dr. Mark Hildersley, Bishop of Sodor and Man, who completed the arduous task,

Sutton; the Prime Minister of England, the Earl of Liverpool; and the Chief Justice of England, Lord Ellenborough. The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Lord Manners; Basil Montagu; Baron Alderson; Sir Astley P. Cooper, Sir Cresswell Cresswell, and General Havelock; Lord Justice Turner, and the late Sir Henry Russell, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Indian Judicature; Sir C. Eastlake, P.R.A.; William Makepeace Thackeray, the great novelist, and John Leech, the well-known artist, are proud names for Charterhouse. Other famous Carthusians—but it will be seen that death has already played havoc with this list—"are Bishop Thirlwall, of St. David's, the historian of Greece, and his eminent



INTERIOR OF THE FLEET PRISON—THE RACKET-COURT

rival, George Grote; Dr. Waddington, Dean of Durham, and his brother Horatio Waddington, Secretary for the Home Department; the Earl of Dalhousie; the Right Hon. T. Milner Gibson, M.P.; Sir J. D. Harding, late Queen's Advocate; the Archdeacon Churton; the Dean of Peterborough; the Dean of Christchurch; Sir Erskine Perry; Sir Joseph Arnould, Judge of the Supreme Court of Bombay, and the Rev. Thomas Mozeley; W. G. Palgrave and F. T. Palgrave; Sir H. Storks; Sir Charles Trevelyan; Sir G. Bowen, and others.

"In the head-monitor's room," says Mr. Timbs, "is preserved the iron bedstead on which died W. M. Thackeray, and outside the chapel are

memorial tablets to Thackeray, Leech, and Havell, erected by fellow Carthusians."

The collection of pictures in the Charterhouse, besides those already noticed, includes a portrait of William, Earl of Craven, who fought bravely beside Gustavus Adolphus. The earl is supposed to have married James's daughter, the widowed Queen of Bohemia; he gave a name to Craven Street, Strand, and lived on the site of the Olympic Theatre. The picture is a full-length, in armour. The old soldier wields a general's truncheon, and behind him spreads a camp. There are also portraits of Bishops Robinson, Gibson, Morley, and others.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

### THE FLEET PRISON.

*An Ancient Debtors' Prison—Grievous Abuses—Star Chamber Offenders in the Fleet—Prynne and Lilburne—James Howell, the Letter-writer—Howard, the Philanthropist, at the Fleet—The Evil of Farming the Fleet—The Cases of Jacob Mender Solas and Captain Mackphedraie—A Parliamentary Inquiry into the State of the Fleet Prison—Hogarth's Picture on the Subject—The Poet Thomson's Eulogy of Mr. Oglethorpe—The Fleet Prison before and after it was Burnt in 1780—Code of Laws enforced in the Fleet—The Liberty of the "Rules"—The Gordon Rioters at the Fleet—Weddings in the Fleet—Scandalous Scenes—Mr. Pickwick's Sojourn in the Fleet—Famous Inmates of the Prison.*

It is difficult to carry the mind back and imagine this old London prison, carted away in 1846, a building of nearly seven centuries' existence; yet so it was. Stow, to whom a century was a mere trifle, traces it back, in his grave, unpretending way (condensing a week's research in a line), as early as Richard I., who confirmed the custody of his house at Westminster, and his gaol of the Fleet at London, to Osbert, brother of William Longshampe, Chancellor of England. King John, also, says the same writer, handed over the same important, and, as one might perhaps be allowed to think, somewhat incongruous trusts, to the Archdeacon of Wells. The Fleet is proved to have been a debtors' prison as early as 1290, but it does not figure largely in London chronicles. It was probably as disgraceful and loathsome as other prisons of those early days, the gaolers levying fees from the prisoners, and habeas corpus, that Magna Charta of the unfortunate, being as yet unknown.

The Fleet Prison was formerly held in conjunction with the Manor of Leveland, in Kent, and appears in a grant from Archbishop Lanfranc as part of the ancient possessions of the See of Canterbury, soon after the accession of William the Conqueror. That it was burnt by Wat Tyler's men is only another proof of the especial dislike of the mob to such institutions. In Queen Mary's time some of the Protestant martyrs were con-

finied here. Bishop Hooper, for instance, was twice thrust in the Fleet, till the fire at Gloucester could be got ready to burn his opinions out of him. His bed there is described as "a little pad of straw, with a rotten covering."

Strype says that about the year 1586 (Elizabeth) the suffering prisoners of the Fleet petitioned the Lords of the Council on the matter of certain grievous abuses in the management of the prison—abuses that were, indeed, never thoroughly corrected. It was the middleman system that had led to many evils. The warden, wishing to earn his money without trouble, had let the prison to two deputies. These men being poor, and greedy for money, had established an iniquitous system of bribery and extortion, inflicting constant fines and payments, and cruelly punishing all refractory prisoners who ventured to rebel, or even to remonstrate, stopping their exercise, and forbidding them to see their friends. A commission was granted, but nothing satisfactory seems to have come from it, as we find, in 1593, another groan arising from the wretched prisoners of the Fleet, who preferred a bill to Parliament, reciting, in twenty-eight articles, the misdemeanours and even murders of the obnoxious deputy-warden. "The warden's fees in the reign of Elizabeth," says Mr. Timbs, "were—An archbishop, duke, or duchess, for his commitment fee, and the first week's



'dyett,' £21 10s.; a lord, spiritual or temporal, £10 5s. 10d.; a knight, £5; an esquire, £3 6s. 8d.; and even 'a poor man in the wards, that hath a part at the box, to pay for his fee, having no dyett, 7s. 4d.' The warden's charge for licence to a prisoner 'to go abroad' was 20d. per diem."

The fruitless martyrdoms of Mary's reign had not convinced such narrow-minded bigots as Laud of the folly of attempting to convert adversaries by force. The Fleet became the special prison for Star Chamber offenders, including many dogged Puritan lampooners and many generous champions of liberty, and even bishops were crammed into the Fleet for unorthodox conduct. Two of the most historical of the theoretical culprits were Prynne and Lilburne. The former tough old lawyer, for simply denouncing actresses, with a supposed glance at the Queen of Charles I was taken from the Fleet to the pillory, to have his nostrils slit and his ears cut off—a revenge for which the king paid dearly, and gained an inexorable and pitiless foe. Lilburne, "free-born John," as he was called by the Republicans, was one of the most extraordinary men the dens of the Fleet ever contained, or the Fleet irons ever cramped. For reprinting one of Prynne's violent books, honest John, who afterwards fought bravely in support of his opinions at Edgehill and elsewhere, was whipped at the cart's tail from the Fleet to the pillory at Westminster. Even at the pillory he threw seditious pamphlets to the populace, and when he was gagged, to prevent his indignant orations, he stamped, to express his indignation. That pleasant letter-writer, James Howell, was also a prisoner here, from 1643 to 1647, when his glasshouse schemes failed, and on his return from his business travels in Italy and Spain. In a letter to the Earl of B—— he describes being arrested by five men armed with "swords, pistols, and bills;" and he adds, in his usual cheery way, "as far as I see, I must be at dead anchor in this Fleet a long time, unless some gentle gale blow thence, to make me launch out."

After the abolition of Laud's detestable Star Chamber court, in 1641, the Fleet Prison was reserved for debtors only, and for contempt of the Courts of Chancery, Common Pleas, and Exchequer. The prison was burnt down in the Great Fire, when the prisoners were removed for a time to Carone House, South Lambeth, the mansion of the Netherlands ambassador in the reigns of Elizabeth and James.

Howard, the philanthropist, visited the Fleet for the first time in April, 1774, and, in his "State of the Prisons in England and Wales," speaks of it five years later, as clean and free from offensive

odours. The building was burnt by the rioters in 1780, but was immediately rebuilt on the old plan. The new gaol is thus described by Howard:—

"At the front," he says, "is a narrow court. At each end of the building there is a small projection, or wing. There are four floors—they call them galleries—besides the cellar floor, called 'Bartholomew Fair.' Each gallery consists of a passage in the middle the whole length of the prison, 66 yards; and rooms on each side of it about 14½ feet by 12½, and 9½ feet high; a chimney and window in every room. The passages are narrow (not 7 feet wide) and darkish, having only a window at each end. On the first floor, the hall-gallery, to which you ascend by eight steps, are a chapel, a tap-room, a coffee-room (made out of two rooms for debtors), a room for the turnkey, another for the watchman, and eighteen rooms for prisoners. Besides the coffee-room and tap-room, two of those eighteen rooms, and all the cellar-floor, except a lock-up room to confine the disorderly, and another room for the turnkey, were held by the tapster, John Cartwright, who bought the remainder of the lease at public auction in 1775. The cellar-floor is sixteen steps below the hall-gallery. It consists of the two rooms just now mentioned, the tapster's kitchen, his four large beer and wine cellars, and fifteen rooms for prisoners. These fifteen, and the two before mentioned on the hall-gallery, the tapster lets to prisoners for from 4s. to 8s. a week. On the second floor (that next above the hall-gallery) are twenty-five rooms for prisoners; on the next gallery, twenty-seven. One of them, fronting the staircase, is their committee-room. A room at one end is an infirmary; at the other end, in a large room over the chapel, is a dirty billiard-table, kept by the prisoner who sleeps in that room. On the highest storey are twenty-seven rooms. Some of these upper rooms—viz., those in the wings—are larger than the rest, being over the chapel, the tap-room, &c. All the rooms I have mentioned are for Master's Side debtors. The weekly rent of those not held by the tapster is 1s. 3d., unfurnished. They fall to the prisoners in succession; thus, when a room becomes vacant, the first prisoner upon the list of such as have paid their entrance-fees takes possession of it. When the prison was built, the warder gave each prisoner his choice of a room, according to his seniority as prisoner. If all the rooms be occupied, a new comer must hire of some tenant a part of his room, or shift as he can. Prisoners are excluded from all right of succession to the rooms held by the tapster, and let at the high rents aforesaid. The apartments for Common Side debtors are only part of the right wing of the

prison. Besides the cellar (which was intended for their kitchen, but is occupied with lumber, and shut up) there are four floors. On each floor is a room about twenty-four or twenty-five feet square, with a fireplace; and on the sides, seven closets or cabins to sleep in. Such of these prisoners as swear in court, or before a commissioner, that they are not worth £5, and cannot subsist without charity, have the donations which are sent to the prison, the begging-box, and the grate. Of them there were at one of my visits sixteen, at some other times not so many."

In 1726, the evils of farming the Fleet having increased to a disgraceful and perfectly unbearable pitch, a Parliamentary investigation took place, and Huggins, the farmer, and Bambridge, a low, greedy fellow, who was his lessee, were tried for murder. The examination of the witnesses led to some ghastly disclosures, which Hogarth, who was present, immortalised in a picture which at once made him celebrated. The following extract from the governor's report discloses infamous cruelty:—

"Jacob Mendez Solas, a Portuguese, was, as far as it appeared to the committee, one of the first prisoners for debt that ever was loaded with irons at the Fleet. The said Bambridge one day called him into the gatehouse of the prison called the Lodge, where he caused him to be seized, fettered, and carried to Corbett's the spunging-house, and there kept for upwards of a week; and when brought back into the prison, Bambridge caused him to be turned into the dungeon called the Strong-room of the Master's Side.

"The place is a vault, like those in which the dead are interred, and wherein the bodies of persons dying in the said prison are usually deposited, till the coroner's inquest hath passed upon them. It has no chimney nor fireplace, nor any light but what comes over the door, or through a hole of about eight inches square. It is neither paved nor boarded; and the rough bricks appear both on the sides and top, being neither wainscoted nor plastered. What adds to the dampness and stench of the place is its being built over the common shore, and adjoining to the sink and dunghill, where all the nastiness of the prison is cast. In this miserable place the poor wretch was kept by the said Bambridge, manacled and shackled, for near two months. At length, on receiving five guineas from Mr. Kemp, a friend of Solas's, Bambridge released the prisoner from his cruel confinement. But though his chains were taken off, his terror still remained, and the unhappy man was prevailed upon by that terror not only to labour gratis for the said Bambridge, but to swear also at random

all that he hath required of him. And this committee themselves saw an instance of the deep impression his sufferings had made upon him; for, on his surmising, from something said, that Bambridge was to return again as warden of the Fleet, he fainted, and the blood started out of his mouth and nose.

"Captain John Mackpheadris, who was bred a merchant, is another melancholy instance of the cruel use the said Bambridge hath made of his assumed authority. Mackpheadris was a considerable trader, and in a very flourishing condition, until the year 1720, when, being bound for large sums to the Crown, for a person afterwards ruined by the misfortunes of that year, he was undone. In June, 1727, he was prisoner in the Fleet, and although he had before paid his commitment-fee, the like fee was extorted from him a second time; and he having furnished a room, Bambridge demanded an extravagant price for it, which he refused to pay, and urged that it was unlawful for the warden to demand extravagant rents, and offered to pay what was legally due. Notwithstanding which, the said Bambridge, assisted by the said James Barnes, and other accomplices, broke open his room and took away several things of great value, amongst others, the king's Extent in aid of the prisoner (which was to have been returned in a few days, in order to procure the debt to the Crown, and the prisoner's enlargement), which Bambridge still detains. Not content with this, Bambridge locked the prisoner out of his room, and forced him to lie in the open yard, called the 'Bare.' He sat quietly under his wrongs, and getting some poor materials, built a little hut, to protect himself as well as he could from the injuries of the weather. The said Bambridge, seeing his unconcernedness, said, '—him! he is easy! I will put him into the Strong-room before to-morrow!' and ordered Barnes to pull down his little hut, which was done accordingly. The poor prisoner, being in an ill state of health, and the night rainy, was put to great distress. Some time after this he was (about eleven o'clock at night) assaulted by Bambridge, with several other persons, his accomplices, in a violent manner; and Bambridge, though the prisoner was unarmed, attacked him with his sword, but by good fortune was prevented from killing him; and several other prisoners coming out upon the noise, they carried Mackpheadris for safety into another gentleman's room; soon after which Bambridge, coming with one Savage, and several others, broke open the door, and Bambridge strove with his sword to kill the prisoner, but he again got away, and hid himself in another room. Next morning

the said Bambridge entered the prison with a detachment of soldiers, and ordered the prisoner to be dragged to the lodge, and ironed with great irons. On which he, desiring to know for what cause and by what authority he was to be so cruelly used, Bambridge replied, it was by his own authority, and, — him, he would do it, and have his life. The prisoner desired he might be carried before a magistrate, that he might know his crime before he was punished; but Bambridge refused, and put irons upon his legs which were too little, so that in forcing them on his legs were like to have been broken, and the torture was impossible to be endured. Upon which the prisoner, complaining of the grievous pain and straitness of the irons, Bambridge answered, that he did it on purpose to torture him. On which the prisoner replying that by the law of England no man ought to be tortured, Bambridge declared that he would do it first and answer for it afterwards; and caused him to be dragged away to the dungeon, where he lay without a bed, loaded with irons so close riveted, that they kept him in continual torture, and mortified his legs. After long application his irons were changed, and a surgeon directed to dress his legs; but his lameness is not, nor can be, cured. He was kept in this miserable condition for three weeks, by which his sight is greatly prejudiced, and in danger of being lost.

"The prisoner, upon this usage, petitioned the judges; and after several meetings, and a full hearing, the judges reprimanded Mr. Huggins and Bambridge, and declared that a gaoler could not answer the ironing of a man before he was found guilty of a crime, but it being out of term, they could not give the prisoner any relief or satisfaction."

Notwithstanding the judges' remonstrance, Bambridge, cruel and greedy to the last, did not release the captain from his irons till he had wrung from him six guineas, and indicted him for an imaginary assault. But the case of Captain David Sinclair, an old officer of courage and honour, was even a worse one. Bambridge, who disliked his prisoner, had boasted to one of his turnkeys that he would have Sinclair's blood. Selecting the king's birthday, when he thought the captain would be warm with wine, he rushed into Sinclair's room with his escort, armed with musket and bayonet, struck him with his cane, and ordered the men to stab the poor wretch with their bayonets if he resisted being dragged down to the Strong-room. In that damp and dark dungeon Sinclair was confined, till he lost the use of his limbs and also his memory; and when near dying he was taken into a better

room, where he was left four days without food. In the case of Mr. John Holder, a Spanish merchant, the prisoner died from an illness produced by horror at the miseries of the Common Side to which he had been consigned.

Bambridge is said to have been the first gaoler of the Fleet who put mere debtors in irons. The old method of punishing drunken and disorderly persons in this prison was the stocks; while those who escaped, or tried to escape, were either set in tubs at the prison gate, or locked in their rooms for several days. This cruel gaoler seems to have defied even habeas corpus, to have stolen charitable bequests, and bribed or frightened the lawyers who came to defend ill-used prisoners. In the case of Sir William Rich, a prisoner who was unable to pay up his arrears for lodging, Barnes, a turnkey, tried to burn him with a red-hot poker; while the warden threatened to fire at him, struck him with a stick, and slashed at him with a hanger. Rich was then loaded with heavy irons, thrown into the dungeon on the Master's Side, and kept there ten days for having, almost unconsciously, in the midst of these cruelties, wounded Bambridge with a shoemaker's knife. For an application to the Court of Common Pleas Sir William had to pay £14, the motion costing him £2 13s. 7d. In another case the prisoner paid, at his entrance into the Fleet, to judges' clerks, tipstaff, and warden, £45 16s.

Although the rascally Huggins and the wretch Bambridge escaped with a fright and a short imprisonment, there is no doubt this Parliamentary inquiry eventually led to reforms in this vilely-managed prison. A picture by Hogarth, of the Fleet Prison Committee was that painter's first real step to popularity. Sir James Thornhill probably obtained his son-in-law permission to sketch the scene, of which Horace Walpole says:—

"The scene is the committee. On the table are the instruments of torture. A prisoner in rags, half-starved, appears before them. The poor man has a good countenance, that adds to the interest. On the other hand is the inhuman gaoler. It is the very figure that Salvator Rosa would have drawn for Iago in the moment of detection. Villainy, fear, and conscience are mixed in yellow and livid on his countenance. His lips are contracted by tremor, his face advances as eager to lie, his legs step back as thinking to make his escape. One hand is thrust precipitately into his bosom, the fingers of the other are catching uncertainly at his button-holes. If this was a portrait, it is the most striking that ever was drawn; if it was not, it is still finer."

The poet Thomson, in his "Seasons," finds an opportunity to eulogise Mr. Oglethorpe, whose generous hatred of cruelty led to the formation of the Fleet Committee. With his usual high-toned enthusiasm for what is good, the poet sings :—

mitted here, as at another public-house. The same may be seen in many other prisons where the gaoler keeps or lets the tap. Besides the inconvenience of this to prisoners, the frequenting a prison lessens the dread of being confined in one.



THE LAST REMAINS OF THE FLEET PRISON.

"And here can I forget the generous band  
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd.  
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail,  
Unpitied and unheard, where Misery moans,  
Where Sickness pines, where Thirst and Hunger burn,  
And poor Misfortune feels the lash of vice?

Howard, the philanthropist, describes the Fleet as an ill-managed prison, even in 1776.

"The prisoners," he says, "play in the courtyard at skittles, mississippi, fives, tennis, &c. And not only the prisoners. I saw among them several butchers and others from the market. who are ad-

On Monday night there was a wine club; on Thursday night a beer club; each lasting usually till one or two in the morning. I need not say how much riot these occasion, and how the sober prisoners, and those that are sick, are annoyed by them. "Seeing the prison crowded with women and children, I procured an accurate list of them, and found that on (or about) the 6th April, 1776, there were on the Master's Side 213 prisoners, on the Common Side 30, total 243; their wives and children were 475."

The Fleet after the fire of 1780 was rebuilt on the old plan. The floors of the cellar, the hall, and the first storey were stone, and arched with brick. The tapster still had all the cellar-floor. He and several of the prisoners kept dogs. The billiard and mississippi tables were, however, put down, and the *little code* of laws (referred to by Howard), was abolished.

The "little code of laws," eighteen in number, enacted by the Master-Side debtors, and printed

before eight, and to light the lamps all over the house. No person was to throw out water, &c. anywhere but at the sinks in the yard. The crier might take of a stranger a penny for calling a prisoner to him, and of a complainant twopenny for summoning a special committee. For blasphemy, swearing, riot, drunkenness, &c, the committee was to fine at discretion. For damaging a lamp the fine was a shilling. They were to take from a new comer, on the first Sunday, besides the two shillings,



A WEDDING IN THE FLEET. From a Print of the Eighteenth Century. (See page 410.)

by D. Jones, 1774, established a president, a secretary, and a committee, which was to be chosen every month, and was to consist of three members from each gallery. These were to meet in the committee-room every Thursday, and at other times when summoned by the crier, at command of the president, or of a majority of their own number. They were to raise contributions by assessment; to hear complaints, determine disputes, levy fines, and seize goods for payment. Their sense was to be deemed the sense of the whole house. The president or secretary was to hold the cash, the committee to dispose of it. Their scavenger was to wash the galleries once a week, to water and sweep them every morning

"garnish," to be spent in wine, one shilling and sixpence, to be appropriated to the use of the house. Common-side prisoners were to be confined to their own apartments, and not to associate with these law-makers.

"The liberty of the rules, and the 'day rules' of the Fleet, may be traced," says Mr. Timbs, "to the time of Richard II., when prisoners were allowed to go at large by bail, or with a 'baston' (tipstaff), for nights and days together. This licence was paid at eightpence per day, and twelpence for his keeper that shall be with him. These were day rules. However, they were confirmed by a rule of court during the reign of James I. The rules wherein prisoners were allowed to lodge were

enlarged in 1824, so as to include the churches of St. Bride's and St. Martin's, Ludgate; New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, to the Thames; Dorset Street and Salisbury Square; and part of Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and Ludgate Street, to the entrance of St. Paul's Churchyard, the Old Bailey, and the lanes, courts, &c., in the vicinity of the above; the extreme circumference of the liberty being about a mile and a half. Those requiring the rules had to provide sureties for their forthcoming and keeping within the boundaries, and to pay a per-centage on the amount of debts for which they were detained, which also entitled them to the liberty of the day rules, enabling them during term, or the sitting of the courts at Westminster, to go abroad during the day, to transact or arrange their affairs, &c. The Fleet and the Queen's Bench were the only prisons in the kingdom to which these privileges had for centuries been attached." For certain payments favoured prisoners were allowed to be long absent; Charles Dickens tells a story of one old resident, whose heaviest punishment was being locked out for the night.

The Fleet was one of the prisons burnt by the insane rioters of Lord George Gordon's mob, in 1780. The polite rioters sent a notice the night before that the work must be done, but delayed it some hours, at the request of their restricted friends. The papers of the time mention only one special occurrence during the fire, and that was the behaviour of a ringleader dressed like a chimney sweep, whom every one seems to have insisted on dubbing a nobleman in disguise; or if not himself a nobleman, says a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, an agent, at least, entrusted with his purse, to enlist conspirators and promote sedition. This quasi-nobleman had, however, more of foolhardiness than cunning in his composition, for he perched himself upon the tiles of the market-house, over against the Fleet Prison, as a mark for the soldiers to shoot at; and as he was on the opposite side of the roof to that where they were posted, at every discharge he popped up his head and assailed them with tiles, till a ball passing through the roof lodged in his heart and tumbled him down. He had gold in his pockets, it is true, but he had no commission, nor was he any other than a pilfering thief, who had well lined his pockets in what to him was a fair way of trade.

In the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth centuries couples desiring to be secretly married came to the Fleet and King's Bench prisons, where degraded clergymen could easily be found among the herd of debtors to perform the ceremony.

In Charles I.'s time a chapel in the Tower (in

the White Tower) was a favourite place for clandestine marriages. On Archbishop Laud stopping these illegal practices, hurried lovers then betook themselves to one of two churches at the east end of London—St. James's, Duke's Place, or Trinity, in the Minorities. A register of marriages preserved at the former church proves that in twenty-seven years from 1664 nearly 40,000 marriages were celebrated. The fee seems to have fluctuated between two crowns and a guinea.

The Fleet Chapel was used for debtors' marriages till 1686, when the incumbent of St. James's, Duke's Place, Aldgate, being suspended by the Commissioners for Ecclesiastical Causes, made it popular as a place for other secret marriages; and the chapel becoming the haunt of dangerous lookers-on, the degraded clergymen of the prison and neighbourhood began to celebrate secret marriages in rooms of adjoining taverns, or in private houses adjacent to Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and the Mint, keeping registers, to give an appearance of legality, and employing touts, to attract and bring in victims.

Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson, in his valuable work, "Brides and Bridals," has taken great pains with this subject of Fleet parsons, and has ransacked all possible books, old or new, for information about them.

"Scanty particulars," he says, "have been preserved of about forty persons who were keepers of marrying-houses. Some of these persons were turnkeys, or subordinate officials, in the Fleet Prison, like Bartholomew Bassett, who was clerk of the Fleet Chapel, and tenant, at the exorbitant rent of £100, of the Fleet cellars, where marriages were solemnised secretly. It was at Bassett's office, or private chapel, that Beau Fielding married his first wife, before he fixed his affections on the Duchess of Cleveland. A few of the forty negotiators in wedlock were women, who had come into possession of a register and marrying business by inheritance. Most of them, however, had in the first instance been simple innkeepers, supplying the public with adulterated liquors before they entered the matrimonial trade.

"Standing in the chief thoroughfares or side-alleys and by-yards of the Fleet quarter, their taverns had signs, some of which still pertain to hostleries of the locality. For instance: 'The Cock,' near Fleet Bridge, and 'The Rainbow' Coffee House, at the corner of Fleet Ditch, were famous marrying-houses, with signs honourably known at the present day to frequenters of Fleet Street taverns. The 'Cock and Acorn,' the 'Fighting Cocks,' the 'Shepherd and Goat,' the 'Golden Lion,' the 'Bishop Blaze,' the 'Two Lawyers,' the 'Wheat-



sheaf,' the 'Horseshoe and Magpie,' the 'King's Head,' the 'Lamb,' the 'Swan,' the 'Hoop and Bunch of Grapes,' were some of the taverns in or near Fleet Street and Fleet Market, provided with chaplains and chapels, or private rooms, in which marriages were solemnised on every day and night of the year. William Wyatt—brother of the notorious and very successful Fleet parson, Walter Wyatt—was landlord, first of a public-house in Sea Coal Lane, and afterwards of the 'New Market House,' Fleet Lane, in both of which houses he drove a great trade, and flourished under his stately brother's patronage. The 'Hand and Pen' was a sign which proved so attractive to the generality of spouses, that after it had brought success in trade to one house, competitors of the original 'Hand and Pen' public-house adopted it. Joshua Lilley's 'Hand and Pen' stood near Fleet Bridge; Matthias Wilson's 'Hand and Pen' looked out on the Fleet Ditch; John Burnford's 'Hand and Pen' kept open door at the foot of Ludgate Hill; and Mrs. Balls had her 'Hand and Pen' office and registry of marriages within sight of the other three establishments of the same name. When Ben the Bunter married fair Kitty of Kent Street, he went to the 'Hand and Pen,' and was fast bound to his damsel by a stout and florid clergyman, for the moderate fee of half-a-crown."

A collection by some enthusiastic collector on this subject exists at the British Museum; he has illustrated a small poem called "The Humours of the Fleet," with many sketches of the low prison life. The following quotations paint the Fleet parson, and the noisy touts who wrangled for each new arrival, in bold colours:—

"Scarce had the coach discharged its trusty fare,  
But gaping crowds surround th' amorous pair;  
The busy plyers make a mighty stir,  
And whispering cry, 'D'y'e want the parson, sir?  
Pray step this way—just to the "Pen in Hand,"  
The doctor's ready there at your command.'  
'This way!' another cries. 'Sir, I declare,  
The true and ancient register is here.'  
The alarmed parsons quickly hear the din,  
And haste with soothing words to invite 'em in.  
In this confusion, jostled to and fro,  
The enamoured couple know not where to go,  
Till slow advancing from the coach's side,  
The experienced matron came (an artful guide);  
She led the way without regarding either,  
And the first parson spliced 'em both together.

Where lead my wandering footsteps now?—the Fleet  
Presents her tattered sons in Luxury's cause;  
Here venerable *crags* and scarlet cheeks,  
With nose of purple hue, high, eminent,  
And squinting, leering looks, now strikes the eye.  
B—s—p of H—, once in the precincts call'd,  
Renown'd for making thoughtless contracts, here

He reigned in bloated majesty,  
And passed in sottishness and smoke his time.  
Revered by gin's adorers and the tribe  
Who pass in brawls, lewd jests, and drink, their days;  
Sons of low growling riot and debauch.  
Here cleric grave from Oxford ready stands,  
Obsequious to conclude the Gordian knot,  
Entwin'd beyond all dissolution sure;  
A regular this from Cambridge; both alike  
In artful stratagem to tie the noose,  
While women, 'Do you want the parson?' cry."

A writer (May 29, 1736) gives the following account of what he witnessed during a walk through the Fleet quarter:—"Gentlemen, having frequently heard of the many abominable practices of the Fleet, I had the curiosity, on Sunday, May 23rd, to take a view of the place as I was accidentally passing by. The first thing observed was one J. L., by trade a carpenter (whose brother, it is said, keeps the sign of the B. and G.), cursing and swearing, and raving in the streets, in the time of Divine service, with a mob of people about him, calling one of his fraternity (J. E.), a plyer for weddings, an informing rogue, for informing against one of their ministers for profane cursing and swearing, for which he paid three pounds odd money; the hearing of which pleased me much, since I could find one in that notorious place which had some spark of grace left; as was manifested by the dislike he showed to the person that was guilty of the profanation of God's sacred name. When the riot was dispersed, I walked about some small time, and saw a person exceedingly well dressed in a flowered morning gown, a band, hat, and wig, who appeared so clean that I took him for some worthy divine who might accidentally have come out of the country, and as accidentally be making the same remarks with myself; but upon inquiry, was surprised at being assured that he was one T. C., a watchmaker, who goes in a minister's dress, personating a clergyman, and taking upon him the name of 'Doctor,' to the scandal of the sacred function. He may be seen at any time at the 'Bull and Garter,' or the great 'Hand and Pen,' with these words written, 'The Old and True Register,' near the 'Rainbow' Coffee House. Please to give this a place in your paper, and you will not only oblige one of your constant readers, but may prevent many innocent persons from being ruined. I am, gentlemen, your humble servant, T. L."

The Rev. Alexander Keith, who had been reader at the Rolls Chapel, and afterwards incumbent of a Mayfair proprietary chapel, a great place for illegal marriages, on being suspended, excommunicated, and committed to Fleet Prison for con-

tempt, in 1743, wrote a pamphlet to defend his conduct. The following extract gives some curious examples of the sort of reckless and shameless marriages that were contracted :—

"As I have married many thousands, and, consequently, have on those occasions seen the humour of the lower class of people, I have often asked the married pair how long they have been acquainted. They would reply, some more, some less, but the generality did not exceed the acquaintance of a week, some only of a day—half a day.

. . . . Another inconveniency which will arise from this Act will be, that the expense of being married will be so great, that few of the lower class of people can afford it ; for I have often heard a Fleet parson say that many have come to be married when they have had but half-a-crown in their pockets, and sixpence to buy a pot of beer, and for which they have pawned some of their clothes.

. . . . I remember, once upon a time, I was at a public-house at Radcliff, which was then full of sailors and their girls. There was fiddling, piping, jigging, and eating. At length one of the tars starts up and says, '— me, Jack, I'll be married just now ; I will have my partner !' The joke took, and in less than two hours ten couple set out for the Fleet. I stayed their return. They returned in coaches, five women in each coach ; the tars, some running before, others riding on the coach-box, and others behind. The cavalcade being over, the couples went up into an upper room, where they concluded the evening with great jollity. The next time I went that way, I called on my landlord and asked him concerning this marriage adventure. He at first stared at me, but, recollecting, he said those things were so frequent, that he hardly took any notice of them. 'For,' added he, 'it is a common thing, when a fleet comes in, to have two or three hundred marriages in a week's time among the sailors.' . . . .

If the present Act, in the form it now stands, should (which I am sure is impossible) be of any service to my country, I shall then have the satisfaction of having been the occasion of it, because the compilers thereof have done it with a pure design of suppressing my chapel, which makes me the most celebrated man in this kingdom, though not the greatest." (See Keith's "Observations on the Act for Preventing Clandestine Marriages.")

"One of these comparatively fortunate offenders against the canons," says Mr. Jeaffreson, whom we have before quoted, "was the stately Dr. Gaynam, who lived for many years in Bride Lane, and never walked down Fleet Street in his silk gown and bands without drawing attention to his commanding

figure, and handsome though significantly rubicund face. Nothing ever put the doctor out of humour or countenance. He was on several occasions required to bring one of his marriage registers to the Old Bailey, and give evidence in a trial for bigamy ; but no gentleman of the long robe ever disturbed the equanimity of the shameless ecclesiastic, who, smiling and bowing courteously to his questioner, answered, '*Vide meliora, deteriora sequor*,' when an advocate asked him, 'Are you not ashamed to come and own a clandestine marriage in the face of a court of justice ?' Even when Walter Chandler beat him with a stick, the doctor took his caning with well-bred composure. The popular nickname of the doctor declared him the bishop of an extremely hot diocese, but his manner and language were never deficient in coolness.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Mr. John Mottram, who bore for his arms a chevron argent, charged, with three roses between three crosslets, or,' used to marry couples within the walls of the Fleet, not in the chapel of the prison, but 'in a room of the Fleet they called the Lord Mayor's Chapel, which was furnished with chairs, cushions, and proper conveniences.' It is recorded in the *Weekly Journal*, respecting this establishment for weddings, 'that a coalheaver was generally set to ply at the door, to recommend all couples that had a mind to be marry'd, to the prisoner, who would do it cheaper than anybody.' Mr. Mottram could afford to be moderate in his charges, for he transacted an enormous amount of business. From one of its registers, it appears that he married more than 2,200 couples in a single year. He was a very obliging gentleman, and never declined to put on a certificate of marriage the date that was most agreeable to the feelings of the bride. On the occasion of his trial at the Guildhall, in 1717, before Lord Chief Justice Parker, it appeared that this accommodating spirit had caused him to enrich certificates of his own penmanship with dates prior to the day of his own ordination. Convicted of solemnising marriages unlawfully, Mr. Mottram was fined £200 ; but this misadventure did not deter him from persevering in his practices."

Lando was another of these rascals. "Whoever thinks meanly," says the author of "Brides and Bridals," "of the Reverend John Lando, whilom Chaplain to His Majesty's ship *The Falkland*, holds an opinion at variance with that gentleman's estimate of himself ; for Mr. Lando used to inform the readers of newspaper advertisements that he was a 'gentleman,' who had 'gloriously distinguished himself in the defence of his king and

country,' and that he was 'determined to have everything conducted with the utmost decency and regularity' at his place of business, 'the New Chapel, next to the china shop, near Fleet Bridge, London. His charge for officiating at a wedding, and providing the happy couple with a 'certificate and crown stamp,' was a guinea. He 'was a regular bred clergyman,' in spite of the calumnious insinuations of his rivals; and he was 'above committing these little mean actions that some men impose on people.' In his zeal for the welfare of society, he taught young people Latin and French at his chapel three times a week."

But how can we leave this den of misery and infamy without reminding our readers that some years ago a respectable inhabitant of Goswell Street, through the disgraceful duplicity of a person named Bardell, a lodging-house keeper, and the shameful chicanery of two pettifogging lawyers named Dodson and Fogg, spent many months among the sordid population of the Fleet? Need we say that the stout and respectable gentleman we refer to was no other than the celebrated Mr. Pickwick? On no occasion has Mr. Charles Dickens sketched a part of London with more earnest and truthful care.

"These staircases," says Mr. Dickens, describing what first met Mr. Pickwick's eye when he arrived at the Fleet, "received light from sundry windows placed at some little distance above the floor, and looking into a gravelled area bounded by a high brick wall, with iron *chevaux-de-frise* at the top. This area, it appeared from Mr. Roker's statement, was the racket-ground; and it further appeared, on the testimony of the same gentleman, that there was a smaller area, in that portion of the prison which was nearest Farringdon Street, denominated and called 'the Painted Ground,' from the fact of its walls having once displayed the semblances of various men-of-war in full sail, and other artistical effects, achieved in bygone times by some imprisoned draughtsman in his leisure hours.

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"It was getting dark, that is to say, a few gas jets were kindled in this place, which was never light, by way of compliment to the evening, which had set in outside. As it was rather warm, some of the tenants of the numerous little rooms, which opened into the gallery on either hand, had set their doors ajar. Mr. Pickwick peeped into them as he passed along, with great curiosity and interest. Here, four or five great hulking fellows, just visible through a cloud of tobacco-smoke, were engaged in noisy and riotous conversation over

half-emptied pots of beer, or playing at all-fours with a very greasy pack of cards. In the adjoining room some solitary tenant might be seen, poring, by the light of a feeble tallow candle, over a bundle of soiled and tattered papers, yellow with dust, and dropping to pieces from age, writing, for the hundredth time, some lengthened statement of his grievances, for the perusal of some great man whose eyes it would never reach, or whose heart it would never touch. In a third, a man, with his wife and a whole crowd of children, might be seen making up a scanty bed on the ground, or upon a few chairs, for the younger ones to pass the night in. And in a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth, and a seventh, the noise, and the beer, and the tobacco-smoke, and the cards, all came over again in greater force than before.

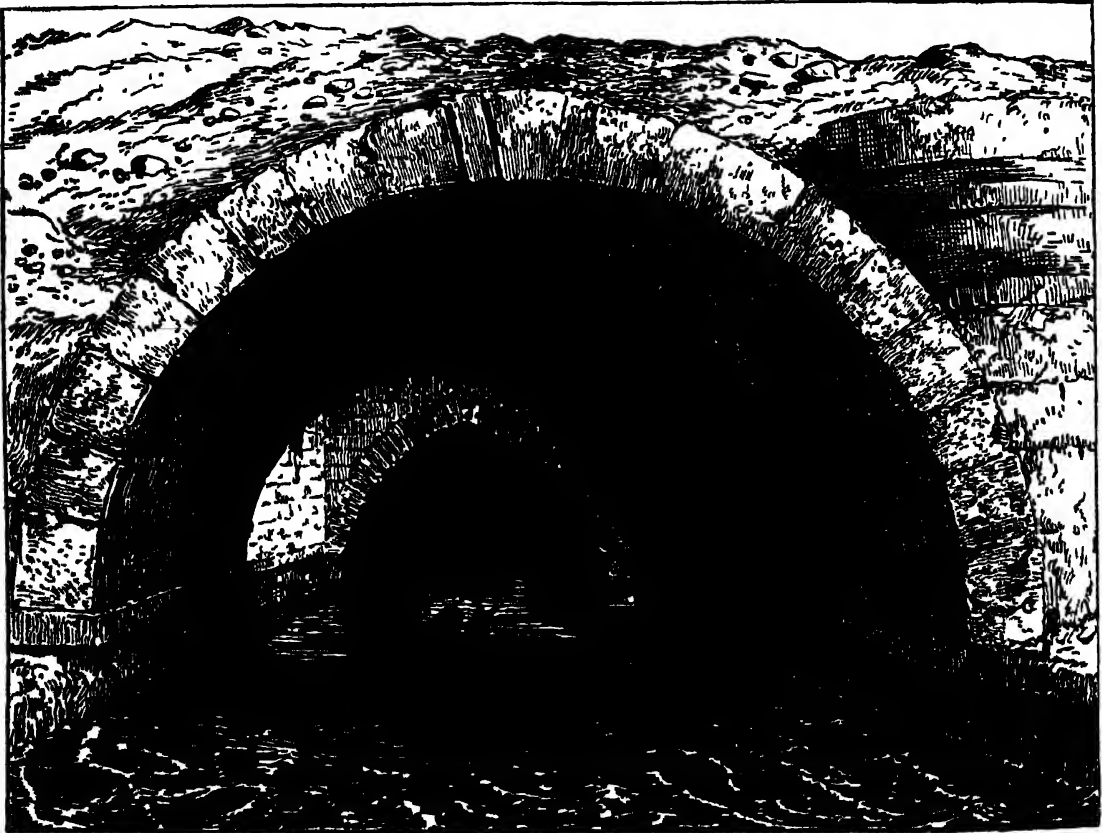
"In the galleries themselves, and more especially on the staircases, there lingered a great number of people, who came there, some because their rooms were empty and lonesome; others because their rooms were full and hot; the greater part because they were restless and uncomfortable, and not possessed of the secret of exactly knowing what to do with themselves. There were many classes of people here, from the labouring man in his fustian jacket, to the broken-down spendthrift in his shawl dressing-gown, most appropriately out at elbows; but there was the same air about them all—a listless, jail-bird, careless swagger, a vagabondish, who's-afraid sort of bearing—which is wholly indescribable in words; but which any man can understand in one moment if he wish, by just setting foot in the nearest debtor's prison, and looking at the very first group of people he sees there, with the same interest as Mr. Pickwick did.

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"In this frame of mind he turned again into the coffee-room gallery, and walked slowly to and fro. The place was intolerably dirty, and the smell of tobacco-smoke perfectly suffocating. There was a perpetual slamming and banging of doors as the people went in and out, and the noise of their voices and footsteps echoed and re-echoed through the passages constantly. A young woman, with a child in her arms, who seemed scarcely able to crawl, from emaciation and misery, was walking up and down the passage in conversation with her husband, who had no other place to see her in. As they passed Mr. Pickwick, he could hear the female sob; and once she burst into such a passion of grief, that she was compelled to lean against the wall for support, while the man took the child in his arms and tried to soothe her.

A chapter on the Fleet Prison would be incomplete without some notice of the more eminent persons who have been confined there. Among these unhappy illustrious, we may mention the young poet Earl of Surrey, who describes it as "a noisome place, with a pestilent atmosphere." *Keys* was sent here, for daring to marry Lady Mary Grey, sister of the ill-starred Lady Jane; Dr. *Donne*, the poet, when a private tutor, for secretly marrying the daughter of his patron, Sir George

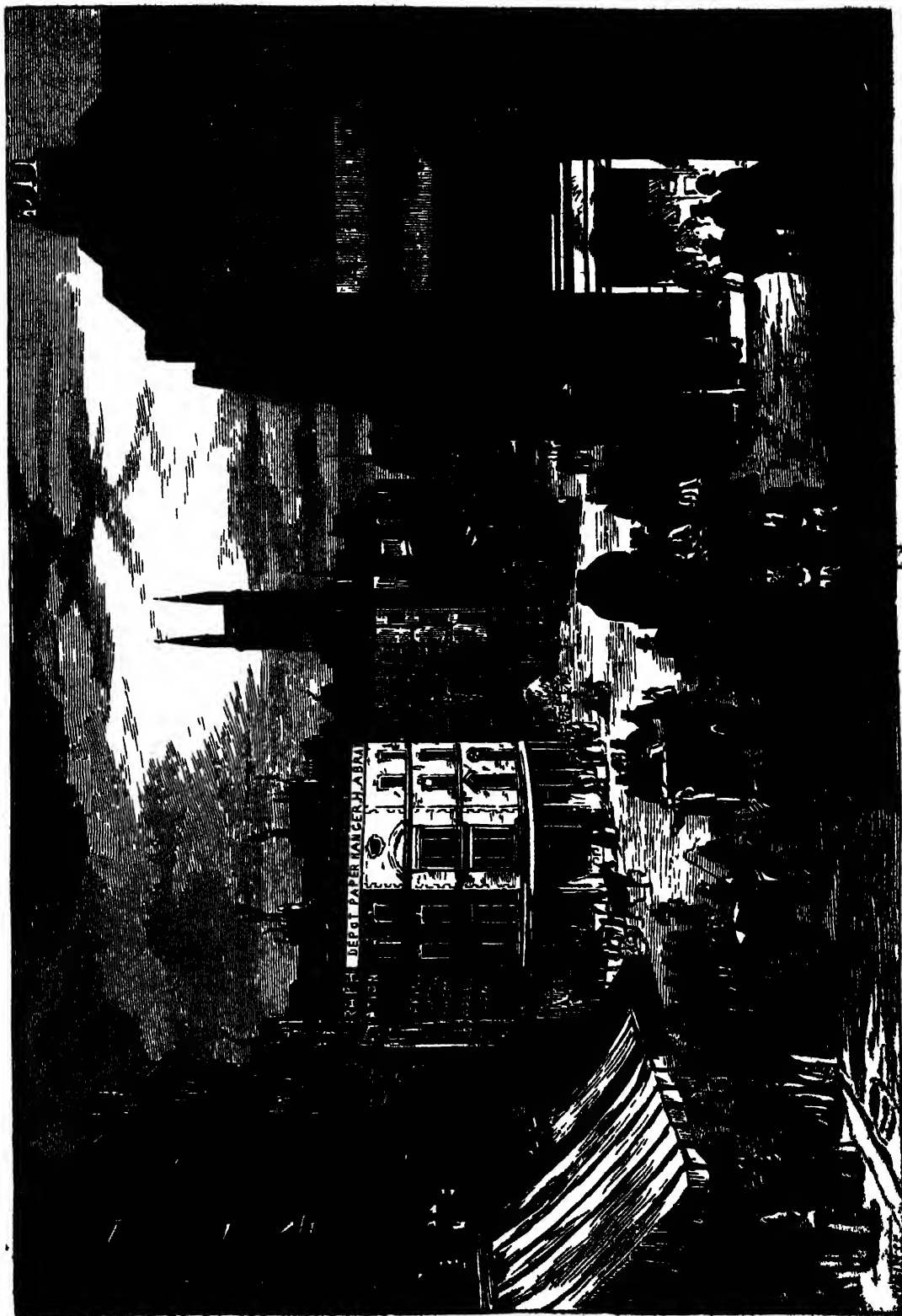
by country gentlemen in Addison's time, died in the Fleet Prison (1644-5). Sir Richard was sprung from a good old Kentish family, but had become security for an embarrassed father-in-law. Wycherly, the rake and wit, was a prisoner in the Fleet seven years, but it did not tame him much. Francis Sandford, author of a genealogical history of great research, died in the Fleet, in 1693. Penn, the Quaker founder of Pennsylvania, was living in the Rules of the Fleet, in 1707 (Queen Anne).



REMAINS OF OLD HOLBORN BRIDGE. *From a Sketch taken during the Alterations, 1844. (See page 418.)*

More, whom he had met at Lord Chancellor Ellesmere's; Nash, the unhappy poet and truculent satirist, for writing *The Isle of Dogs*, a libellous play; Sir Robert Killigrew (1613), for talking to Sir Thomas Overbury, at his prison-gate at the Tower, on returning from a visit to Sir Walter Raleigh, then also buried alive in the river-side fortress, by James I.; the Dowager Countess of Dorset (1610), for pressing into the Council Chamber, and importuning King James I. Those sturdy martyrs of liberty, Prynne and honest John Lilburne, we have already mentioned. Sir Richard Baker, who wrote the "Chronicle," so much read

Penn was at this time in debt, from a vexatious lawsuit with the executors of a quondam steward. He died in 1718. That clever impostor, Richard Savage, to be safe from his raging creditors, took lodgings within the Liberties of the Fleet, his almost tired-out friends sending him an eleemosynary guinea every Monday. Parson Ford, a convivial dissolute parson, and a relative of Dr. Johnson, died in the Fleet, in 1731, and his ghost, it was firmly believed, appeared to a waiter, as he was going down to the cellar of the old "Hum-mums," in Covent Garden. Robert Lloyd, the schoolmaster friend of Churchill, died in the Fleet



HOLBORN VALLEY AND SNOW HILL PREVIOUS TO THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE VIADUCT. (See page 419)

in 1764; here, too, died, in 1797, the celebrated *Miss Cornelys*, of Soho Square.

Among the secret marriages in the Fleet we should not forget Churchill the poet, and Edward Wortley Montague. In 1821 the Fleet register books (1686-1754) were purchased by Government,

and deposited in the Registry Office of the Bishop of London. The site of the Fleet Prison is now occupied by the Congregational Memorial Hall and Library, a large Gothic edifice, built in the year 1872, of which we shall have more to say hereafter.

## CHAPTER L.

### THE FLEET RIVER AND FLEET DITCH.

*Origin of the Name—Rise of the Fleet—Its Course—Early Impurity—The Holeburne—Antiquities found in the Fleet—How far Navigable for Ships—Early mention of it—Clearing of the Fleet Valley—A Deposit of Pins—The Old Bridges—Fleet Bridge—Holborn Bridge—Historical Associations—Discovery of the Arches of the Old Bridge—Thieves' Houses—Pope on the "Fleet"—The River arched over—Floods on the Fleet—Disaster in 1846—The Fleet under the Main Drainage System—Dangers of Exploring the Sewer—A Strange Denizen of the Ditch—Turmill Street and the Thieves' Quarter—West Street—Chick Lane—The Old "Red Lion" known as "Jonathan Wild's House."*

THE name of this ill-used stream, once fresh and fleet, now a mere sluggish and plague-breeding sewer, is traced by some to the Anglo-Saxon *fleotan*, "to float;" and by others, to the Saxon *fleot*, or *flood*, "a flood." The sources of the river Fleet were on the high lands of Hampstead and Highgate, and the chief of them rise near Caen Wood. The Fleet was fed by the Oldborne, which rose, says Stow, "where now the Bars do stand," and ran down to Old Borne Bridge, and into the River of Wells or Turmill Brook. The Fleet was also fed by all the springs of Clerkenwell, such as Clerkenwell itself, Skinner's Well, Fogg's Well, Tod's Well, Loder's Well, Rad Well (near the Charterhouse), and the Horse Pool, at Smithfield.

"The principal spring of the Fleet," says Mr. Pinks, "rises in a secluded lane at the rear of Caen Wood, the seat of Lord Mansfield; another is on the left of a footpath leading thence to Highgate; and the tiny brooklet formed by its waters communicates by a small arch with a reservoir, the first of seven storage-ponds, on different levels, belonging to the Hampstead Water Company. Another of the spring-heads rises in the midst of Caen Wood. All three springs are diverted so as to fill the reservoirs above mentioned, a small stream carrying off the redundant water, which is very trifling, except in wet seasons. A fourth spring flows from the Vale of Health, at Hampstead, in a narrow channel, to another of the reservoirs, which are connected by means of large pipes passing from one to another. At a lower level the main stream meanders through the fields between Haverstock Hill and Kentish Town, in a wide, deep, and rugged channel, indicating that a considerable body of water must have originally flowed through it with a rapid current. The name of Kentish

Town, which was formerly a mere country village, is supplied by tradition, which ascribes its origin to the place being situated on the bank of a stream (the river Fleet) which rose among the hills about Caen or Ken Wood, and which was formerly called Ken or Caen Ditch, hence Ken Ditch Town, the Town of Ken Ditch, or Kentish Town. But the correctness of this etymology has been questioned by at least one historian. The Fleet passes on through Kentish Town, its course there being much hidden, and, flowing in a south-east direction, it passes under the Regent's Canal to St. Pancras, where, until the year 1766, when it was arched over, it bore the name of Pancras Wash. Running at the foot of the gardens in the rear of the houses in the Old St. Pancras Road, it arrives at Battle Bridge, and so makes its entrance into Clerkenwell. Following the line of the Bagnigge Wells Road, its covered course nearly coincides with the parochial boundary in this direction. Passing in an artificial channel alongside the western boundary wall of the House of Correction, its course lies beneath the valley between Turmill Street and Saffron Hill; thence, under Farringdon Street and Bridge Street, emptying itself into the Thames on the western side of Blackfriars Bridge." It was called "the River of Wells" as early as the days of William the Conqueror.

The Fleet seems early to have become impure, and hardly fit to drink, for, in 1290 (Edward I.), the prior of a Carmelite house in Whitefriars complained of the noxious exhalations, the miasma of which had killed many of the hooded brethren, and the corruption of which overpowered the odours of the incense. The Black Friars and the Bishop of Salisbury, whose palace was in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, also signed the same doleful petition. Mr. Pinks, with whom we do not in



this case altogether agree, thinks that the Fleet was called the Holeburne, or burne of the Hollow, above Holborn Bridge; and the Fleet, between Holborn Bridge and its embouchure. The Holeburne is distinctly mentioned in Domesday Book.

In the register of the Nunnery of St. Mary, Clerkenwell, of the time of Richard I. or John, the oldest cartulary extant, mention is made of a meadow near Holeburne, and of a ditch that led from Holeburne to the mill of the nuns. The garden of the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem was also situated upon the Holeburne, thus perfectly proving, says an ingenious writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1856, that Holeburne was only another name for that venerable and injured stream, the Fleet, the southern part of it, the mere embouchure (between Holborn Bridge and the Thames), probably always maintaining the name of Fleet, or Flood. Stow is therefore incorrect in his description of the imaginary stream, the old Bourne.

The same acute writer, who signs himself "T. E. T.," shows, also, that the word "Flete," referring to a special limited place, is used in the ancient book of the Templars' lands (1185) now in the Record Office; and the word "Flete Hithe," in the ancient "Liber A, sive Pilosus;" while in the first of King John, the Templars received the grant of a place upon the Flete, near Castle Baynard, to enable them to construct a mill, which was removed in the reign of Edward I., on the complaint of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, that it had lessened the breadth and depth of water under *Holburne* Bridge and Fleet Bridge into the Thames. The holes that gave the Saxon name to the Holeburne are still marked by the sites of Hockley-in-the-Hole and Black Mary's Hole, Bagnigge Wells, both already described by us in previous chapters. The overflowing part of the Fleet, near its foul mouth, probably gave the name to the stream, as the same cause led to the naming the Fleets of the Trent; and the site of Paris Bear Garden, Southwark, now the parish of Christchurch, Surrey, was anciently called Widefleet, from the overflowing of the trenches at high tides, which formed a large stagnant backwater to a river that, from man's neglect and idleness, has probably caused the death of more Londoners than have been slain in English battles since the Conquest.

But turning back to earlier times, let us dive far below the deepest Stygian blackness of the Fleet Sewer. To see the antiquities found in the Fleet, which really deserves a daring discoverer's attention nearly as much as the Tiber, let us follow Mr. Pinks into the vast rag and bone shop of relics

which his loving and patient industry has catalogued so carefully. During the digging and widening of the Fleet Ditch, in 1676, there, at a depth of fifteen feet were found the stray rubbish, bones, and refuse of Roman London. The coins were of silver, copper, and brass, but none of gold. The silver was ring-money, of several sizes, the largest as big as a crown, the smallest about the size of a silver twopence, every one having a snip in the edge. At Holborn Bridge, thrown away by spoilers or dropped by thieves, were two brass Lares (about four inches high), one a Ceres, the other a Bacchus, both covered with a petrified crust, but the stream had washed much of the oxydizing matter from the coins, "thrown away on the approach of Boadicea," says the vivacious and imaginative Pennant, his mind, like a true antiquary, of course reverting to the one special crisis of interest in ancient London story. The excavators also discovered in the miserly river various British and Saxon antiquities of interest—arrow-heads, broad spur rowels, keys, daggers, scales, seals, with Saxon names, ships' counters, with Saxon characters, and medals, crosses, and crucifixes, of a later date. In the bed of the Fleet, at Black Mary's Hole, near the end of Baker Street, a ship's anchor, it is said, was found some years ago; and a correspondent in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1843) describes a small anchor, three feet ten inches long, found in the Fleet Ditch, as then in the collection of Mr. Walter Hawkins, F.S.A.

In 1856 there was exhibited at the British Archæological Association a globular iron padlock, so constructed that the whole shackle could be drawn out when the bolt was thrown back. This was found in the Fleet Ditch, near the bottom of Holborn Hill. In 1857 the same association exhibited a jug of hard-baked pottery (the upper part covered with mottled green glaze), of the sixteenth century, found in 1854, in the ditch, near Smithfield. In 1838 a beautiful hunting-knife, of the seventeenth century, was found in the same dirty repository of "unconsidered trifles." The ivory haft was wrought with a figure of Mercury, with winged petasus, hunting-horn and caduceus. The blade was of the time of George I. About 1862 two target bosses, of latten, of the time of Henry VIII., were dredged up. In 1862 Mr. Gunston exhibited, at the British Archæological meeting, a rude penknife of the fifteenth, and one of the sixteenth century, both Fleet relics; also the carved wooden haft of a dagger, and a little knife, the bone haft carved with a female bust that resembled Catherine de Medicis; also a knife-blade, with a motto, and a Roman sharpening steel.

Stow says that before 1307 ten or twelve ships used to go up the Fleet to Fleet Bridge, "with divers things and merchandizes, and some of these ships went under the bridge unto Holborn Bridge." A "Process of Recognition," in third folio of the ancient "Liber A, sive Pilosus," containing the ancient evidences of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, mentions Fleet Hythe as in the possession of Henry the Woodmonger, a man, says Mr. Pinks, mentioned in the great "Roll of the Pipe" for the 31st of Henry I., and also in the "Registrum de Clerkenwell," as one of the earliest donors to the Clerkenwell nunnery. The process shows that ships and store-barges belonging to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's unshipped their lading at Fleet Hythe, and that the owners complained of a toll there exacted from them. The river was no doubt navigable, ages ago, much further than Holborn Bridge.

"In a parliament held at Carlisle, in the thirty-fifth year of Edward I. (1307), Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, complained that in former times the course of water running under 'Holeburne' Bridge and Fleet Bridge, into the Thames, had been of such breadth and depth, that ten or twelve 'naves' (ships) 'were wont to come to Flete Bridge, and some of them to 'Holeburne' Bridge, yet that 'by the filth of the tanners and others, and by the raising of wharfs, and especially by a diversion of the water in the first year of King John (1200), by them of the New Temple, for their mills without Baynard's Castle, and by other impediments, the course was decayed, and ships could not enter as they were used.' On the petition of the earl, the constable of the Tower, with the mayor and sheriffs of London, were directed by writ to take with them certain 'honest and discreet men to inquire into the former state of the river, to leave nothing that might hurt or stop it,' and restore it to its original condition. The creek was cleansed, the mills removed, and other means taken for the preservation of the course; but it was not brought to its old depth and breadth, and therefore it was no longer termed a river but a brook, called Turmill or Tremill Brook, because mills were erected on it. 'But still, as if by nature intended for a common sewer of London, it was soon choked with filth again.' The scouring of this muddy stream, which seems to have silted up about every thirty or forty years, was a continual expense to the City of London."

Several years ago, on making a great sewer, some piles of oak, apparently portions of a mill-dam, were found in the Fleet Ditch, thirteen feet below the surface of Ray Street, near Little Saffron Hill.

"In 1855," says Mr. Timbs, "the valley of the Fleet, from Coppice Row to Farringdon Street, was cleared of many old and decaying dwellings, many of a date anterior to the Fire of London. From Coppice Row a fine view of St. Paul's Cathedral was opened by the removal of these buildings. 'In making the excavation,' says a writer in the *Builder*, 'for the great sewer which now conveys from view the Fleet Ditch, at a depth of about thirteen feet below the surface in Ray Street, near the corner of Little Saffron Hill, the workmen came upon the pavement of an old street, consisting of very large blocks of ragstone of irregular shape. An examination of the paving-stones showed that the street had been well used. They are worn quite smooth by the footsteps and traffic of a past generation. Below the old street was found another phase of Old London. Thickly covered with slime were piles of oak, hard and black, which had seemingly been portions of a mill-dam. A few feet below were very old wooden water-pipes, nothing but the rough trunks of trees. The course of time, and the weight of matter above the old pavement, had pressed the gravel, clay, granite, portions of tiles, &c., into a hard and almost solid mass, and it was curious to observe that near the old surface were great numbers of pins. Whither have the pins gone? is a query which has puzzled many. The now hard concrete, stuck with these useful articles, almost like a pincushion, is a partial reply to the query. The thirteen feet of newer deposit would seem to have accumulated in two or three centuries. It is not unlikely that a portion of the rubbish from the City, after the Great Fire, was shot here.'"

About the year 1502 (Henry VII.), Lambert, in his "London," says that the intolerable Fleet Ditch was cleared, from Holborn to the Thames, and it became once more navigable for large barges, laden with fuel and fish. In 1560 Aggas, in his curious Map of London, marks two bridges over the Fleet—Holborne and Fleet Bridge. Holborne Bridge was situated about where Holborn Viaduct now crosses Farringdon Street; and the Fleet Bridge, says Mr. Pinks, an excellent authority about the spot where the present Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill join, the circus between the two obelisks. Southward stood a dwelling-house, or warehouse, opposite the northern end of Bridewell, which reached to the Thames, and was situated on the western side of the Fleet. From the dwelling-house above mentioned as far as the Thames, the Fleet was open, Bridewell Bridge (afterwards built on its mouth) not being yet erected.

In Stow's "Survey" Fleet Bridge, without Lud

Gate, is described as a stone bridge, coped on both sides, with iron pikes, with stone lanthorns on the south side for winter evening travellers. Under this ran the River of Wells, *alias* Turnmill Brook, *alias* the Fleet Dyke, or Ditch. The bridge had been larger in old times, but was lessened as the water-course narrowed. It had either been built or repaired by John Wells, mayor in 1431 (Henry VI.), and on the coping Wells "imbraced by angels" is engraved, as on the Standard in Cheape, which he also built. This bridge melted away in the Great Fire, and its successor lasted till 1765, when it was removed, to widen Farringdon Street, and the Fleet was abandoned as incapable of improvement, and finally bricked over without any respectful funeral service. Strype, in 1720, describes Fleet Bridge as having sides breast high, and on them the City arms engraved. At Holborn Bridge the Canal, as it was then called, was fed by Turnmill Brook. The Bridewell and Fleet Bridges adjoining were ascended by steps. Between the six piers of Fleet Bridge were iron rails and banisters at both sides. The roadway was level with the street. There was a coffee-house (the "Rainbow") on the bridge in 1751. The older bridge was a stone bridge of one arch, with no stone parapet, but wooden rails and posts.

Prynne's "Records," folio, 1669, mention several old documents referring to the nuisances of the river of Fleet, and efforts to make it navigable "as formerly," to and under Holborn Bridge. Prynne also quotes from the record itself the interesting petition of the Commons of London (Edward I.), noted by Stow, complaining of the obstruction of the "Flete River," the corruption of the air it had engendered, and the hindrance of the former navigation as far as "Holeburne" Bridge. We have seen from the Earl of Lincoln's petition mentioned above that ten or twelve ships had been known to bring merchandise as far as the Fleet Bridge, and some of them to penetrate as far as Holeburne Bridge. The commission was issued to perfect the work, which was, however, stopped by the king's death. Prynne quietly urges the Government of Charles II., for the benefit of the health and trade of the City, to make the river navigable to Holborn Bridge or Clerkenwell.

In the celebrated "Liber Albus" or White Book of the City of London, compiled in 1419 (Henry V.), the street of "Flete Brigge" is mentioned, as is also the cleansing of "the Foss of the Flete." Amongst the City tolls the compiler notes: "Every cart that brings corn into the City for sale shall pay one halfpenny; if it enters by way of Holburne or by the Flete, it shall pay one penny, the franchise

excepted. . . . 'The cart that brings nuts or cheese shall pay twopence; and if it enters by the Flete, or by Holeburn, it shall pay twopence halfpenny.'

In the "Calendar of State Papers" (Mary, 1553—1558), in connection with the reign of Queen Mary the Sanguinary, we find a note of certain conspirators against the queen meeting at Fleet Bridge, just as in the Rye House rebellion (1683) we meet with Monmouth, Sir Thomas Armstrong, and Lord Grey, going from the Fleet Ditch to Snow Hill, to arrange the Sunday-night rising, when at midnight, according to the traitor, Grey, the train-bands at the Royal Exchange were to be attacked, and the western City gates seized. At Fleet Bridge and Snow Hill the conspirators were to wait the onslaught of the king's guard. At Snow Hill there was to be a barricade thrown up, and mounted with three or four ships' cannon, while at Fleet Bridge there were to be several regular cannon, and a breast-work for musqueteers on each side of the bridge, while the houses on the east bank of the Fleet were to be lined with firelock-men, who were to fire from the windows as the royal troops approached the bridge. There were at least two taverns on Fleet Bridge at the Restoration. In Aggas' Map of London (1560, second year of Queen Elizabeth), Holborn Bridge has houses on the north side.

In 1670 (Charles II.), in rebuilding London, after the Great Fire, it was decreed that Holborn Bridge being too narrow for the traffic of London, the northern approach should be enlarged so that the "way and passage" might run in "a bevil line from a certain timber house on the north side thereof commonly called or known by the name or sign of the Cock," to the "Swan Inn." Wren, therefore, built the new bridge on the north side of Holborn Hill accordingly; and the name of William Hooker, Lord Mayor in 1673-74, was cut on the stone coping of the east approach. In March, 1840, Sir William Tite, during the opening of a sewer at Holborn Hill, was lucky enough to be passing, and saw the southern face of the old bridge disinterred. The arch was about twenty feet span. The road from the east intersected the bridge obliquely, and out of the angle thus formed a stone corbel arose, to carry the parapet. The worthy mayor's name and the date were still visible. The width of the bridge was eleven feet six inches, says Mr. Crosby, who had spent many years collecting memorabilia of the Fleet valley. It had probably originally been twelve feet six inches. According to this best authority on the subject, Holborn Bridge consisted of four different bridges joined

together at the sides, and two of these had been added, to widen the passage. The entrance of the old Swan Inn, with premises that covered an acre and a half, faced what is now Farringdon Street.

A writer in the *Times*, August 22nd, 1838, states as follows:—"The rear of the houses on Holborn

"To where Fleet-ditch with disembodying streams  
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,  
The king of dykes ! than whom no sluice of mud  
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.

'Here strip, my children ! here at once leap in,  
Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,  
And who the most in love of dirt excel,  
Or dark dexterity of groping well.

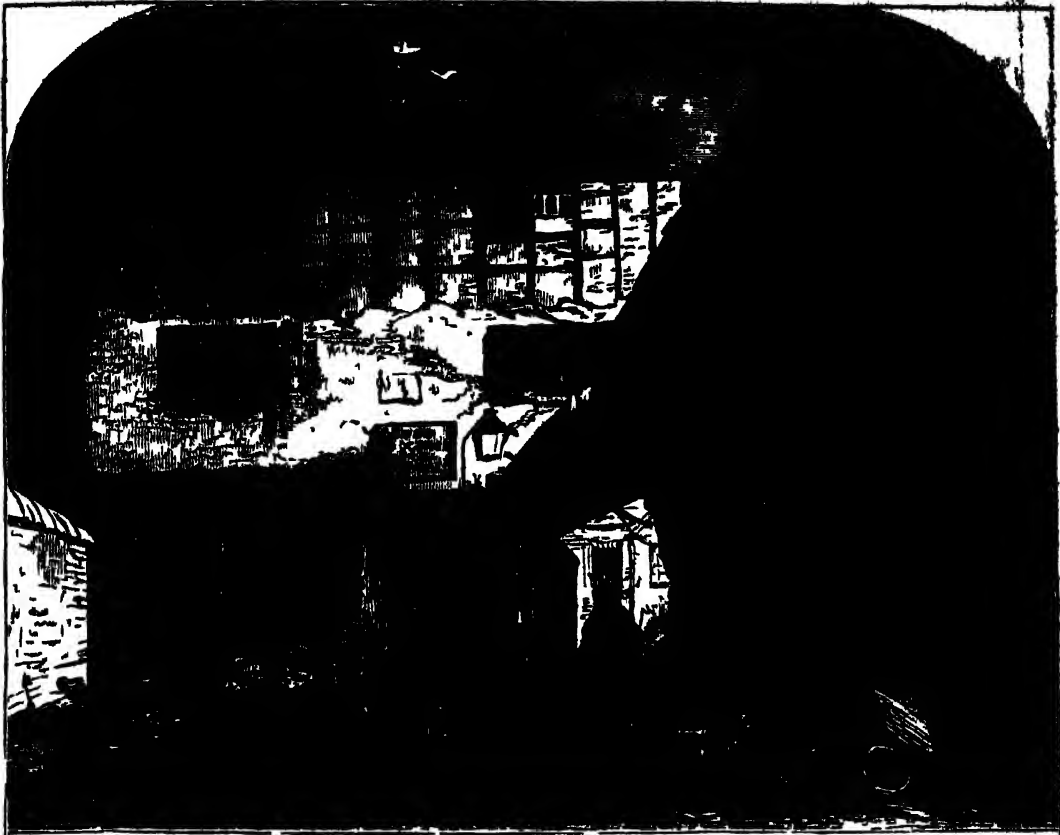


THE FLEET DITCH NEAR WEST STREET From a Sketch taken in 1844 (See page 425.)

Bridge has for many years been a receptacle for characters of the most daring and desperate condition. It was here in a brick tenement, now called by the Peachums and Locketts of the day 'Cromwell's House,' that murderous consultations were held, by the result of one of which the assassination of the unfortunate Mr. Steel was accomplished."

In the "Dunciad," Pope, lashing the poorer of his enemies, drives them headlong past Bridewell to the mud-pools of the Fleet—

Who flings most filth and wide pollutes around  
The stream, be his the Weekly Journal's bound ;  
A pig of lead to him who dives the best ;  
A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest.  
In naked majesty, Oldmixon stands,  
And, Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands ;  
Then sighing, thus, 'And am I now threescore-'  
Ah, why, ye gods ! should two and two make four ?'  
He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,  
Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd downright.  
The Senior's judgment all the crowd admires,  
Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.  
Next Smedley div'd ; low circles dimpled o'er



THE OLD "RED LION," FROM THE FRONT  
 BACK OF THE "RED LION," FROM THE FLEET.  
 THE FLEET DITCH, FROM THE "RED LION."  
 From Sketches taken before the Demolition. (See page 426.)

The quaking sand, that clos'd, and op'd no more.  
 All lock, all sight, and call on Smedley lost ;  
 Smedley, in vain, rescu'd thro' all the coast.  
 They \* \* essay'd ; scarce vanish'd out of sight,  
 He leaps up instant, and returns to light,  
 He leaves no tokens of the sabler streams,  
 And mounts far off among the swans of Thames."

Gay again, in his "Trivia ; or, The Art of Walking the Streets of London," in his pleasant way sketches the same noisome place :—

"If where Fleet Ditch with muddy current flows  
 You chance to roam ; where oyster-tubs in rows  
 Are ranged beside the posts ; there stay thy haste,  
 And with the savoury fish indulge thy taste :  
 The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,  
 While the salt liquor streams between her hands."

Swift, too, with his coarse pen, giving a description of a city shower, revels in the congenial filth of the odorous locality :—

"Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,  
 And bear their trophies with them as they go,  
 Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell  
 What street they sail'd from by their sight and smell.  
 They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,  
 From Smithfield to St. 'Pulchre's shape their course,  
 And in huge confluence join'd at Snow Hill ridge,  
 Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn Bridge ;  
 Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,  
 Drown'd puppies, sinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,  
 Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood."

The Fleet seems always to have been a sort of dirty and troublesome child to the Corporation of London. In 1589 (Elizabeth) the Common Council collected a thousand marks (£666 13s. 4d.) to draw the springs of Hampstead Heath into one head, for the service of the City, and to scour down the Fleet ; but the constant encroachment on the Fleet banks, and the rubbish and dirt thrown into the narrow channel, soon, says Stow, clogged it worse than ever. In 1606 (James I.) flood-gates were erected, to dam the water back when required ; and in Cromwell's time (1652) the sewer was thoroughly cleansed, and many encroachments checked. The ditch had now become impassable to boats, in consequence of the numerous pigsties on the banks, and the vast quantities of offal and garbage thrown in by the butchers.

Honest John Fuller, writing in 1662, remarks of the Fleet River, that it was so called "from its former fecitness, though now it creepeth slow enough, not so much for age as the injection of the City refuse wherewith it is obstructed." In an early play, one of the characters says, "I was just dead of a consumption, till the sweet smoke of Cheapside and the dear perfume of Fleet

Ditch made me a man again." In Sir Christopher Wren's design for the rebuilding of London, after the Great Fire of 1666, we find six bridges between the Thames and Clerkenwell, viz., Bridewell-dock Bridge, Wood-market, Bridge, Fleet Bridge—a bridge in the line of street from the proposed piazza in Fleet Street to Pye Corner, Smithfield—Holborn Bridge, and Cock Lane Bridge. But this design was not carried out.

After the Fire, by cleansing and enlarging of Fleet Ditch, coal-barges, &c., were enabled to come up as far as Holborn Bridge, where Turnmill Brook fell into the wider and equally sable flood. Wharves and store-houses were built on the Fleet side, but they did not prove successful. The channel had five feet of water at the lowest tide. The wharves were thirty feet broad, and had oak rails, to prevent passers-by at night falling in. Sir Thomas Fitch, the bricklayer who built the ditch, made a fortune by it, the cost being, as Ned Ward says, in his "London Spy," £74,000.

The first Bridewell Bridge over the Fleet, according to Stow, was of timber, through a breach in the City wall, opposite Bridewell. Hatton, in his "New View of London," 1708, describes Bridewell Bridge as of stone, and right against the back gate of the prison. It was ascended by fourteen steps, and was pulled down in 1765.

The bridge at the end of Fleet Lane, called the Middle Bridge, was of stone, and was, like Bridewell, ascended by fourteen steps ; the arch being high enough to admit of boats with merchandise to pass under it.

In 1733 (George II.) the Fleet, being so often tried and found guilty, underwent at last its final doom. The City of London petitioned the House of Commons for permission to cover it up out of sight, as all navigation had ceased, it had become impossible to cleanse it, and several persons had fallen in and been suffocated in the mud. A bill was accordingly passed, by virtue of which the fee-simple of the site of the premises on the line of the Fleet Ditch was vested in the Corporation for ever, on condition that proper drains were made, to receive the mud-choked stream. In 1735 two sewer-arches, ten feet high and six feet wide, were completed from Fleet Bridge to Holborn Bridge, and covered over, and the new Fleet Market erected on the site, in 1737. The work was only half done, after all ; for the noisome part, from the corner of Bridge Street to the Thames, still remained open, and was not arched over till the approaches to Blackfriars Bridge were completed, between 1766 and 1768, and even then one stubborn conservative kept a small, filthy dock still



uncovered. In 1763, a drunken barber, from Bromley, in Kent, was found in Fleet Ditch, standing upright and frozen to death.

Floods of the Fleet were not uncommon, before it was boxed up. In 1679, after heavy rains, it broke down the back of several wholesale butcher-houses at Cow Cross, and carried off cattle, dead and alive. At Hockley-in-the-Hole barrels of ale, beer, and brandy floated down the black stream, and were treated by the rabble as fair flotsam. In 1768 the Hampstead Ponds overflowing after a severe storm, the Fleet channel grew into a torrent, and the roads and fields about Bagnigge Wells were overflowed. In the gardens of Bagnigge Wells the water was four feet deep. A man was nearly drowned, and several thousand pounds' damage was done in Coldbath Fields, Mutton Lane, and Peter Street and vicinity. Three oxen and several hogs were carried off and drowned. A Blackfriars boatman took his boat to Turnmill Street, and there plied, removing the inhabitants, who could not leave their houses for the rising flood. In 1809 a sudden thaw produced a flood, and the whole space between St. Pancras, Somers' Town, and the foot of the hill at Pentonville was soon under water; two cart-horses were drowned; and for several days persons received their provisions in at their windows, from carts sent round to convey them.

In 1846 a furious thunderstorm caused the Fleet Ditch to blow up. The rush from the drain at the second arch of Blackfriars Bridge drove a steamer against one of the piers, and damaged it. The overflow of the Fleet penetrated into the cellars on the west side of Farringdon Street, so that one draper alone had £3,000 worth of goods destroyed or damaged. In the lower part of Clerkenwell, where the sewer ran open, the effects of the flood were most severe, especially in the valley below Brok Hill and Vine Street. In Bull's Head Court, Peter Street, the water rose five feet, and swept away cattle and furniture. Three poor houses in Round Court, Brook Hill, were partly carried away. From Acton Place, Bagnigge Wells Road, to King's Cross the roads were impassable, and the kitchens inundated. One baker alone lost thirty-six sacks of flour. A few days after another storm produced a renewed flood, and two more houses fell in Round Court, Brook Hill. The introduction of the cholera into Clerkenwell Prison, in 1832, was attributed to the effluvia of the river Fleet, then open.

In 1855, the Fleet, as one of the metropolitan main sewers till then under the Commissioners of Sewers, became vested in the newly-created Metropolitan Board of Works. The gigantic main-

drainage system began with the great subterranean roads, the high, the low, and the mid level, which, intercepting all lesser sewers, carry their united floods to Barking Creek and Crossness Point. The high level runs from Hampstead to Bow; the mid-level from Kensal Green to Bow; the low level, from Cremorne to Abbey Mills on the marshes near Stratford. The mid-level main-drainage works were commenced in Clerkenwell in March, 1863, in Wilderness Row. From Goswell Street to Wilderness Row it was an open cutting, with the exception of a short tunnel under the Charterhouse grounds. The distance from Old Ford, Bow, to Kensal Green is 9 miles 2,650 feet, exclusive of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles of junctions. The sewer through Clerkenwell is 8 feet 9 inches in diameter. There were generally 400 or 500 men at work, with eleven steam-engines to pump water and draw earth.

"The Fleet Sewer," says Mr. Pinks, "the 'Cloaca Maxima' of our metropolis, receives the drainage of parts of Hampstead and Highgate, all Kentish Town, Camden Town, and Somers' Town, parts of Islington, Clerkenwell, and St. Sepulchre, and nearly all that part of the Holborn division of sewers south of the New Road, the total surface draining into it in the Holborn and Finsbury division being about 4,220 acres. In 1746 about 400 acres of this district were covered with houses. At present there are nearly 2,000 acres built upon, of necessity requiring a sewer of large capacity to carry off the refuse waters. The dimensions of the Fleet vary according to the locality: at its northern portion it is 6 feet 6 inches high, and 6 feet 6 inches wide; at other parts it varies from 12 feet high and 12 in width, to 9 feet high by 10 feet wide; then 8 feet 6 inches wide by 8 feet 3 inches high; and before reaching the Thames the dimensions of this huge sewer are 14 feet wide by 10 feet 6 inches high, and at its mouth 18 feet by 12. The ordinary movement of the current from Bagnigge Wells is three miles an hour, but after heavy showers, when sometimes the water rises almost instantly five feet or more, the speed is greatly accelerated. The amount per day of sewage discharged by this monster sewer is on the average 1,741,775 cubic feet."

The dangers of exploring the Fleet Sewer have been described by Mr. Crosby, who made great collections for a history of the Fleet Valley:—"At near twelve o'clock on Tuesday night, the 10th July, 1840," says this gentleman, "the tide flowed in so fast from the Thames to Fleet Bridge, that myself and Bridgewater were obliged to go. It reached the hip, and we got somewhat wet before arriving at Holborn Bridge, quite safe, but much

exhausted in splashing through the water in our heavy boots.

"Fleet Bridge, Tuesday, July 28th, 1840.—As I could not depend upon the admeasurements, which at the beginning of the year I had taken in a hurried manner at Fleet Bridges, while bricklayers were placing in a brick bottom in place of the original one of alluvial soil, I determined to obtain them the first opportunity. This evening, therefore, at ten o'clock, I met Bridgewater (one of the workmen employed in constructing the new sewer from Holborn Bridge to Clerkenwell) by appointment at the hoard there. Water boots being in readiness, I lighted my lamps, and, assisted by the watchmen, King and Anon, we descended the ladder, and got into that branch of the sewer which joins Wren's Bridge at Holborn. We then walked carefully till we reached Fleet Bridge. I suspended my argand lamp on the breakwater of the sewer, and with my lanthorn light we proceeded towards the Thames. We got a considerable distance, during which the channel of the sewer twice turned to the right at a slight angle. The last portion we entered into was barrelled at the bottom, and the middle so full of holes, and the water so deep as we approached the Thames, that we thought it prudent to return to Fleet Bridge. Here I lighted up four candles, which, with my two lamps, enabled me to see the admeasurements I required. Bridgewater, who is a sober, steady, and good-tempered man, was of great use to me in so doing. I measured the heights with a fishing-rod, twelve feet in length, joined to my two measuring-rods, which, tied, gave me another rod of nine feet six inches. All went on well till about a quarter to twelve o'clock, when, to our surprise, we found the tide had suddenly come in to the depth of two feet and a half. No time was to be lost; but I had only one more admeasurement to make, viz., the width of the North Bridge. I managed this, and we then snatched up the basket, and, holding our lamps aloft, dashed up the sewer which we had to get up one half before out of danger. The air was close and made us faint. However, we got safe to Holborn Bridge with all our things, and the argand lamp did not blow out till we just reached it."

Mr. Archer, in his "Vestiges of Old London," 1851, says that by the opening at the Thames "many persons enter at low tide, armed with sticks to defend themselves from rats, as well as for the purpose 'of sounding on their perilous way' among the slimy shallows; and carrying a lanthorn to light the dreary passage, they wander for miles under the crowded streets in search of such waifs as are carried there from above. A more dismal pursuit can

scarcely be conceived; so near to the great concourse of London streets that the rolling of the numerous vehicles incessantly thundering overhead, and even the voices of wayfarers, are heard, where, here and there, a grating admits a glimmer of the light of day; yet so utterly cut off from all communion with the busy world above, so lonely in the very heart of the great and populous city, that of the thousands who pass along, not one is even conscious of the proximity of the wretched wanderer creeping in noisome darkness and peril beneath his very feet. A source of momentary destruction ever lurking in these gloomy regions exists in the gases, which generate in their confined and putrefying atmosphere, and sometimes explode with a force sufficient to dislodge the very masonry; or which, taking light from the contact of the lantern, might envelope the miserable intruder in sudden flame. Many venturers have been struck down in such a dismal pilgrimage, to be heard of no more; may have fallen suddenly choked, sunk bodily in the treacherous slime, become a prey to swarms of voracious rats, or have been overwhelmed by a sudden increase of the polluted stream."

The polite Lord Chesterfield was asked by an enthusiastic Parisian whether London could show a river like the Seine. "Yes," replied his lordship, "we call it Fleet Ditch."

The following serves to show what nourishing contributions of refuse were made to the Fleet:—"A fatter boar was hardly ever seen," says the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1836, "than one taken up this day (24th August, 1736) coming out of Fleet Ditch into the Thames. It proved to be a butcher's, near Smithfield Bars, who had missed him five months, all which time he had been in the common sewer, and was improved in price from ten shillings to two guineas."

Turnmill Street, pulled down in the Clerkenwell improvements of 1856-7, was undoubtedly for several centuries one of the most disreputable streets in all London. It is mentioned as Trylmyl Strete as early as the reign of Henry IV. It is marked in Aggas's map, and is noticed in a letter from Recorder Fleetwood to Burleigh in 1585 as a place for thieves' houses. The name was sometimes corrupted into Turnbull and Trunball Street. It seems to have been the very sink of the vice of London, and to have been frequented by highwaymen and rogues of every description. It is mentioned as an infamous resort by some half-dozen of the Elizabethan dramatists, more especially by Beaumont and Fletcher, Lodowick Barry, Marston, Middleton, Ben Jonson, Randolph, Webster, &c. Nor must we forget that it was of his wild and youthful feats

in Turnbull Street that Justice Shallow brags of to Falstaff. Here the Pistols and Bardolphs of the time swaggered and cheated, and here the Tybalts of the day occasionally received their quietus from a subtle thrust.

"At the close of the last century," says Mr. Pinks, "a reward of £300 was offered by proclamation for the apprehension of one Bunworth, the leader of a desperate gang of thieves; yet none dared to attempt his capture, such was the weak state of the law. Once, with daring effrontery, 'on the approach of evening (to quote the *Newgate Calendar*), he and his gang ventured towards London, and having got as far as Turnmill Street, the keeper of the Clerkenwell Bridewell happening to see Bunworth, called to him, and said he wanted to speak with him. Bunworth hesitated, but the other assuring him that he intended no injury, and the thief being confident that his associates would not desert him, swore he did not regard the keeper, whom he advanced to meet with a pistol in his hand, the other miscreant walking on the opposite side of the street, armed with cutlasses and pistols. This singular spectacle attracted the attention of the populace. A considerable crowd soon gathered round them, on which Bunworth joined his companions, who thought their safest plan would be to retreat towards the fields; wherefore they kept together, and, facing the people, retired in a body, presenting their pistols, and swearing they would fire on any who should molest them.'

"This same Bunworth gave another proof of his audacity. Sitting down at the door of a public-house in Holborn, where he was well known, he called for a pint of beer and drank it, holding a pistol in his hand by way of protection. He then went off with the greatest apparent unconcern.

"The 'White Hart,' in Turnmill Street, opposite Cock Court, was formerly a noted house of call for footpads and highwaymen. It was long since pulled down."

"In 1740, Cave, the printer," says Mr. Pinks, "purchased a machine to spin wool or cotton into thread yarn, or worsted, consisting of one hundred spindles, and he had a mill erected to work it, on the course of Turnmill Brook. The patentee, Paul of Birmingham, undertook its management, but it was never brought into profitable order."

In 1416, a parchment-maker of Turnmill Street, says Stow, was drawn, hanged, and beheaded, for harbouring Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham, the leader of the insurgent Lollards. The parchment-maker's head was spiked upon London Bridge. Lollard books were found in the house

of the unfortunate man. In 1624 Dr. Thomas Worthington, one of the translators of the Douay Bible, and author of "The Anker of Christian Doctrine," lived in Turnmill Street.

In Faithorne's Map of London, 1658, the houses on the west side of Turnmill Street are represented as having gardens leading down to the Fleet, which is fenced on both sides. At the sign of the "Swan," on the west side of Turnmill Street, lived, in 1661, Giles Russell, a brewer, who left an estate in Hertfordshire for the education of three poor children of Clerkenwell parish in Christ's Hospital.

"The stream north of Fleet Bridge," says Mr. Pinks, "justified the epithet of Turnmill Brook till a comparatively recent period, as even in the present century it gave motion to flour and flitting mills at the back of Field Lane." In 1741 an advertisement in the *Daily Courant* announces a house to let in Bowling Alley, Turnmill Street, with a common sewer, with a good stream and current, "that will turn a mill to grind hair-powder or liquorish, and other things."

Among other infamous lurking-places of thieves pulled down for the Clerkenwell improvements of 1857, was the notorious West Street, formerly known by the innocent name of Chick Lane. Stow mentions it, in 1633, as near a timber bridge that crossed Turnmill Brook, near the end of Field Lane. In a flood in 1661, when casks swam down the streets, several hogs were washed out of their sties in Castle Inn Yard, Smithfield, and were carried down to Chick Lane.

There was a cruel murder committed in Chick Lane in 1758. Two women named Metyard killed a woman named Naylor, and then cut up the body, intending to throw the pieces down the gulley-hole in Chick Lane, but eventually left them in the mud which had collected before the grate of the sewer. The two women were convicted of the murder ten years after, and were both hung at Tyburn in 1768. At an inquest, in 1834, at the "Horseshoe and Magpie," Saffron Hill, on a man found dead in a low lodging-house in West Street, the landlady deposed that in her house there were eight beds in one room, and two or three persons in each bed.

Near Chick Lane was Cow Bridge, mentioned by Stow as north of Oldbourn Bridge, over the River of Wells. In the time of Elizabeth the ground from Cow Cross towards the river Fleet, and towards Ely House, was either entirely waste, or occupied with gardens.

"Among the houses in West Street," says Mr. Pinks, "was one which was, at the time when it

was demolished, supposed to have been built about three hundred years. It was once known as the 'Red Lion Tavern,' but for the century preceding its destruction it was used as a lodging-house, and was the resort of thieves, and the lowest grade of the frail sisterhood. It was numbered 3 in West Street, and was situate on the north-west side of the Fleet Ditch, a few houses from Saffron Hill, and at the eastern corner of Brewhouse Yard. It was sometimes called Jonathan Wild's House, and 'the Old House in West Street.' From its remarkable adaptation as a hiding-place, with its various means of escape, it was a curious habitation. Its dark closets, trap-doors, sliding panels, and secret recesses rendered it one of the most secure places for robbery and murder. It was here that a chimney-sweep named Jones, who escaped out of Newgate about three years before the destruction of the house, was so securely hidden for about six weeks, that, although it was repeatedly searched by the police, he was never discovered until his lair was divulged by one of its inmates, who, by incautiously observing that he knew whereabouts

Jones was concealed, was taken up and remanded from time to time as an accessory to his escape, but who, at last, tired of prison fare and prison discipline, pointed out the place to obtain his own liberty. Jones was concealed by parting off a portion of a cellar with brickwork, well besmeared with soot and dirt, to prevent detection. This cell, or, more properly, den, was about four feet wide, by nine in depth; and during Jones's incarceration therein, he had food conveyed to him through a small aperture, by a brick or two being left out next the rafters. It was here that a sailor was robbed, and afterwards flung naked through one of the convenient apertures in the wall into the Fleet, for which crime two men and a woman

were transported. A skull, and several human bones, were found in the cellars. Numerous parties daily visited the premises, among whom were many of the police and county magistrates. It was said to have been the rendezvous, and often the hiding-place, of Jack Sheppard and Jerry Abershaw; and the place looked as if many a foul deed had been there planned and decided on, the sewer or ditch receiving and floating away anything thrown into it. On one occasion the police had surrounded the house to take a thief, whom they

knew to be there, but he made his escape in their actual presence.

At another time an officer went into one of the rooms to apprehend a man, and saw him in bed. While at the door, calling to another to help him, he turned his head and saw the man getting under the bed. He did not take any notice of it, but when the other man came up, on looking under the bed, the man had vanished. After some search they discovered a trap-door through which one of them jumped, but he, breaking his leg in the fall, the fellow escaped. In this house was a place where a gang of coiners carried

on their trade, and had also a private still. This place, like all the rest, had a communication with the sewer. In one of the garrets was a secret door, which led to the roof of the next house from which any offender could be in Saffron Hill in a few minutes. Amongst Mr. Crosby's drawings are a view of this old house, taken August 10, 1844; and an inner view of the cellar windows, taken August 19, 1844. The pulling down of this house was commenced on the first-mentioned date. It appears to have been left standing several years after some of the surrounding buildings had been removed." Three views of the old house taken shortly before its demolition are given on page 421.



OLD NEWGATE. (See page 441.)

## CHAPTER LI.

## NEWGATE STREET.

Christ Church, Newgate Street: As it was and as it is—Exorbitant Burial Fees—Richard Baxter—Dr. Trapp and Sir John Bowdler—The Steeple of Christ Church—The Spital Sermon—A small Giant and a very great Dwarf—The Adventures of Sir Jeffrey Hudson—Coleridge at the "Salutation and Cat"—The "Magpie and Stump"—Tom D'Urfey at the "Queen's Arms Tavern"—The College of Physicians in Warwick Lane—Some Famous Old Physicians—Dr Radcliffe—The College of Physicians cruelly duped—Dr. Mend—Other Famous Physicians. A-kew, Pitcairne, Sir Hans Sloane—A Poetical Doctor—Monsey and his Practical Dentistry—The Cauliflower Club—the President's Chair—The Bagno in Bath Street—Cock Lane and the famous Ghost. Walpole. Dr. Johnson: the Imposture Detected: Scratching Fanny Coffin—Old Inns in the Neighbourhood, the "Old Bell," the "Oxford Arms"—Snow Hill and John Bunyan—Dobson.

IN 1244 four Grey Franciscan friars arrived in London from Italy, and by the assistance of the London. The magnificent tyrant, at the same time,

"Preaching Friars" of Holborn, obtained a temporary residence in Cornhill. They soon found patrons, John Ewin, a mercer, purchasing for them a vacant spot of ground in the parish of St. Nicholas Shambles (from a flesh-market held there), which he gave for the use of these friars; and William Joyner, Lord Mayor in 1239 (Henry III.), built the choir. Henry Wallis, a succeeding Lord Mayor, added the body of the church. A new and grander church was commenced in 1306 (Edward I.) at the joint expense of Queen Margaret, second wife of Edward I.; John of



KING CHARLES'S PORTER AND DWARF.  
From the old bas-relief. (See page 430.)

Brittany, Earl of Richmond; Gilbert de Clare, the Earl of Gloucester; and other pious and generous persons. This church, according to Stow, was consecrated in 1325, and is described as 300 feet long, 89 feet broad, and 64 feet 2 inches high. The chancel ceiling was painted, and the windows glowed with stained glass.

In connection with this church the illustrious Richard Whittington founded a library, in 1429, and furnished it with desks and settles for students. It is especially noted that one patient transcriber was paid 100 marks for copying the works of Nicholas de Lira.

At the dissolution, Henry VIII., who tore all he could from piety and poverty, used the church as a warehouse for French plunder. In 1546 the king gave the priory, church, library, chapter-house,

and cloisters, to the Mayor and Corporation of London. The magnificent tyrant, at the same time, gave the City the Hospital of St. Bartholomew the Little, and the parish churches of St. Ewin in Newgate Market and St. Nicholas in the Shambles, and directed that these two parishes, a part of St. Sepulchre's parish, situated within Newgate, and all the site of the late dissolved priory, should form one parish, and that the church of the priory should be the parish church, and be called "Christ Church within Newgate, founded by Henry VIII."

The church, swept away in the fiery flood of 1666, was rebuilt from Wren's design, in 1687, and was completed in the second year of Queen Anne. The patronage of Christ Church is vested in the Mayor and Commonalty of London, as governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The parish of St. Leonard, Foster Lane, was united to that of Christ Church, and the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, patrons of St. Leonard's, therefore present alternately. By the original grant of Henry VIII. there *should* be five assistant readers. The present Christ Church, 114 feet long and 81 broad, is not *more* than half as large as the old church, the western plot of ground being turned into a burial-ground. The steeple is 153 feet high. The interior is lofty and spacious, with a wagon-headed ceiling and twelve clerestory windows, with the old *bas-reliefs* of fat cherubim, tasteless *sculpture*, and coarse foliage. An ornamental band *completes* each



Corinthian column. A great theatrical gallery at the west end, piled up with a huge organ, is set apart, together with the side galleries, for the Bluecoat boys. The pulpit has carved panels representing, after a fashion, the four Evangelists and the Last Supper. The marble font is carved with fruit, flowers, and cherubim. The church was repaired, and what churchwardens are pleased to call beautified, in 1834, and again in 1862. The old burial fees in the happily bygone days of intramural interments were high enough at this church—£2 10s. for an inhabitant in the chancel; £5 for a stranger. While the lucky inhabitant paid £12 12s. for his tombstone, the poor stranger's friends had to lay down £21 for his.

On the north wall at the east end of the church is a brass tablet to the memory of Dame Mary Ramsey, who died in 1596,<sup>1</sup> and who established a free writing-school in Christ's Hospital. Here, where queens have rested and murderers mouldered, lies the great Nonconformist minister, Richard Baxter, on whose tomb no more fitting epitaph could be placed than the title of his own book, "The Saint's Rest." This excellent man, of Shropshire birth, in the earlier part of his life became master of a free-school at Dudley. In 1638 he took orders, having then no scruples about conformity, but soon after, some Nonconformist friends began to slowly influence his mind. He then began to distrust the surplice, objected to the cross in baptism, and found flaws in the Prayer Book and the Liturgy. In 1640 he was minister at Kidderminster; but when the civil wars broke out, and after Naseby, he became chaplain to Colonel Whalley's Puritan regiment, and was present at several sieges. The Cavaliers said he killed one of their party and stole his medal, a story which Baxter publicly denied. On his preaching against Cromwell he was sent for to Court, and told of the great things God had done for the Parliament. Baxter replied that the honest people of the land took their ancient monarchy to be a blessing, and not an evil, and humbly craved Cromwell's patience, that he might ask him how they had forfeited that blessing, and to whom that forfeiture was made. Cromwell replied, angrily, "There was no forfeiture; but God had changed it as pleased Him." A few days after, Cromwell sent to ask Baxter for his opinion on liberty of conscience, which Baxter gave him. On Charles's restoration, Baxter, who was a sect in himself, was appointed one of the king's chaplains, and was frequently with the godless monarch. He assisted as a commissioner at the Savoy Conference, and drew up a reformed liturgy. Lord Clarendon

offered this crochety but honest theologian the bishopric of Hereford, but he declined the appointment, and went on preaching about London. For illegal preaching he was sent to gaol for six months, but eventually discharged before the expiration of that period. After the indulgence in 1672 he preached at Pinner's Hall, in Fetter Lane, in St. James's Market House, at a chapel he built himself in Oxenden Street, and in Southwark. In 1685 Baxter was taken before Lord Chief Justice Jefferies, for remarks on James II. in his "New Testament Paraphrase," and sent to prison, after much vulgar abuse from Jefferies, for two years, but in 1686 he was pardoned by King James. At Baxter's last disgraceful trial, that cruel bully, the Chief Justice Jefferies, told him that Oates was then standing in the pillory in New Palace Yard, and that if he (Baxter) was on the other side of the pillory at the same time, he (Jefferies) would say that two of the greatest rogues and rascals in the kingdom stood there. Like an avalanche of mud the foul words poured forth from this unjust judge. "Ay," said Jefferies, "this is your Presbyterian cant; truly called to be bishops; that is, himself and such rascals, called to be bishops of Kidderminster, and other such places; bishops set apart by such factious, snivelling Presbyterians as himself; a Kidderminster bishop, he means. According to the saying of a late learned author, every parish shall maintain a tithe-pig metropolitan." Mr. Baxter beginning to speak again, says he to him, "Richard, Richard, dost thou think we will hear thee poison the court, &c.? Richard, thou art an old fellow—an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart, every one as full of sedition (I might say, treason) as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing-trade forty years ago it had been happy. Thou pretendest to be a preacher of the gospel of peace, and thou hast one foot in the grave; 'tis time for thee to begin to think what account thou intendest to give. But leave thee to thyself, and I see thou'lt go on as thou hast begun; but, by the grace of God, I will look after thee. I know thou hast a mighty party, and I see a great many of the brotherhood in corners, waiting to see what will become of their mighty don, and a doctor of the party (looking to Dr. Bates) at your elbow; but, by the grace of Almighty God, I'll crush you all."

After this Baxter retired to a house in Charterhouse Yard, where he assisted a Mr. Sylvester every Sunday morning, and preached a lecture every Thursday. He died in the year 1691. Baxter is said to have written more than 145 distinct treatises. This somewhat hair-splitting man



believed in election, but rejected the doctrine of reprobation. If any one improved the common grace given to all mankind, it was Baxter's belief that the improvement must be followed by special grace, which led one on to final acceptance and salvation. This was the half-way road between Calvinism and Arminianism.

On the east wall is a tablet to the memory of Dr. Trapp, who was vicar of the united parishes of Christ Church and St. Leonard, Foster Lane, for twenty-six years, and died in 1747. This learned translator and controversialist lived in Warwick Lane. Near the communion-table is a large monument to Sir John Bosworth, Chamberlain of the City, who died in 1749, and his wife, Dame Hester Bosworth; and also a plain tablet to Mr. John Stock, many years a painter at the Royal Dockyard, and who died in 1781. He left £13,700 for charitable and philanthropic purposes. A marble monument, with a bust, records the Rev. Samuel Crowther, nearly thirty years incumbent of this church. He was a grandson of Richardson, the novelist, and was born in New Boswell Court. He was struck down with apoplexy while reading morning prayers. The inscription to his memory runs thus :—

"This monument is raised by his grateful parishioners and friends to the memory of the Reverend Samuel Crowther, M.A., formerly fellow of New College, Oxford, and nearly thirty years minister of these united parishes. He was born January 9, 1769, and died September 28, 1829. Gifted with many excellent endowments, he was enabled by grace to consecrate all to the service of his Divine Master. The zeal, perseverance, and fidelity with which, under much bodily infirmity, he laboured in this place till his last illness (borne nearly five years with exemplary resignation), his humble, disinterested, and catholic spirit, his suavity of manners, and sanctity of life, manifested a self-devotion to the cause of Christ, and the best interests of mankind, never to be forgotten by his flock; to whom he endeared himself, not more in the able discharge of his public duties than in his assiduous and affectionate ministrations, as their private counsellor, comforter, and friend; and among whom the young, the poor, and the afflicted were the especial objects of his solicitude. To the excellence of that gospel which he preached with a simple and persuasive eloquence, that gained every ear, his life has left a testimony, sealed in death, by which he yet speaks."

The ten tombs of alabaster and marble, and the 140 marble gravestones from this church, sold for £50 by the greedy goldsmith, Martin Bowes, we have already mentioned in our chapter on Christ's Hospital.

Among the more remarkable epitaphs is the following, on the tablet to the memory of the Rev. Joseph Trapp just referred to. It was written by Trapp himself :—

"Death, judgement, heaven and hell! think, Christian, think!

You stand on vast eternity's dread brink;  
Faith and repentance, piety and prayer,  
Despise this world, the next be all your care;  
Thus, while my tomb the solemn silence breaks,  
And to the eye this cold dumb marble speaks,  
Tho' dead I preach: if e'er with ill success  
Living, I strove the important truths to press,  
Your precious, your immortal souls to save,  
Hear me at least, oh, hear me from the grave!"

The steeple of Christ Church is thought by many very pleasing. "It rises," says Mr. Godwin, who in some respects condemns it, "as all Wren's towers *do* rise, and as all towers *should* rise, directly from the ground, giving to the mind of the beholder that assurance of stability which under other circumstances is wanting." There are small Grecian columns on each storey of the tower, and an elliptical pediment. The vases on the top of the peristyle were taken down some years ago. The basement storey of the tower is open on three sides, and forms a porch to the east chancel. The east end, which faces King Edward Street, is disfigured by two enormous buttresses. In a vault, discovered in 1790, near the church, is the well-preserved body of a man, supposed to be that of some Newgate malefactor.

The Spital sermons, says Mr. Trollope in 1834, in his book on Christ's Hospital, originated in an old custom, by which some learned person was appointed yearly by the Bishop of London to preach at St. Paul's Cross, on Good Friday, on the subject of "Christ's Passion." On the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday following, three other divines were appointed to uphold the doctrine of "The Resurrection," at the pulpit-cross in the Spital (Spitalfields). On the Sunday following, a fifth preached at Paul's Cross, and passed judgment upon the merits of those who had preceded him. At these sermons the Lord Mayor and aldermen attended, ladies also, on the Monday, forming part of the procession; and, at the close of each day's solemnity, his lordship and the sheriffs gave a private dinner to such of their friends amongst the aldermen as attended the sermon. From this practice the civic festivities at Easter were at length extended to a magnificent scale. The children of Christ's Hospital took part in the above solemnities, so that, in 1594, when it became necessary to rebuild the pulpit-cross at the Spital, a gallery was erected also for their accommodation. In the great Rebellion the pulpit was destroyed, and the sermons were discontinued till the Restoration, after which the ~~Spital~~ Spital sermons, as they were still called, were revived at St. Bride's Church.

Fleet Street. They have since been reduced to two, and, from 1797, have been delivered at Christ Church, Newgate Street.

It was on their first appearance at the Spital that the children of Christ's Hospital wore the blue costume by which they have since been distinguished. "Instead of the subjects," continues Mr. Trollope, "which were wont to be discussed from the pulpit-cross of St. Mary Spital, discourses are now delivered commemorative of the objects of the five sister hospitals; and a report is read of the number of children maintained and educated, and of sick, disorderly, and lunatic persons for whom provision is made in each respectively. On each day the boys of Christ's Hospital, with the legend 'He is risen' attached to their left shoulders, form part of the civic procession, walking, on the first day, in the order of their schools, the king's boys bearing their nautical instruments, and, on the second, according to their several wards, headed by their nurses."

A curious old bas-relief, says Peter Cunningham (writing in 1849), not ill-cut, over the entrance to Bull's Head Court, preserves the memory of a small giant and a very great dwarf. The quaint effigies of the disproportioned couple represent William Evans, an enormous Welsh porter, at Whitehall, in the service of Charles I., and Sir Geoffrey, or Jeffrey Hudson, the vain but gallant dwarf immortalised by Scott, in "Peveril of the Peak." This bas-relief, Walpole thinks, was probably a shop-sign. Evans, a mammoth-like man, stood seven feet six inches high, while his choleric companion was only three feet nine inches. At a court masque at Whitehall, the porter drew Sir Jeffrey out of his pocket, to the amazement and amusement of all the ladies of that not too respectable court.

"Hudson's first appearance at Court," says Sir Walter, in a note to "Peveril of the Peak," "was his being presented, as mentioned in the text, in a pie, at an entertainment given by the Duke of Buckingham to Charles I. and Henrietta Maria. Upon the same occasion the duke presented the tenant of the pasty to the queen, who retained him as her page. When about eight years of age, he was but eighteen or twenty inches high, and he remained stationary at that stature till he was thirty years old, when he grew to the height of three feet nine inches, and there stopped." Being teased by a young gallant, named Crofts, who threatened to drown him with a syringe, Hudson called out his antagonist at Calais, and killed him with his first shot.

"This singular *lusus nature*," says Scott, "was trusted in some negotiations of consequence. He

went to France, to fetch over a midwife to his mistress, Henrietta Maria. On his return he was taken by Dunkirk privateers, when he lost many valuable presents sent to the queen from France, and about £2,500 of his own. Sir William Davenant makes a real or supposed combat between the dwarf and a turkey-cock the subject of a poem called 'Jeffreidos.' The scene is laid at Dunkirk, where, as the satire concludes—

' Jeffrey strait was thrown when, faint and weak,  
The cruel fowl assaults him with his beak.  
A lady midwife now he there by chance  
Espied, that came along with him from France.  
"A heart brought up in war, that ne'er before  
This time could bow," he said, "doth now implore  
Thou, that *delivered* hast so many, be  
So kind of nature as deliver me."

"In 1644 the dwarf attended his royal mistress to France. The Restoration recalled him, with other royalists, to England. But this poor being, who received, it would seem, hard measure both from nature and fortune, was not doomed to close his days in peace. Poor Jeffrey, upon some suspicion respecting the Popish Plot, was taken up in 1682, and confined in the Gatehouse Prison, Westminster, where he ended his life, in the sixty-third year of his age. Jeffrey Hudson has been immortalised by the brush of Vandyke, and his clothes are said to be preserved as articles of curiosity in Sir Hans Sloane's museum."

It was to the "Salutation and Cat" (odd combination of two incongruous signs), No. 17, Newgate Street, that Coleridge used to retreat, in his youthful fits of melancholy abstraction at college debts, bad health, impotency of will and lost opportunities. This was about the time when, by a wild impulse, one day, at the corner of Chancery Lane, the young philosopher enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons, under the odd north-country name of Comberbach. It was at the "Salutation and Cat" that Southey one day ferreted out the lost dreamer, the veritable Alnaschar of modern literature, and tried to rouse him from the trance of fear and half-insane idleness. The "Maggie and Stump," a very old inn on the north side of this street (where the old sign of the place was reverently preserved in the bar), has lately been pulled down.

At a convivial meeting at the "Queen's Arms Tavern" (No. 70), says Peter Cunningham, Tom D'Urfey obtained the suggestion of his merry but coarse miscellany, "Pills to purge Melancholy." This Court wit, a naturalised French Huguenot, seems to have been the gay, witty, careless Captain Morris of his day. People often spoke of seeing

King Charles II., at Whitehall, leaning on Tom's shoulder and humming over a song with him, and to have heard him at Kensington, singing his own gay songs, to amuse heavy Queen Anne. He was the author of thirty-one plays, which have not been forgotten by original dramatists of a later date. He became poor in his old age, and Addison saved him from poverty by a well-timed theatrical benefit.

In Warwick Lane, south side of Newgate Street, a College of Physicians was built by Wren, when the Great Fire had destroyed their house at Amen Corner, where Harvey had lectured on his great discovery of the circulation of the blood. The house, built on part of the mansion of the old Earl of Warwick, was begun in 1674, and opened in 1689. The special point of the college was the octagonal domed entrance-porch, forty feet in diameter, which was a *tour de force* of the ingenious architect. The interior above the porch was the lecture-room, light, lofty, and open to the roof. Garth, in "The Dispensary"—his pleasant satire against the apothecaries, thus sketched it—

"Not far from that most celebrated place  
Where angry Justice shows her awful face,  
Where little villains must submit to fate,  
That great ones may enjoy the world in state,  
There stands a dome, majestic to the sight,  
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;  
A golden globe, plac'd high with artful skill,  
Seems to the distant sight—a gilded pill."

The amphitheatre, afterwards degraded into a meat-market, is praised by Elmes for its convenient arrangement and its acoustic qualities. Nor could even the modern Goth despise the fine lofty hall, the magnificent staircase, the stucco-garlands of the dining-room, and the carved oak chimney-piece and gallery. On the north and south were the residences of the college officers, on the west the principal front, two-storeyed, the lower Ionic, the upper Corinthian. On the east was the octagon, with the gilt ball above, and below a statue of Sir John Cutler.

About this same Cutler an odd story is told, which is well worth repeating.

In 1675 (Charles II.) Sir John Cutler, a rich City man, and a notorious miser, related to Dr. Whistler, the president of the college, expressed a generous wish to contribute largely to the rebuilding of the house, and a committee was actually appointed to thank him for his kind intentions. Cutler gravely accepted the thanks, renewed his promises, and mentioned the parts of the building for which he intended to pay. In 1680 the college, grateful for favours yet to come, voted statues to the king and Cutler, and nine years afterwards borrowed money of Sir John, to discharge some builder's debts, the

college being now completed. This loan seems to have in some way changed Cutler's intentions, for in 1699 his executors brought a demand on the college for £7,000, including the promised sum, which had never been given, but had been set down as a debt. The indignant college threw down £2,000, which the imperturbable executors took as payment in full. The college at once erased the grateful inscription—

"Omnis Cutleri cedit labor Amphitheatro,"

which they had engraved on the pedestal of the miser's statue, and would no doubt have ground the statue down to powder, had they not been ashamed.

This Cutler was the same Volpone whom Pope mentions, in his "Moral Essay":—

"His grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,  
And well (he thought) advised him, 'Live like me.  
As well his grace replied, 'Like you, Sir John?  
That I can do, when all I have is gone.'"

Cutler is ridiculed by Arbuthnot, in his "Scriblerus," where, in ridicule of one of Locke's philosophic opinions, he describes a pair of Cutler's cottons, which were darned so often by his maid, that they at last became silk. Cutler's funeral is said to have cost £7,000, and one of his daughters married the Earl of Radnor.

Some anecdotes of the old physicians who have paced up and down Warwick Lane seem almost indispensable to a sketch, however brief, of the old College of Physicians. Nor can we begin better than with the famous Dr. Radcliffe, the first pre-eminent physician that arose after the removal of the college to the building erected by Wren in Warwick Lane. Radcliffe, a man eager for money, and of rough Abernethy manners, had the cream of all the London practice, when he lived in Bow Street, next door to Sir Godfrey Kneller, the great painter. He was brusque even with kings. When called in to see King William, at Kensington, finding his legs dropsically swollen, he frankly said, 'I would not have your two legs, your Majesty, not for your three kingdoms;' and on another visit the Jacobite doctor boldly told the little Dutch hero—"Your juices are all vitiated, your whole mass of blood corrupted, and the nutriment for the most part turned to water; but," added the doctor, "if your Majesty will forbear making long visits to the Earl of Bradford" (where, to tell the truth, the king was wont to drink very hard), "I'll engage to make you live three or four years longer, but beyond that time no physic can protract your Majesty's existence."

On one occasion, when Radcliffe was seen from the tavern (for he did not dislike wine), he

Queen Anne, he flatly refused to leave his bottle and the company. "Tell her Royal Highness," he bellowed, "that it's nothing but the vapours. She is as well as any woman breathing, only she won't believe it." With a fantastic wit worthy of Sydney Smith himself, he told a hypochondriacal lady who consulted him about a nervous singing in the head, to "curl her hair with a ballad," and in his vexation at the fancies of female patients, he anti-

Spoonfuls of hot pudding were discharged on both sides, and at last handfuls were pelted at each other. The patient was seized with a hearty fit of laughter, the quinsy burst, and discharged its contents, and my master soon completed the cure."

Steele, in the *Tatler*, ridiculed the old doctor's love-making. Dr Radcliffe was unlucky enough to be accused by the Whigs of killing Queen Mary, and by the Tories of causing the death of Queen Anne,



COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, WARWICK LANE THE QUADRANGLE (See page 431.)

pated female doctors, by proposing an Act of Parliament to entitle nurses alone to attend women.

"Dr. Radcliffe was once sent for," says the author of "The Gold-headed Cane," "into the country, to visit a gentleman ill of a quinsy. Finding that no external or internal application would be of service, he desired the lady of the house to order a hasty-pudding to be made. When it was done, his own servants were to bring it up; and while the pudding was preparing, he gave them his private instructions. In a short time it was set on the table, and in full view of the patient. 'Come, Jack and Dick,' said Radcliffe, 'eat as quickly as possible; you have had no breakfast this morning.' Both began with their spoons; but on Jack's dipping once only for Dick's 'twice, a quarrel arose.

by refusing to attend her in her last illness. He was himself dying at the time, and was unable to attend, but the clamour of the mob was so loud, accompanied even by threats of assassination, that they are said to have hastened the great physician's death, which took place just three months after the queen died.

Dr. Mead, the physician of George II., was, unlike Radcliffe, a polished and learned man, who succeeded to much of his predecessor's business, and occupied also his old house in Bloomsbury. He was the first doctor to encourage inoculation for the small-pox, and practised the Oriental system on six condemned criminals, with the consent of George I. He attended Pope, Sir Isaac Newton, and Bishop Burnet in their last illnesses. Mead is



CASELLS OLD & NEW LONDON PLATE 18

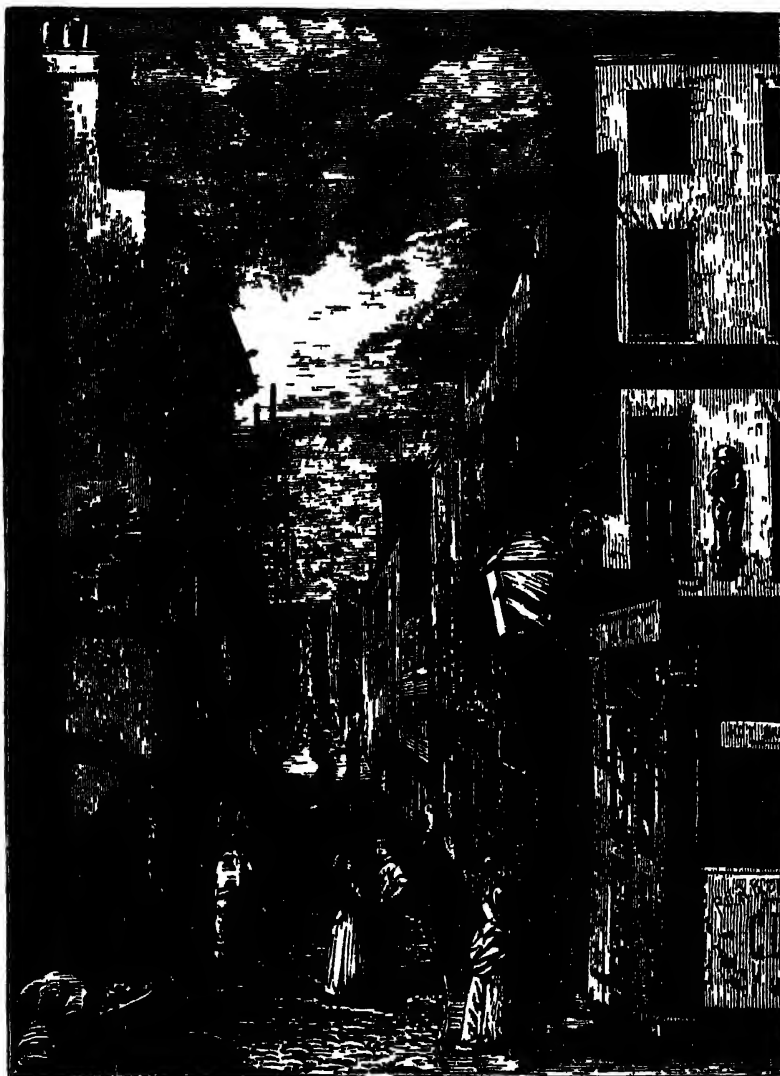
TOWER OF LONDON





said to have gained nearly £6,000 a year, yet was so hospitable, that he did not leave more than £50,000. When not at his house in Great Ormond Street, Mead usually spent his evenings at "Batson's" Coffee House, and in the afternoon his apothecaries used to meet him at "Toms'," near

Dr. Askew, another of the great physicians of the Georgian era, lived in Queen Square, where he crammed his house with books, and entertained such men as Archbishop Markham, Sir William Jones, Dr. Farmer, "Demosthenes" Taylor, Dr. Parr, and Hogarth. The sale of Dr. Askew's



COCK LANE. (See page 435)

Covent Garden, with written or verbal reports of cases for which he prescribed without seeing the patient, and took half-guinea fees. He died in 1754, and was buried in the Temple. As an instance of Mead's generosity the following story is told:—In 1723, when the celebrated Dr. Friend, a friend of Atterbury, was sent to the Tower, Mead kindly took his practice, and on his release by Sir Robert Walpole, presented the escaped Jacobite with the result, 5,000 guineas.

library, in York Street, Covent Garden (1755), occupied twenty days.

Dr William Pitcairn, who resided in Warwick Court, Warwick Lane, was for several years president of the college. Dr. Baillie, another eminent physician here, was a nephew of the great John Hunter. Sir Hans Sloane was elected President of the College of Physicians in 1719. He was an Irishman by birth, and a Scotchman by descent; and had accompanied the Duke of Albemarle to

Jamaica as his physician. In 1727 he was created President of the Royal Society, on the death of Sir Isaac Newton, and became physician to George II. On his death, in 1753, his museum and library were purchased by the nation, and became the nucleus of the British Museum.

In this brief notice of early physicians we must not forget to include that very second-rate poet, Sir Richard Blackmore, son of a Wiltshire attorney. No poor poet was ever so ridiculed as this great man of Saddlers' Hall. Dryden and Pope both set him up in their Parnassian pillory; and of him Swift wrote—

"Sternhold himself he out-Sternholded."

Dryden called him—

"A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack."

In spite of this endless abuse of a well-meaning man, William III. knighted him, and Addison pronounced his ambitious poem, "The Creation," to be "one of the most useful and noble productions in our English verse."

Among the eccentric physicians who have paced up and down Warwick Lane, and passed across the shadow of the Golden Pill, was Monsey, a friend of Garrick, and physician to Chelsea College. Of this rough old cynic Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson, in his "Book about Doctors," tells the following capital stories:—

"Amongst the vagaries of this eccentric physician," says Mr. Jeaffreson, "was the way in which he extracted his own teeth. Round the tooth sentenced to be drawn he fastened securely a strong piece of catgut, to the opposite side of which he affixed a bullet. With this bullet, and a full measure of powder, a pistol was charged. On the trigger being pulled, the operation was performed effectually and speedily. The doctor could only rarely prevail upon his friends to permit him to remove their teeth by this original process. Once a gentleman who had agreed to try the novelty, and had even allowed the apparatus to be adjusted, at the last moment exclaimed, 'Stop, stop, I have changed my mind!' 'But I haven't, and you're a fool and a coward for your pains,' answered the doctor, pulling the trigger. In another instant, the tooth was extracted, much to the timid patient's delight and astonishment. . . .

"Before setting out, on one occasion, for a journey to Norfolk, incredulous with regard to cash-boxes and bureaux, he hid a considerable quantity of gold and notes in the fireplace of his study, covering them up artistically with cinders and shavings. A month afterwards, returning, (luckily a few days before he was expected), he found his old house-

maid preparing to entertain a few friends at tea in her master's room. The hospitable domestic was on the point of lighting the fire, and had just applied a candle to the doctor's notes, when he entered the room, seized on a pail of water that chanced to be standing near, and, throwing its contents over the fuel and the old woman, extinguished the fire and her presence of mind at the same time. Some of the notes, as it was, were injured, and the Bank of England made objections to cashing them."

Monsey lived to extreme old age, dying in his Rooms in Chelsea College on the 26th of December, 1788, in his ninety-fifth year; "and his will," continues Mr. Jeaffreson, "was as remarkable as any other feature of his career. To a young lady mentioned in it, with the most lavish encomiums on her wit, taste, and elegance, was left an old battered snuff-box, not worth sixpence; and to another young lady, whom the testator says he intended to have enriched with a handsome legacy, he leaves the gratifying assurance that he changed his mind on finding her 'a pert, conceited minx.' After inveighing against bishops, deans, and chapters, he left an annuity to two clergymen who had resigned their preferment on account of the Athanasian doctrine. He directed that his body should not be insulted with any funeral ceremony, but should undergo dissection. After which, the 'remainder of my carcase' (to use his own words) 'may be put into a hole, or crammed into a box with holes, and thrown into the Thames.' In obedience to this part of the will, Mr. Forster, surgeon, of Union Court, Broad Street, dissected the body, and delivered a lecture on it to the medical students, in the theatre of Guy's Hospital. The bulk of the doctor's fortune, amounting to about £16,000, was left to his only daughter for life, and after her demise, by a complicated entail, to her female descendants."

As a physician, Dr. John C. Lettsom, who died in 1815, was a most fortunate man; for without any high reputation for professional acquirements, and with the exact reverse of a good preliminary education, he made a larger income than any other physician of the same time. After the erection of the new College of Physicians at Trafalgar Square, in 1825, the buildings here were gradually demolished; the last portion to disappear being the entrance-porch in Warwick Lane, which was pulled down shortly after the removal of Newgate Market.

That singular club, the Cauliflower, chiefly patronised by booksellers from Paternoster Row, was held at the "Three Jolly Pigeons" in Butcher Hall

Lane, now King Edward Street. "The Three Pigeons," says the anonymous author of *Tavern Anecdotes* (1825), "is situated in Butcher Hall Lane, bounded by Christ Church and Snow Hill on the west, St. Martin's-le-Grand and Cheapside on the east, by Newgate Street and Ivy Lane (where Dr. Johnson's club was held), and Paternoster Row on the south, and by Little Britain on the north. Of the last-mentioned, Washington Irving has given an admirable picture in his 'Sketch Book,' but as he has not given a portrait of the last resident bookseller of eminence in that ancient mart of bibliopoliasts, he has left us the pleasing task of performing an humble attempt in that way; but even we, who knew the character, are almost spared the trouble; for, could the old literary frequenters of Batson's and Will's Coffee-houses again appear in human shapes, with their large, wiry, white, curled wigs, coats without a collar, raised hair buttons, square pendicular cut in front, with immense long hanging sleeves, covering a delicate hand, further graced by fine ruffles; a long waistcoat, with angled-off flaps, descending to the centre of the thigh; the small-clothes slashed in front, and closed with three small buttons; with accurate and mathematically cut, square-toed, short-quartered shoes, with a large tongue, to prevent a small-sized square silver buckle hurting the instep, or soiling the fine silken hose, they would present an exact and faithful portrait of the late Edward Ballard standing at his shop, at the 'Globe,' over against the pump, in Little Britain. He was the last remaining bookseller of that school, if we except the late James Buckland, at the sign of the 'Buck,' in Paternoster Row, with one or two others, and put one in mind of Alexander Pope, in stature, size, dress, and appearance. The writer of this article recollects, when a boy, frequently calling at his shop, and purchasing various books, in a new and unbound state, when they were considered to be out of print, and some of them really scarce. This arose from the *obscurity* of the once celebrated Little Britain, and the great age of its last resident bookseller, who to the last retained some shares and copyrights (notwithstanding he and his brother had sold the most valuable to Lintot), in school and religious books; with the last remains of a stock, principally guarded and watched by an old faithful female servant."

The permanent secretary of the "Free and Easy Counsellors under the Cauliflower" was a worthy old fellow, Mr. Christopher Brown, an assistant of Mr. Thomas Longman, in Paternoster Row, who delighted in his quiet glass of Tabby's punch, a pipe, and a song, after the labours of the day.

This faithful old clerk had refused all offers of friends to set him up in independent business. Before the purchase of Mr. Evans's business, the great firm of Longman was conducted by merely two principals and three assistants.

The large cauliflower painted on the ceiling of the club was intended to represent the cauliflower head on the gallon of porter, which was paid for by every member who sat under it at his initiation. The president's chair, a masterpiece of Chippendale's workmanship, was sold in 1874 at Christie and Manson's. The height is five feet less two inches; breadth in front, from twenty-five to twenty-seven inches. An exquisitely-carved cauliflower adorns the chair, extending from near the top of the chair downwards to the end of the root exactly one foot; while the spread-out leaves, including the flower, extend a foot across; so that it was literally true of whoever occupied the chair, that he sat "under the cauliflower." The sides and arms of the chair are adorned with leaves, and both legs and arms are fluted, the whole being carved out of solid dark Spanish mahogany. A footboard, serving the purpose of a slightly-raised platform for the use of the speaker, also of solid mahogany, is attached to the chair by hinges.

In Bath Street, Newgate Street, one of the first bagnios, or Turkish baths, was opened in 1679, as Aubrey carefully records. Strype calls it "a neat-contrived building, after the Turkish mode, seated in a large handsome yard, and at the upper end of Pincock Lane, which is indifferent well-built, and inhabited. This bagnio is much resorted unto for sweating, being found very good for aches, &c., and approved of by our physicians." A writer in the *Spectator*, No. 332, mentions the bagnio in Newgate Street, and one in Chancery Lane. Hatton, in 1708, describes it as a very spacious and commodious place for sweating, hot bathing, and cupping, and with a temperature of eighteen degrees of heat. The roof was of a cupola shape, and the walls set with Dutch tiles. The charge was four shillings a person, and there were special days for ladies. There were nine servants in attendance; and to prove the healthiness of the place, Hatton mentions that one servant had been in attendance for twenty-eight years, four days a week.

Cock Lane, an obscure turning between Newgate Street and West Smithfield, was, in 1762, the scene of a great imposture. The ghost supposed to have been heard rapping there in reply to questions, singularly resembled the familiar spirits of our modern mediums. The affair commenced in 1762, by Parsons, the officiating clerk of St. Sepulchre's, observing, at early prayer, a gentled

couple standing in the aisle, and ordering them into a pew. On the service ending, the gentleman stopped to thank Parsons, and to ask him if he knew of a lodging in the neighbourhood. Parsons at once offered rooms in his own house, in Cock Lane, and they were accepted. The gentleman proved to be a widower of family from Norfolk, and the lady the sister of his deceased wife, with whom he privately lived, unable, from the severity of the ancient canon law, to marry her as they both wished. In his absence in the country, the lady, who went by the name of Miss Fanny, had Parson's daughter, a little artful girl about eleven years of age, to sleep with her. In the night the lady and the child were disturbed by extraordinary noises, which were at first attributed to a neighbouring shoemaker. Neighbours were called in to hear the sounds, which continued till the gentleman and lady removed to Clerkenwell, where the lady soon after died of small-pox. In January of the next year, according to Parsons, who, from a spirit of revenge against his late lodger, organised the whole fraud, the spiritualistic knockings and scratchings re-commenced. The child, from under whose bedstead these supposed supernatural sounds emanated, pretended to have fits, and Parsons began to interrogate the ghost, and was answered with affirmative and negative knocks. The ghost, under cross-examination, declared that it was the deceased lady lodger, who, according to Parsons, had been poisoned by a glass of purl, which had contained arsenic. Thousands of persons, of all ranks and stations, now crowded to Cock Lane, to hear the ghost, and the most ludicrous scenes took place with these poor gulls.

Even Horace Walpole was magnetically drawn to the clerk's house in Cock Lane. The clever fribble writes to Sir Horace Mann, January 29, 1762: "I am ashamed to tell you that we are again dipped into an egregious scene of folly. The reigning fashion is a ghost—a ghost, that would not pass muster in the paltriest convent in the Apennines. It only knocks and scratches; does not pretend to appear or to speak. The clergy give it their benediction; and all the world, whether believers or infidels, go to hear it. I, in which number you may guess, go to-morrow; for it is as much the mode to visit the ghost as the Prince of Mecklenburg, who is just arrived. I have not seen him yet, though I have left my name for him."

Again Walpole writes:—"I went to hear it, for it is not an apparition, but an audition. We set out from the opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland House, the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and

I, all in one hackney-coach, and drove to the spot. It rained torrents; yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in. At last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make room for us. The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable. When we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light, but one tallow candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts. We heard nothing. They told us (as they would at a puppet-show) that it would not come that night till seven in the morning, that is, when there are only 'prentices and old women. We stayed, however, till half an hour after one. The Methodists have promised them contributions. Provisions are sent in like forage, and all the taverns and ale-houses in the neighbourhood make fortunes." (Walpole to George Montagu, Feb. 2nd, 1762.)

Of the descent into the vaults of St. John's, Clerkenwell, to hear the spirits rap on her coffin-lid, Johnson, who was present, writes:—"About ten at night the gentlemen met in the chamber in which the girl, supposed to be disturbed by a spirit, had with proper caution been put to bed by several ladies. They sat rather more than an hour, and hearing nothing, went down-stairs, where they interrogated the father of the girl, who denied in the strongest terms any knowledge or belief of fraud. While they were inquiring and deliberating, they were summoned into the girl's chamber by some ladies who were near her bed, and who had heard knocks and scratches. When the gentlemen entered, the girl declared that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back, when the spirit was very solemnly required to manifest its existence by appearance, by impression on the hand or body of any present, or any other agency; but no evidence of any preternatural power was exhibited. The spirit was then very seriously advertised that the person to whom the promise was made of striking the coffin was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company at one o'clock went into the church, and the gentleman to whom the promise was made, went with another into the vault. The spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise, but nothing more than silence ensued. The person supposed to be accused by the spirit then went down with several

others, but no effect was perceived. Upon their return, they examined the girl, but could draw no confession from her. Between two and three she desired and was permitted to go home with her father. It is therefore the opinion of the whole assembly, that the child has some art of making or counterfeiting a particular noise, and that there is no agency of any higher cause."

In the following account of a Cock Lane *stance*, a pamphleteer of the time says:—

"To have a proper idea of this scene, as it is now carried on, the reader is to conceive a very small room, with a bed in the middle; the girl at the usual hour of going to bed, is undressed, and put in with proper solemnity. The spectators are next introduced, who sit looking at each other, suppressing laughter, and wait in silent expectation for the opening of the scene. As the ghost is a good deal offended at incredulity, the persons present are to conceal theirs, if they have any, as by this concealment they can only hope to gratify their curiosity; for, if they show, either before or when the knocking is begun, a too prying, inquisitive, or ludicrous turn of thinking, the ghost continues usually silent, or, to use the expression of the house, 'Miss Fanny is angry.' The spectators, therefore, have nothing for it but to sit quiet and credulous, otherwise they must hear no ghost, which is no small disappointment to persons who have come for no other purpose.

"The girl, who knows, by some secret, when the ghost is to appear, sometimes apprizes the assistants of its intended visitation. It first begins to scratch, and then to answer questions, giving two knocks for a negative, but one for an affirmative. By this means it tells whether a watch, when held up, be white, blue, yellow, or black; how many clergymen are in the room, though in this sometimes mistaken. It evidently distinguishes white men from negroes, with similar other marks of sagacity. However, it is sometimes mistaken in questions of a private nature, when it deigns to answer them. For instance, the ghost was ignorant where she had dined upon Mr. K——'s marriage; how many of her relations were at church upon the same occasion; but, particularly, she called her father John, instead of Thomas—a mistake, indeed, a little extraordinary in a ghost. But perhaps she was willing to verify the old proverb, that 'It is a wise child that knows its own father.' However, though sometimes right, and sometimes wrong, she pretty invariably persists in one story, namely, that she was poisoned, in a cup of purl, by red arsenic, a poison unheard of before, by Mr. K——, in her last illness, and that she heartily wishes him hanged.

"It is no easy matter to remark upon an evidence of this nature; but it may not be unnecessary to observe, that the ghost, though fond of company, is particularly modest upon these occasions, an enemy to the light of a candle, and always most silent before those from whose rank and understanding she could most reasonably expect redress.

"This knocking and scratching was generally heard in a little room in which Mr. P——'s two children lay, the eldest of which was a girl about twelve or thirteen years old. The purport of this knocking was not thoroughly conceived till the eldest child pretended to see the actual ghost of the deceased lady mentioned above. When she had seen the ghost, a weak, ignorant publican also, who lived in the neighbourhood, asserted that he had seen it too, and Mr. P—— himself (the gentleman whom Mr. K—— had disoblged by suing for money) also saw the ghost about the same time. The girl saw it without hands, in a shroud; the other two saw it with hands, all luminous and shining. There was one unlucky circumstance, however, in the apparition. Though it appeared to three several persons, and could knock, scratch, and flutter, yet its coming would have been to no manner of purpose had it not been kindly assisted by the persons thus haunted. It was impossible for a ghost that could not speak to make any discovery; the people, therefore, to whom it appeared, kindly undertook to make the discovery themselves, and the ghost, by knocking, gave its assent to their method of wording the accusation."

The girl was at last, we are glad to say, detected. When the child was bound hand and foot in a hammock, the ghost, it was found, was always silent. One morning, when the child had been threatened with Newgate if she did not arouse the ghost, she was found to have concealed, under her stays, a small board, on which she produced the supernatural sounds. The bubble then burst.

The gentleman accused, remarks Mr. Pinka, "thought proper to vindicate his character in a legal way. On the 10th of July the father and mother of the child, one Mary Frazer, who acted as interpreter of the noises, a clergyman, and a tradesman, were tried at Guildhall, before Lord Mansfield, by a special jury, and convicted of conspiracy. Sentence was deferred for several months, in order to give the offenders an opportunity of making Mr. — some compensation in the meantime. Accordingly, the clergyman and tradesman gave him several hundred pounds, and were thereupon dismissed with a reprimand. Persons who

sentenced to be placed three times in the pillory, at the end of Cock Lane, and then to be imprisoned for two years in the King's Bench gaol. Strange to relate, the rabble, who usually assembled in large numbers to witness and to assist in carrying out the former part of such a sentence, were

"While drawing the crypt of St. John's, Clerkenwell," says Mr. J. W. Archer, "in a narrow cloister on the north side, there being at that time coffins, fragments of shrouds, and human remains lying about in disorder, the sexton's boy pointed to one of the coffins, and said that it was 'Scratching



THE "GHOST'S" HOUSE IN COCK LANE. (See page 436.)

in this case moved with compassion for the victim of the strong arm of the law, and refrained from offering him, while thus exposed, any insult, either by word or deed, and a public subscription was afterwards raised for his benefit. Mrs. Parsons was sentenced to be imprisoned for one year, and Mary Fraser for six months, with hard labour. Miss Parsons, the agent of the mysterious noise, and who doubtless acted under her father's instructions, was twice married, and died in 1806."

Fanny.' This reminding me of the Cock Lane Ghost, I removed the lid of the coffin, which was loose, and saw the body of a woman, which had become adipocere. The face was perfect, handsome, oval, with an aquiline nose. Will not arsenic produce adipocere? She is said to have been poisoned, although the charge is understood to have been disproved. I inquired of one of the churchwardens of the time, Mr. Bird, who said the coffin had always been understood to contain the

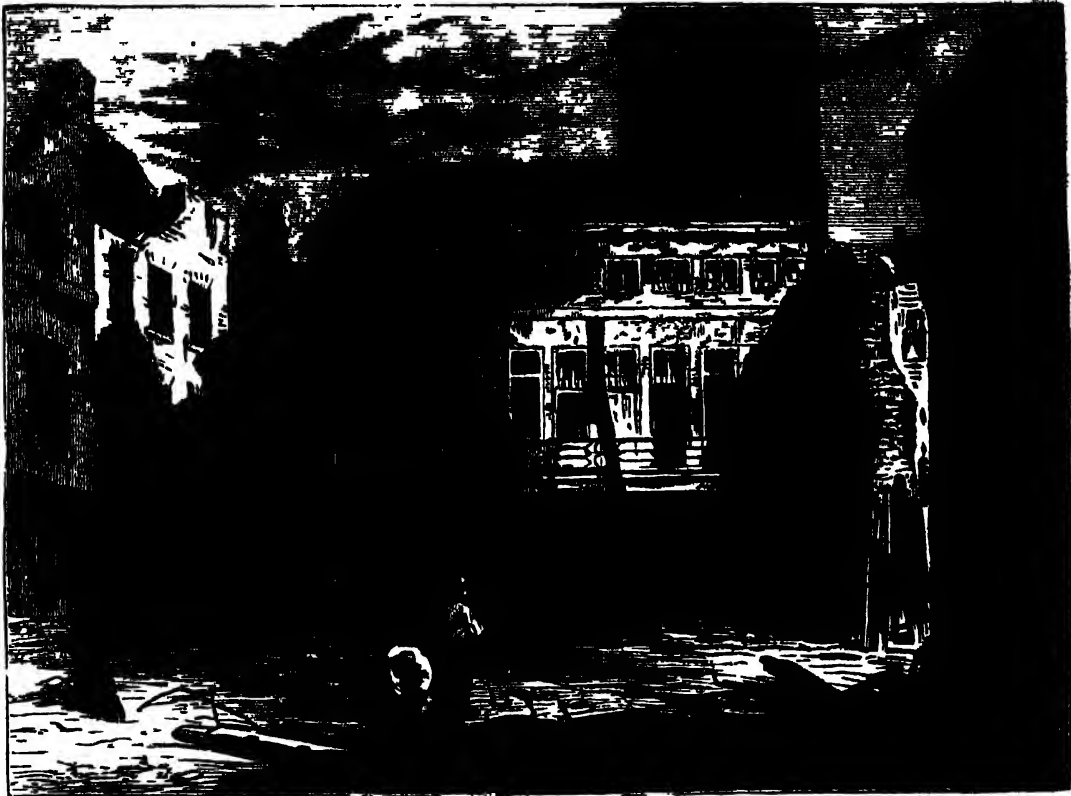


body of the woman whose spirit was said to have haunted the house in Cock Lane."

At the "King's Head," in Ivy Lane, Dr. Johnson established one of his earliest clubs for literary discussion. The chief members were the Rev. Dr. Salter, father of the Master of the Charterhouse; Mr. (afterwards Dr.) John Hawkesworth; Mr. Ryland, a merchant, a relation of Johnson's; Mr. John Payne, then a bookseller, afterwards chief accountant of the Bank, Mr. Samuel Dyer, a

when the stalls and sheds were removed from Butcher Hall Lane and the localities round the church of St. Nicholas Shambles.

Warwick Lane, Stow says, derived its name from an ancient house there, built by the Earls of Warwick. This messuage in Eldenese Lane (the old name) is on record in the 28th year of Henry VI. as occupied by Cicille, Duchess of Warwick. In the 36th year of Henry VI., when the greater estates of the realm were called to London,



THE SARACEN'S HEAD, SNOW HILL. *From a sketch taken during its demolition* (See page 485.)

learned young man, intended for the dissenting ministry; Dr. William M'Ghie, a Scots physician; Dr. Edmund Barker, a young physician; Dr. Richard Bathurst, and Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Hawkins.

Newgate Market, now removed to the neighbourhood of Charterhouse, was originally a meal-market. "R B," in Strype, says that before the Great Fire there was a market-house here for meal, and a middle row of sheds, which had gradually been converted into houses for butchers, tripe-sellers, and the like. The country-people who brought provisions were forced to stand with their stalls in the open street, exposed to all the coaches, carts, horses, and cattle. The meat-market, says Peter Cunningham, had first become a centre of trade

Richard Nevill, the Earl of Warwick, justly named the "king maker," came there, backed by six hundred sturdy vassals, all in red jackets embroidered with ragged staves before and behind. "At whose house," says Stow, "there were oftentimes six oxen eaten at a breakfast; and every tavern was full of his meat, for he that had any acquaintance at that house might have there so much of soddien and roast meat as he could prick and carry upon a long dagger." A little bas-relief of the famous Guy, Earl of Warwick, with the date 1668, is inserted in the wall of Newgate Street end of Warwick Lane.

The "Old Bell" Inn, on the east side of the lane, is the house where Archbishop Leighton

died. According to Burnet, in his "History of His Own Times," "he (Archbishop Leighton) used often to say that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn; it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it. He added that the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. And he obtained what he desired; for he died (1684) at the 'Bell' Inn, in Warwick Lane."

The "Oxford Arms" Inn, formerly on the west side of the street, is mentioned in a carrier's advertisement in the *London Gazette*, 1672-73. Edward Butler, an Oxford carrier, who had removed from the "Swan" at Holborn Bridge, started his coaches and wagons from thence three times a week. He also announced that he kept a hearse, to convey "a corpse" to any part of England.

Snow Hill is called Snore Hill by Stow, and Sore Hill by Howell. At the time of the Great Fire it seems to have been known as Snore Hill and Snow Hill indifferently. By the time Gay wrote his anti-theatrical line—

"When from Snow Hill black steepy torrents run,"

however, the latter name seems to have become fixed. It was always an awkward, roundabout road; and in 1802, when Skinner Street was built, it was superseded as the highway between Newgate Street and Holborn.

There is one event in its history, brief as it is, that deserves special remembrance. At the house of his friend, Mr. Strudwick, a grocer, at the sign of the "Star," Snow Hill, that brave old Christian, John Bunyan, died, in 1688. This extraordinary genius was the son of a tinker, at Elstow, near Bedford, and grew up a wild, dissolute youth, but seems to have received early strong religious impressions. He served in the Parliamentary army at the siege of Leicester, and the death of a comrade who took his post as a sentry produced a deep effect on his thoughtful mind. On returning to Elstow, Bunyan married a pious young woman, who seems to have led him to read and study religious books. At the age of twenty-five, after great spiritual struggles, Bunyan was admitted into church-fellowship with the Baptists, and baptised, probably near midnight, in a small stream near Bedford Bridge. His spiritual struggles still continued, he believed himself rejected, and the day of grace past; then came even doubts of the being of a God, and of the authority of the Scriptures. A terrible illness, threatening consumption, fol-

lowed this mental struggle, but with health came the calm of a serene faith, and he entered the ministry. A great trouble followed, to further purify this great soul. He lost his first wife; but a second wife proved equally good and faithful. It being a time of persecution, Bunyan was soon thrown into Bedford gaol, where he pined for twelve long years. There, with some sixty other innocent people, Bunyan preached and prayed incessantly, and wrote the first part of his immortal "Pilgrim's Progress."

Parting with his wife and children Bunyan himself describes as "pulling the flesh from his bones," and his heart was especially wrung by the possible hardships of his poor blind daughter, Mary. "Oh, the thought of the hardships my poor blind one might be under," he says, "would break my heart to pieces." Bunyan maintained himself in prison by making tagged laces, and the only books he had were the Bible and Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." "When God makes the bed," he says, in one of his works, "he must needs be easy that is cast thereon. A blessed pillow hath that man for his head, though to all beholders it is hard as a stone." The jug in which his broth was daily taken to the prison is still preserved as a relic, and his gold ring was discovered under the floor when the prison was demolished.

Bunyan was released in 1672, when 471 Quakers and twenty Baptists were also set free. He then obtained a licence to preach at a chapel in Bedford, and he also continued his trade as a brazier. In 1682 this good man published his second allegory, "The Holy War," and completed the last part of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

In spite of his consistent zeal, Bunyan was denounced by his enemies as a wizard, a Jesuit, and a highwayman. His popularity among his own people was, however, very great. When he preached in London some 3,000 people used to collect, so that he had almost to be pulled over their heads into the pulpit. His end was characteristic. He was returning home from a visit to Reading, where he had gone to reconcile an offended father to a prodigal son, when he was seized, at the house in Snow Hill, with a fatal fever. His departure must have been like that of the pilgrims he himself describes:—"Now I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah (Isa. lxii. 4-12; Cant. ii. 17-18), whose air was very sweet and pleasant; the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day

the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair, neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of Heaven."

To Snow Hill also belongs an anecdote of Dobson, one of the most eminent of our early painters. Dobson, son of the master in the Alienation Office, was compelled by his father's extravagance to become an apprentice to a stationer and picture-dealer. He soon began to excel in copying Titian and Vandyke, and exhibited his copies in a window

in Snow Hill. Vandyke himself, who lived in Blackfriars, not far off, passing one day, was struck with Dobson's work, that he went in and inquired for the author. He found him at work in a poor garret, from which he soon rescued him. He shortly afterwards recommended him to King Charles, who took him into his service, and sat to him often for his portrait, and gave him the name of the English Tintoret. Dobson's style is dignified and thoughtful, and his colour delightful in tone. One of his finest portrait groups belongs to the Duke of Northumberland, and in the "Decollation of St. John," in the collection at Wilton, he is said to have introduced a portrait of Prince Rupert. The Civil War, and the indifference which the Puritans manifested to art, no doubt reduced Dobson to poverty, and he died poor and neglected, in St. Martin's Lane, in 1646.

## CHAPTER LII.

### NEWGATE.

*The Fifth City Gate—Howard's Description of Newgate—The Gordon Riots—The Attack on Newgate—The Mad Quaker—Crabbe, the Poet—His Account of the Burning of Newgate—Dr Johnson's Visit to the Ruins.*

NEWGATE, which Stow classifies as the fifth principal gate in the City wall, was first built about the reign of Henry I. or Stephen, and was a prison for felons and trespassers at least as early as the reign of King John. It was erected when, St. Paul's being rebuilt, the old wards, from Aldgate to Ludgate, were stopped up by enclosures and building materials, and people had to work round deviously by Paternoster Row and the old Exchange to get to Ludgate.

In the year 1218 the king wrote to the Sheriffs of London, "commanding them to repair the gaol at Newgate, for the safe keeping of his prisoners, promising that the charges laid out should be allowed them upon their accout in the Exchequer" (Stow). In 1241 some rich Jews (accused of imaginary crimes) were ordered to pay 20,000 marks, or be kept perpetual prisoners at Newgate and other prisons. In this same reign Henry sent the sheriffs to the Tower, and fined the City 3,000 marks, for allowing a convicted priest, who had killed a prior, a cousin of the queen, to escape from Newgate. Sir William Walworth in 1385 left money to relieve the prisoners in Newgate, and Whittington left money to rebuild the prison. In 1457 there was again a break-out from Newgate prison. Lord

Egremont, Sir Thomas and Sir Richard Percy, committed to Newgate for a fray in the north country with the Earl of Salisbury's sons, in which fray many were maimed or slain, broke out of prison by night, and went to petition the king, the other prisoners, in the meantime, garrisoning the leads of Newgate, and defending it against all the sheriffs; till at last the citizens were called up to subdue and lay in irons the reckless rebels.

The gate was repaired in 1630-3, destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt in a stronger and more convenient way, with a postern for foot passengers. On the east or City side of the old prison were three stone statues—Justice, Mercy, and Truth; and four on the west, or Holborn side—Liberty (with Whittington's cat at her feet), Peace, Plenty, and Concord. Four of these figures, which survived the Gordon riots, ornament part of the front of the present prison.

Howard, the philanthropist, writing in 1784, gives a favourable account of the Newgate of 1779. " "

"The cells," says Howard, "built in old Newgate, a few years since, for condemned malefactors, are still used for the same purpose. There are upon each of the three floors five, all vaulted, and 9 feet high to the crown. Those on the ground

floor measure full 9 feet by near 6 feet; the five on the first stoney are a little larger (9½ feet by 6 feet), on account of the set-off in the wall; and the five uppermost still a little larger, for the same reason. In the upper part of each cell is a window, double grated, near 3 feet by 1½. The doors are 4 inches thick. The strong stone wall is lined all round each cell with planks, studded with broad-headed nails. In each cell is a barrack bedstead. I was told by those who attended them that criminals who had affected an air of boldness during their trial, and appeared quite unconcerned at the pronouncing sentence upon them, were struck with horror, and shed tears, when brought to these dark-some, solitary abodes.

"The chapel is plain and neat. Below is the chaplain's seat, and three or four pews for the felons; that in the centre is for the condemned. On each side is a gallery: that for the women is towards their ward; in it is a pew for the keeper, whose presence may set a good example, and be otherwise useful. The other gallery, towards the debtors' ward, is for them. The stairs to each gallery are on the outside of the chapel. I attended there several times, and Mr. Villette read the prayers distinctly, and with propriety. The prisoners who were present seemed attentive; but we were disturbed by the noise in the court. Surely they who will not go to chapel, who are by far the greater number, should be locked up in their rooms during the time of divine service, and not suffered to hinder the edification of such as are better disposed.

"The chaplain, or ordinary, besides his salary, has a house in Newgate Street, clear of land-tax; Lady Barnadiston's legacy, £6 a year; an old legacy paid by the Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, £10 a year; and lately had two freedoms yearly, which commonly sold for £25 each; and the City generally presented him, once in six months, with another freedom. Now he has not the freedoms, but his salary is augmented to £180, and the sheriffs pay him £3 12s. He engages, when chosen, to hold no other living.

"Debtors have, every Saturday, from the Chamber of London, eight stone of beef; fines, four stone; and, some years, felons, eight stone. Debtors have several legacies. I inquired for a list of them, and Mr. Akerman told me the table in Maitland's 'Survey' was authentic. The amount of it is £52 5s. 8d. a year. There are other donations mentioned by Maitland, amounting to sixty-four stone of beef, and five dozen of bread. . . .

"Here I cannot forbear mentioning a practice, which probably had its origin from the ancient

mode of torture, though now it seems only a matter of form. When prisoners capitally convicted at the Old Bailey are brought up to receive sentence, and the judge asks, 'What have you to say why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded against you?' the executioner slips a whippcord noose about their thumbs. This custom ought to be abolished.

"At my visit, in 1779, the gaol was clean, and free from offensive scents. On the felons' side there were only three sick, in one of the upper wards. An infirmary was building, near the condemned cells. Of the 141 felons, &c., there were ninety-one convicts and fines who had only the prison allowance of a penny loaf a day. Mr. Akerman generously contributed towards their relief. In the felons' court the table of fees, painted on a board, was hung up.

"The gaol was burnt by the rioters in 1780, but is rebuilt on the same plan. The men's quadrangle is now divided into three courts. In the first court are those who pay 3s. 6d. a week for a bed; in the next, the poorer felons; and in the other, *now*, the women. Under the chapel are cells for the refractory. Two rooms, adjoining to the condemned cells, are built for an infirmary, in one of which, at my last visit, there were sixteen sick. Of the 291 prisoners in 1782, 225 were men and 66 women. Upwards of 100 of them were transports, 89 fines, 21 under sentence of death, and the remainder lay for trial. Some of the condemned had been long sick and languishing in their cells."

From the Old Bailey Session Papers for June, 1780, we gather a very vivid and picturesque notion of the destruction of Newgate during the Gordon riots. The mob came pouring down Holborn, between six and seven o'clock, on the evening of the 6th of June. There were three flags carried by the ringleaders—the first of green silk, with a Protestant motto; the second, dirty blue, with a red cross; the third, a flag of the Protestant Union. A sailor named Jackson had hoisted the second flag in Palace Yard, when Justice Hyde had launched a party of horse upon the people; and when the rabble had sacked the justice's house in St. Martin's Street, Jackson shouted, "Newgate, a-hoy!" and led the people on to the Old Bailey. Mr. Akerman, a friend of Boswell, and one of the keepers of Newgate, had had intimation of the danger two hours before, when a friend of one of the prisoners called upon him just as he was packing up his plate for removal, told him "he should be the one hung presently," and cursed him. Exactly at seven, one of the rioters knocked at Mr. Akerman's door, which had been already barred,

bolted, and chained. A maid-servant had just put up the shutters, when the glass over the hall-door was dashed into her face. The ringleader who knocked was better dressed than the rest, and wore a dark brown coat and round hat. The man knocked three times, and rang three times; then, finding no one came, ran down the steps, "made his obeisance to the mob," pointed to the door, then retired. The mob was perfectly organised, and led by about thirty men walking three abreast. Thirty men carried iron crowbars, mattocks, and chisels, and after them followed "an innumerable company," armed with bludgeons and the spokes of cart-wheels. The band instantly divided into three parts—one set went to work at Mr. Akerman's door with the mattocks, a second went to the debtors' door, and a third to the felons'. A shower of bludgeons instantly demolished the windows of the keeper's house; and while these sticks were still falling in showers, two men, one of them a mad Quaker, the son of a rich corn-factor, who wore a mariner's jacket, came forward with a scaffold-pole, and drove it like a battering-ram against the parlour shutters. A lad in a sailor's jacket then got on a man's shoulders, and jammed in the half-broken shutters with furious blows of his bullet-head. A chimney-sweeper's boy then scrambled in, cheered by the mob, and after him the mad Quaker. A moment more, and the Quaker appeared at the first-floor window, flinging out pictures into the street. Presently, the second parlour window gave way, the house-door was forced, and the furniture and broken chattels in the street were set in a blaze. All this time a circle of men, better dressed than the rest, stood in the Old Bailey, exciting and encouraging the rioters. The leader of these sympathisers was a negro servant, named Benjamin Bowsey, afterwards hung for his share in the riot. One of the leaders in this attack was a mad waiter from the St. Alban's Tavern, named Thomas Haycock. He was very prominent, and he swore that there should not be a prison standing in London on the morrow, and that the Bishop of London's house and the Duke of Norfolk's should come down that night. "They were well supported," he shouted to the mob, "for there were six or seven noblemen and members of Parliament on their side. This man helped to break up a bureau, and collected sticks to burn down the doors of Akerman's house. While Akerman's house was still burning, the servants escaping over the roofs, and Akerman's neighbours were down among the mob, entreating them to spare the houses of innocent persons, a waiter, named Francis Mockford, who wore a hat with a blue cockade in it, went up to the

prison-gate and held up the main key, and shouted to the turnkeys, "D— you, here is the key of Newgate; open the door!" Mockford, who was eventually sentenced to death for this riot, afterwards took the prison keys, and flung them over Westminster Bridge. George Sims, a tripe-man in St. James's Market, always forward in street quarrels, then went up to the great gate in the Old Bailey with some others, and swore desperately that "he would have the gates down—curse him, he would have the gates down!" Then the storm broke; the mob rushed on the gate with the sledge-hammers and pickaxes they had stolen from coal-makers, blacksmiths, and braziers in Drury Lane and Long Acre, and plied them with untiring fury. The tripe-man, who carried a bludgeon, urged them on and the servant of Akerman, having known the man for several years, called to him through the hatch, "Very well, George the tripe-man; I shall mark you in particular!" Then John Glover, a black, a servant of a Mr. Phillips, a barrister in Lincoln's Inn, who was standing on the steps leading to the felons' gate (the main gate), dressed in a rough short jacket, and a round hat trimmed with dirty silver lace, thumped at the door with a gun-barrel, which he afterwards tried to thrust through the grating into the faces of the turnkeys, while another split the door with a hatchet. The mob, finding they could not force the stones out round the hatch, then piled Akerman's shattered furniture, and placing it against the gates set the heap on fire.

Several times the gate caught fire, and as often the turnkeys inside pushed down the burning furniture with broomsticks, which they pushed through the hatch, and kept swilling the gates with water, in order to cool them, and to keep the lead that soldered the hinges from melting and giving way. But all their efforts were in vain; for the flames, now spreading fast from Akerman's house, gradually burnt in to the fore-lodge and chapel, and set the different wards one after the other on fire. Crabbe the poet, who was there as a spectator, describes seeing the prisoners come up out of the dark cells with their heavy irons, and looking pale and scared. Some of them were carried off on horseback, their irons still on, in triumph by the mob, who then went and burnt down the Fleet. At the trial of Richard Hyde, the poor mad Quaker, who had been one of the first to scramble through Mr. Akerman's windows, the most conclusive proofs were brought forward of the prisoner's insanity. A grocer in Bishopsgate Street, with whom he had lodged, deposed to his burning a Bible, and to his thrashing him. One day at the "Docket



Butler's Head," in Coleman Street, the crazed fellow had come in, and pretended to cast the nativities of persons drinking there. He also prophesied how long each of them would live. On hearing this evidence, the prisoner broke out: "Well, and they might live three hundred years, if they knew how to live; but they gorge themselves like aldermen. Callipash and callipee kills half the people." It was also shown that, the night after the burning of Newgate, the prisoner came to a poor woman's

Crabbe, who, having failed as a surgeon, and apothecary down at Aldborough, his native place, had just come up to London to earn his bread as a poet, and being on the brink of starvation, was about to apply to Burke for patronage and bread. Rambling in a purposeless way about London to while away the miserable time, the young poet happened to reach the Old Bailey just as the ragged rioters set it on fire to warm their Protestantism. Suddenly, at a turning out of Ludgate Hill, on his



DOOR OF NEWGATE.

house in Bedford Court, Covent Garden, and he then wore an old grey great-coat and a flapped hat, painted blue. As the paint was wet, the woman asked him to let her dry it. He replied, "No, you are a fool; my hat is *blue*" (the Protestant colour), "it is the colour of the heavens. I would not have it dried for the world." When the woman brought him a pint of beer, he drank once, and then pushed it angrily on one side. He then said, "I have tasted it once, I must taste it three times; it is against the heavens to drink only once out of a pot." Doctor Munro, the physician who attended George III. in his madness, deposed to the insanity both of the prisoner's father and the prisoner. He was sent to a mad-house.

way back to his lodgings at a hairdresser's shop near the Exchange, a scene of terror and horror broke red upon the view of the mild young Suffolk apothecary. The new prison, Crabbe says, in his "Journal" kept for the perusal of his Myra (June 8th), was a very large, strong, and beautiful building, having two wings besides Mr. Akerman's house, and strong intermediate works and other adjuncts. Akerman had four rioters in custody, and these rascals the mob demanded. He begged he might send to the sheriff, but this was not permitted. "How he escaped, or where he is gone, I know not; but just at the time I speak of, they set fire to his house, broke in, and threw every piece of furniture they could find into the street.





BURNING OF NEWGATE. From a Contemporary Print. (See page 446.)

firing them also in an instant. The engines came" (they were mere squirts in those days), "but were only suffered to preserve the private houses near the prison." This was about half-past seven. "As I was standing near the spot, there approached another body of men—I suppose five hundred—and Lord George Gordon in a coach drawn by the mob, towards Alderman Bull's, bowing as he passed along. He is a lively-looking young man in appearance, and nothing more, though just now the reigning hero. By eight o'clock Akerman's house was in flames. I went close to it, and never saw anything so dreadful. The prison was, as I said, a remarkably strong building; but, determined to force it, they broke the gates with crows and other instruments, and climbed up the outside of the cell part, which joins the two great wings of the building, where the felons were confined; and I stood where I plainly saw their operations. They broke the roof, tore away the rafters, and having got ladders they descended. Not Orpheus himself had more courage or better luck. Flames all around them, and a body of soldiers expected, they defied and laughed at all opposition. The prisoners escaped. I stood and saw about twelve women and eight men ascend from their confinement to the open air, and they were conducted through the street in their chains. Three of these were to be hanged on Friday" (Newgate was burnt on the Tuesday). "You have no conception of the frenzy of the multitude. This being done, and Akerman's house now a mere shell of brickwork, they kept a store of flame there for other purposes. It became red-hot, and the doors and windows appeared like the entrance to so many volcanoes. With some difficulty they then fired the debtors' prison, broke the doors, and they, too, all made their escape. Tired of the scene, I went home, and returned again at eleven o'clock at night. I met large bodies of horse and foot soldiers, coming to guard the Bank, and some houses of Roman Catholics near it. Newgate was at this time open to all; any one might get in, and, what was never the case before, any one might get out. I did both, for the people were now chiefly lookers-on. The mischief was done, and the doers of it gone to another part of the town" (to Bloomsbury Square, to burn Lord Mansfield's house). "But I must not omit what struck me most: about ten or twelve of the mob getting to the top of the debtors' prison, whilst it was burning, to halloo, they appeared rolled in black smoke mixed with sudden bursts of fire—like Milton's infernals, who were as familiar with flame as with each other."

On the Wednesday, the day after the fire, a big

carelessly-dressed man worked his way to the ruins from Bolt Court, Fleet Street. The man's name was Doctor Samuel Johnson, and he wrote to Mrs. Thrale and her husband a brief account of what had happened since the Friday before. On that day Lord George Gordon and the mob went to Westminster, and that night the rioters burnt the Catholic chapel in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. On Monday they gutted Sir George Saville's house in Leicester Square; on Tuesday pulled down the house of Sir John Fielding, the blind magistrate and the novelist's half-brother, in Bow Street; and the same night burnt Newgate, Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury, and a Catholic chapel in Moorfields. On Wednesday they burnt the Fleet and the King's Bench, and attacked the Bank of England, but were driven off by a party of constables headed by John Wilkes.

"On Wednesday," says the doctor, to come to what he actually saw himself, "I walked with Doctor Scott, to look at Newgate, and found it in ruins, with the fire yet glowing. As I went by, the Protestants were plundering the Sessions House at the Old Bailey. There were not, I believe, a hundred; but they did their work at leisure, in full security, without sentinels, without trepidation, as men lawfully employed in full day. Such is the cowardice of a commercial place. On Wednesday they broke open the Fleet, and the King's Bench, and the Marshalsea, and Wood Street Compter, and Clerkenwell Bridewell, and released all the prisoners. At night they set fire to the Fleet, and to the King's Bench, and I don't know how many other places; and one might see the glare of conflagration fill the sky from many parts. The sight was dreadful. Some people were threatened. Mr. Strahan advised me to take care of myself. . . . Several chapels have been destroyed, and several inoffensive Papists have been plundered; but the high sport was to burn the gaols. This was a good rabble trick. The debtors and the criminals were all set at liberty; but of the criminals, as has always happened, many are already re-taken, and two pirates have surrendered themselves, and it is expected that they will be pardoned." Then follows a fine touch of irony: "Jack" (Wilkes), "who was always zealous for order and decency, declares that if he be trusted with power, he will not leave a rioter alive. There is, however, now no longer any need of heroism or bloodshed; no blue ribbon" (the badge of the rioters) "is any longer worn." As for Thrale, his brewery escaped pretty well. The men gave away a cask or two of beer to the mob, and when the rioters came on a second and more importunate visit, the soldiers received them.

## CHAPTER LIII.

NEWGATE (*continued*).

Methodist Preachers in Newgate—Silas Told—The Surgeons' Crew—Dr. Dodd, the Popular Preacher—His Forgery—Governor Wall at Gorge  
 Sings a Soldier to Death—His Last Moments—Murder of Mr. Steele—Execution of the Lato Street Conspirators—Fawcett, the Barber  
 —The Murder of the Italian Boy—Greenacre—Müller—Courvoisier—His Execution Mrs. Browning—Mr. Akerman and the Fire in  
 Newgate—Mrs. Fry's Good Work in Newgate—Escapes from Newgate—Jacob Sheppard—A Good Sermon on a Bad Text—Sanitary Con-  
 dition of Newgate—Effect upon the Prisoners.

IN the year 1744 Silas Told, a worthy Wesleyan, deeply touched by a sermon preached by Wesley on the text, "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me not" (Matt. xxv. 43), began to exert himself among the prisoners at Newgate, and has left a graphic and simple-hearted account of his labours among them; and from this book we obtain many curious glimpses of prison life at that period. The first persons Told visited were ten malefactors, then under sentence of death. "The report having been made," says Told, "and the dead-warrant coming down, eight of the ten were ordered for execution. The other two were respited; nor did either of those two appear to have any the least regard or concern for their deathless souls; therefore I trust they were spared for a good purpose, that they might have time for repentance and amendment of life.

"The day arrived whereon the other eight malefactors were to die. Sarah Peters and myself were early at the cell, in order to render them all the spiritual service that was within our power. The keeper having received directions on the over-night to lock them all up in one cell, that they might pour out their souls together in fervent solemn prayer to Almighty God, they paid very circum-spect attention thereto, and a happy night it proved to each of them; so that when they were led down from their cell, they appeared like giants refreshed with wine, nor was the fear of death apparent in any of their countenances. We then went up to the chapel, when my companion and myself conversed with them in the press-yard room. Upon being called out to have their irons taken off, Lancaster was the first. While they were dis-burthening his legs thereof, the sheriff being present, Lancaster looked up to heaven with a pleasant smile, and said, 'Glory be to God for the first moment of my entrance into this place! For before I came hither my heart was as hard as my cell wall, and my soul was as black as hell. But, oh, I am now washed, clearly washed, from all my sins, and by one o'clock shall be with Jesus in Paradise!' And with many strong and forcible expressions he exhorted the innumerable spectators to flee from the wrath to come. This caused the sheriff to shed tears, and ask Mr. Lancaster if he was really in

earnest, being so greatly affected with his lively and animated spirit. As their irons were taken off they were remanded back to the press-yard room; but, by some accident, they were a long time getting off the last man's fetters. When they were gotten off, Lancaster, beholding him at a short distance, clapped his hands together, and joyfully proclaimed, 'Here comes another of our little flock!' A gentleman present said, with an apparent sympathising spirit, 'I think it is too great a flock upon such an occasion.' Lancaster, with the greatest fluency of speech, and with an aspiring voice, said, 'Oh, no; it is not too great a flock for the shepherd Jesus; there is room enough in heaven for us all.' When he exhorted the populace to forsake their sins, he particularly endeavoured to press on them to come to the Throne of Grace immediately, and without fear, assuring them that they would find Him a gracious and merciful God, to forgive them, as He had forgiven him. At length they were ordered into the cart, and I was prevailed upon to go with them. When we were in the cart, I addressed myself to each of these separately."

Told's account of the execution of these men shows clearly how lawless and savage were the mobs which gathered at Tyburn. "When we came to the fatal tree Lancaster lifted up his eyes thereto, and said, 'Blessed be God,' then prayed extemporary in a very excellent manner, and the others behaved with great discretion. John Lancaster had no friend who could procure for his body a proper interment; so that, when they had hung the usual space of time, and were cut down, the surgeon's mob secured the body of Lancaster, and carried it over to Paddington. There was a very crowded concourse, among whom were numberless gin and gingerbread vendors, accompanied by pickpockets and even less respectable characters, of almost every denomination in London; in short, the whole scene resembled a principal fair, rather than an awful execution. Now, when the mob was nearly dispersed, and there remained only a few bystanders, with an old woman who sold gin, a remarkable occurrence took place, and operated to the following effect:—

"A company of eight sailors, with truncheons in their hands, having come to see the execution,

looked up to the gallows with an angry countenance, the bodies having been cut down some minutes previous to their arrival. The old woman before named, who sold gin, observing these tars to grow violent, by reason of their disappointment, mildly accosted them and said, 'Gentlemen, I suppose you want the man that the surgeons have got?' 'Aye,' replied the sailors; 'where is he?' The poor affrighted woman gave them to understand that the surgeons' crew had carried him over to Paddington, and she pointed out to them the direct road thereto. They hastened away, and as they entered the town, inquiry was made by them where the surgeons' mob was to be discovered, and receiving the information they wanted, they went and demanded the body of John Lancaster. When the sailors had obtained the body, two of them cast it on their shoulders, and carried him round by Islington. They being tired out with its pressure, two others laid themselves under the weight of the body, and carried it from thence to Shoreditch. Then two more carried it from Shoreditch to Coverley's Fields. At length, after they were all rendered completely weary, and unable to carry it any farther, the sequel of their project, and their ultimate contrivance to rid themselves of the body was an unanimous consent to lay it on the step of the first door they came to. They did so, and then went their way. This gave birth to a great riot in the neighbourhood, which brought an old woman, who lived in the house, down-stairs. When she saw the corpse lie at the step of the door, she proclaimed, with an agitated spirit, 'Lord, here is my son, John Lancaster!' This being spread abroad, came to the knowledge of the Methodists, who made a collection, and got him a shroud and a good strong coffin. I was soon informed of this event, which was peculiarly singular, as the seamen had no knowledge of the body, nor to whom he belonged when living. My second wife went with me to see him, previous to the burial; but neither of us could perceive the least alteration in his visage or features, or any appearance of violence on any part of his body. A pleasant smile appeared in his countenance, and he lay as in a sweet sleep."

Told gives a terrible picture of the state of Newgate about 1744—the felons swearing and cursing at the preacher, and the ordinary himself guarding the prison doors on Sunday morning, to obstruct Told's entrance. Told, however, zealous in the cause, persevered, and soon formed a society of about forty of the debtors, who formed his Sunday congregation. The ordinary, however, soon contrived to shut out Told from this part of the prison

also. He therefore betook himself almost entirely to the graver malefactors. His account of some of these unhappy men is extremely interesting. During his visits to Newgate six men of good family were lying there, sentenced to death for highway robbery. Of these, one was the son of an Irish divine, two others were men of fortune, and a fourth was a naval officer, to whom a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton was engaged to be married. After an election dinner, at Chelmsford, these men, for fun, had sallied out and robbed a farmer in the highway. The king was unwilling to pardon any of the party; but at the incessant importunities of Lady Elizabeth Hamilton, at last consented to reprieve her lover, but only at the gallows' foot. He fainted when the halter was removed, and was instantly lifted into the carriage, where Lady Betty awaited him. Six weeks after, to Told's vexation, he found the reprieved man gambling with a fraudulent bankrupt, who shortly afterwards was himself executed at Tyburn. Told's next visit was to Mary Edmonson, a poor girl hung at Kennington Common for murdering her aunt at Rotherhithe. The girl was entirely innocent, and the real murderer, a relation, who was a foot-soldier, came up into the cart to salute her before she was turned off. Some time after, this man riding in a post-chaise past the gallows at Kennington, said to a friend, "There is the place where my kinswoman was hung wrongfully. I should have gone in her room." The rascal was soon after found guilty of highway robbery, and cast for death, but reprieved by the judge, who did not wish to draw attention to the scandal of an innocent person having been sent to the gallows. Silas Told says that at the execution of Mary Edmonson he walked by the cart, urging her to prayer, holding the bridle of the sheriff's horse, in spite of a most cruel and violent mob. Told also mentions attending Harris, the "Flying Highwayman," to the gallows, a man who, the very morning of his execution, was so violent in the chapel that the ordinary ran for his life. Just beyond Hatton Garden, after some exhortations of honest Told, the indomitable ruffian, at his request, shut his eyes, hung back his head on the side-rail of the cart, and after ten minutes' meditation burst into tears, and, clapping his hands together, cried, "Now I know that the Lord Jesus has forgiven me all my sins, and I have nothing to do but to die." He then burst into a loud extemporary prayer, and continued happy to the last, but still denying that he ever "flew" a turnpike-gate in his life. Another case mentioned by Told does not give us a very enlarged view of the tender

mercies of the time. A poor man, Anderson, entirely destitute, was sentenced to death for taking sixpence from two washerwomen in Hoxton Fields. The man had served with credit on board a man-of-war, and his own parish had petitioned on his behalf. The Privy Council, however, insisted on confounding him with one of the same name, a celebrated highwayman of the day, and to Tyburn he went.

In 1770, when Mr. Akerman, one of the keepers, appeared before a Committee of the House of Commons, Newgate appears to have been a sink of filth and a den of iniquity. It was over-crowded, ill-disciplined, badly ventilated, and ill-supplied with water. The prisoners died in great numbers; and as Mr. Akerman, a good and trusty official, stated, two whole sets of gaol-officers had been cut off by gaol distemper since he had been in office, and in the spring of 1750 the gaol was so terribly infectious, that the contagion was carried into the Old Bailey court, and two of the judges, the Lord Mayor, and several of the jury, more than sixty in all, died in consequence. A huge ventilator was then erected, but this alarmed the whole neighbourhood, and the residents complained, with bitter outcries, that the poisonous air was drawn from the prison cells, to destroy all who lived near.

One of the earliest anecdotes of Newgate is to be found in a letter to the Duke of Shrewsbury, dated August 10, 1699. "All the talk of the town," says the writer, "is about a tragical piece of gallantry at Newgate. I don't doubt but what your grace has heard of a bastard son of Sir George Norton, who was under sentence of death for killing a dancing-master in the streets. The Lords Justices reprieved him, till they heard from the judge that no exception was to be taken at the verdict. It being signified to the young man, on Tuesday last in the afternoon, that he was to die the next day, his aunt, who was sister to his mother, brought two doses of opium, and they took it between them. The ordinary came soon after to perform his functions; but before he had done, he found so great alterations in both persons that it was no hard matter to find out the cause of it. The aunt frankly declared she could not survive her nephew, her life being wrapped up in his; and he declared that the law having put a period to his life, he thought it no offence to choose the way he would go out of the world. The keeper sent for his apothecary to apply remedies, who brought two vomits. The young man refused to take it, till they threatened to force it down by instruments. He told them, since he hoped the business was done, he would make him-

self and them easy, and swallowed the potion, and his aunt did the like. The remedy worked upon her, and set her a-vomiting, but had no effect on Mr. Norton, so that he dozed away gradually, and by eight that evening was grown senseless, though he did not expire till nine next morning. He was fully resolved upon the business, for he had likewise a charged pistol hid in the room. The aunt was carried to a neighbouring house, and has a guard upon her. They say she is like to recover; if she does, it will be hard if she suffer for such a transport of affection."

Among the many guilty and unhappy criminals who have sat in Newgate and counted the moments that lay between them and death, one of the most unhappy must have been that once popular preacher, Dr. Dodd, who was hung for forgery in 1777. Dodd was the son of a clergyman who was vicar of Bourne, in Lincolnshire. On leaving Cambridge he married imprudently, and became a small poet, and compiler of the "Beauties of Shakespeare," a work still reprinted. He then renounced literature, entered the Church, and in 1758 was appointed preacher to the Magdalen Hospital, where Horace Walpole describes his flowery sermons, which set all the ladies of fashion sobbing. Gross flattery of Dr. Squire, Bishop of St. David's, procured him, in 1763, the prebendaryship of Brecon. Soon after this the grateful bishop introduced Dodd to the Earl of Chesterfield, as a tutor to his son, and about the same time Dodd was appointed one of the king's chaplains, and in 1766 took his degree of LL.D. at Cambridge. He now dabbled in lotteries, and, having won a £1,000 prize, erected a chapel near Buckingham Palace, and also bought a share in Charlotte Chapel, Bloomsbury. Overwhelmed with debt, Dodd brought out several religious works, with the hope of winning patrons by his fulsome dedications. In 1773 he was appointed chaplain to the young Lord Chesterfield, the hopeless cub to whom the celebrated "Letters" were addressed. The rich living of St. George's, Hanover Square, just then falling vacant, Dodd was unwise enough to write an anonymous letter to Lady Apsley, wife of the Lord Chancellor, offering £3,000 for the appointment. The letter was traced to its source, and handed to the king, and the writer's name was ordered immediately to be struck out of the list of chaplains. Foote, always cruel in his fun, introduced Dodd into one of his Haymarket pieces as Dr. Simony. Dodd promised an explanation, but it never came. He retired for a time to Geneva, and the society of Lord Chesterfield, till the storm blew over.

Though enjoying an income of £800 a year,

Dodd, entangled by press of debts, one fatal day, signed the name of Lord Chesterfield, his old pupil, to a bond for £4,200. The signature disowned, Dodd, who then lived in Argyle Street, was apprehended. He at once repaid part of the money, and gave a judgment on his goods for the remainder. The prosecutors were reluctant to pro-

In Newgate this vain and shallow man acted the martyr, and wrote a book called "Thoughts in Prison," and believed in the possibility of a reprieve, though the king was inflexible, because in a recent case of forgery (that of Daniel and Robert Perreau, wine merchants), the sentence had been carried out. "If Dr. Dodd is pardoned,"



THE CONDEMNED CELL IN NEWGATE.

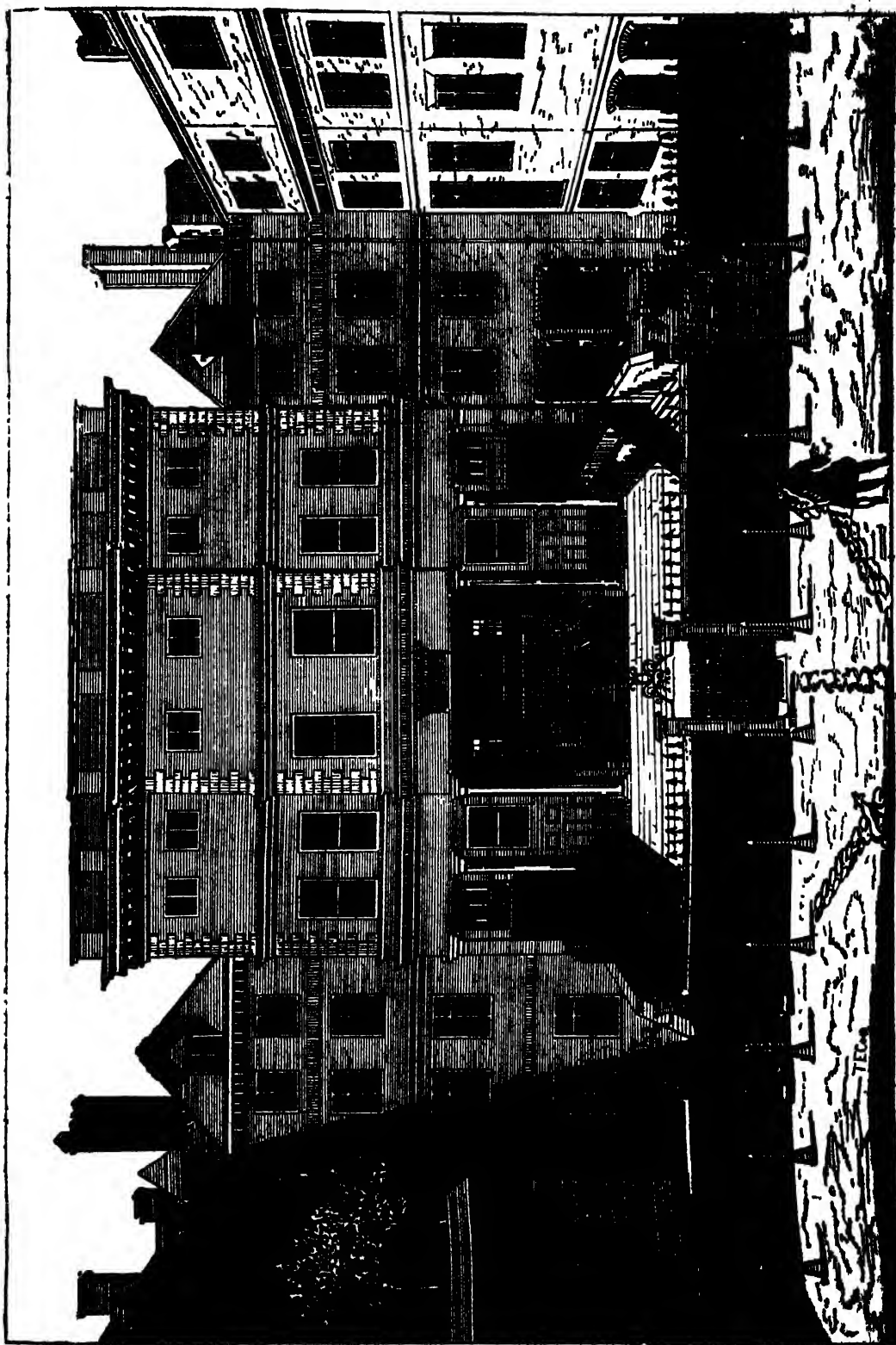
ceed; and Lord Chesterfield, it is said, placed the forgery in Dodd's hands, as he stood near a fire, in hopes that he would destroy it; but Dodd wanted promptitude and presence of mind, and soon after the Lord Mayor compelled the prosecution. He was tried and found guilty. Dr. Johnson, on being applied to, wrote the speech delivered by Dodd before his sentence. He also composed several petitions for him, and a sermon which Dr. Dodd delivered to his fellow-prisoners shortly before his execution.

the king said, "then the Perreaus were murdered."

The friends of Dodd were zealous to the last. Dr. Johnson told Boswell that £1,000 were ready for any gaoler who would let him escape. A wax image of him had also been made, to be left in his bed, but the scheme, somehow or other, miscarried. Anthony Morris Storer, writing to George Selwyn, who had a passion for executions, thus describes Dodd's behaviour at Tyburn:—

"The doctor, to all appearance, was rendered





THE OLD SESSIONS HOUSE IN THE OLD BAILEY IN 1790. (See page 452.)

perfectly stupid from despair. His hat was flapped all round, and pulled over his eyes, which were never directed to any object around, nor even raised, except now and then lifted up in the course of his prayers. He came in a coach, and a very heavy shower of rain fell just upon his entering the cart, and another just at his putting on his night-cap.

"He was a considerable time in praying, which some people standing about seemed rather tired with; they rather wished for some more interesting part of the tragedy. The wind, which was high, blew off his hat, which rather embarrassed him, and discovered to us his countenance, which we could scarcely see before. His hat, however, was soon restored to him, and he went on with his prayers. There were two clergymen attending him, one of whom seemed very much affected; the other, I suppose, was the ordinary of Newgate, as he was perfectly indifferent and unfeeling in everything that he said and did.

"The executioner took both the hat and wig off at the same time. Why he put on his wig again I do not know, but he did, and the doctor took off his wig a second time, and then tied on a nightcap which did not fit him; but whether he stretched that, or took another, I could not perceive. He then put on his nightcap himself, and upon his taking it, he certainly had a smile on his countenance. Very soon afterwards there was an end of all his hopes and fears on this side the grave. He never moved from the place he first took in the cart; seemed absorbed in despair, and utterly dejected without any other signs of animation but in praying."

There is a tradition that the hangman had been bribed to place the knot of the rope in a particular manner under Dodd's ear, and also that when cut down, the body was driven off to a house in Goodge Street, where Pott, the celebrated surgeon, endeavoured to restore animation. But the crowd had been great, and the delay too long; nevertheless, it was believed by many at the time that Dodd was really resuscitated and sent abroad. His wife, who regarded him with great affection, died some years after, in poverty.

In 1802 Governor Wall was hung at Newgate, for the murder of Benjamin Armstrong, a soldier, who had been under his command at Goree, in Africa. The high rank of Wall, and the long period that had elapsed since the crime had been committed, excited great interest in his fate. He had been Governor of Goree in 1782, and was disliked by both officers and men, for his severe and unforgiving disposition. The day before he returned to England, worn out with the climate,

twenty or thirty men of the African corps came to petition the governor with regard to certain money stopped from their pay. The spokesman at the head of these soldiers was the unfortunate Benjamin Armstrong, who was extremely respectful in his manner, and paid the governor every deference. Wall, whose temper was no doubt aggravated by illness, instantly ordered Armstrong and his companions back to the barracks, and threatened them with punishment. The men obeyed, and quietly retired. Soon after his dinner-hour, Wall ran out of his rooms, and beat a man who appeared to be drunk, and snatching a bayonet from the sentry, struck him with it, and ordered both men under arrest. Eager for revenge on the "mutinous rascals," as he called them, Wall then ordered the long-roll to be beat, and parade called. Three hundred men, without firearms, were formed into a circle, two deep, in the midst of which stood the drummers, and the governor and his staff. A gun-carriage was then dragged up, and Benjamin Armstrong was called from the ranks. Five or six black slaves then lashed the unfortunate soldier to the rings of the gun-carriage, and Armstrong was ordered 800 lashes. With unusual cruelty, the governor ordered the slaves to use, not the cat-o'-nine-tails, but long lashings of rope, nearly an inch in circumference. Every twenty-five lashes a fresh slave was called up to continue the punishment, and the governor encouraged the slaves by shouting "Lay on, you black beasts, or I'll lay on you. Cut him to the heart; cut his liver out." At the end of this ferocity, Armstrong, with his back beaten black, was led to the hospital, saying he should certainly die. The rope had bruised, not cut the flesh, yet the injuries were only the more dangerous. Five days after the governor left Goree Armstrong died.

In 1784 Wall was arrested at Bath, but managed to escape from the king's messengers, at the "Brown Bear," Reading, and escaped to France, where he changed his name. Many years later Wall rashly returned to England, and in 1801 wrote to Lord Pelham, Secretary of State, announcing his readiness to submit to a trial. He was tried in 1802. He pleaded that Armstrong was the ringleader of an open mutiny. A prisoner had been released, he himself had been threatened with a bayonet, and the soldiers had threatened to break open the stores. He denied that he had ever blown men from cannon. It was clear from the evidence that the grossest cruelty had been used, and Wall was at once found guilty, and sentence of death passed.

In that curious and amusing work, "A Book for a Rainy Day," Mr. J. T. Smith, formerly keeper of the Print Room in the British Museum, says:—

"Solomon, a pencil dealer, assured me that he could procure me a sight of the governor, if I would only accompany him in the evening to Hatton Garden, and smoke a pipe with Dr. Ford, the ordinary of Newgate, with whom he said he was particularly intimate. Away we trudged, and upon entering the club-room of a public-house, we found the said doctor most pompously seated in a superb masonic chair, under a stately crimson canopy, placed between the windows. The room was clouded with smoke whiffed to the ceiling, which gave me a better idea of what I had heard of the Black Hole of Calcutta than any place I had seen. There were present at least a hundred associates of every denomination. Of this number, my Jew, being a favoured man, was admitted to a whispering audience with the doctor, which soon produced my introduction to him."

Sunrise, the next morning, found Mr. Smith waiting by appointment for his new friend, Dr. Ford, at Newgate; and this is how he describes the end of Governor Wall:—

"As we crossed the press-yard a cock crew, and the solitary clanking of a restless chain was dreadfully horrible. The prisoners had not risen. Upon our entering a cold stone room, a most sickly stench of green twigs, with which an old round-shouldered, goggle-eyed man was endeavouring to kindle a fire, annoyed me almost as much as the canaster fumigation of the doctor's Hatton Garden friends.

"The prisoner entered. He was death's counterfeit, tall, shrivelled, and pale; and his soul shot so piercingly through the port-holes of his head, that the first glance of him nearly terrified me. I said in my heart, putting my pencil in my pocket, 'God forbid that I should disturb thy last moments!' His hands were clasped, and he was truly penitent. After the yeoman had requested him to stand up, he 'pinioned him,' as the Newgate phrase is, and tied the cord with so little feeling, that the governor, who had not given the wretch the accustomed fee, observed, 'You have tied me very tight,' upon which Dr. Ford ordered him to slacken the cord, which he did, but not without muttering. 'Thank you, sir,' said the governor to the doctor, 'it is of little moment.' He then observed to the attendant, who had brought in an immense iron shovelful of coals to throw on the fire, 'Ay, in one hour that will be a blazing fire;' then, turning to the doctor, questioned him, 'Do tell me, sir: I am informed I shall go down with great force; is that so?' After the construction and action of the machine had been explained, the doctor questioned the governor as to what kind of men he had at

Goree. 'Sir,' he answered, 'they sent me the very riff-raff.' The poor soul then joined the doctor in prayer; and never did I witness more contrition at any condemned sermon than he then evinced."

Directly the execution was over, Mr. Smith left Newgate, where the hangman was selling the rope that had hung Governor Wall for a shilling an inch, and in Newgate Street a starved old man was selling another identical rope, at the ridiculously low price of only sixpence an inch; while at the north-east corner of Warwick Lane a woman known as "Rosy Emma," reputed wife of the yeoman of the halter, was selling a third identical noose to the Epping buttermen, who had come that morning to Newgate Market.

The execution, in the year 1807, of two men, named Haggerty and Holloway, for the murder in November, 1802, of Mr. Steel, a lavender-merchant in the Strand, led to a frightful catastrophe. The body of the murdered man was found in a gravel-pit between Hounslow and Staines, the head crushed in by the blow of a bludgeon. Nothing could be discovered of the offenders till the beginning of 1807, when Hanfield, a convict at Portsmouth, confessed that he had helped in the murder, and disclosed the names of his two accomplices. One of these men, Haggerty, was a marine on board the *Shannon* frigate, then lying in at Deal; the other, Holloway, a thief, was then lying in Clerkenwell Prison. The informer's story was this:—The robbery had been planned at the "Black Horse and Turk's Head," Dyot Street, Bloomsbury, whence the three men had started together to Hounslow Heath. The doomed man came at the time expected, and they knocked him down. While they were searching him a night-coach appeared, and Mr. Steele struggled to get across the road. Holloway then called out, "I'll silence the beggar," and killed him with two furious blows of a bludgeon. The evidence of this man was much doubted at the time. He had been a hackney-coachman, and a thief, and had deserted from several regiments; and it was proved that he had been heard to say, that rather than bear seven years at the hulks, he would hang as many men as were killed at the battle of Copenhagen. In the court, the two men, who were found guilty, pleaded their innocence, and the last act of Holloway, in the press-yard, was to fall on his knees, and declare before God that he was innocent. Haggerty also protested his innocence, but without going on his knees. On the day of execution some 80,000 people assembled. Even before the prisoners appeared, several women were trampled to death. At the end of Green Arbour

Court, a pie-man and his basket being upset, many persons fell and perished. One poor woman, feeling herself lost, threw an infant at her breast to a bystander, who passed it on and on, till it was placed safely under a cart. In one part of the crowd seven persons died from suffocation alone. A cart, overladen with spectators, broke down, and many of those who were in it were trampled to death. Nothing could be so horrible as this fighting crowd, mad with rage and fear. Till the gallows was removed, and the marshals and constables cleared the street, nothing could be done for the sufferers. Twenty-eight persons were killed and nearly seventy injured in this brutal struggle.

The execution of the Cato Street conspirators before Newgate, on Monday, May 1, 1820, was one of the most ghastly scenes ever witnessed by the London mob. Thistlewood, the leader of this conspiracy, had been in the Marines. His companions were James Ings, a butcher; Richard Tidd, a bootmaker; William Davidson, a cabinet-maker; John T. Brunt, and others. They had agreed to take advantage of a dinner at the Earl of Harrowby's, in Grosvenor Square, to which all the cabinet ministers had been invited, to break in and murder them all. Ings had resolved that the heads of Lords Castlereagh and Sidmouth should be cut off and put in two bags provided for the purpose; and he particularly wished to preserve the right hand of Lord Castlereagh as a valuable curiosity. The cannon in Gray's Inn Lane and the Artillery Ground were to be captured, the Mansion House taken, the Bank sacked, the barracks fired, and a Provisional Government established. Pikes and guns had been collected, and hand-grenades made. The conspirators were discovered in a loft in Cato Street, Edgware Road. Smithers, about the first police-officer who entered, was run through with a sword by Thistlewood, and a desperate struggle then ensued. At this moment Captain Fitzclarence (son of the Duke of Clarence) arrived, with a party of the Coldstream Guards, and captured nine of the conspirators. Thistlewood was taken the next day, at a house in Little Moorfields.

At the trial eleven of the conspirators were sentenced to death, but six of these were afterwards respited. Thistlewood, Ings, Brunt, Tidd, and Davidson were executed. The Government had shown the utmost anxiety to prevent a riot or a rescue. Life Guards were stationed in the Old Bailey, Newgate Street, and Ludgate Hill, and one hundred artillerymen and six pieces of artillery were placed in the centre of Blackfriars Bridge. The scaffold was lined with black cloth, and near

the drop were five plain coffins, and a block for the decapitation of the criminals. Thistlewood was the first to ascend the scaffold. He was collected and calm, and bowed twice to the crowd. When Mr. Cotton exhorted him to pray, and asked him if he repented of his crime, he exclaimed, several times, "No, not at all!" and was also heard to say, "I shall soon know the last grand secret." Tidd ran up the steps, and bowed on all sides. There was a slight cheering when he appeared, in which he made a faint attempt to join. Ings seemed mad with excitement. He moved his head to and fro, cried "Huzza!" three times, and commenced singing, "Oh, give me death or liberty!" There was partial cheering. He exclaimed, from time to time, "Here we go, my lads! You see the last remains of James Ings. Remember, I die the enemy of tyranny, and would sooner die in chains than live in slavery." When the chaplain exhorted him, the reckless ruffian said, with a coarse laugh, "I am not afraid to go before God or man." Then he shouted to the silent executioner, "Now, old man, finish me tidy. Pull the halter a little tighter: it might slip." He then waved a handkerchief three times, and said he hoped the chaplain would give him a good character. Davidson, a man of colour, who had just received the sacrament, prayed with great fervency, and expressed penitence for his crimes. All he said was, "God bless you all! Good-bye!" and after the Lord's Prayer, he exclaimed, "God save the king!"

Brunt, the last who came out, requested some bystander to get him some snuff out of his pocket, as his hands were tied. He took it with great coolness, and said he wondered where the gaoler would put him, but he supposed it would be somewhere where he should sleep well. He would make a present of his body to King George the Fourth.

Thistlewood, just before he was turned off, said in a low tone to a person under the scaffold, "I have now but a few moments to live, and I hope the world will think that I have at least been sincere in my endeavours." At the last moment, Tidd cried out to Ings, "How are you, my hearty?"

At a signal given by the Rev. Mr. Cotton the platform fell. At the very instant Ings was observed to join Davidson in prayer. Half an hour after, a "resurrection-man," who received a fee of twenty guineas, disguised in a rough jacket and trousers, and a mask on his face, appeared with an amputating-knife, and severed Thistlewood's head from his body. The hangman's man then held up the head by the hair, and exclaimed three times,

"This is the head of Arthur Thistlewood, a traitor." The same ceremony was then performed with skill on Tidd, Ings, Davidson, and Brunt. The mob loudly hissed, and there was a deep groan from the crowd, and shrieks from the women, when Thistlewood's head was removed. When the conspirators appeared on the scaffold, the troops were ordered as close as possible to the scene of execution; but no disorder took place. Five of the remaining conspirators were transported for life.

The execution of Fauntleroy, the great banker, of 6, Berners Street, took place at Newgate, in 1824. It was supposed that this man, by forged powers of attorney, had disposed of about £400,000 worth of Bank of England stock; the Bank, however, prosecuted for only £170,000 worth. Such was Fauntleroy's audacity, that it is said he would sometimes forge the name of a man with whom he was conversing, and then send it, still wet, into the clerks' room, to show that it had just been written by his visitor. Singularly enough, a tin box was found in his possession, with a list of the greater part of his frauds, and this formal statement at the bottom of all:—"In order to keep up the credit of our house, I have forged powers of attorney for the above sums and parties, and sold out to the amount here stated, and without the knowledge of my partners. I kept up the payments of the dividends, but made no entries of such payments in our books. *The Bank began first to refuse to discount our acceptances, and destroy the credit of our house. The Bank shall smart for it.*" It was known that Fauntleroy was an epicure and a voluptuary, but his hospitality had won many friends, and no one doubted his honour. He attributed his losses to building speculations. He denied embezzling one shilling. Sixteen respectable witnesses vouched for his honour and integrity. The crowd at his execution, on the 30th of November, was unprecedented. Every window and house-roof near Newgate was crowded with well-dressed men. Nothing had been seen like the mob since Thistlewood and his gang were decapitated. When the sheriffs entered the banker's cell, at a quarter before eight, he lifted his eyes sadly, bowed, but said nothing. The felon was still a gentleman. He was dressed in a black coat and trousers, with silk stockings, and dress shoes. He was perfectly calm and composed. The terrible procession formed quickly. Two friends gave him their arms, and he followed the sheriffs and the Rev. Mr. Cotton, the ordinary of Newgate. The moment he appeared every hat was taken off. Two minutes more, and his body swayed in the thick November air.

Only two other executions for forgery ever took

place in England; and in 1837 the capital punishment for that crime was abolished. The late Mr. Charles Dickens used to relate an anecdote of the last moments of Fauntleroy. His elegant dinners had always been enriched by some remarkable and matchless curaçoa. Three of his boon companions had a parting interview with him in the condemned cell. They were about to retire, when the most impressive of the three stepped back, and said, "Fauntleroy, you stand on the verge of the grave. Remember the text, my dear man, that 'we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out.' Have you any objection, therefore, to tell me now, as a friend, where you got that curaçoa?"

It was long rumoured in London, of course absurdly, that Fauntleroy, by means of his vast wealth and acquaintance, had bribed the hangman to slip a silver tube down his throat, which saved his life. More resolute people declared he had escaped to America, and had actually been seen in Paris. So legends, even in our own days, spring up and take root.

The murder of a poor Italian boy, by a body-snatcher named Bishop, and another scoundrel called Williams, excited the utmost horror and alarm in London, in the year 1831. Upwards of 30,000 persons assembled to witness their execution, on the 5th of December, at Newgate. These men had decoyed the poor boy to a hovel in Nova Scotia Gardens, Bethnal Green, and had then drugged him with rum and laudanum, and drowned him in a well. At King's College they had asked twelve guineas for the body, and Bishop owned to having sold from 500 to 1,000 bodies, and to two other murders. The "Fortune of War" public-house, in Giltspur Street, seems to have been the rendezvous of these monsters. A great many persons were maimed and bruised at these executions, and the moment the murderers were turned off, the barriers between the gallows and Ludgate Hill were simultaneously broken asunder and torn up by the crowd.

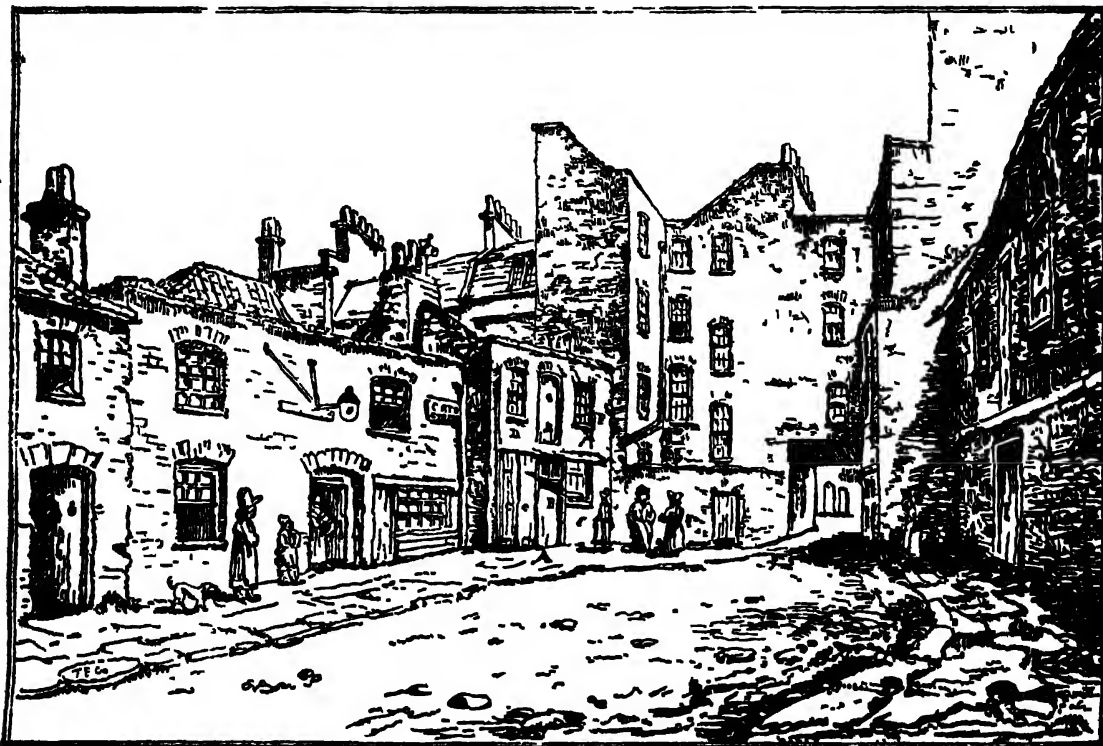
In 1837 the execution of James Greenacre lent an additional horror to Newgate. This man had murdered Hannah Brown, a woman to whom he had been engaged to be married, and had then cut the body in pieces, and hidden portions of it in various parts of London, the trunk being placed in a sack, and concealed behind some flagstones, near the "Pine Apple" toll-bar, Edgware Road. He confessed at last that Hannah Brown had deceived him, by pretending to have property, and that one night, when she called at his lodgings, in Carpenters' Buildings, Lambeth, she laughed at her



trick. In a rage at this, he struck her with a silk-roller a blow which proved mortal, and he then formed the resolution of cutting up and concealing the body.

The night of the execution of this wretch, hundreds of persons slept on the steps of the prison and of St. Sepulchre's Church, and boys remained all night clinging to the lamp-posts. The crowds in the streets spent the night in ribald jokes and drunken scuffles. Greenacre, when he passed to the gallows, was totally unmanned. He could not

commanding a sight of the drop were filled with spectators, who paid for places, at prices ranging from five or seven shillings to a couple of guineas a head. In some instances a first-floor was let for £12. The visitors (not always of the lower description) spent the night playing at cards and singing choruses. To one of the exhortations to confession from those who visited him, Müller turned away, with the remark, "Man has no power to forgive sins, and there is no use in confessing them to him." As he approached the gallows he looked



CATO STREET. *From a View published in 1820. (See page 454.)*

articulate the responses to the ordinary, and was obliged to be supported, or he would have fallen. His last words, with a look of contempt at the yelling and hissing crowd, were, "Don't leave me long in the concourse."

Another of the celebrated executions at Newgate was that of Franz Müller, a young German tailor, in 1864. This man, in order, it is supposed, to obtain money to get to America, murdered a Mr. Briggs, in a carriage on the North London Railway, between Bow station and Hackney Wick. The murdered man's hat, watch, and chain had been seen in the possession of the murderer, who had fled to New York. Müller denied his guilt to the last. The night before the execution there was a most disgraceful scene round Newgate. The houses

up at the chain with perfect self-possession. The final conversation with the German minister of the Lutheran Church in Alie Street, Goodman's Fields, was to the following effect:—

Dr. Cappel · Müller, in a few moments you will stand before God. I ask you again, and for the last time, are you guilty, or not guilty?

Müller · Not guilty.

Dr. Cappel : You are not guilty ?

Müller : God knows what I have done.

Dr. Cappel : God knows what you have done. Does He also know that you have committed this crime ?

Müller : Yes, I have done it.

Dr. Cappel was actually leaning forward and listening when the drop fell. The Germans of London had exerted themselves warmly to obtain a reprieve for Müller, and even the King of Prussia



telegraphed to the Queen to request her intervention to save Müller's life.

The execution of François Benjamin Courvoisier, a Swiss valet, found guilty of the murder of his master, Lord William Russell, took place at Newgate in 1840. Lord William, who was in his seventy-

down, saying, "Some person has been robbing; for God's sake go and see where his lordship is!" They went into the room, and found Lord William on his bed murdered, and his head nearly severed from his body. When the policeman came, and asked Courvoisier to assist him, he fell back in a



MRS. BROWNRIGG. From the Original Print. (See page 458.)

third year, lived alone in his house, in Norfolk Street, Park Lane, his establishment consisting of two women-servants and Courvoisier, a Swiss valet. On the morning of the murder the housemaid, rising as usual, found the papers in her master's writing-room scattered about, and in the hall an opera-glass, a cloak, and some other articles of dress wrapped up, as if ready to be carried off. She instantly went up-stairs and called Courvoisier, who was almost dressed, and he at once ran

chair, and said, "This is a shocking job. I shall lose my place, and lose my character." The premises having been searched, two bank-notes for £10 and £5, supposed to have been taken from Lord Russell's box, and several rings, were found concealed behind the skirting-board of the butler's pantry. Suspicion at once fell on Courvoisier; and on being tried and found guilty, he confessed the murder. He said that, disliking his place, he stole some plate, and had subsequently resolved to

rob the house. Then before midnight his master found him in the dining-room, and suspected him of theft. On Lord William's return to his room, the thought of murder first entered Courvoisier's mind. His character was gone, and he said he thought the only way to cover his fault was the murder of his master. He went into the dining-room, and took a carving-knife from the side-board. He then went up-stairs and opened his master's bed-room door. There was a rushlight burning, and Lord William was asleep. Courvoisier accomplished the murder, the old man never speaking a word, and only moving his arm a little. Courvoisier then opened a Russia leather case, took several things, and also a £10 note, which he hid behind the skirting-board. After he had committed this foul murder, Courvoisier went to bed, as usual, having first made marks on the outer door, as if there had been thieves there. The execution of Courvoisier took place on the 6th of July, 1840. His constant exclamation in prison had been, "O God! how could I have committed so dreadful a crime? It was madness. When I think of it I can't believe it." He also confessed that he had contemplated self-destruction. Upwards of 20,000 persons had gathered to witness the murderer's end. Several hundreds had waited all night at the debtors' door of the Old Bailey, and high fees had been paid for windows, and even the roofs of the houses opposite Newgate were crowded. There was a sprinkling of women and boys in the crowd, and a distinguishable number of men-servants. As the bell began to toll, at five minutes to eight o'clock, the vast multitude uncovered, and at two minutes after the hour Courvoisier ascended the steps leading to the drop, followed by the executioner and the ordinary of the prison. A few yells were uttered, but the mass of the spectators were silent. Courvoisier's step was steady and collected, his face pale, but calm and unmoved. When on the drop he waved his bound hands up and down two or three times, and this was the only visible symptom of emotion. When the noose was adjusted, he lifted up his hands to his breast, as if in fervent prayer. He died without any violent struggle, his raised hands gradually sinking. His counsel, Mr. C. Phillips, was afterwards much blamed for trying to prove the police guilty of conspiracy, to obtain the large reward, when, as it was said, Courvoisier had already confessed to him his guilt; but the confession of Courvoisier was really of a much later date.

There is still an old print extant (of which we give a copy on page 457), representing that cruel old hag, Mrs. Elizabeth Brownrigg, in the condemned cell at Newgate. This celebrated murderess, who

was nearly torn to pieces by the mob, on her way to Tyburn, was a parish midwife, living in Flower-de-Luce Court, Fetter Lane. Her cruelties to her apprentices we have before related.

Of the cruelties of the old press-yard we have a terrible instance, in the case of Edward Burnworth, in 1726. This man, a most daring highwayman and murderer, having refused to plead, was loaded with boards and weights. He continued an hour and three minutes, with a mass of metal upon him weighing three hundred, three quarters, and two pounds. He then prayed he might be put to the bar again, which the court granted, and he was arraigned, and pleaded "not guilty." He was, however, found guilty, and received sentence of death.

There is an interesting story of Mr. Akerman, one of the old governors of Newgate, with whom Boswell contracted a friendship. On one occasion, says Boswell, a fire broke out in Newgate. The prisoners were turbulent and in much alarm. Mr. Akerman, addressing them, told them there was no fear, for the fire was not in the stone prison; and that if they would be quiet, he then promised to come in among them, and lead them to a further end of the building; offering, in addition, not to leave them till they were reassured, and gave him leave. To this generous proposal they agreed. Mr. Akerman then, having first made them fall back from the gate, lest they should be tempted to break out, went in, closed the gate, and, with the determined resolution of an ancient Roman, ordered the outer turnkey upon no account to unbar the gate, even though the prisoners should break their word (which he trusted they would not), and by force bring him to order it. "Never mind me," said he, "should that happen." The prisoners then peaceably followed him through passages of which he had the keys, to a part of the gaol the farthest from the fire. Having, by this judicious conduct, says Boswell, fully satisfied them that there was no immediate risk, if any at all, he then addressed them: "Gentlemen, you are now convinced that I told you true. I have no doubt that the engines will soon extinguish this fire. If they should not, a sufficient guard will come, and you shall be all taken out and lodged in the compters. I assure you, upon my word and honour, that I have not a farthing insured. I have left my house that I might take care of you. I will keep my promise, and stay with you, if you insist upon it; but if you will allow me to go out and look after my family and property, I shall be obliged to you." Struck with his courage, truthfulness, and honourable sense of duty, the felons shouted: "Master Akerman, you have done bravely. It was very kind of you. By

all means go and take care of your own concerns." He did so accordingly; and they remained, and were all preserved. Dr. Johnson said of this man, whom Wellington would have esteemed: "Sir, he who has long had constantly in view the worst of mankind, and is yet eminent for the humanity of his disposition, must have had it originally in a high degree, and continued to cultivate it very carefully."

Great good was effected in Newgate by the Ladies' Prison Visiting Association, which commenced its labours among the female prisoners of Newgate in 1817. The Quakers had originated the movement, and it soon produced its effects. Mrs. Fry was the indefatigable leader of these philanthropists. The female prisoners in Newgate, before the good work began, were idle, abandoned, riotous, and drunken. There was no attempt at general inspection; the only distinction was between the tried and the untried. They slept promiscuously in large companies. Frequent communication was allowed them, through an iron grating, with visitors of both sexes, many of them more degraded and desperate than themselves. The good effected was rapid and palpable. The worst women became quiet, orderly, and industrious; the whole of them grew neater and cleaner; many learned to read; others sat for hours knitting with the ladies who visited Newgate. Two of the committee, if possible, visited the prison daily, and observed the cases of the individual prisoners. The prisoners' patchwork, spinning, and knitting were sold for them, and, if possible, part of their earnings was put by, to accumulate for their benefit when they returned to the outer world. Schools were started for the children and the grown-up women. The governesses were chosen from the most intelligent, steady, and persevering of the prisoners. A careful system of supervision was also established. Over every twelve or thirteen women a matron was placed, who was answerable for their work, and kept an account of their conduct. A ward woman attended to the cleanliness of the wards. A yard woman maintained good order in the yard, and the sick room was ruled by a nurse and an assistant. These managers were all prisoners, selected from their orderly and respectable habits, and these situations became the best badge for good conduct. The female prisoners assembled every day in the committee-room, to hear the Bible read, or a prayer delivered, by the matron or one of the visitors. The women, on being dismissed, says Mr. J. J. Gurney, returned to their several employments, with perfect order and obedience. The women grew very honest among

themselves. In no less than 100,000 manufactured articles of work not one article was stolen. The best proof of amelioration was the fact of the great decrease of re-commitments between 1817 and 1819. Many of the women kept under supervision by the committee preserved good characters as servants, or earned an honest livelihood at home. Several of the women, on discharge, received small loans, to help them on, and these loans they repaid by most punctual weekly instalments. At the end of 1817, Sir T. F. Buxton obtained a return of the re-commitments on the male side of Newgate, and it appeared that out of 203 men 47 of those convicted had been committed there before within the two previous years. The returns on the female side, since the Ladies' Association had reformed the prison, were not more, as compared with the male side, than as 4 to 47. It had at one time been as 3 to 5. Can anything more be said to prove what a great good women may effect, who look upon female prisoners not as brute beasts, to be punished and despised, but as souls, to be won back and reclaimed? They softened these women's hearts, and tenderly restored them to humanity. The object of justice, in their eyes, was to reform, not merely to punish. Hence the kind look did more than the lash—the soft word than the hard fetter. The good work has, since those days, been carried further, and there is still much to do.

The first memorable escape from Newgate was that of Jack Sheppard, a thievish young London carpenter, in 1724. This hero of modern thieves (mischievously immortalised by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth) had been condemned to death with a rogue named Blueskin, for stealing cloth from a Mr. Kneebone, a draper in the Strand, to whom Sheppard had formerly been apprenticed. The whole story of his adventures shows the loose discipline of Newgate at the time. Considering the lad was a practical carpenter and locksmith, and probably bribed the gaolers heavily, we see no great miracles in his escapes, which only needed cleverness, knowledge of wood and iron work, and steady perseverance. On the first occasion Jack, during an interview with two female friends in the lodge at Newgate, broke a spike off the hatch, and, by the assistance of the two women, being slim and flexible, was pulled through the opening, and so escaped. Retaken at Finchley, the angry turnkeys gripped the young thief with handcuffs, loaded him with heavy irons (such as are still fastened above the side doors of the prison), and chained him to a stout staple in the floor of a strong room called "The Castle." There people of all ranks came to

see him, and all gave money to the young lion of the hour, but extreme care was taken that no sympathisers should pass him a chisel or a file. Jack was, however, eager for notoriety, and resolute to baffle the turnkeys. He chose a quiet afternoon, when most of the keepers were away with their amiable charges at the Old Bailey Sessions. With a small nail he had found he loosened his chain from the floor-staple, then slipped his small thievish hands through his handcuffs, and tied up his fetters as high as he could with his garters. With a piece of his broken chain he worked out of the chimney a transverse iron bar that stopped his upward progress. The keepers smoked and drank, and left Jack alone with mischief. Once on the airy roof, Jack, quick at breaking out of prisons, now tried his hand at breaking in, for, to force a way to the chapel, Jack broke into the Red Room, over the Castle, having found a large nail, with which he could work wonders. The Red Room door had not been unbolted for seven long years. Jack forced off the lock in seven short minutes, and got into a passage leading to the chapel. To force a strong bolt here, he broke a hole through the wall, and, with an iron spike from the chapel door, opened a way between the chapel and the lower leads. Three more doors flew open before him; over a wall, and he was on the upper leads. At this crisis, requiring a blanket, to tear up and make a rope for his descent, he had the courage to go back for it, all the way to his cell, and then, making a tough rope, he fastened it with the chapel spike, and let himself down on the leads of a turner, who lived adjoining the prison. Slipping in at a garret window, he stole softly down-stairs, and let himself out (a woman who heard his irons clink thought it was the cat). Passing the watch-house of St. Sepulchre, he went up Gray's Inn Lane, and hid himself in a cow-house, near Tottenham Court. The next day he bribed a shoemaker to procure him a smith's hammer and a punch, and rid himself of his irons, the last souvenirs of Newgate. A few nights after, this incorrigible scamp broke into a pawnbroker's shop in Drury Lane, stole a sword and some coats, snuff-boxes, rings, and watches, and rigged himself out in black, with ruffled shirt, diamond ring, silver-hilted sword, gold watch, and other suitable garnishings. Two nights afterwards, getting drunk with his mother near his old haunts, the young thief was seized and thrown again into Newgate, no more to escape. Sir James Thornhill painted his portrait in prison, and, after an unsuccessful plot to rescue him at Turnstile, he was hung at Tyburn. An opera and a farce were founded upon his adventures, and a preacher

in the City is said to have thus spiritualised his career:—

"Now, my beloved, what a melancholy consideration it is, that men should show so much regard for the preservation of a poor, perishing body, that can remain at most but a few years, and at the same time be so unaccountably negligent of a precious soul, which must continue to the ages of eternity! Oh, what care, what pains, what diligence, and what contrivances are made use of for, and laid out upon, these frail and tottering tabernacles of clay, when, alas! the nobler part of us is allowed so very small a share of our concern, that we scarce will give ourselves the trouble of bestowing a thought upon it.

"We have a remarkable instance of this in a notorious malefactor, well known by the name of Jack Sheppard. What amazing difficulties has he overcome! what astonishing things has he performed, for the sake of a stinking, miserable carcase, hardly worth hanging! How dexterously did he pick the padlock of his chain with a crooked nail! How manfully burst his fetters asunder, climb up the chimney, wrench out an iron bar, break his way through a stone wall, and make the strong door of a dark entry fly before him, till he got upon the leads of the prison! And then, fixing a blanket to the wall with a spike, how intrepidly did he descend to the top of the turner's house, and how cautiously pass down the stairs, and make his escape at the street-door!

"Oh, that ye were all like Jack Sheppard! Mistake me not, my brethren; I don't mean in a carnal, but a spiritual sense; for I purpose to spiritualise these things. What a shame it would be, if we should not think it worth our while to take as much pains, and employ as many deep thoughts, to save our souls, as he has done to preserve his body! Let me exhort you, then, to open the locks of your hearts with the nail of repentance; burst asunder the fetters of your beloved lusts; mount the chimney of hope, take from thence the bar of good resolution; break through the stone wall of despair, and all the strongholds in the dark entry of the valley of the shadow of death; raise yourselves to the leads of divine meditation; fix the blanket of faith with the spike of the Church; let yourselves down to the turner's house of resignation, and descend the stairs of humility. So shall you come to the door of deliverance from the prison of iniquity, and escape the clutches of that old executioner, the devil, who 'goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.'"

The condition of things in ancient Newgate was deplorable. When the contagious fever broke out

there were no less than 800 prisoners crowded within the walls. It was not till 1810 that, through the exertions of Sir Richard Phillips, a Committee of the Common Council passed a resolution for building a new prison for debtors, and in 1815 the debtors were transferred from Newgate to the Giltspur Street Compter. In a Parliamentary Report of 1814, the following statement appeared of the way in which the chaplain's duties were performed:—"Beyond his attendance at chapel, and on those who are sentenced to death Dr. Ford feels but few duties to be attached to his office. He knows nothing of the state of morals in the prison; he never sees any of the prisoners in private. Though fourteen boys and girls from nine to thirteen years old were in Newgate in April last, he does not consider attention to them a point of his duty. He never knows that any have been sick till he gets a warning to attend their funeral; and does not go to the infirmary, for it is not in his instructions." The prisoners were allowed to drink and gamble, and their amusement was the repeating stories of past villany and debauchery. "I scruple not to affirm," says Howard, "that half the robberies committed in and around London are planned in the prisons by that dreadful assemblage of criminals, and the number of idle people who visit them." Those who refused to associate with the criminals were submitted to mock trial, in which the oldest thief acted as judge, with a towel, tied in knots on each side of his head, for a wig; and he had officers to put his sentences into execution. "Garnish," "footing," or "chummage," was demanded of all new prisoners. "Pay, or strip," was the order; and the prisoner without

money had to part with some of his clothes, to contribute towards the expense of a revel, the older prisoners adding something to the "garnish" paid by the new comer. The practice of the prisoners cooking their own food had not been long discontinued in 1818.

Even in 1836 the Inspector of Prisons found fault with the system within the prison. The prisoners were allowed to amuse themselves with gambling, card-playing, and draughts; sometimes they obtained, by stealth, says a writer in *Knight's "London,"* the luxury of tobacco, and a newspaper. Sometimes they could get drunk. Instruments to facilitate prison-breaking were found in the prison. Combs and towels were not provided, and the supply of soap was insufficient. In their Report of 1843, the inspectors say, "It has been our painful duty, again and again, to point attention to the serious evils resulting from gaol association, and consequent necessary contamination in this prison. The importance of this prison, in this point of view, is very great. As the great metropolitan prison for the untried, it is here that those most skilled in crime of every form, those whom the temptations, the excesses, and the experience of this great city have led through a course of crime to the highest skill in the arts of depredation, and the lowest degradation of infamy, meet together with those who are new to such courses, and who are only too ready to learn how they may pursue the career they have just entered upon with most security from detection and punishment, and with greater success and indulgence." Since the passing of the Prisons' Regulation Act, Newgate has been under the control of the Government.

## CHAPTER LIV.

### THE OLD BAILEY.

Origin of the Name—The Old Sessions House—Constitution of the Court in Strype's Time—The Modern Central Criminal Court—Number of Persons tried here annually—Old Bailey Holidays—Speedy Justice—A Thief's Defence—The Interior of the Old Court—Celebrated Criminals tried here—Trial of the Regicides—Trial of Lord William Russell—The Prison-yard—The Black Sessions of 1750—Sprigs of Bane in Court—Old Bailey Dinners—The Gallows in the Old Bailey—The Cart and the New Drop—Execution Statistics—Execution Customs—Memorable Executions—A Dreadful Catastrophe—The Pillory in the Old Bailey—The Surgeons' Hall—A Fatal Experiment—The Dissection of Lord Ferrers—Goldsmith as a Rejected Candidate—Famous Inhabitants—The Little Old Bailey—Sydney House—Green Arbour Court and Breakneck Steps—Goldsmith's Garret—A Region of Washerwomen—Percy's Visit to Goldsmith.

THERE is some dispute as to the origin of the name "Old Bailey," for while some think it implies the Ballium, or outer space beyond the wall, Maitland refers it to Bail Hill, an eminence where the bail, or bailiff, lived and held his court. Stow thinks the street was called from some old court held there, as, in the year 1356, the tenement and

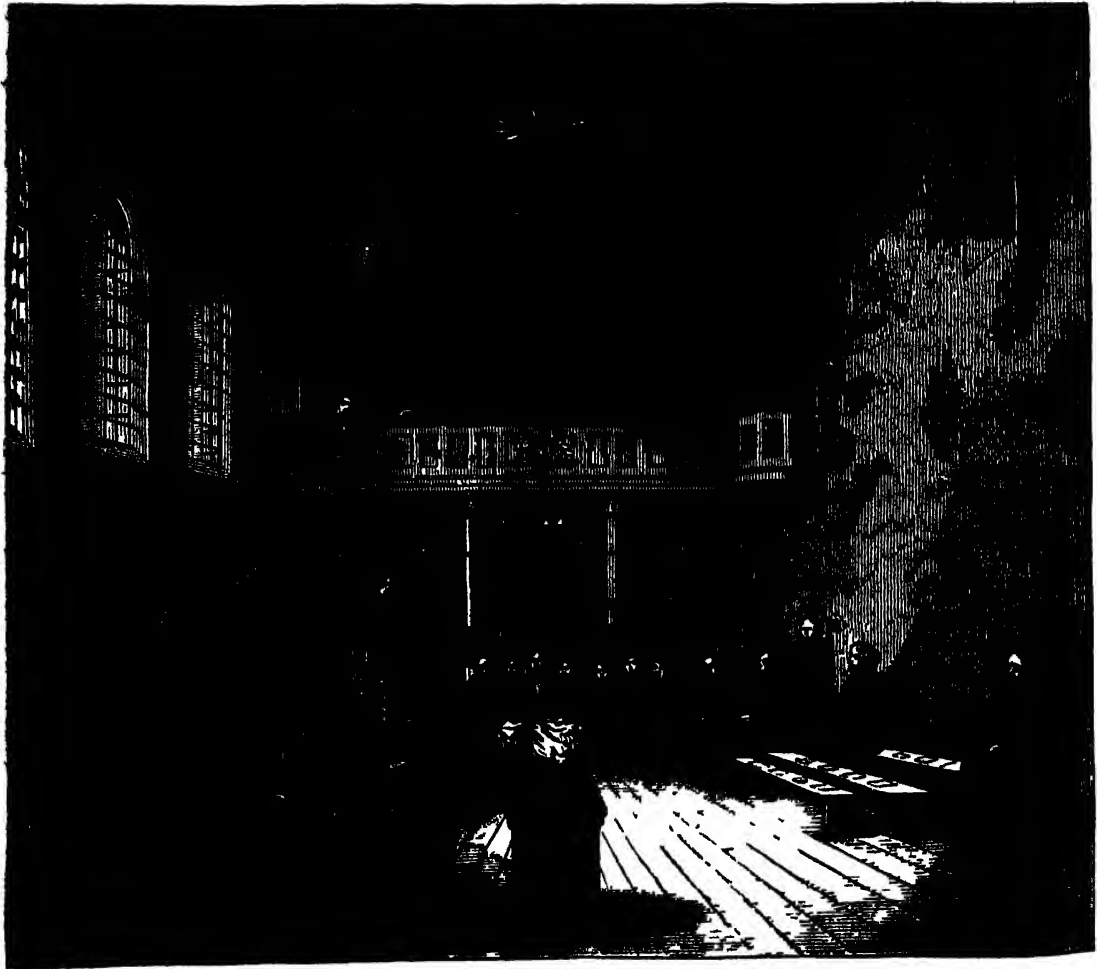
ground upon Houndsditch, between Ludgate on the south and Newgate on the north, was appointed to John Cambridge, fishmonger and Chamberlain of London, "whereby," he says, "it seems that the Chamberlains of London have there kept their courts as now they do by the Guildhall; and to this day the mayor and justices of this City kept

their sessions in a part thereof now called the Sessions Hall, both for the City of London and Shire of Middlesex."

Strype describes the Old Sessions House as a fair and stately building, very commodious, and with large galleries on both sides for spectators, "the court-room," he remarks, "being advanced by stone steps from the ground, with rails and

destroyed in the "No Popery" Riots of 1780, but was rebuilt and enlarged in 1809 by the addition of the site of the old Surgeons' Hall.

The old constitution of this court for malefactors is given by "R. B.," in Strype (v. 384). "It," he says, "is called the King's Commission on the Peace of Oyer and Terminer, and Gaol Delivery of Newgate, for the City of London and County

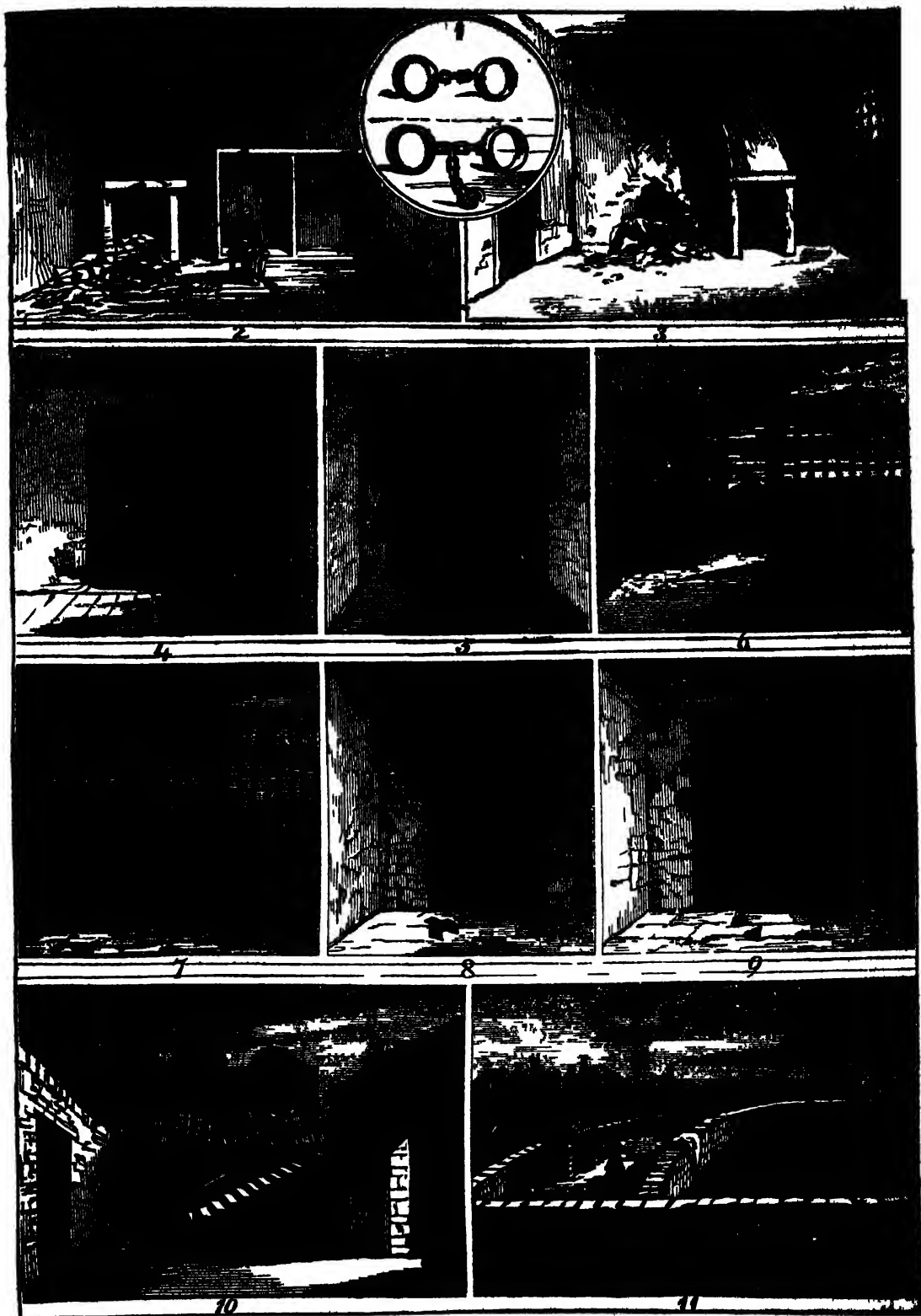


THE CHAPEL IN NEWGATE. (See page 442.)

banisters, enclosed from the yard before it; and the bail-dock, which fronts the court where the prisoners are kept until brought to their trials, is also inclosed. Over the court-room is a stately dining-room, sustained by ten stone pillars, and over it a platform, headed with rails and banisters. There be five lodging-rooms, and other conveniences, on either side the court. It standeth backwards, so it hath no front toward the street; only the gateway leadeth into the yard before the house, which is spacious. It cost above £6,000 the building." A Court-house was erected here in 1773. It was

of Middlesex, which court is held at Justice Hall, in the Old Bailey, commonly called the Sessions House, and generally eight times, or oftener, every year. The judges are the Lord Mayor, the Recorder, and others of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace of the City of London, the two Sheriffs of London being always present; and oftentimes the judges (being always in these commissions) come, and sit to give their assistance. The jurors, for all matters committed in London, are citizens of London, . . . and the jurors for crimes and misdemeanors committed in Middlesex, are freeholders of the said county."





# JACK SHEPPARD'S ESCAPES. (See page 459.)

1. Handcuffs and Fastlocks, and Padlock to Ground.
2. Cell over the Castle, Jack Sheppard fastened to the floor, Climbing up the Chimney, where he found a bar of iron
3. Red Room over the Castle, into which he got out of the Chimney.
4. Door of the Red Room, the lock of which he put back
5. Door of the Entry between the Red Room and the Chapel.
6. Door going into the Chapel, which he burst open.
7. Door going out of the Chapel towards the Leads
8. Door with a Spring Lock, which he opened
9. Door over the same Passage
10. The Lower Leads
11. The Higher Leads, the walls of which he got over, and descended by the staircase off the roof of a turner's house into the street.

Under the general title, "The Central Criminal Court," are joined both what are called the Old Court and the New. The former deals with the most weighty cases—those of deepest dye—and has echoed, without doubt, to more tales of the romance of crime than any other building in the kingdom.

"The judges of the Central Criminal Court," says Mr. Timbs (1868), "are the Lord Mayor (who opens the court), the Sheriffs, the Lord Chancellor (such is the order of the Act), the Judges, the Aldermen, Recorder, Common Serjeant of London, Judge of the Sheriff's Court, or City Commissioner, and any others whom the Crown may appoint as assistants. Of these the Recorder and Common Serjeant are in reality the presiding judges; a judge of the law only assisting when unusual points of the law are involved, or when conviction affects the life of the prisoner. Here are tried crimes of every kind, from treason to the pettiest larceny, and even offences committed on the high seas. The jurisdiction comprises the whole of the metropolis as now defined; with the remainder of Middlesex; the parishes of Richmond and Mortlake, in Surrey; and great part of Essex."

The court is regulated by Act of Parliament 4 and 5 Will. IV., c. 36.

As to the number of persons who are brought here into public notice, Mr. Sheriff Laurie, writing to the *Times* of November 28th, 1845, says, "I find upon investigation that upwards of two thousand persons annually are placed at the bar of the Old Bailey for trial. About one-third are acquitted, one-third are first offences, and the remaining portion have been convicted of felony before."

Trials are going on at the Old Bailey almost all the year round. Frequent, however, as they are, there are occasional pauses. Justice, it has been said, must nod sometimes, and therefore it is as well to provide for fitting repose elsewhere than on the judgment-seat. The sittings of the Central Criminal Court are held monthly, but as the whole of the month is not occupied in the trial of the prisoners on the calendar, the spare time forms a vacation, and such are the only vacations at the Old Bailey. In consequence of these frequent sittings, trials are often conducted and prisoners rewarded according to their merits, with surprising swiftness. A criminal may be guilty of theft in the morning, be apprehended before night, be committed by a magistrate the next day, and the day after that be tried, convicted, and sentenced at the Old Bailey—a speedy administration of justice, which must be highly gratifying to all concerned.

"The usual defence of a thief, especially at the

Old Bailey," says Fielding, writing of the increase of robbers, "is an *alibi*. To prove this by perjury is a common act of Newgate friendship; and there seldom is any difficulty in procuring such witnesses. I remember a felon, within this twelvemonth, to have been proved to be in Ireland at the time when the robbery was sworn to have been done in London, and acquitted; but he was scarce gone from the bar, when the witness was himself arrested for a robbery committed in London, at that very time when he swore both he and his friend were in Dublin; for which robbery I think he was tried and executed."

The interior of the Old Court, which, naturally enough, from every point of view is more interesting than that of the New one, has been described in a lively manner by a writer in Knight's "Cyclopædia of London" (1851). "Passing," he says, "through a door in the wall which encloses the area between Newgate and the courts, we find a flight of steps on our right, leading up into the Old Court. This is used chiefly for prosecutors and witnesses. Farther on in the area, another flight of steps leads to a long passage into a corridor at the back of the court, with two doors opening into the latter, by one of which the judges and sheriffs reach the bench, and by the other, the barristers their place in the centre at the bottom. Both doors also lead to seats reserved for visitors. We enter, pause, and look round. The first sentiment is one of disappointment. The great and moral power and pre-eminence of the court makes one, however idly and unconsciously, anticipate a grander physical exhibition. What does meet our gaze is no more than a square hall of sufficient length, and breadth, and height, lighted up by three large square windows on the opposite wall, showing the top of the gloomy walls of Newgate, having on the left a gallery close to the ceiling, with projecting boxes, and on the right, the bench, extending the whole length of the wall, with desks at intervals for the use of the judges, whilst in the body of the court are, first, a dock for the prisoners below the gallery, with stairs descending to the covered passage by which prisoners are conveyed to and from the prison; then, just in advance of the left-hand corner of the dock, the circular witness-box, and in a similarly relative position to the witness-box, the jury-box, below the windows of the court, an arrangement that enables the jury to see clearly and without turning, the faces of the witnesses and of the prisoners; that enables the witness to identify the prisoner; and lastly, that enables the judges on the bench, and the counsel in the centre of the court below, to keep jury, witnesses, and prisoners

all at once within the same, or nearly the same, line of view. We need only add to these features of the place the formidable row of law-books which occupies the centre of the green-baized table, around which are the counsel, reminding us of the passage in the 'Beggars' Opera'—

'The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met,  
The judges all ranged, a terrible show;'

the double line of reporters occupying the two seats below us; the sheriff in attendance for the day, looking so spruce in his court suit, stepping noiselessly in and out; and lastly the goodly personage in the blue and furred robes and gold chain, who sits in the centre on the chief seat, with the gilded sword of justice suspended over his head against the crimson-lined wall. Some abstruse document, apparently, just now engages his attention, for he appears utterly absorbed in it, bending over his desk. 'It must surely be the Lord Chancellor come to try some great case,' thinks many an innocent spectator, but he rises, and we perceive it is only an ex mayor reading the newspaper of the day. But we forgot: Hazlitt said that a City apprentice who did not esteem the Lord Mayor the greatest man in the world, would come some day to be hanged; and here everybody apparently is of the same opinion. 'Who, then, is the judge?' one naturally asks; when, looking more attentively, we perceive for the first time, beyond the representative of civic majesty, which thus asserts its rights, some one writing, taking frequent but brief glances at the prisoners or the witnesses, but never turning his head in any other direction, speaking to no one on the bench, unspoken to. That is a judge of the land, quietly doing the whole business of the court." The court formerly sat at the early hour of 7 a.m.

In 1841, both the Old Court and the New Court were ventilated, upon Dr. Reid's plan, from chambers beneath the floors, filled with air filtered from an apartment outside the building, the air being drawn into them by an enormous discharge upon the highest part of the edifice, or propelled into them by a fanner. From the entire building the vitiated air is received in a large chamber in the roof of the Old Court, whence it is discharged by a gigantic iron cowl, fifteen feet in diameter, weighing two tons, and the point of the arrow of the guiding vane weighing 150 pounds. The subterranean air-tunnels pass through a portion of the old City wall.

It was at the Old Bailey, in 1727, that Richard Savage, the dissolute poet, for whom Dr. Johnson seems to have felt an affection, was tried. The

poet was out, one night, drinking and ~~drinking~~ with two gentlemen named Merchant and Gregory, when they agreed to turn in at "Robinson's" Coffee House, near Charing Cross. Merchant, demanding a room in a bullying way, was told there was a ~~the~~ ready-made in the next partition, where the company were about to leave. The three men at once rushed in, and placed themselves between the fire and the persons who were there, and kicked down a table. A fight ensued, and Savage ran a Mr. James Sinclair through the body. He also wounded a servant-girl who tried to hold him, and broke his way out of the house. He was taken, however, in a back court, where some soldiers had come to his assistance. The next morning the three revellers were carried before the justices, who sent them to the Gate House, and on the death of Mr. Sinclair they were removed to Newgate. They were not, however, chained, and were placed apart from the vulgar herd in the press-yard. It was proved that the fatal stab was given by Savage, and he was consequently found guilty of murder. It is said that his supposed mother, the Countess of Macclesfield, did all she could to bring Savage to the gallows; but the Countess of Hertford, Lord Tyrconnel, and Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, obtained for him at last the king's pardon.

Among other celebrated criminals who have been tried at the Old Bailey and Central Criminal Courts, may be briefly mentioned the following:—Major Strangways, the assassin, in 1659; Colonel Turner and his family, for burglary in Lime Street, 1663; Green, Berry, and Hill, for the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, 1678; Count Koningsmark and three others for the assassination of Mr. Thynne, 1681; Rowland Walters and others, for the murder of Sir Charles Pym, Bart., 1688; Harrison, for the murder of Dr. Clenche, 1692; Beau Fielding, for bigamy, 1706; Richard Thornhill, Esq., for killing Sir Cholmeley Deering in a duel, 1711; the Marquis di Paleotti, for the murder of his servant in Lisle Street, 1718; Major Oneby, for killing in a duel, 1718 and 1726; Jonathan Wild, the thief-taker, 1725; the infamous Colonel Charteris, 1730; Elizabeth Canning, an inexplicable mystery, 1753; Barette, for stabbing, 1769; the two Perraus, for forgery, 1776; the Rev. Mr. Hackman, for shooting Miss Reay, 1779; Ryland, the engraver, for forgery, 1783; Harrington, the pickpocket, 1790; Renwick Williams, for stabbing, 1790; Theodore Gardelle, for murder, 1790; Hadfield, for shooting at George III., 1800; Captain Macnamara, for killing Colonel Montgomery in a duel, 1803; Aslett, the Bank clerk, for forgery on the Bank to the extent of £300,000,

1803; Holloway and Haggerty, for murder, 1807; Bellingham, the assassin of Mr. Spencer Percival, 1812; Cashman, the sailor, for riot on Snow Hill (where he was hanged), 1817; Richard Carlile, for blasphemy, 1819 and 1831; St. John Long, the counter-irritation surgeon, for manslaughter, 1830 and 1831; Bishop and Williams, for murder by "burking," 1831; Greenacre, for murder, 1837; G. Oxford, for shooting at the Queen, 1840; Francis, for an attempt to shoot the Queen, 1842; McNaughten, who shot Mr. Drummond in mistake for Sir Robert Peel, 1843; the Mannings, for murder, 1849; Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner, 1856; Franz Muller, for murder, and seven pirates, convicted of murder on the high seas, 1864; the Wainwrights, for murder, and the Fenians, Michael Barrett and others, 1868; Bidwell and others, for forgery on the Bank of England, 1873; five Greek sailors, for mutiny on board the *Flowery Land*, 1876; the detectives, Meiklejohn and others, for bribery, 1877; and the West of England Bank Directors, 1880.

But besides those criminals, notorious for their evil deeds, the Old Bailey has disposed of another class, some of them distinguished by their noble principles, and famed for their patriotism. Here were tried, in 1660, after the Restoration, those of the judges of Charles I. who were still alive, and, relying on the promised bill of indemnity, had remained in England; and twenty-three years later Algernon Sidney and Lord William Russell, two household names in connection with English freedom.

The trial of the regicides commenced on the 9th of October, 1660, before a court of thirty-four commissioners, of whom some were old royalists; others, such as Manchester, Say, Annesley, and Hollis, had been all members of the Long Parliament; and with these sat Monk, Montague, and Cooper, the associates of Cromwell, who, one would think, from motives of delicacy, would have withheld from the tribunal. The prisoners were twenty-nine in number, and included Sir Hardress Waller, Major-General Harrison, Colonel Carew, Cook, Hugh Peters, Scott, Harry Marten, and Scroop, among other scarcely less noticeable names. Waller was first called; he pleaded guilty, and thus escaped the scaffold. Harrison's turn came next. Animated by a fervid spirit of enthusiasm, perfectly free from all alloy of worldly motives, he spoke boldly in his defence. "Maybe I might be a little mistaken," said he, "but I did it all according to the best of my understanding, desiring to make the revealed will of God in His Holy Scriptures as a guide to me. I humbly conceive that what was done was done in the name of the Parliament of

England—that what was done was done by their power and authority; and I do humbly conceive it is my duty to offer unto you in the beginning, that this court, or any court below the High Court of Parliament, hath no jurisdiction of their actions." His boldness could not save him; he was sentenced to death, and retired saying he had no reason to be ashamed of the cause in which he had been engaged. Colonel Carew's frame of mind was in tune with that of Harrison, and he also was condemned to death. Harry Marten began a most ingenious and persevering defence by taking exception to the indictment. He declared he was not even mentioned in it! It certainly included a name, Henry Marten, but that was not his—his was *Harry* Marten. This was overruled, and the trial proceeded. The Solicitor-General having said, "I am sorry to see in you so little repentance," Marten replied, "My lord, if it were possible for that blood to be in the body again, and every drop that was shed in the late wars, I could wish it with all my heart; but, my lord, I hope it is lawful to offer in my defence that which, when I did it, I thought I might do. My lord, there was a House of Commons as I understood it: perhaps your lordship thinks it was not a House of Commons, but it was then the supreme authority of England; it was so reputed both at home and abroad." He then went on to plead that the statute of Henry VIII. exempted from high treason any one acting under a king *de facto*, though he should not be a king *de jure*. No arguments would move the Old Bailey judge and jury of that day. Marten also was condemned. As for the other prisoners, all of them were found guilty, but those who had surrendered themselves voluntarily were, with one exception, that of Scroop, respited. Ten were executed. All, it has been remarked, died with the constancy of martyrs, and it is to be observed that not a single man of those who had a share in the death of the late king seems to have voluntarily repented of the deed.

It was at the trial of the regicides that the ridiculous story was first given in evidence by a soldier, who declared that when Harry Marten and Cromwell signed the death-warrant of the king, they wiped their pens on each other's faces.

The trial of Lord William Russell for his alleged connection with the Rye House Plot commenced at the Old Bailey on the 13th of July, 1683. He was charged with conspiring the death of the king, and consulting how to levy war against him. As was the case in the trial of the regicides, there is no doubt that the jury was packed by the sheriffs. Lord Russell desired the postponement of the trial

till the afternoon, on account of an error in the list of the jury, and of the non-arrival of some witnesses from the country. The Attorney-General, Sir Robert Sawyer, corruptly assuming his guilt as already proven, answered harshly, "You would not have given the king an hour's notice for saving his life; the trial must proceed." Desiring to take notes of the evidence, the prisoner asked if he might have assistance. "Yes, a servant," said Sir Robert D. Pemberton, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who presided, adding, "any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please for you." "My lord," was the answer, "my wife is here to do it." No wonder that a thrill ran through the crowd of spectators when they saw the daughter of the excellent and popular Lord Southampton thus bravely aiding her husband in his defence! The incident was not likely to be forgotten, and both painters and poets have long delighted to dwell on the image

"Of that sweet saint who sat by Russell's side."

Every one knows how the trial ended, and how the unfortunate but noble-minded Russell was, on the 21st of July, executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The Press-Yard at the Old Bailey still, by its name, commemorates one of the cruelties of our old statute-book. In all cases where a criminal refused to plead at the bar, in order to preserve his property from being forfeited to the Crown, the *peine forte et dure* was used. The most celebrated case of the application of this torture was in 1659, when Major Strangways endured it, to save his estate. He and his elder sister had shared a farm peacefully enough, till the sister married a lawyer named Fussell, whom Strangways disliked. He had been, indeed, heard to say that if ever his sister married Fussell, he would be the death of him in his study, or elsewhere. One day Fussell was shot at his lodgings in London, and suspicion fell on Strangways, who consented to the ordeal of touch. At his trial Strangways refused to plead. He wished to bestow his estate on his best friends, and he hoped to escape the ignominy of the gibbet. Lord Chief Justice Glynn then passed the sentence, "That he be put into a mean house, stopped from any light, and be laid upon his back, with his body bare; that his arms be stretched forth with a cord, the one to one side, the other to the other side of the prison, and in like manner his legs be used; and that upon his body be laid as much iron and stone as he can bear, and more. The first day he shall have three morsels of barley bread, and the next he shall drink thrice of the water in the next channel to the prison door, but of no spring

or fountain water; and this shall be his punishment till he die."

On the Monday following Strangways was clothed in white from top to toe, and wearing a ~~flaming~~ cloak (for indeed it was his own funeral to which he was going). His friends placed themselves at the corner of the press, and when he gave the word, put on the weights. This was done till he uttered the words, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul," but the weight being too light to produce instant death, those present stood on the board, as a ghastly and last act of friendship. The poor fellow bore this some eight or ten minutes.

After the almost entire abolition of this cruel practice, it was the custom to force the prisoners to plead, if possible, by screwing the thumb with whiplcord, a sort of buccaneer form of cruelty. In 1721, Mary Andrews was tortured thus. The first three whiplcords broke, but she gave way with the fourth. The same year (for the press was still partially continued) the cord was tried first on a criminal named Nathaniel Hawes, who then was pressed under a weight of 250 pounds, and he consented to plead. According to one writer on the subject, the cord torture was last used about 1734.

A tragic episode in the history of the administration of justice in the Old Bailey was the invasion of the court by the gaol-fever during the seasons of May, 1750. The gaol-fever raged so violently in the neighbouring prison that the effluvia, entering the court, caused the death of the Judge of the Common Pleas, Sir Thomas Abney, Baron Clark, Pennant the historian's "respected kinsman," Sir Samuel Pennant, Lord Mayor, and several members of the Bar and of the jury.

The occasion of this misadventure, and a few particulars concerning it, have been recorded for the benefit of posterity. A Captain Clarke was being tried for killing a Captain Turner, and the court was unusually crowded. About one hundred prisoners were tried, and they were kept all day cooped up in two small rooms 14 feet by 11 feet each way, and only 7 feet high. It was remarked that the Lord Chief Justice and the Recorder, who sat on the Lord Mayor's right hand, caught, while the rest of the bench, on the left, escaped, the infection. This was attributed to the draught, that carried the infected air in that direction. Every precaution was afterwards taken, says Pennant, to keep the court airy; but as several of these fatal accidents had already happened in the kingdom, it was rather surprising "that the neglect of the salutary precautions was continued till the time of this awakening call." The disease again proved fatal to several in 1772.



Upon the first outbreak of the gaol-fever the custom arose of placing rue in front of the dock of the Old Bailey to prevent infection: so it is stated in Lawrence's "Life of Fielding" (1855). At the trial of Manning and his wife for murder, it will be remembered that at the conclusion of a speech by one of the counsel, Mrs. Manning gathered some of "the sprigs of rue placed on the dock," and threw them vehemently over the wigged heads of the "learned" gentlemen.

Over the court-room is a dining-room, where the

and varied with the season, though marrow-puddings always formed a part of it; the second never varied, and consisted exclusively of beef-steaks. The custom was to serve two dinners (exact duplicates) a day, the first at three o'clock, the second at five. As the judges relieved each other it was impracticable for them to partake of both, but the aldermen often did so, and the chaplain, whose duty it was to preside at the lower end of the table, was never absent from his post. This invaluable public servant persevered from a



FRONT OF NEWGATE FROM THE OLD BAILEY.

judges were till recently in the habit of dining when the court was over—a practice commemorated by a well-known line—

"And wretches hang that jurymen may dine"

"If we are not misinformed," says an amusing writer in the *Quarterly Review* for 1836, "the fiat has gone forth already against one class of City dinners, which was altogether peculiar of its kind. We allude to the dinner given by the sheriffs during the Old Bailey sittings to the judges and aldermen in attendance, the Recorder, Common Serjeant, City pleaders, and occasionally a few members of the Bar. The first course was rather miscellaneous,

sheer sense of duty, till he had acquired the habit of eating two dinners a day, and practised it for nearly ten years without any perceptible injury to his health. We had the pleasure of witnessing his performances at one of the five o'clock dinners, and can assert with confidence, that the vigour of his attack on the beef-steaks was wholly unimpaired by the effective execution a friend assured us he had done on them two hours before. The occasion to which we allude was so remarkable for other reasons, that we have the most distinct recollection of the circumstances. It was the first trial of the late St. John Long for rubbing a young lady into her grave. The presiding judges were Mr. Justice Park



and Mr. Baron Garrow, who retired to dinner about five, having first desired the jury, amongst whom there was a difference of opinion, to be locked up. The dinner proceeded merrily, the beef-steaks were renewed again and again, and received the solemn sanction of judicial approbation repeatedly. Mr. Adolphus told some of his best stories, and the chaplain was on the point of being challenged for a song, when the court-keeper appeared with a face of consternation, to announce that the jury, after being very noisy for an hour or so, had sunk into a dull, dead lull, which, to the experienced in such

he deemed a reasonable hour—namely, about ten—and then informing the jury that, if they were not agreed, they must be locked up without fire or candle until a reasonable hour (about nine) on the Monday, by which time he trusted they would be unanimous. The effect of such an intimation was not put to the test, for Mr. St. John Long was found guilty about nine. We are sorry to be obliged to add that the worthy chaplain's digestion has at length proved unequal to the double burthen imposed upon it, but the Court of Aldermen, considering him a martyr to their cause, have very



SURGEON'S HALL, OLD BAILEY, 1800 (See page 471)

matters, augurs the longest period of deliberation which the heads, or rather stomachs, of the jury can endure. The trial had, unfortunately, taken place upon a Saturday, and it became a serious question in what manner the refractory jurymen were to be dealt with. Mr. Baron Garrow proposed waiting till within a few minutes of twelve, and then discharging them. Mr. Justice Park, the senior judge, and a warm admirer of the times when refractory juries were carried round the country in a cart, would hear of no expedient of the kind. He said a judge was not bound to wait beyond a reasonable hour at night, nor to attend before a reasonable hour in the morning; that Sunday was a *die non* in law, and that a verdict must be delivered in the presence of the judge. He consequently declared his intention of waiting till what

properly agreed to grant him an adequate pension for his services."

In 1807-8 the dinners for three sessions, nineteen days, cost Sheriff Phillips and his colleague £35 per day—£665, 145 dozen of wine was consumed at these dinners, costing an additional £450. These dinners were discontinued about 1877.

And now we take leave of the Central Criminal Court, according to Garth, in his "Dispensary,"

"—That most celebrated place,  
Where angry Justice shows her awful face;  
Where little villains must submit to fate,  
That great ones may enjoy the world in state."

The Old Bailey—that part of the street opposite to Newgate—became the scene of public executions in 1783, on the 9th of December in which year the first culprit suffered here the sentence

peculiarity of the law. Before that time the public executions ordinarily took place at Tyburn. The gallows of the Old Bailey was built with three cross-beams for as many rows of victims, and between February and December, 1785, ninety-six persons suffered by the "new drop," an ingenious invention which took the place of the cart. On but one occasion the old mode of execution was revived; a triangular gallows was set up in the road, opposite Green Arbour Court, and the cart was drawn from under the criminal's feet.

The front of Newgate continued to be the place of execution in London from 1783 to 1868, when an Act was passed directing executions to take place within the walls of prisons. This Act was the result of a commission on capital punishments, appointed in 1864, which, in their report issued in 1865, recommended, amongst other things, that executions should not be public. The number of executions throughout the country has been gradually decreasing for many years, as our laws have become less severe. In 1820 there were forty-three executions in London; in 1825, seventeen; in 1830, six; in 1835, none; in 1836, none; in 1837, two; in 1838, none; in 1839, two; in 1840, one; in 1842, two; in 1843, none; in 1844, one; in 1845, three; in 1846, two; and from 1847 to the present time the average has not exceeded two per annum. What a contrast to the old times when the law of the gallows and the scaffold kept our forefathers in order! In the reign of Henry VIII.—thirty-eight years—it is said that no fewer than 72,000 criminals were executed in England!

It used to be occasionally the usage to execute the criminal near the scene of his guilt. Those who were punished capitally for the riots of 1780 suffered in those parts of the town in which their crimes were committed; and in 1790 two incendiaries were hanged in Aldersgate Street, at the eastern end of Long Lane, opposite the site of the house to which they had set fire. "Since that period," Mr. Timbs observes, "there have been few executions in London except in front of Newgate. The last deviation from the regular course was in the case of the sailor Cashman, who was hung in 1817, in Skinner Street, opposite the house of Mr. Beckwith, the gunsmith, which he had plundered."

About 1786 was witnessed in the Old Bailey the end of an old practice: the body of the criminal just executed was burned for the last time. A woman was the sufferer in this case. She was hung on a low gibbet, and on life being extinct, fagots were heaped around her and over her head, fire was set to the pile, and the corpse was burned to ashes.

The memorable executions at the Old Bailey include those of Mrs. Phepoe, for murder, December 11, 1797; Holloway and Haggerty, February 23rd, 1807; Bellingham, May 18th, 1812; Joseph Hunton (Quaker), December 8th, 1828; Bishop and Williams, December 5, 1831; John Pegsworth, March 7th, 1837; James Greenacre, May 2, 1837; besides several others already mentioned by us as having undergone trial at the adjoining court of justice.

A dreadful accident took place here at the execution of Holloway and Haggerty, on the 23rd of February, 1807, for the murder of Mr. Steele, on Hounslow Heath, in 1802. Twenty-eight persons were crushed to death. We have already alluded to the circumstances, and to our previous notice the following account of the catastrophe, by a writer in the *Annual Register*, must be regarded as supplementary:—"On the north side of the Old Bailey, the multitude to see the execution was so immensely great that, in their movements, they were not inaptly compared to the flow and reflow of the waves of the sea, when in troubled motion. In the centre of this vast concourse of people was placed a cart, in which persons were accommodated with standing-places to see the culprits; but, it is supposed from the circumstance of too many being admitted into it, the axle-tree gave way, and by the concussion many persons were killed. Unhappily, the mischief did not stop here. A temporary chasm in the crowd being thus made by the fall of the cart, many persons rushed forward to get upon the body of it, which formed a kind of platform, from which they thought they could get a commanding view over the heads of the persons in front. All those who, from choice or necessity, were nearest to the cart, strove to get upon it; and in their eagerness drove those in front headforemost among the crowd beneath, by whom they were trampled under foot, without the power of relieving them. The latter in turn were in like manner assailed, and shared the same fate. This dreadful scene continued for some time. The shrieks of the dying men, women, and children were terrific beyond description, and could only be equalled by the horror of the event." The most affecting scene of distress was seen at Green Arbour Court, nearly opposite the Debtors' Door.

Offenders frequently stood in the pillory in the Old Bailey, and there, no doubt, were often, as was customary, stoned by the mob, and pelted with rotten eggs, and other equally offensive missiles. The pillory generally consisted of a wooden frame, erected on a scaffolding, with holes

and folding boards for the admission of the head and hands of him whom it was desired to render thus publicly infamous. Rushworth says that it was invented for the special benefit of mountebanks and quacks, "who having gotten upon banks and forms to abuse the people, were exalted in the same kind," but it seems to have been freely used for cheats of all description. Bakers for making bread of light weight, and "dairymen for selling mingled butter," were in the olden time "sharply corrected" upon it. So also were fraudulent corn, coal, and cattle dealers, cutters of purses, sellers of sham gold rings, keepers of infamous houses, forgers of letters, bonds, and deeds, counterfeits of papal bulls, users of unstamped measures, and forestallers of the markets. But just as the Old Bailey Court witnessed occasionally the persecution of the innocent, so the pillory had at one time other heroes than cheats, thieves, scandal-mongers, and perjurers. "Thanks to Archbishop Laud, and Star Chamber tyrants," says the late Dr. Robert Chambers, "it figured so conspicuously in the political and polemical disputes which heralded the downfall of the monarchy, as to justify a writer of our own time in saying, 'Noble hearts had been tried and tempered in it; daily had been elevated in it mental independence, manly self-reliance, robust, athletic endurance. All from within that has undying worth it had but more plainly exposed to public gaze from without.'" Many a courageous and outspoken thinker will occur to every reader of English history as having been set on this scaffold of infamy, to the lasting disgrace of narrow-minded tyranny.

The last who stood in the pillory of London was Peter James Bossy, tried for perjury, and sentenced to transportation for seven years. Previous to being transported he was to be kept for six months in Newgate, and to stand for one hour in the pillory in the Old Bailey. The pillory part of the sentence was executed on the 24th of June, 1830.

An Act of the British Parliament, dated June 30, 1837, put an end to the use of the pillory in the United Kingdom. In 1815 it had been abolished as a punishment except for perjury.

The Surgeons' Hall stood in the Old Bailey, on the site of the New Sessions House, till 1809. Pennant, in his "London," remarks, in connection with the old Court of Justice, that the erection of the Surgeons' Hall in its neighbourhood was an exceedingly convenient circumstance. "By a sort of second sight," he says, "the Surgeons' Theatre was built near this court of conviction and Newgate, the concluding stage of the lives forfeited to the justice of their country, several years

before the fatal tree was removed from Tyburn to its present site. It is a handsome building, ornamented with Ionic pilasters, and with a double flight of steps to the first floor. Beneath is a door for the admission of the bodies of murderers and other felons, who, noxious in their lives, make a sort of reparation to their fellow-creatures by becoming useful after death."

The bodies of murderers, after execution, were dissected in the Surgeons' Theatre, according to an Act passed in 1752, and which was only repealed in the reign of William IV. A curious experiment was performed here, in the beginning of the century, on the body of one Foster, who was executed for the murder of his wife. It was "lately," says a writer in the *Annual Register* for 1803, "subjected to the galvanic process, by Mr. Aldini (a nephew of Galvani), in presence of Mr. Keate, Mr. Carpus, and several other professional gentlemen. On the first application of the process to the face, the jaw of the deceased criminal began to quiver, and the adjoining muscles were horribly contorted, and one eye actually opened. In a subsequent course of the experiment, the right hand was raised and clenched, and the legs and thighs were set in motion; and it appeared to all the bystanders that the wretched man was on the point of being restored to life! The object of these experiments was to show the excitability of the human frame when animal electricity is duly applied; and the possibility of its being efficaciously used in cases of drowning, suffocation, or apoplexy, by reviving the action of the lungs, and thereby rekindling the expiring spark of vitality." But the most curious part of the proceedings remains to be told. According to Mr. J. Saunders, in Knight's "London," 1842, when the right arm was raised, as mentioned above, it struck one of the officers of the institution, who died that very afternoon of the shock.

In April, 1760, Laurence Earl Ferrers was tried before the House of Lords, for the murder of his steward. He was found guilty, and sentenced "to be hanged by the neck till he was dead; after which his body was to be delivered to Surgeons' Hall, to be dissected and anatomised." At the latter part of the sentence, we are told, his lordship cried out, "God forbid!" but, soon recollecting himself, added, "God's will be done!" On Monday, the 5th of May, he was hanged at Tyburn, and the body was conveyed, with some state, in his own landau and six, to the Surgeons' Hall, in the Old Bailey, to undergo the remainder of the sentence. A print of the time shows the corpse as it lay here.

It was at this hall that Goldsmith presented him-

self in a new suit—not paid for—to be examined as to his qualifications for being a surgeon's mate, on the 21st of December, 1758. "The beadle called my name," says Roderick Random, when he found himself in a similar condition at that place of torture, "with a voice that made me tremble as much as if it had been the sound of the last trumpet. However, there was no remedy: I was conducted into a large hall, where I saw about a dozen of grim faces sitting at a long table, one of whom bade me come forward in such an imperious tone, that I was actually for a minute or two bereft of my senses."

"Whether the same process," says Mr. John Forster, "conducted through a like memorable scene, bereft poor Goldsmith altogether of his, cannot now be ascertained. All that is known is told in a dry extract from the books of the College of Surgeons: 'At a Court of Examiners, held at the Theatre, 21st December, 1758, present'—the names are not given, but there is a long list of the candidates who passed, in the midst of which these occur: 'James Bernard, mate to an hospital. Oliver Goldsmith, not qualified for ditto.'

"A harder sentence," continues Goldsmith's biographer, "a more cruel doom than this, at the time, must have seemed, even the Old Bailey has not often been witness to; yet, far from blaming that worthy court of examiners, should we not rather feel that much praise is due to them? That they did their duty in rejecting the short, thick, dull, ungainly, over-anxious, over-dressed, simple-looking Irishman who presented himself that memorable day, can hardly, I think, be doubted; but unconsciously they also did a great deal more. They found him not qualified to be a surgeon's mate, but left him qualified to heal the wounds and abridge the sufferings of all the world. They found him querulous with adversity, given up to irresolute fears, too much blinded with failures and sorrows to see the divine uses to which they tended still; and from all this their sternly just and awful decision drove him resolutely back. While the door of the Surgeons' Hall was shut upon him that day, the gate of the beautiful mountain was slowly opening."

At what used to be No. 68 of the Old Bailey, "the second door south of Ship Court," lived Jonathan Wild, the famous thief-taker, who had a very intimate acquaintance with the Sessions House.

A description of the Old Bailey would be decidedly incomplete were we to omit giving a sketch of the career of this noted inhabitant. Almost every great man arrives at eminence by zeal and energy, devoted to some particular calling; and it may be worth our pains to look for a little at that

which Jonathan made peculiarly his own. His occupation was the restoration of stolen goods, carried on from about the year 1712, through a secret confederacy with all the regular thieves, burglars, and highwaymen of the metropolis, whose depredations he prompted and directed. An Act of Parliament, passed in 1717, tended rather to check the display of his peculiar talents. By this Act persons convicted of receiving or buying goods, knowing them to be stolen, were made liable to transportation for fourteen years; and by another clause, with a particular view to Wild's proceedings, a heavy punishment was awarded to all who trafficked in such goods and divided the money with felons. Wild's ingenuity and audacity, however, long enabled him to elude this new law. He was one of the cleverest of rogues, and it has been well said, in one sense, merited the name of "great," bestowed upon him by Fielding, in whose history of him, although the incidents are fictitious, there is no exaggeration of his talents or courage, any more than of his unscrupulousness and want of all moral principle. The plan upon which he conducted his extensive business operations was this. When thieves made prizes of any sort, they delivered them up to him, instead of carrying them to the pawnbroker, and Wild restored the goods to the owners, for a consideration, by which means large sums were raised, and the thieves remained secure from detection. To manage this, he would apply to persons who had been robbed, and pretend to be greatly concerned at their misfortunes, adding that some suspected goods had been stopped by a friend of his, a broker, who would be willing to give them up; and he did not fail to throw out a hint that the broker merited some reward for his disinterested conduct and his trouble, and to exact a promise that no disagreeable consequences should follow on account of the broker's having omitted to secure the thieves as well as the property. The person whose goods had been carried off was generally not unwilling by this means to save himself the trouble and expense of a prosecution, and the money paid was usually sufficient to remunerate the "broker," as well as his agent.

At last, after he had amassed a considerable sum, he adopted another and a safer plan. He opened an office, to which great numbers resorted, in the hope of obtaining the restitution of their property. His light was by no means hid under a bushel, and he kept it burning with the greatest credit and profit to himself. Let us suppose some one to have had goods stolen of a considerable value. He calls upon Mr. Wild, at his office, and pays half-a-crown for advice. Wild enters his name

and address in his books, inquires particularly about the robbery, and sounds his client as to the reward he will give in the event of the restitution being made. "If you call again," he says, "I hope I shall be able to give you some agreeable information." He calls again. Wild says that he has heard about the goods, but the agent he has employed tells him that the robbers pretend that by pawning them they can raise more money than the amount of the reward. Would it not, he suggests, be a good plan to increase the reward? The client consents, and retires. He calls the third time. He has the goods placed in his hands: he pays the reward over to Jonathan, and there is the end of the transaction.

In the course of this business it will readily be perceived that Wild became possessed of the secrets of every notorious thief about London. All the highwaymen, shoplifters, and housebreakers knew that they were under the necessity of complying with whatever he thought fit to demand. Should they oppose his inclination, they were certain, ere long, to be placed within reach of the clutches of justice, and be sacrificed to the injured laws of their country. Wild led two lives, so to speak; one amongst ruffians, and the other as a man of consequence, with laced clothes and a sword, before the public eye; and the latter life was as unlike the former as any two lives could well be.

He professed, in public, to be the most zealous of thief-takers; and to ordinary observation his life and strength seemed devoted to the pursuit and apprehension of felons. At his trial—for his trial came at last—he had a printed paper handed to the jury, entitled, "A List of Persons discovered, apprehended, and convicted of several robberies on the highway, and also for burglary and housebreaking, and also for returning from transportation, by Jonathan Wild," and it contained the names of thirty-five robbers, twenty-two housebreakers, and ten returned convicts, whom he had been instrumental in getting hanged. This statement was probably true enough. In the records of the trials at the Old Bailey, for many years before it came to his own turn, he repeatedly appeared, figuring in the witness-box, and giving evidence for the prosecution, and in many cases he seems to have taken a leading part in the apprehension of the prisoner.

In carrying on his trade of blood, Wild, of course, was occasionally turned upon by his betrayed and desperate victim. But, when this happened, his brazen-faced effrontery carried everything before it. In a trial, for example, of three unfortunate wretches indicted for several robberies in January, 1723, he gave the following account of his pro-

ceedings:—"Some coming (I suppose from the prosecutors) to me about the robbery, I made it my business to search after the prisoners, for I had heard that they used to rob about Hamptonstead; and I went about it the more willingly, because I had heard they had threatened to shoot me through the head. I offered £10 a head for any person who would discover them; upon which a woman came and told me that the prisoners had been with her husband, to entice him to turn out with them; and if I would promise he should come and go safely he would give me some intelligence. I gave her my promise; and her husband came accordingly, and told me that Levee and Blake, two of the party, were at that time cleaning their pistols at a house in Fetter Lane. I went thither and seized them both." The husband of the woman, it appears, had really taken part in one of the robberies, though he now came forward to convict his associates, having been, no doubt, all along in league with Wild; and Blake (better known to fame as Blueskin) also figured as king's evidence on this occasion, and frankly admitted that he had been out with the prisoners. The three unlucky characters in the dock, while their comrades thus figured in a freer and more pleasant situation, "all," says the account of the trial, vehemently "exclaimed against Jonathan Wild;" but they were found guilty, and had the pleasure of swinging in company on Tyburn-tree a few days afterwards.

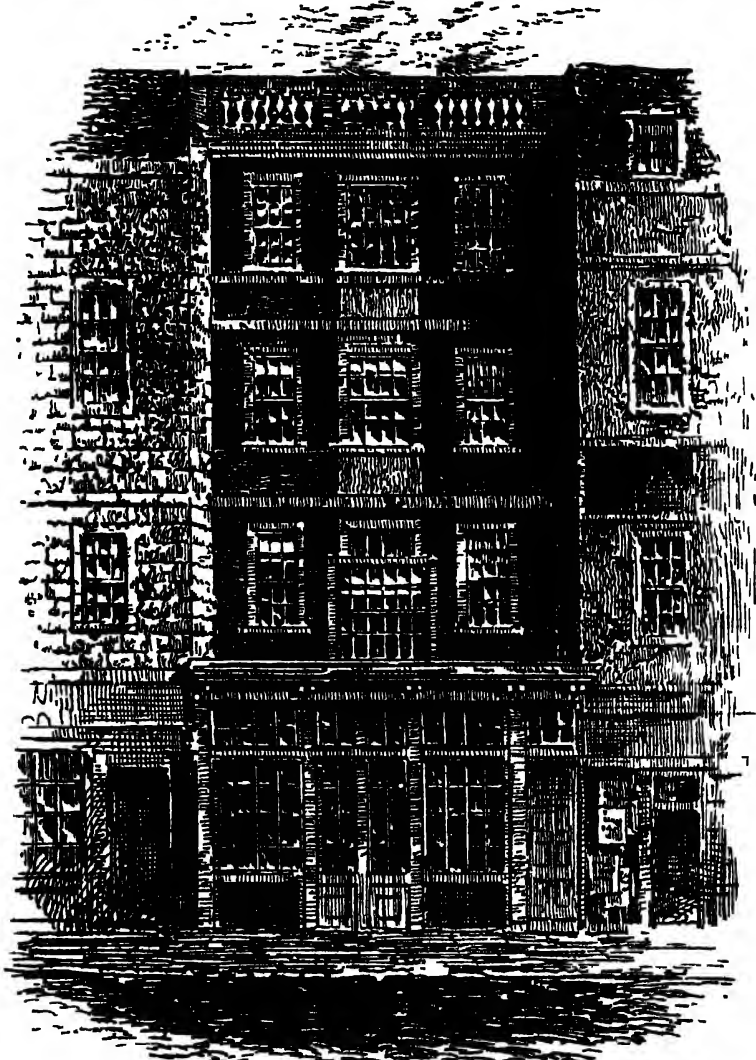
But, in all fairness to Jonathan, it must be said that he did not, till the last moment, desert his friends, and that he only sacrificed them for the general good of the concern, and from a bold and comprehensive view of the true policy of trade. Blueskin's turn to be tried, convicted, and hanged, came about a couple of years after the affair just mentioned. Wild was to have been a witness against him; but a day or two before the trial, when he went to pay a visit to his intended victim, Blueskin drew out a clasp-knife, and, in a twinkling, fell upon Jonathan, and cut his throat. The blade was too blunt, however, and the thief-taker received no lasting damage. When the verdict was given, Blueskin addressed the court, and told them of an exceedingly kindly promise his late partner had made him. "On Wednesday last, Jonathan Wild said to Simon Jacobs (another prisoner soon after transported), 'I believe you will not bring £40 this time; I wish Joe (meaning me) was in your case; but I'll do my endeavour to bring you off as a single felon'" (crimes punishable only by transportation, whipping, imprisonment, &c., were denominated single felonies). "And then, turning to me, he said, 'I believe you must die; I'll send you a good head



*or two, and provide you a coffin, and you shall not be anatomised!"*

The reward of £40, it has been explained, which Wild could not manage to make Jacobs bring "this time," was part of a system established by various Acts of Parliament, which assigned

"That for many years past he had been a confederate with great numbers of highwaymen, pickpockets, housebreakers, shoplifters, and other thieves;" and the eleventh and last, that it appeared "he had often sold human blood by procuring false evidence to swear persons into facts



JONATHAN WILD'S HOUSE. (See page 472.)

certain money payments to be made to persons apprehending and prosecuting to conviction highway robbers, coiners, and other delinquents.

We come now to the end of Wild's career. He was committed to Newgate on the 15th of February, 1725, on a charge of having assisted a criminal in his escape from prison. In the course of a few days he moved to be either admitted to bail or discharged, but a warrant of detainer was produced against him in court, the first of several articles of information affixed to the warrant being,

of which they were not guilty." On Saturday, the 15th of May, he was brought to trial on two separate indictments. The jury found him guilty, and he was sentenced to be executed at Tyburn on Monday, the 24th of May, 1725. On the morning of the execution the wretched man swallowed a dose of poison, but it failed to end his life, and in a state of half-insensibility he was placed in the cart that was to convey him to the gallows. On the way he was pelted by the populace with stones and dirt, and, altogether, this



arch-villain made rather a pitiable exit from this world. At the foot of the gallows he remained so long drowsy in the cart, that the mob called out to the hangman that they would knock him on the head if the hanging was not at once proceeded with.

from them. The body of this infamous fellow was secretly buried.

Jonathan Wild's skeleton, says Mr. Timbs, in 1868, was some years since in the possession of a surgeon at Windsor. And a relic of him was



JONATHAN WILD IN THE CART. *From a Contemporary Print (See page 474)*

The amiable Jonathan had five wives. His eldest son, soon after his father's execution, sold himself for a servant to the plantations. A skull claiming to be the great thief-taker's was exhibited, some years ago, in St. Giles's, but as it was not fractured in several places, it was probably spurious. Wild boasted in prison of the numerous robbers he had captured, and the wounds he had received

judged of sufficient interest to be exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries in 1866. It was a musketoon given by Jonathan Wild to Blueskin, which had fallen into the hands of the well-known magistrate, Sir John Fielding, and by him had been given to his half-brother, Henry Fielding.

In 1841 a curious letter was found in the Town Clerk's Office of the City of London, from Jonathan

Wild, asking for remuneration for services he had rendered to the cause of justice. In the same letter, written in 1723, he also prayed the Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen "to be pleased to admit him into the freedom of this honourable City," in consideration of his valuable services. There is a record that Jonathan Wild's petition was read by the Court of Aldermen, but we do not find evidence that the coveted freedom was awarded to him. Wild's house was long distinguished by the sign of the head of Charles I.

In the Old Bailey stood Sydney House, occupied, in the time of Pennant, by a coachmaker. Once it was the proud mansion of the Sydneys. They occupied it till their removal to Leicester House, at the north-east corner of Leicester Square.

The names of several eminent persons—altogether independent of the "Old Bailey Sessions House"—occur to us as we perambulate this interesting locality. William Camden, the "nourrice of antiquitie," was born in the Old Bailey, in 1550. His father was a paper-stainer here. In Ship Court, on the west side, Hogarth's father, Richard Hogarth, kept a school. He seems to have come early from the North of England, and was employed in London as a teacher and as a corrector of the press. He was a man of some learning; and Chalmers, writing in 1814, mentions that a dictionary in Latin and English, which he compiled for the use of schools, was then extant in manuscript. At No. 67, at the corner of Ship Court, William Hone, in 1817, gave to the world his three celebrated political parodies on the Catechism, the Litany, and the Creed, for which he was three times tried at Guildhall, and acquitted.

Peter Bales, the celebrated penman of the time of Queen Elizabeth, kept a writing-school, in 1590, at the upper end of the Old Bailey, and published his "Writing Schoolmaster" here. In a writing competition he once won a golden pen, of the value of £20, and in addition had the "arms of caligraphy—viz., azure, a pen or—given him as a prize." This clever writer had a steady hand, and wrote with such minuteness, that, remarks D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," he astonished the eyes of beholders, by showing them what they could not see. In the Harleian MSS. (530) we have a narrative of "a rare piece of work brought to pass by Peter Bales, an Englishman, and a clerk of the Chancery," which seems, by the description, to have been the whole Bible "in an English walnut no bigger than a hen's egg. The nut," the account goes on to say, "holdeth the book. There are as many leaves in his little book as the great Bible; and he hath written as much in one of his little

leaves as in a great leaf of the Bible." It is added that this wonderfully unreadable volume was "seen by thousands."

Prynne's "Histrio-Mastix, the Player's Scourge," was printed "for Michael Sparke, and sold at the 'Blue Bible,' in Green Arbour, in Little Old Bailey, 1633." This Little Old Bailey was a kind of Middle Row in the Old Bailey. It has long been removed.

One of the courts leading out of the Old Bailey was Green Arbour Court, which ran from the upper end of the street into Seacoal Lane. Here were the famous Breakneck Steps referred to by Ward in his "London Spy," when he speaks of "returning down-stairs with as much care and caution of tumbling head foremost as he that goes down Green Arbour Court steps in the middle of winter." This court, now destroyed, was specially interesting as the residence of Oliver Goldsmith, about 1758, a time when the poet was making shift to exist. As to his sojourn here we shall take the liberty of quoting a graphic passage from Mr. John Forster, one of the best of Goldsmith's numerous biographers.

"With part of the money," he says, "received from Hamilton"—the proprietor of the *Critical Review*, to which the poet was at this time contributing—"he moved into fresh lodgings; took unrivalled possession of a fresh garret, on a first floor. The house was No. 12, Green Arbour Court, Fleet Street, between the Old Bailey and the site of Fleet Market; and stood in the right-hand corner of the court, as the wayfarer approached it from Farringdon Street by the appropriate access of 'Breakneck Steps.' Green Arbour Court is now gone for ever; and of its miserable wretchedness, for a little time replaced by the more decent comforts of a stable, not a vestige remains. The houses, crumbling and tumbling in Goldsmith's day, were fairly rotted down some nineteen years since" (Mr. Forster is writing in 1854), "and it became necessary, for safety sake, to remove what time had spared. But Mr. Washington Irving saw them first, and with reverence had described them for Goldsmith's sake. Through alleys, courts, and blind passages; traversing Fleet Market, and thence turning along a narrow street to the bottom of a long steep flight of stone steps, he made good his toilsome way up into Green Arbour Court. He found it a small square of tall and miserable houses, the very intestines of which seemed turned inside out, to judge from the old garments and frippery that fluttered from every window. 'It appeared,' he says, in his 'Tales of a Traveller,' 'to be a region of washerwomen, and lines were stretched

about the little square, on which clothes were dangling to dry.\* The disputed right to a wash-tub was going on when he entered; heads in mob-caps were protruded from every window; and the loud clatter of vulgar tongues was assisted by the shrill pipe of swarming children, nestled and cradled in every procreant chamber of the hive. The whole scene, in short, was one of whose unchanged resemblance to the scenes of former days I have since found curious corroboration in a magazine engraving of the place nigh half a century old.\* Here were the tall faded houses, with heads out of window at every storey, the dirty neglected children; the bawling slipshod women; in one corner, clothes hanging to dry, and in another the cure of smoky chimneys announced. Without question, the same squalid squalling colony as it then was, it had been in Goldsmith's time. He would compromise with the children for occasional cessation of their noise, by occasional cakes or sweetmeats, or by a tune upon his flute; for which all the court assembled, he would talk pleasantly with the poorest of his neighbours,

and was long recollected to have greatly enjoyed the talk of a working watchmaker in the court. Every night he would risk his neck at those steep stone stairs; every day—for his clothes had become too ragged to submit to daylight scrutiny—he would keep within his dirty, naked, unfurnished room, with its single wooden chair and window bench, And that was Goldsmith's home."

It was in this lodging that the poet received a visit from Percy, then busily engaged in collecting material for his famous "Reliques of English Poetry." The grave church dignitary discovered Goldsmith in his wretched room busily writing. There being but one chair it was, out of civility, offered to the visitor, and Goldsmith was himself obliged to sit in the window. Whilst the two were sitting talking together—Percy relates in his memoir—some one was heard to rap gently at the door, and being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl of very decent behaviour entered, who, dropping a curtsy, said, "My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a pot full of coals."

## CHAPTER LV.

### ST. SEPULCHRE'S AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The Early History of St Sepulchre's—Its Destruction in 1666—The Exterior and Interior—The Early Popularity of the Church—Interments here—Roger Ascham, the Author of the "Schoolmaster"—Captain John Smith, and his Romantic Adventures—Saved by an Indian Girl—St Sepulchre's Churchyard—Accommodation for a Murderess—The Martyr Rogers—An Odd Circumstance—Good Company for the Dead—A Leap from the Tower—A Warning Bell and a Last Admonition—Nosegays for the Condemned—The Route to the Gallows-tree—The Deeds of the Charitable—The "Saracen's Head"—Description by Dickens—Giltspur Street—Giltspur Street Compter—A Disreputable Condition—Pie Corner—Hower Lane—A Spurious Relic—The Conduit on Snow Hill—A Ladies' Charity School—Turnagain Lane—Poor Betty—A Schoolmistress Censured—Skinner Street—Unpropitious Fortune—William Godwin—An Original Married Life

MANY interesting associations—principally, however, connected with the annals of crime and the execution of the laws of England—belong to the Church of St. Sepulchre, or St. 'Pulchre. This sacred edifice—anciently known as St. Sepulchre's in the Bailey, or by Chamberlain Gate (now Newgate)—stands at the eastern end of the Holborn Viaduct, at the corner of Giltspur Street, and between Smithfield and the Old Bailey. The genuine materials for its early history are scanty enough. It was probably founded about the commencement of the twelfth century, but of the exact date and circumstances of its origin there is no record whatever. Its name is derived from the Holy Sepulchre of our Saviour at Jerusalem, to the memory of which it was first dedicated.

\* See the frontispiece to vol. xlii. of the *European Magazine*, reproduced on p. 480.

The earliest authentic notice of the church, according to Matland, is of the year 1178, at which date it was given by Roger, Bishop of Sarum, to the Prior and Canons of St. Bartholomew. These held the right of advowson until the dissolution of monasteries by Henry VIII., and from that time until 1610 it remained in the hands of the Crown. James I., however, then granted "the rectory and its appurtenances, with the advowson of the vicarage," to Francis Phillips and others. The next stage in its history is that the rectory was purchased by the parishioners, to be held in fee-farm of the Crown, and the advowson was obtained by the President and Fellows of St. John's College, Oxford.

The church was rebuilt about the middle of the fifteenth century, when one of the Popham family, who had been Chancellor of Normandy and Treasurer of the King's Household, with distinguished

liberality erected a handsome chapel on the south side of the choir, and the very beautiful porch still remaining at the south-west corner of the building. "His image," Stowe says, "fair graven in stone, was fixed over the said porch."

The dreadful fire of 1666 almost destroyed St. Sepulchre's, but the parishioners set energetically to work, and it was "rebuilt and beautified both within and without." The general reparation was under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren, and nothing but the walls of the old building, and these not entirely, were suffered to remain. The work was done rapidly, and the whole was completed within four years.

"The tower," says Mr. Godwin, "retained its original aspect, and the body of the church, after its restoration, presented a series of windows between buttresses, with pointed heads filled with tracery, crowned by a string-course and battlements. In this form it remained till the year 1790, when it appears the whole fabric was found to be in a state of great decay, and it was resolved to repair it throughout. Accordingly, the walls of the church were cased with Portland stone, and all the windows were taken out, and replaced by others with plain semi-circular heads, . . . certainly agreeing but badly with the tower and porch of the building, but according with the then prevailing spirit of economy. The battlements, too, were taken down, and a plain stone parapet was substituted, so that at this time (with the exception of the roof, which was wagon-headed, and presented on the outside an unsightly swell, visible above the parapet) the church assumed its present appearance." The ungainly roof was removed, and an entirely new one erected, about 1836.

At each corner of the tower—"one of the most ancient," says the author of "*Londinium Redivivum*," "in the outline of the circuit of London"—there are spires, and on the spires there are weathercocks. These have been made use of by Howell to point a moral: "Unreasonable people," says he, "are as hard to reconcile as the vanes of St. Sepulchre's tower, which never look all four upon one point of the heavens." Nothing can be said with certainty as to the date of the tower, but it is not without the bounds of probability that it formed part of the original building. The belfry is reached by a small winding staircase, in the south-west angle, and a similar staircase in an opposite angle leads to the summit. The spires at the corners, and some of the tower windows, underwent several alterations about 1873, and in 1878-9 the remainder of the church was thoroughly restored externally, in its original Perpendicular style of

architecture, so that it may now be said to bear perhaps a stronger resemblance to its original type than any other "restored" church in London. During these alterations much of the ancient workmanship, which had long been hidden, was brought to light.

The chief entrance to St. Sepulchre's is by a porch of singular beauty, projecting from the south side of the tower, at the western end of the church. The groining of the ceiling of this porch, it has been pointed out, takes an almost unique form; the ribs are carved in bold relief, and the bosses at the intersections represent angels' heads, shields heraldically emblazoned, roses, &c., in great variety. Over the porch is a parvise, and above this another chamber which may have been originally used by the officials of the church.

Coming now to the interior of the church, we find it divided into three aisles, by two ranges of Tuscan columns. The aisles are of unequal widths, that in the centre being the widest, that to the south the narrowest. Semi-circular arches connect the columns on either side, springing directly from their capitals, without the interposition of an entablature, and support a large dental cornice, extending round the church. The ceiling of the middle aisle is divided into seven compartments, by horizontal bands, the middle compartment being formed into a small dome. A handsome Perpendicular screen extends across the church, near the western end.

The aisles have groined ceilings, ornamented at the angles with doves, &c. Over each of the aisles there was formerly a gallery, very clumsily introduced, which dated from the time when the church was built by Wren, and extended the whole length, excepting at the chancel. The front of the gallery, which was of oak, is described by Mr. Godwin as carved into scrolls, branches, &c., and in the centre panel, on either side, with the initials "C. R.," enriched with carvings of laurel. These galleries were removed when the church was restored in 1878-9, and the old-fashioned pews were superseded by open benches.

The central window, at the east end of the church, is semicircular-headed, and beneath it is a large Corinthian altar-piece of oak, displaying columns, entablatures, &c., elaborately carved and gilded.

The organ, said to be the oldest and one of the finest in London, was built in 1677, and has been greatly enlarged. Its reed-stops (hautboy, clarinet, &c.) are supposed to be unrivalled. In Newcourt's time the church was taken notice of as "remarkable for possessing an exceedingly fine organ, and the playing is thought so beautiful, that large

congregations are attracted, though some of the parishioners object to the mode of performing divine service."

The organ is now on the north side of the church, in a large apartment known as "St. Stephen's Chapel." This building evidently formed a somewhat important part of the old church, and was probably appropriated to the votaries of the saint whose name it bears.

Between the exterior and the interior of the church there is little harmony. "For example," says Mr. Godwin, "the columns which form the south aisle face, in some instances, the centre of the large windows which occur in the external wall of the church, and in others the centre of the piers, indifferently." This discordance may likely enough have arisen from the fact that when the church was rebuilt, or rather restored, after the Great Fire, the works were done without much attention from Christopher Wren.

St. Sepulchre's appears to have enjoyed considerable popularity from the earliest period of its history, if one is to judge from the various sums left by well-disposed persons for the support of certain fraternities founded in the church—namely, those of St. Katherine, St. Michael, St. Anne, and Our Lady—and by others, for the maintenance of chantry priests to celebrate masses at stated intervals for the good of their souls. One of the fraternities just named—that of St. Katherine—originated, according to Stow, in the devotion of some poor persons in the parish, and was in honour of the conception of the Virgin Mary. They met in the church on the day of the Conception, and there heard the mass of the day, and made their offering, and provided a certain chaplain daily to celebrate divine service, and to set up wax lights before the image belonging to the fraternity, on all festival days.

The most famous of all who have been interred in St. Sepulchre's is Robert Ascham, the author of the "Schoolmaster," and the instructor of Queen Elizabeth in Greek and Latin. This learned old worthy was born in 1515, near Northallerton, in Yorkshire. He was educated at Cambridge University, and in time rose to be the university orator, being notably zealous in promoting what was then a novelty in England—the study of the Greek language. To divert himself after the fatigue of severe study, he used to devote himself to archery. This drew down upon him the censure of the all-work-and-no-play school; and in defence of himself, Ascham, in 1545, published "Toxophilus," a treatise on his favourite sport. This book is even yet well worthy of perusal, for its

enthusiasm, and for its curious descriptions of the personal appearance and manners of the principal persons whom the author had seen and conversed with. Henry VIII. rewarded him with a pension of £10 per annum, a considerable sum in those days. In 1548, Ascham, on the death of William Grindall, who had been his pupil, was appointed instructor in the learned languages to Lady Elizabeth, afterwards the good Queen Bess. At the end of two years he had some dispute with, or took a disgust at, Lady Elizabeth's attendants, resigned his situation, and returned to his college. Soon after this he was employed as secretary to the English ambassador at the court of Charles V. of Germany, and remained abroad till the death of Edward VI. During his absence he had been appointed Latin secretary to King Edward. Strangely enough, though Queen Mary and her ministers were Catholics, and Ascham a Protestant, he was retained in his office of Latin secretary, his pension was increased to £20, and he was allowed to retain his fellowship and his situation as university orator. In 1554 he married a lady of good family, by whom he had a considerable fortune, and of whom, in writing to a friend, he gives, as might perhaps be expected, an excellent character. On the accession of Queen Elizabeth, in 1558, she required his services, not only as Latin secretary, but as her instructor in Greek, and he resided at Court during the remainder of his life. During the last few days of his life he had been endeavouring to complete a Latin poem which he intended to present to the queen on the New Year's Day of 1569. He died two days before 1568 ran out, and was interred, according to his own directions, in the most private manner, in St. Sepulchre's Church, his funeral sermon being preached by Dr. Andrew Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's. He was universally lamented; and even the queen herself not only showed great concern, but was pleased to say that she would rather have lost ten thousand pounds than her tutor Ascham, which, from that somewhat close-handed sovereign, was truly an expression of high regard.

Ascham, like most men, had his little weaknesses. He had too great a propensity to dice and cock-fighting. Bishop Nicholson would try to convince us that this is an unfounded calumny, but, as the fact is mentioned by Camden, and other contemporary writers, it seems impossible to deny it. He died, from all accounts, in indifferent circumstances. "Whether," says Dr. Johnson, referring to this, "Ascham was poor by his own fault, or the fault of others, cannot now be decided; but it is certain that many have been rich with

less merit. His philological learning would have gained him honour in any country ; and among us it may justly call for that reverence which all nations owe to those who first rouse them from ignorance,

short time, and with small pains, recover a sufficient habilitie to understand, write, and speak Latin : by Roger Ascham, ann. 1570. At London, printed by John Daye, dwelling over Aldersgate," a person,



GOLDSMITH'S HOUSE, GREEN ARBOUR COURT, ABOUT 1800 (See page 477.)

and kindle among them the light of literature" His most valuable work, "The Schoolmaster," was published by his widow The nature of this celebrated performance may be gathered from the title : "The Schoolmaster ; or a plain and perfit way of teaching children to understand, write, and speak the Latin tongue. . . . And commodious also for all such as have forgot the Latin tongue, and would by themselves, without a schoolmaster, in

by the way, already mentioned by us a few chapters back (see page 208), as having printed several noted works of the sixteenth century.

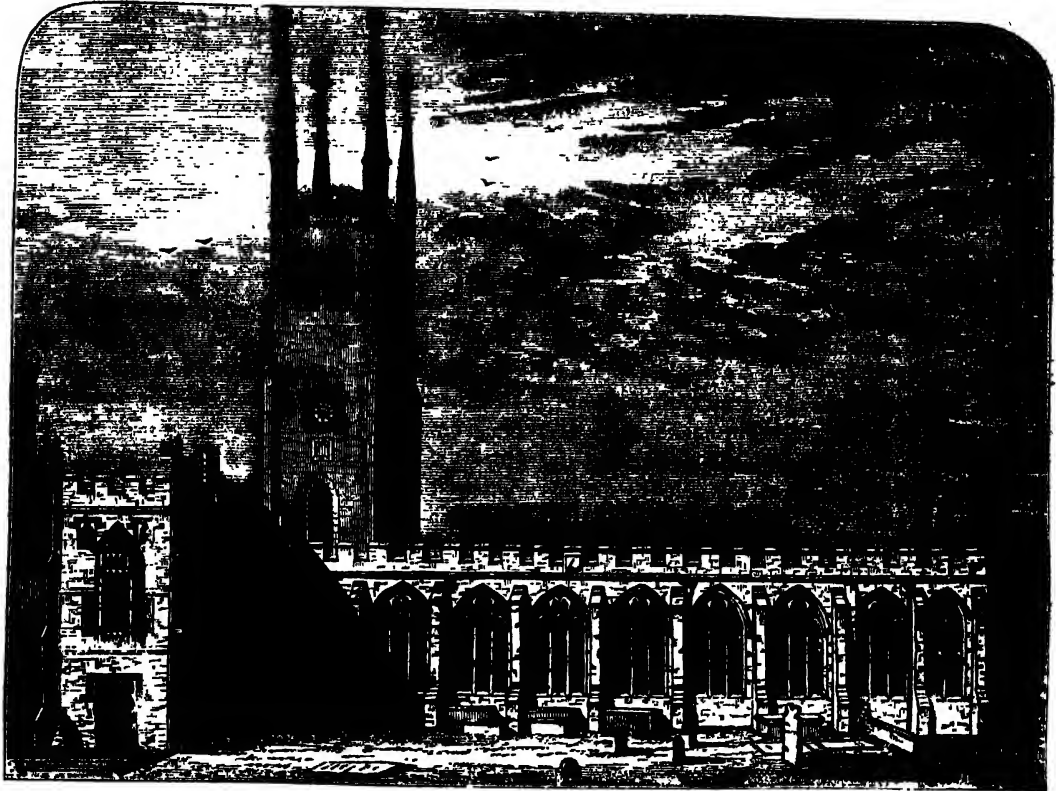
Dr. Johnson remarks that the instruction recommended in "The Schoolmaster" is perhaps the best ever given for the study of languages.

Here also lies buried Captain John Smith, a conspicuous soldier of fortune, whose romantic adventures and daring exploits have rarely been



surpassed. He died on the 21st of June, 1631. This valiant captain was born at Willoughby, in the county of Lincoln, and helped by his doings to enliven the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. He had a share in the wars of Hungary in 1602, and in three single combats overcame three Turks, and cut off their heads. For this, and other equally brave deeds, Sigismund, Duke of Transylvania, gave him his picture set in gold, with a

and the saving of his life by the Indian girl Pocahontas, a story of adventure that charms as often as it is told. Bancroft, the historian of the United States, relates how, during the early settlement of Virginia, Smith left the infant colony on an exploring expedition, and not only ascended the river Chickahominy, but struck into the interior. His companions disobeyed his instructions, and being surprised by the Indians, were put to death.



ST. SEPULCHRE'S CHURCH IN 1737. *From a View by Toms. (See page 478.)*

pension of three hundred ducats; and allowed him to bear "three Turks' heads proper" as his shield of arms. He afterwards went to America, where he had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Indians. He escaped from them, however, at last, and resumed his brilliant career by hazarding his life in naval engagements with pirates and Spanish men-of-war. The most important act of his life was the share he had in civilising the natives of New England, and reducing that province to obedience to Great Britain. In connection with his tomb in St. Sepulchre's, he is mentioned by Stow, in his "Survey," as "some time Governor of Virginia and Admiral of New England."

Certainly the most interesting events of his chequered career were his capture by the Indians,

Smith preserved his own life by calmness and self-possession. Displaying a pocket-compass, he amused the savages by an explanation of its power, and increased their admiration of his superior genius by imparting to them some vague conceptions of the form of the earth, and the nature of the planetary system. To the Indians, who retained him as their prisoner, his captivity was a more strange event than anything of which the traditions of their tribes preserved the memory. He was allowed to send a letter to the fort at Jamestown, and the wonder of the savages grew, for he seemed by some magic to endow the paper with the gift of intelligence. It was evident that their captive was a being of a high order, and then the question arose. Was his nature beneficent, or was he to be

dreaded as a dangerous enemy? Their minds were bewildered, and the decision of his fate was referred to the chief Powhatan, and before Powhatan Smith was brought. "The fears of the feeble aborigines," says Bancroft, "were about to prevail, and his immediate death, already repeatedly threatened and repeatedly delayed, would have been inevitable, but for the timely intercession of Pocahontas, a girl twelve years old, the daughter of Powhatan, whose confiding fondness Smith had easily won, and who firmly clung to his neck, as his head was bowed down to receive the stroke of the tomahawks. His fearlessness, and her entreaties, persuaded the council to spare the agreeable stranger, who could make hatchets for her father, and rattles and strings of beads for herself, the favourite child. The barbarians, whose decision had long been held in suspense by the mysterious awe which Smith had inspired, now resolved to receive him as a friend, and to make him a partner of their councils. They tempted him to join their bands, and lend assistance in an attack upon the white men at Jamestown; and when his decision of character succeeded in changing the current of their thoughts, they dismissed him with mutual promises of friendship and benevolence. Thus the captivity of Smith did itself become a benefit to the colony; for he had not only observed with care the country between the James and the Potomac, and had gained some knowledge of the language and manners of the natives, but he now established a peaceful intercourse between the English and the tribes of Powhatan."

On the monument erected to Smith in St. Sepulchre's Church, the following quaint lines were formerly inscribed:—

"Here lies one conquered that hath conquered kings,  
Subdued large territories, and done things  
Which to the world impossible would seem,  
But that the truth is held in more esteem.  
Shall I report his former service done,  
In honour of his God, and Christendom?  
How that he did divide, from pagans three,  
Their heads and lives, types of his chivalry?—  
For which great service, in that climate done,  
Brave Sigismundus, King of Hungarion,  
Did give him, as a coat of arms, to wear  
These conquered heads, got by his sword and spear.  
Or shall I tell of his adventures since  
Done in Virginia, that large continent?  
How that he subdued kings unto his yoke,  
And made those heathens flee, as wind doth smoke;  
And made their land, being so large a station,  
An habitation for our Christian nation,  
Where God is glorified, their wants supplied;  
Which else for necessities must have died.  
But what avail his conquests, now he lies  
Interred in earth, a prey to worms and flies?

Oh! may his soul in sweet Elysium sleep,  
Until the Keeper, that all souls doth keep,  
Return to judgment; and that after thence  
With angels he may have his recompense."

Sir Robert Peake, the engraver, also found a last resting-place here. He is known as the master of William Faithorne—the famous English engraver of the seventeenth century—and governor of Basing House for the king during the Civil War under Charles I. He died in 1667. Here also was interred the body of Dr. Bell, grandfather of the originator of a well-known system of education.

"The churchyard of St. Sepulchre's," we learn from Maitland, "at one time extended so far into the street on the south side of the church, as to render the passage-way dangerously narrow. In 1760 the churchyard was, in consequence, levelled, and thrown open to the public. But this led to much inconvenience, and it was re-enclosed in 1802."

Sarah Malcolm, the murderess, was buried in the churchyard of St. Sepulchre's in 1733. This cold-hearted and keen-eyed monster in human form has had her story told by us already. The parishioners seem, on this occasion, to have had no such scruples as had been exhibited by their predecessors a hundred and fifty years previous at the burial of Awfield, a traitor. We shall see presently that in those more remote days they were desirous of having at least respectable company for their deceased relatives and friends in the churchyard.

"For a long period," says Mr. Godwin (1838), "the church was surrounded by low mean buildings, by which its general appearance was hidden; but these having been cleared away, and the neighbourhood made considerably more open, St. Sepulchre's now forms a somewhat pleasing object, notwithstanding that the tower and a part of the porch are so entirely dissimilar in style to the remainder of the building." And since Godwin's writing the surroundings of the church have been so improved that very few buildings in the metropolis stand more prominently before the public eye.

In the roll of Protestant martyrs who suffered at the stake for their religious principles, a vicar of St. Sepulchre's, the Reverend John Rogers, occupies a conspicuous place. He was the first who was burned in the reign of Queen Mary. This eminent person had at one time been chaplain to the English merchants at Antwerp, and while residing in that city had aided Tindal and Coverdale in their great work of translating the Bible. He married a German lady of good position, by whom he had a large family, and was enabled, by means of her relations, to reside in peace and

safety in Germany. It appeared to be his duty, however, to return to England, and there publicly profess and advocate his religious convictions, even at the risk of death. He crossed the sea; he took his place in the pulpit at St. Paul's Cross; he preached a fearless and animated sermon, reminding his astonished audience of the "pure and wholesome doctrine" which had been promulgated from that pulpit in the days of the good King Edward, and solemnly warning them against the "pestilent idolatry and superstition of these new times." It was his last sermon. He was apprehended, tried, condemned, and burned at Smithfield. We described, when speaking of Smithfield, the manner in which he met his fate.

Connected with the life of John Rogers an odd circumstance is quoted in the "Churches of London." It is stated that when the bishops had resolved to put to death Joan Bocher, a friend came to Rogers and earnestly entreated his influence that the poor woman's life might be spared, and other means taken to prevent the spread of her heterodox doctrines. Rogers, however, contended that she should be executed; and his friend then begged him to choose some other kind of death, which should be more agreeable to the gentleness and mercy prescribed in the gospel. "No," replied Rogers, "burning alive is not a cruel death, but easy enough." His friend hearing these words, expressive of so little regard for the sufferings of a fellow-creature, answered him with great vehemence, at the same time striking Rogers' hand, "Well, it may perhaps so happen that you yourself shall have your hands full of this mild burning." There is no record of Rogers among the papers belonging to St. Sepulchre's, but this may easily be accounted for by the fact that at the Great Fire of 1666 nearly all the registers and archives were destroyed.

A noteworthy incident in the history of St. Sepulchre's was connected with the execution, in 1585, of Awfield, for "sparcing abroad certain lewd, seditious, and traytorous bookes." "When he was executed," says Fleetwood, the Recorder, in a letter to Lord Burleigh, July 7th of that year, "his body was brought unto St. Pulcher's to be buried, but the parishioners would not suffer a traytor's corpse to be laid in the earth where their parents, wives, children, kindred, masters, and old neighbours did rest; and so his carcass was returned to the burial-ground near Tyburn, and there I leave it."

Another event in the history of the church is a tale of suicide. On the 10th of April, 1600, a man named William Dorrington threw himself from

the roof of the tower, leaving there a prayer for forgiveness.

We come now to speak of the connection of St. Sepulchre's with the neighbouring prison of Newgate. Being the nearest church to the prison, that connection naturally was intimate. Its clock served to give the time to the hangman when there was an execution in the Old Bailey, and many a poor wretch's last moments must it have regulated.

On the right-hand side of the altar a board with a list of charitable donations and gifts used to contain the following item—"1605. Mr. Robert Dowe gave, for ringing the greatest bell in this church on the day the condemned prisoners are executed, and for other services, for ever, concerning such condemned prisoners, for which services the sexton is paid £1 6s. 8d.—£50.

It was formerly the practice for the clerk or bellman of St. Sepulchre's to go under Newgate, on the night preceding the execution of a criminal, ring his bell, and repeat the following wholesome advice:—

"All you that in the condemned hold do lie,  
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die;  
Watch all, and pray, the hour is drawing near  
That you before the Almighty must appear;  
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,  
That you may not to eternal flames be sent.  
And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,  
The Lord above have mercy on your souls.

Past twelve o'clock!"

This practice is explained by a passage in Munday's edition of Stow, in which it is told that a Mr. John Dowe, citizen and merchant taylor of London, gave £50 to the parish church of St. Sepulchre's, under the following conditions:—After the several sessions of London, on the night before the execution of such as were condemned to death, the clerk of the church was to go in the night-time, and also early in the morning, to the window of the prison in which they were lying. He was there to ring "certain tolls with a hand-bell" appointed for the purpose, and was afterwards, in a most Christian manner, to put them in mind of their present condition and approaching end, and to exhort them to be prepared, as they ought to be, to die. When they were in the cart, and brought before the walls of the church, the clerk was to stand there ready with the same bell, and, after certain tolls, rehearse a prayer, desiring all the people there present to pray for the unfortunate criminals. The beadle, also, of Merchant Taylors' Hall was allowed an "honest stipend" to see that this ceremony was regularly performed.

The affecting admonition—"affectingly good," Pennant calls it—addressed to the prisoners in

Newgate, on the night before execution, ran as follows :—

" You prisoners that are within,  
Who, for wickedness and sin,

after many mercies shown you, are now appointed to die to-morrow in the forenoon; give ear and understand that, to-morrow morning, the greatest bell of St. Sepulchre's shall toll for you, in form and manner of a passing-bell, as used to be tolled for those that are at the point of death; to the end that all godly people, hearing that bell, and knowing it is for your going to your deaths, may be stirred up heartily to pray to God to bestow his grace and mercy upon you, whilst you live. I beseech you, for Jesus Christ's sake, to keep this night in watching and prayer, to the salvation of your own souls while there is yet time and place for mercy; as knowing to-morrow you must appear before the judgment-seat of your Creator, there to give an account of all things done in this life, and to suffer eternal torments for your sins committed against Him, unless, upon your hearty and unfeigned repentance, you find mercy through the merits, death, and passion of your only Mediator and Advocate, Jesus Christ, who now sits at the right hand of God, to make intercession for as many of you as penitently return to Him."

And the following was the admonition to condemned criminals, as they were passing by St. Sepulchre's Church wall to execution :—" All good people, pray heartily unto God for these poor sinners, who are now going to their death, for whom this great bell doth toll.

" You that are condemned to die, repent with lamentable tears; ask mercy of the Lord, for the salvation of your own souls, through the merits, death, and passion of Jesus Christ, who now sits at the right hand of God, to make intercession for as many of you as penitently return unto Him.

" Lord have mercy upon you;  
Christ have mercy upon you.  
Lord have mercy upon you;  
Christ have mercy upon you."

The charitable Mr. Dowe, who took such interest in the last moments of the occupants of the condemned cell, was buried in the church of St. Botolph, Aldgate.

Another curious custom observed at St. Sepulchre's was the presentation of a nosegay to every criminal on his way to execution at Tyburn. No doubt the practice had its origin in some kindly feeling for the poor unfortunates who were so soon to bid farewell to all the beauties of earth. One of the last who received a nosegay from the steps of St. Sepulchre's was "Sixteen-string Jack," *alias*

John Rann, who was hanged, in 1774, for robbing the Rev. Dr. Bell of his watch and eighteen pence in money, in Gunnersbury Lane, on the road to Brentford. Sixteen-string Jack wore the flowers in his button-hole as he rode dolefully to the gallows. This was witnessed by John Thomas Smith, who thus describes the scene in his admirable anecdote-book, "Nollekens and his Times :—" " I remember well, when I was in my eighth year, Mr. Nollekens calling at my father's house, in Great Portland Street, and taking us to Oxford Street, to see the notorious Jack Rann, commonly called Sixteen-string Jack, go to Tyburn to be hanged. . . . The criminal was dressed in a pea-green coat, with an immense nosegay in the button-hole, which had been presented to him at St. Sepulchre's steps; and his nankeen small-clothes, we were told, were tied at each knee with sixteen strings. After he had passed, and Mr. Nollekens was leading me home by the hand, I recollect his stooping down to me and observing, in a low tone of voice, 'Tom, now, my little man, if my father-in-law, Mr. Justice Welch, had been high constable, we could have walked by the side of the cart all the way to Tyburn.'"

When criminals were conveyed from Newgate to Tyburn, the cart passed up Giltspur Street, and through Smithfield, to Cow Lane. Skinner Street had not then been built, and the Crooked Lane which turned down by St. Sepulchre's, as well as Ozier Lane, did not afford sufficient width to admit of the cavalcade passing by either of them, with convenience, to Holborn Hill, or "the Heavy Hill," as it used to be called. The procession seems at no time to have had much of the solemn element about it. "The heroes of the day were often," says a popular writer, "on good terms with the mob, and jokes were exchanged between the men who were going to be hanged and the men who deserved to be."

"On St. Paul's Day," says Mr. Timbs (1868), "service is performed in St. Sepulchre's, in accordance with the will of Mr. Paul Jervis, who, in 1717, devised certain land in trust that a sermon should be preached in the church upon every Paul's Day upon the excellence of the liturgy of the Church of England; the preacher to receive 40s. for such sermon. Various sums are also bequeathed to the curate, the clerk, the treasurer, and masters of the parochial schools. To the poor of the parish he bequeathed 20s. a-piece to ten of the poorest householders within that part of the parish of St. Sepulchre commonly called Smithfield quarter, £4 to the treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and 6s. 8d. yearly to the clerk, who

shall attend to receive the same. The residue of the yearly rents and profits is to be distributed unto and amongst such poor people of the parish of St. Sepulchre's, London, who shall attend the service and sermon. At the close of the service the vestry-clerk reads aloud an extract from the will, and then proceeds to the distribution of the money. In the evening the vicar, churchwardens, and common councilmen of the precinct dine together."

In 1749, a Mr. Drinkwater made a praiseworthy bequest. He left the parish of St. Sepulchre £500 to be lent in sums of £25 to industrious young tradesmen. No interest was to be charged, and the money was to be lent for four years.

Next to St. Sepulchre's, on Snow Hill, used to stand the famous old inn of the "Saracen's Head." It was only swept away within the last few years by the ruthless army of City improvers. a view of it in course of demolition is given on page 439. It was one of the oldest of the London inns which bore the "Saracen's Head" for a sign. One of Dick Tarlton's jests makes mention of the "Saracen's Head" without Newgate, and Stow, describing this neighbourhood, speaks particularly of "a fair large inn for receipt of travellers" that "hath to sign the 'Saracen's Head.'" The courtyard had, to the last, many of the characteristics of an old English inn; there were galleries all round leading to the bedrooms, and a spacious gateway through which the dusty mail-coaches used to rumble, the tired passengers creeping forth "thanking their stars in having escaped the highwaymen and the holes and sloughs of the road." Into that courtyard how many have come on their first arrival in London with hearts beating high with hope, some of whom have risen to be aldermen and sit in state as lord mayor, whilst others have gone the way of the idle apprentice and come to a sad end at Tyburn! It was at this inn that Nicholas Nickleby and his uncle waited upon the Yorkshire schoolmaster Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall. Mr. Dickens describes the tavern as it existed in the last days of mail-coaching, when it was a most important place for arrivals and departures in London:—

"Next to the jail, and by consequence near to Smithfield also, and the Compter and the bustle and noise of the City, and just on that particular part of Snow Hill where omnibus horses going eastwards seriously think of falling down on purpose, and where horses in hackney cabriolets going westwards not unfrequently fall by accident, is the coach-yard of the 'Saracen's Head' inn, its portals guarded by two Saracens' heads and shoulders, which it was once the pride and glory of the choice

spirits of this metropolis to pull down at night, but which have for some time remained in undisturbed tranquillity, possibly because this species of humour is now confined to St. James's parish, where door-knockers are preferred as being more portable, and bell-wires esteemed as convenient tooth-picks. Whether this be the reason or not, there they are, frowning upon you from each side of the gateway; and the inn itself, garnished with another Saracen's head, frowns upon you from the top of the yard; while from the door of the hind-boot of all the red coaches that are standing therein, there glares a small Saracen's head with a twin expression to the large Saracen's head below, so that the general appearance of the pile is of the Saracenic order."

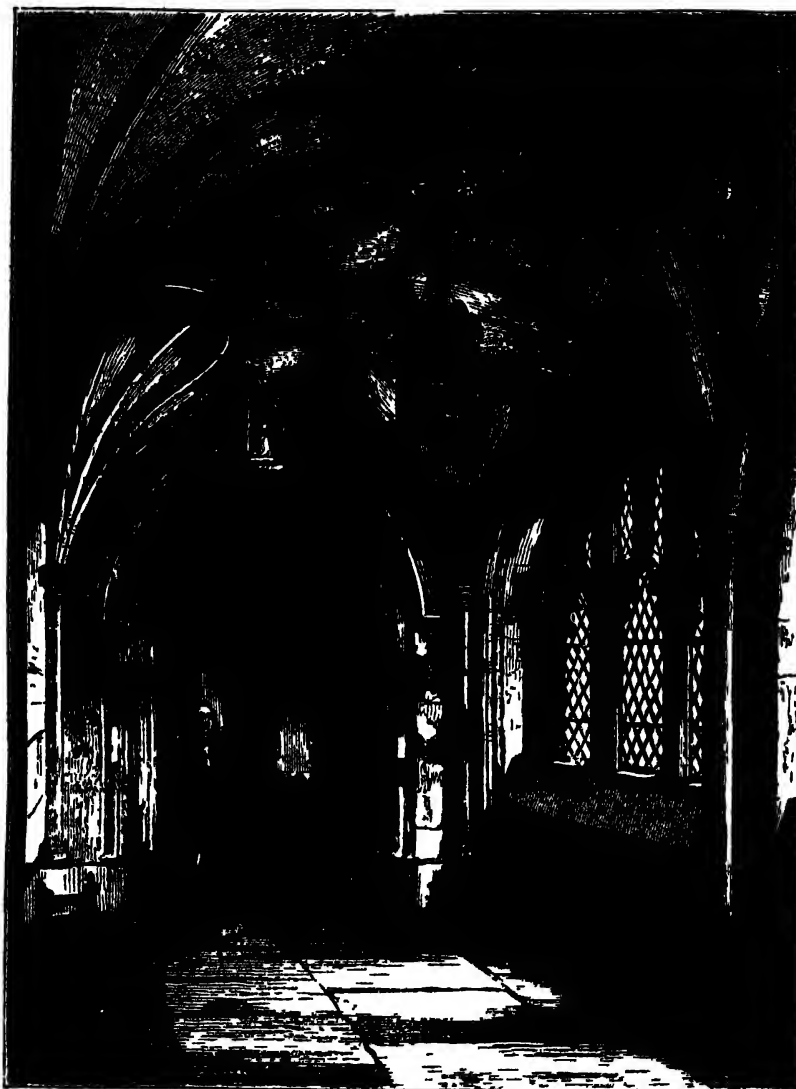
To explain the use of the Saracen's head as an inn sign various reasons have been given. "When our countrymen," says Selden, "came home from fighting with the Saracens and were beaten by them, they pictured them with huge, big, terrible faces (as you still see the 'Saracen's Head' is), when in truth they were like other men. But this they did to save their own credit." Or the sign may have been adopted by those who had visited the Holy Land either as pilgrims or to fight the Saracens. Others, again, hold that it was first set up in compliment to the mother of Thomas à Becket, who was the daughter of a Saracen. However this may be, it is certain that the use of the sign in former days was very general.

Running past the east end of St. Sepulchre's, from Newgate into West Smithfield, is Giltspur Street, anciently called Knight-rider Street. This interesting thoroughfare derives its name from the knights with their gilt spurs having been accustomed to ride this way to the jousts and tournaments which in days of old were held in Smithfield.

In this street was Giltspur Street Compter, a debtors' prison and house of correction appertaining to the sheriffs of London and Middlesex. It stood over against St. Sepulchre's Church, and was removed hither from the east side of Wood Street, Cheapside, in 1791. At the time of its removal it was used as a place of imprisonment for debtors, but the yearly increasing demands upon the contracted space caused that department to be given up, and City debtors were sent to Whitecross Street. The architect was Dance, to whom we are also indebted for the grim pile of Newgate. The Compter was a dirty and appropriately convict-looking edifice. It was pulled down in 1855. Mr. Hepworth Dixon gave an interesting account of this City House of Correction, not long before its demolition, in his "London Prisons" (1850). "Entering," he says, "at the door facing St. Sepulchre's,

the visitor suddenly finds himself in a low dark passage, leading into the offices of the gaol, and branching off into other passages, darker, closer, more replete with noxious smells, than even those of Newgate. This is the fitting prelude to what follows. The prison, it must be noticed, is divided

on Christ's Hospital. Curious it is to consider how thin a wall divides these widely-separate worlds! And sorrowful it is to think what a difference of destiny awaits the children—destiny inexorable, though often unearned in either case—who, on the one side of it or the other, receive an elec-



PORCH OF ST. SEPULCHRE'S CHURCH. (See page 478.)

into two principal divisions, the House of Correction and the Compter. The front in Giltspur Street, and the side nearest to Newgate Street, is called the Compter. In its wards are placed detenués of various kinds—remands, committals from the police-courts, and generally persons waiting for trial, and consequently still unconvicted. The other department, the House of Correction, occupies the back portion of the premises, abutting

on Christ's Hospital. Curious it is to consider how thin a wall divides these widely-separate worlds! And sorrowful it is to think what a difference of destiny awaits the children—destiny inexorable, though often unearned in either case—who, on the one side of it or the other, receive an elec-

mosynary education! The collegian and the criminal! Who shall say how much mere accident—circumstances over which the child has little power—determines to a life of usefulness or mischief? From the yards of Giltspur Street prison almost the only objects visible, outside of the gaol itself, are the towers of Christ's Hospital; the only sounds audible, the shouts of the scholars at their play. The balls of the hospital boys often fall



within the yards of the prison. Whether these sights and sounds ever cause the criminal to pause and reflect upon the courses of his life, we will not say, but the stranger visiting the place will be very apt to think for him. . . .

"In the department of the prison called the House of Correction, minor offenders within the City of London are imprisoned. No transports are sent hither, nor is any person whose sentence is above three years in length." This able writer

A large section of the prison used to be devoted to female delinquents, but lately it was almost entirely given up to male offenders.

"The House of Correction, and the Compter portion of the establishment," says Mr. Dixon, "are kept quite distinct, but it would be difficult to award the palm of empire in their respective facilities for demoralisation. We think the Compter rather the worse of the two. You are shown into a room, about the size of an apartment in an ordinary



GILTSPUR STREET COMPTER, 1840 (See page 485)

then goes on to tell of the many crying evils connected with the institution—the want of air, the over-crowded state of the rooms, the absence of proper cellular accommodation, and the vicious intercourse carried on amongst the prisoners. The entire gaol, when he wrote, contained only thirty-six separate sleeping-rooms. Now by the highest prison calculation—and this, be it noted, proceeds on the assumption that *three* persons can sleep in small, miserable, unventilated cells, which are built for only *one*, and are too confined for that, being only about one-half the size of the *model cell* for one at Pentonville—it was capable of accommodating only 203 prisoners, yet by the returns issued at Michaelmas, 1850, it contained 246!

dwelling-house, which will be found crowded with from thirty to forty persons, young and old, and in their ordinary costume; the low thief in his filth and rags, and the member of the swell-mob with his bright buttons, flash finery, and false jewels. Here you notice the boy who has just been guilty of his first offence, and committed for trial, learning with a greedy mind a thousand criminal arts, and listening with the precocious instinct of guilty passions to stories and conversations the most depraved and disgusting. You regard him with a mixture of pity and loathing, for he knows that the eyes of his *peers* are upon him, and he stares at you with a familiar impudence, and exhibits a devil-may-care countenance, such as is only to be met with in the

juvenile offender. Here, too, may be seen the young clerk, taken up on suspicion—perhaps innocent—who avoids you with a shy look of pain and uneasiness: what a hell must this prison be to him! How frightful it is to think of a person really untainted with crime, compelled to herd for ten or twenty days with these abandoned wretches!

"On the other, the House of Correction side of the gaol, similar rooms will be found, full of prisoners communicating with each other, laughing and shouting without hindrance. All this is so little in accordance with existing notions of prison discipline, that one is continually fancying these disgraceful scenes cannot be in the capital of England, and in the year of grace 1850. Very few of the prisoners attend school or receive any instruction; neither is any kind of employment afforded them, except oakum-picking, and the still more disgusting labour of the treadmill. When at work, an officer is in attendance to prevent disorderly conduct; but his presence is of no avail as a protection to the less depraved. Conversation still goes on; and every facility is afforded for making acquaintances, and for mutual contamination."

After having long been branded by intelligent inspectors as a disgrace to the metropolis, Giltspur Street Compter was condemned, closed in 1854, and subsequently taken down.

Nearly opposite what used to be the site of the Compter, and adjoining Cock Lane, is the spot called Pie Corner, near which terminated the Great Fire of 1666. The fire commenced at Pudding Lane, it will be remembered, so it was singularly appropriate that it should terminate at Pie Corner. Under the date of 4th September, 1666, Pepys, in his "Diary," records that "W. Hewer this day went to see how his mother did, and comes home late, telling us how he hath been forced to remove her to Islington, her house in Pye Corner being burned; so that the fire is got so far that way." The figure of a fat naked boy stands over a public house at the corner of the lane; it used to have the following warning inscription attached:—"This boy is in memory put up of the late fire of London, occasioned by the sin of gluttony, 1666." According to Stow, Pie Corner derived its name from the sign of a well-frequented hostelry, which anciently stood on the spot. Strype makes honourable mention of Pie Corner, as "noted chiefly for cooks' shops and pigs dressed there during Bartholomew Fair." Our old writers have many references—and not all, by the way, in the best taste—to its cook-stalls and dressed pork. Shadwell, for instance, in the *Woman Captain* (1680) speaks of "meat dressed

at Pie Corner by greasy scullions;" and Ben Jonson writes in the *Alchemist* (1612)—

"I shall put you in mind, sir, at Pie Corner,  
Taking your meal of steam in from cooks' stalls."

And in "The Great Boobee" ("Roxburgh Ballads"):

"Next day I through Pie Corner passed;  
The roast meat on the stall  
Invited me to take a taste;  
My money was but small."

But Pie Corner seems to have been noted for more than eatables. A ballad from Tom D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," describing Bartholomew Fair, eleven years before the Fire of London, says:—

"At Pie-Corner end, mark well my good friend,  
'Tis a very fine dirty place;  
Where there's more arrows and bows. . . .  
Than was handled at Chivy Chase."

We have already given a view of Pie Corner in our chapter on Smithfield, page 361.

Hosier Lane, running from Cow Lane to Smithfield, and almost parallel to Cock Lane, is described by "R. B.," in Strype, as a place not over-well built or inhabited. The houses were all old timber erections. Some of these—those standing at the south corner of the lane—were in the beginning of this century depicted by Mr. J. T. Smith, in his "Ancient Topography of London." He describes them as probably of the reign of James I. The rooms were small, with low, unornamented ceilings; the timber, oak, profusely used; the gables were plain, and the walls lath and plaster. They were taken down in 1809.

In the corner house, in Mr. Smith's time, there was a barber whose name was Catchpole; at least, so it was written over the door. He was rather an odd fellow, and possessed, according to his own account, a famous relic of antiquity. He would gravely show his customers a short-bladed instrument, as the identical dagger with which Walworth killed Wat Tyler.

Hosier Lane, like Pie Corner, used to be a great resort during the time of Bartholomew Fair, "all the houses," it is said in Strype, "generally being made public for tipping."

We return now from our excursion to the north of St. Sepulchre's, and continue our rambles to the west, and before speaking of what is, let us refer to what has been.

Turnagain Lane is not far from this. "Near unto this Seacoal Lane," remarks Stow, "in the turning towards Holborn Conduit, is Turnagain Lane, or rather, as in a record of the 5th of Edward III., Windagain Lane for that it goeth down west to Fleet Dyke, from whence men must

turn again the same way they came, but there it stopped." There used to be a proverb, "He must take him a house in Turnagain Lane."

A conduit formerly stood on Snow Hill, a little below the church. It is described as a building with four equal sides, ornamented with four columns and pediment, surmounted by a pyramid, on which stood a lamb—a rebus on the name of Lamb, from whose conduit in Red Lion Street the water came. There had been a conduit there, however, before Lamb's day, which was towards the close of the sixteenth century.

At No. 37, King Street, Snow Hill, there used to be a ladies' charity school, which was established in 1702, and remained in the parish 145 years. Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale were subscribers to this school, and Johnson drew from it his story of Betty Broom, in "The Idler." The world of domestic service, in Betty's days, seems to have been pretty much as now. Betty was a poor girl, bred in the country at a charity-school, maintained by the contributions of wealthy neighbours. The patronesses visited the school from time to time, to see how the pupils got on, and everything went well, till "at last, the chief of the subscribers having passed a winter in London, came down full of an opinion new and strange to the whole country. She held it little less than criminal to teach poor girls to read and write. They who are born to poverty, she said, are born to ignorance, and will work the harder the less they know. She told her friends that London was in confusion by the insolence of servants; that scarcely a girl could be got for *all-work*, since education had made such numbers of fine ladies, that nobody would now accept a lower title than that of a waiting-maid, or something that might qualify her to wear laced shoes and long ruffles, and to sit at work in the parlour window. But she was resolved, for her part, to spoil no more girls. Those who were to live by their hands should neither read nor write out of her pocket. The world was bad enough already, and she would have no part in making it worse.

"She was for a long time warmly opposed; but she persevered in her notions, and withdrew her subscription. Few listen, without a desire of conviction, to those who advise them to spare their money. Her example and her arguments gained ground daily; and in less than a year the whole parish was convinced that the nation would be ruined if the children of the poor were taught to read and write." So the school was dissolved, and Betty with the rest was turned adrift into the wide and cold world; and her adventures there any one may read in "The Idler" for himself.

There is an entry in the school minutes of 1762, to the effect that the ladies of the committee censured the schoolmistress for listening to the story of the Cock Lane ghost, and "desired her to keep her belief in the article to herself."

Skinner Street—now one of the names of the past—which ran by the south side of St. Sepulchre's, and formed the connecting link between Newgate Street and Holborn, received its name from Alderman Skinner, through whose exertions, about 1802, it was principally built. The following account of Skinner Street is from the picturesque pen of Mr. William Harvey ("Aleph"), whose long familiarity with the places he describes renders doubly valuable his many contributions to the history of London scenes and people:—"As a building speculation," he says, writing in 1863, "it was a failure. When the buildings were ready for occupation, tall and substantial as they really were, the high rents frightened intending shopkeepers. Tenants were not to be had; and in order to get over the money difficulty, a lottery, sanctioned by Parliament, was commenced. Lotteries were then common tricks of finance, and nobody wondered at the new venture; but even the most desperate fortune-hunters were slow to invest their capital, and the tickets hung sadly on hand. The day for the drawing was postponed several times, and when it came, there was little or no excitement on the subject, and whoever rejoiced in becoming a house-owner on such easy terms, the original projectors and builders were understood to have suffered considerably. The winners found the property in a very unfinished condition. Few of the dwellings were habitable, and as funds were often wanting, a majority of the houses remained empty, and the shops unopened. After two or three years things began to improve; the vast many-storeyed house which then covered the site of Commercial Place was converted into a warehousing dépôt; a capital house opposite the 'Saracen's Head' was taken by a hosier of the name of Theobald, who, opening his shop with the determination of selling the best hosiery, and nothing else, was able to convince the citizens that his hose was first-rate, and, desiring only a living profit, succeeded, after thirty years of unwearied industry, in accumulating a large fortune. Theobald was possessed of literary tastes, and at the sale of Sir Walter Scott's manuscripts was a liberal purchaser. He also collected a library of exceedingly choice books, and when aristocratic customers purchased stockings of him, was soon able to interest them in matters of far higher interest.

"The most remarkable shop—but it was on the left-hand side, 'at a corner house—was that and

lished for the sale of children's books. It boasted an immense extent of window-front, extending from the entrance into Snow Hill, and towards Fleet Market. Many a time have I lingered with loving eyes over those fascinating story-books, so rich in gaily-coloured prints; such careful editions of the marvellous old histories, 'Puss in Boots,' 'Cock Robin,' 'Cinderella,' and the like. Fortunately the front was kept low, so as exactly to suit the capacity of a childish admirer. . . . But Skinner Street did not prosper much, and never could compete with even the duller portions of Holborn. I have spoken of some reputable shops; but you know the proverb, 'One swallow will not make a summer,' and it was a declining neighbourhood almost before it could be called new. In 1810 the commercial dépôt, which had been erected at a cost of £25,000, and was the chief prize in the lottery, was destroyed by fire, never to be rebuilt—a heavy blow and discouragement to Skinner Street, from which it never rallied. Perhaps the periodical hanging-days exercised an unfavourable influence, collecting, as they frequently did, all the thieves and vagabonds of London. I never sympathised with Pepys or Charles Fox in their passion for public executions, and made it a point to avoid those ghastly sights; but early of a Monday morning, when I had just reached the end of Giltspur Street, a miserable wretch had just been turned off from the platform of the debtors' door, and I was made the unwilling witness of his last struggles. That scene haunted me for months, and I often used to ask myself, 'Who that could help it would live in Skinner Street?' The next unpropitious event in these parts was the unexpected closing of the child's library. What could it mean? Such a well-to-do establishment shut up? Yes, the whole army of shutters looked blankly on the inquirer, and forbade even a single glance at 'Sinbad' or 'Robinson Crusoe.' It would soon be re-opened, we naturally thought; but the shutters never came down again. The whole house was deserted; not even a messenger in bankruptcy, or an ancient Charley, was found to regard the playful double knocks of the neighbouring juveniles. Gradually the glass of all the windows got broken in, a heavy cloud of black dust, solidifying into inches thick, gathered on sills and doors and brickwork, till the whole frontage grew as gloomy as Giant Despair's Castle. Not long after, the adjoining houses shared the same fate, and they remained from year to year without the slightest sign of life—absolute scarecrows, darkening with their uncomfortable shadows the busy streets. Within half a mile, in Stamford Street, Blackfriars,

there are (1863) seven houses in a similar predicament—window-glass demolished, doors cracked from top to bottom, spiders' webs hanging from every projecting sill or parapet. What can it mean? The loss in the article of rents alone must be over £1,000 annually. If the real owners are at feud with imaginary owners, surely the property might be rendered valuable, and the proceeds invested. Even the lawyers can derive no profit from such hopeless abandonment. I am told the whole mischief arose out of a Chancery suit. Can it be the famous 'Jarndyce v. Jarndyce' case? And have all the heirs starved each other out? If so, what hinders our lady the Queen from taking possession? Any change would be an improvement, for these dead houses make the streets they cumber as dispiriting and comfortless as graveyards. Busy fancy will sometimes people them, and fill the dreary rooms with strange guests. Do the victims of guilt congregate in these dark dens? Do wretches 'unfriended by the world or the world's law,' seek refuge in these deserted nooks, mourning in the silence of despair over their former lives, and anticipating the future in unappeasable agony? Such things have been—the silence and desolation of these doomed dwellings make them the more suitable for such tenants." These houses belonged to the same eccentric old woman who owned those which formerly stood in Stamford Street, Blackfriars Road.

In front of No. 58, the sailor Cashman was hung in 1817, as already mentioned, for plundering a gunsmith's shop there. William Godwin, the author of "Caleb Williams," kept a bookseller's shop for several years in Skinner Street, at No. 41, and published school-books in the name of Edward Baldwin. On the wall there was a stone carving of Æsop reciting one of his fables to children.

The most noteworthy event of the life of Godwin was his marriage with the celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft, authoress of a "Vindication of the Rights of Women," whose congenial mind, in politics and morals, he ardently admired. Godwin's account of the way in which they got on together is worth reading:—"Ours," he writes, "was not an idle happiness, a paradise of selfish and transitory pleasures. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to mention, that influenced by ideas I had long entertained, I engaged an apartment about twenty doors from our house, in the Polygon, Somers Town, which I designed for the purpose of my study and literary occupations. Trifles, however, will be interesting to some readers, when they relate to the last period of the life of such a person as Mary. I will add, therefore, that we were both

of us of opinion, that it was possible for two persons to be too uniformly in each other's society. Influenced by that opinion, it was my practice to repair to the apartment I have mentioned as soon as I rose, and frequently not to make my appearance in the Polygon till the hour of dinner. We agreed in condemning the notion, prevalent in many situations in life, that a man and his wife cannot visit in mixed society but in company with each other, and we rather sought occasions of deviating from than of complying with this rule. By this means, though, for the most part, we spent

the latter half of each day in one another's society, yet we were in no danger of satiety. We seemed to combine, in a considerable degree, the novelty and lively sensation of a visit with the more delicious and heartfelt pleasure of a domestic life."

This philosophic union, to Godwin's inexpressible affliction, did not last more than eighteen months, at the end of which time Mrs. Godwin died, leaving an only daughter, who in the course of time became the second wife of the poet Shelley, and was the author of the wild and extraordinary tale of "Frankenstein."

## CHAPTER I.VI

### THE METROPOLITAN MEAT MARKET.

History of the Metropolitan Meat Market—Newgate Market and its Inconvenience—The Meat Market described—The Ceremony of Opening—A Roaring Trade—The Metropolitan Poultry Market—London Trade in Poultry and Game—French Geese and Irish Geese—Packed in Ice—Plover's Eggs for the Queen.

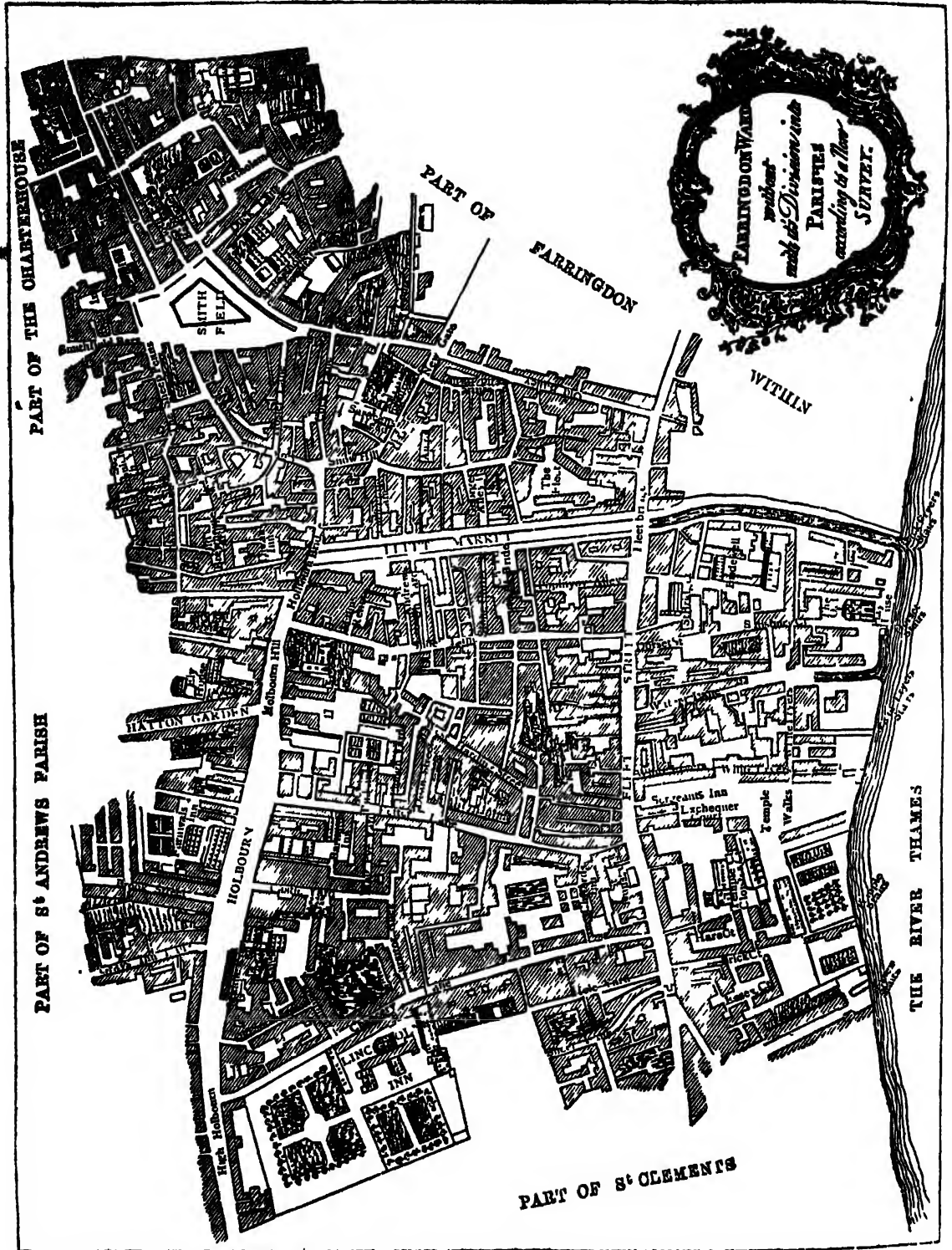
BEFORE the establishment of a central meat and poultry market in Smithfield, London was behind every city of Europe in respect of public markets. For seven centuries, dating from 1150, Smithfield has been used as a market for live stock. Latterly, the dirt and crowd, and the rushes of horned beasts, had become intolerable, and after much opposition from vested interests, an Act of Parliament was passed in 1852, under the provisions of which a new and convenient cattle-market was constructed by the Corporation out to the quiet north, in Copenhagen Fields, once the resort of Cockney lovers, Cockney duellists, and Cockney agitators.

"At the opening of the Meat Market by the Prince Consort, in 1855," says the *Times* of November 25, 1868, "Smithfield became waste ground. The arrangements at Copenhagen Fields are about as good for their purpose as any that could have been desired; but since the time the market there was laid out there have been very great changes in respect of the supply of animal food for the population of the metropolis. Then most of the beasts and sheep converted into meat for sale in the shops of London butchers were brought to London alive and slaughtered by the retailers. With the development of our railway system, and the additions to the great main lines by extensions which brought them into the business parts of the metropolis, the dead meat traffic from the provinces exhibited year by year a heavier tonnage. But the Cattle Plague, and the consequent restrictions to the removal from one county to another of live stock which might communicate or become infected

with the disease, brought about something like a revolution in our food supply; and at the present time not less than about 100,000 tons of dead meat are brought into the London market from all parts of the country. The centre to which all this immense quantity of meat has hitherto been consigned is Newgate Market. Here has been conducted an enormous wholesale trade between the salesmen, to whom the country dealers, nearly 300 in number, consign their meat, and retail butchers scattered all over London and its suburbs who do not slaughter for themselves. In addition, Newgate Market has been from time immemorial the principal retail meat market—a circumstance which may be attributed to the fact that it has the reputation of being cheaper than all others by 1d. or 2d. in the pound. Now, in modern London, it would be difficult to find any site more inconvenient for such a double trade than that of Newgate Market. The whole business has had to be done within the very limited space of which Paternoster Row, Ivy Lane, Newgate Street, and the Old Bailey are the boundaries. Last Christmas week 800 tons of meat were brought to London for the Newgate Market by the Great Eastern, the Great Northern, and the Midland railways. This, and the consignments by all the other lines, had to be conveyed to the market from the railway stations in wagons and vans. These vehicles, and the butchers' carts, completely block up Giltspur Street, Newgate Street, and the Old Bailey on several days in the week, Mondays and Fridays especially."

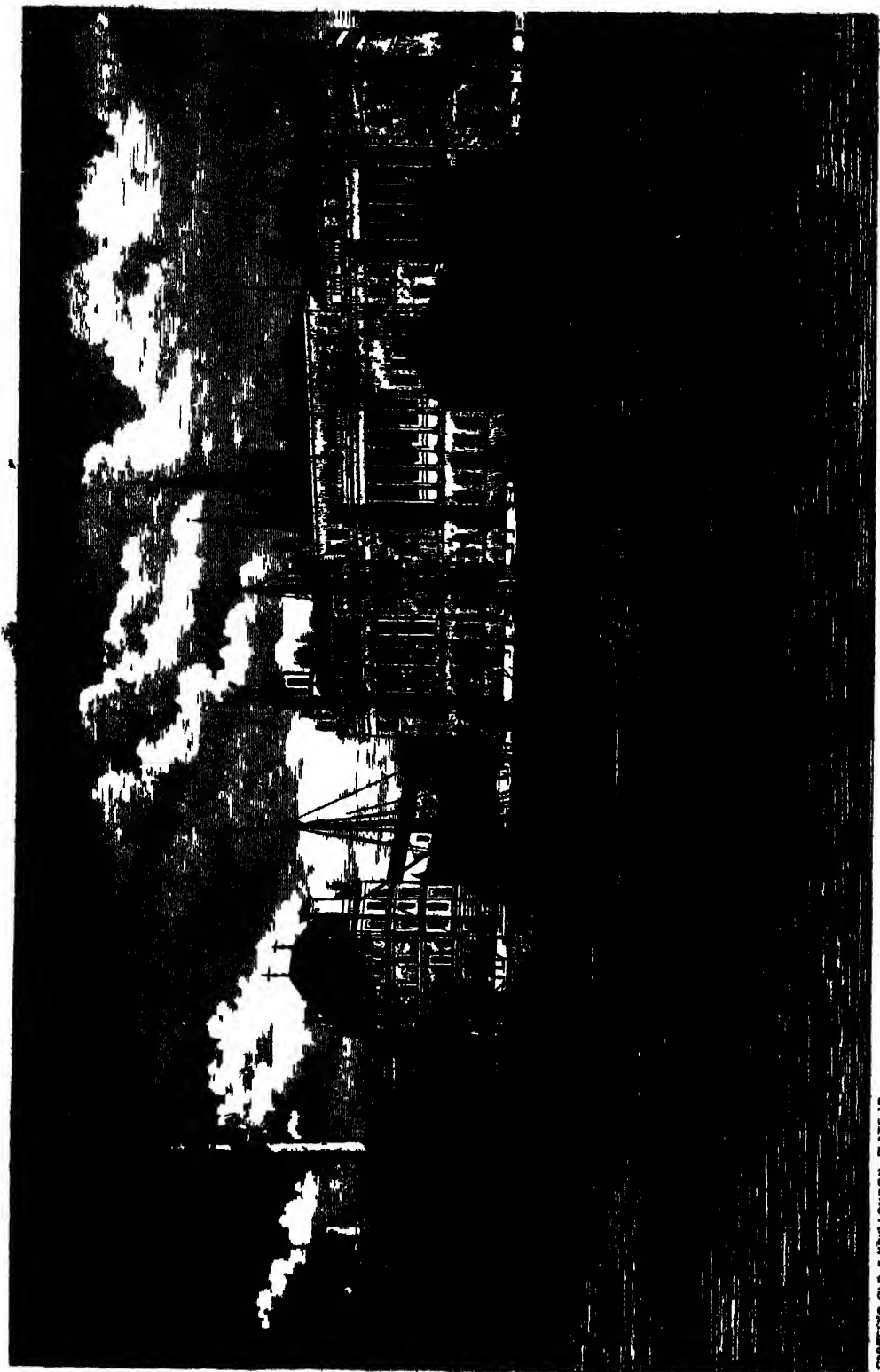
Through the filthy lanes and alleys no one could











CASEY'S OLD & NEW LONDON PLATE 18

NEW BULLINGDON MARKET

pass without being either butted with the dripping end of a quarter of beef, or smeared by the greasy carcase of a newly-slain sheep. In many of the narrow lanes there was hardly room for two persons to pass abreast. Nevertheless, till the extension of the railway system, there was a difficulty in constructing a meat market worthy of London, from the size of the great city. A good meat market must be open to access from all quarters. Some

mentary powers enabled the committee to raise a sum of £235,000 for the purchase of property, and £200,000 for the erection of buildings. The Markets Improvement Committee concluded their contract with Messrs. Browne and Robinson for a sum within the estimated amount of £200,000. The chief element of the design was that the basement storey of the market was to be a "through" railway-station, with communication not only from



THE METROPOLITAN MEAT MARKET. (See page 494.)

years ago, when beef and mutton were far dearer in outlying shops than in Newgate Market itself, the inconvenient position, and the difficulty of reaching it compelled persons of moderate means to be taxed elsewhere, rather than face the dirt and bustle of Newgate. The Corporation, therefore, at last resolved on providing a new market in Smithfield, in order to utilise a waste, and develop the meat trade throughout the kingdom.

In 1860 the Corporation obtained an Act for erecting market buildings on the site of Smithfield, and the following year procured another, giving them power to abolish Newgate Market. The Markets Improvement Committee then took the matter in hand, and Mr. Horace Jones, the City architect, prepared a fitting design. Their parlia-

all parts of the country, but also with all the suburban lines.

The tremendous excavations soon began on a Roman scale of grandeur. About 3,500,000 loads of earth, weighing about 172,000 tons, had to be loosened and removed. Twenty-one main girders, of Titanic strength, were carried across the entire width of the excavation, 240 feet, on wrought-iron stanchions. On these main girders cross girders were laid, 2 feet 6 inches deep, and 7 feet 6 inches apart. Between the latter brick arches were turned, and concrete and asphalt were set in stone to form a roof for the railway, and a bedding for the road pavement of the building.

In these foundations were five miles of steel girder, carried on no fewer than 140 wrought-

iron stanchions, while substantial retaining walls rose all around.

The first stone of this well-planned market was laid on the 5th of June, 1867, by Mr. Lowman Taylor, the chairman of the committee; and in the following year the work was completed. The market is a huge parallelogram, 631 feet long and 246 feet wide, and covers three and a half acres. It is not over-beautiful, but then its necessities were peculiar and imperative. The style would probably be called Italian, but it resembles more the Renaissance of France, that style which mediævalists shudder at, but which is more elastic in the architect's hands than the Gothic. The prevailing feature of the style is a series of arcaded recesses between Doric pilasters, fluted on the upper two triads, and elevated on pedestals. The entablature is returned and ornamented over the pilasters, with vase-like finials. The external wall is 32 feet high. Between the Portland stone pilasters are recesses of red brickwork. The semi-circular heads of the arches are filled in with rich iron scrolls, which let in the light and air freely.

The keystones of the arches are richly carved, especially those over the twelve side entrances. Under the iron openings are windows, with stone sills, trusses, architraves, and cornices. At the angles of the building rise four handsome towers of Portland stone. The lower storey of each octagonal tower is a square, with double pilasters at the corners, and a carved pediment on each face. Above this height the towers are octagonal. The square and the octagonal portions are joined by the huge couchant stone griffins of the City arms. On each side of the octagon are windows, with carved friezes. The dome of each tower is pierced on four sides by dormer windows, and above is a lantern, surrounded by an ornamental railing. The finest *coup d'œil* of the building, architectural critics think, is the double façade of the public roadway which runs across the market, and divides it into equal parts. The roadway is 50 feet wide between the double piers, which carry a richly-moulded elliptical arch and cast-iron pediment, and over each double pier is an emblematic figure in Portland stone, representing one of the four principal cities of the United Kingdom. At the south front London and Edinburgh stand confessed, and on the north are Dublin and Liverpool. The sides of the outer roadway are shut off from the market by an elaborate open iron-work screen, 14 feet high, and at the intersection of the central avenue, east and west, the market is closed by ornamented iron gates, with iron spandrels and semi-circular heads, similar to those in the

arcade. Towards the north a gate gives access, by a double staircase, to the railway department below. The gates at the east and west entrances (the chief) are 25 feet high, and 19 feet wide, and each pair weighs 15 tons. They are formed of wrought ironwork, elaborately scrolled. The central avenue, a large inner street, is 27 feet wide, and has six side avenues. The shops are ranged on either side of this great thoroughfare. There is one bay at the east end of the market for game and poultry, but no fish or vegetables can be sold. The shops are of cast-iron, with light columns and lattice girders, and which, by brackets, serve to carry the rails and meat-hooks. There are about 162 shops in the market, each about 36 feet by 15 feet, and behind every shop is an enclosed counting-house, with private apartments overhead. To secure light and air the Mansard roof has been used. The broad glass louvres of this system let in the air and keep out the sun; the result is that the interior of the building is generally ten degrees cooler than the temperature in the shade outside. There are twelve hydrants on the floor-level. It was planned that when the meat which arrived by rail reached the dépôt underneath the market, it should be raised to the level of the floorway by powerful hydraulic lifts. The Metropolitan, the Midland, the London, Chatham, and Dover, and the Great Western Railways have direct communication with the dépôt. The passenger trains of the Metropolitan, Great Northern, Midland, and Chatham and Dover Companies rush through every two minutes, and the Great Western Company has an extensive receiving-store there. It was thought that if it were deemed desirable there would be no difficulty in making a passenger station right under the market.

For the ceremony of opening, in November, 1868, a raised dais was erected in the eastern nave, and the public roadway dividing the market was fitted up as a magnificent banqueting-room. On both sides and at either end streamed rich scarlet draperies, and within the gate there were paintings and ornaments in white and gold-work. The temporary entrance was at the end of the eastern avenue. Opposite it was a scarlet sideboard, glowing with gold plate, and crowned with a trophy of lances. A table for the Lord Mayor and chief guests was placed in front of the sideboard, and twenty-four other tables, on which there were flowers and fruit, and covers for 1,200 people, ran in a transverse direction from the Lord Mayor's seat. Over the entrance was an orchestra for the band of the Grenadier Guards, led by that enthusiast of good time, Mr. Dan Godfrey. Jets of gas were

carried along the elliptical roof girders, in simple lines, and in arches over the screen of open iron-work that shuts off the market from the roadway. Three thousand yards of gas-piping fed a number of candelabra and a centre star-light. There were four carvers, in Guildhall dignity, who, mounted on high pedestals, carved barons of beef and boars' heads. The Lord Mayor's footmen shone in gold lace, and the City trumpeter and toastmaster also dignified the feast by their attendance. The ceremony of opening the market was simple enough. The Lord Mayor arrived in state from the Mansion House, and was received by Mr. H. Lowman Taylor and the Markets Improvement Committee, at the east end of the building, and conducted to the dais, where his lordship received a number of provincial mayors, members of Parliament, &c. The speakers at the banquet congratulated each other on the rapidity with which the market had been built, and hoped it would bring tolls to the Corporation, cheap meat to the people, and fair profits to the salesmen. Mr. Lowman Taylor considered the old market well replaced by the new building, with its ample thoroughfares, and trusted that the new rents and tolls would bring the Corporation exchequer a fair return for the £200,000 which the new building had cost. It was designed to supply 3,000,000 with food.

"The interior of the market," says a writer at the time of the opening, "has been of necessity even more subservient to the purposes of the building than the exterior. One of the leading features in the arrangements is that for securing light without sunshine, and free ventilation without exposure to rain. During the excessive heat of last summer the effect was tested by thermometers placed in various parts of the building, and the result found to be highly satisfactory. The upper parts of the roof all over the building are of wood, and communicate with other portions of the fabric, which are also of wood. In the event of fire it would probably spread with terrific rapidity through the building. The wooden portions of the roof have also the effect of throwing the avenues somewhat into shade. The shops are arranged on each side of the side avenues which cross the market from north to south, and intersect the central avenue. The latter is 27 feet wide, and the six side avenues 18 feet wide each. The backs of the shops are closed in, but at the sides are screened by light ironwork to ensure ventilation. The floor of the market is paved with blocks. Twelve hydrants, always at high pressure, will supply ample means of washing out the market avenues and stalls, and could be used in case of fire."

This great market has proved a decided success. An official report, issued in 1874, shows that the total amount of toll paid for all descriptions of produce brought into the market had risen from £14,220 3s. 6½d. in 1869 to £16,818 10s. 10½d. in 1873. The total receipts for both tolls and rentals were £76,325 6s. 7d. in 1880, as against £74,460 10s. 1d. during 1879. There has all along been a large demand for accommodation; so much so, indeed, that whenever there is a vacant shop, it is besieged by twenty or thirty tradesmen, eager to become tenants, and a place in the market is considered quite a prize amongst salesmen.

It was some time since resolved to erect a new market immediately west of the Meat Market, to be devoted to the poultry, game, and cognate trades. This market is now completed, and in 1879 the foundation-stone of a new Fruit and Vegetable Market was laid at the corner of Farringdon Road and Charterhouse Street. The area of this market is about 60,000 feet, and the cost of the land, with the buildings to be erected thereon, will be about £30,000.

The Poultry Market is, as regards architecture, in harmony with the Meat Market, and that it is as successful as regards trade can hardly be doubted. The traffic in London in poultry and game possesses many features of interest, and a few facts respecting the business done at Smithfield in these luxuries of the table may be worth noting. The following newspaper account may be rescued, on account of its merits, from that oblivion which so generally attends most of the ephemeral productions of the press:—"The 'foreign' branch of the poultry and game business is the most curious. The greater part of the eatable ornithology of Smithfield, in this department, is derived from Ireland and France. The Belgian pig, as an eatable subject, has lately been beating his Irish brother, and it may be made another subject for an Irish grievance that the French goose has of late years become a formidable rival of his fellow-geese from the Emerald Isle. Formerly there was a prejudice against French geese; the trade would not look at them, and the public would not eat them. But gastronomical prejudices are short-lived. Whether it is due to the soothing influence of sage and onions or to the quality of the noble bird itself, it is certain now that the French goose is very popular on this side of the Channel, for the poulterers say that they sell large numbers of them at good prices. Indeed, so successful is the French goose, that large numbers of his race are imported into England in an attenuated condition during the summer, and are ~~not~~

into the country to be fattened for the London market at Michaelmas. But remoter lands than France supply us with birds for the table. We get an abundance of prairie hens and canvas-back ducks from the United States. These are frozen by machinery on the other side of the Atlantic, packed in barrels, and brought over in capital condition. From Norway we receive ptarmigan, black-cock, and that eatable eagle, the capercaillie. They are sent over in the winter, frozen naturally, in cases containing from eighty to a hundred each, being shipped at Christiansund, landed at Hull, and brought up to town by rail. Holland is good enough to send us, sometimes by forty or fifty baskets of two hundred each in one steamer, her delicious wild ducks, and those curious little birds called ruffs and rees, which are about the size of godwits, and the male of which has most wonderful plumage, with a pretty crown of grey feathers on his head, given him to make him look handsome at courting time. But our most curious importation is the quail from Egypt, which feeds us to this day, as it fed the Israelites in the desert, and is brought over alive, in consignments of from thirty to fifty thousand. These birds are shipped at Alexandria, and are sent to Marseilles in charge of a native attendant to minister to their bodily wants.

Thence they are 'railed' across France in cages, lodged for a time in Smithfield, and then dispersed to all parts of the kingdom. So carefully are they transported, that not more than seven per cent. of them perish by the way. From birds it is a natural transition to eggs, and there is an enormous market for plovers' eggs at Smithfield. They come chiefly from Holland—the home produce being very small—and they are received during the spring and summer from March to June. The first plovers' eggs of the season invariably go to the Queen's poulterer, for Her Majesty's table, and fetch from seven to ten shillings apiece.

"Besides all this foreign produce, there is, of course, an immense home trade, and of the English poultry, which comes principally from Surrey, Devonshire, Lincolnshire, and Suffolk, much might be said. No wonder the poulterers are getting crowded out of their small corner of Smithfield Market, and are eager for a market of their own where they will have some scope for the development of their business. The trade generally is favourable to removal, and it is likely to act as a severe drain on Leadenhall, if not to shut it up altogether, although it is said there is a knot of very conservative poulterers who vow that they will never desert the old place, come what may."

## CHAPTER LVII.

### FARRINGDON STREET, HOLBORN VIADUCT, AND ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

*Farringdon Without—A Notorious Alderman—Farringdon Within—Farringdon Street—Fleet Market—Farringdon Market—Watercress Sellers—On a November Morning—The Congregational Memorial Hall—Holborn Viaduct described—The City Temple—Opening of the Viaduct by the Queen—St. Andrew's, Holborn—Its Interior—Its Exterior—Emery the Comedian—The Persecuting Lord Chancellor Wrothesley—Sacheverell: a Pugnacious Divine—The Registers of St. Andrew's—Marriages, cried by the Bellman—Edward Coke's Marriage—Coke catches a Tartar—Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson's Marriage—A Courtship worth reading—Christening of Richard Savage—The Unfortunate Chatterton—Henry Neele, the Poet—Webster, the Dramatist, and his White Devil—A Funeral Dirge—Tomkins, the Conspirator—Strutt, and "Sports and Pastimes"—"Wicked Will" Whiston—A Queen's Faults—Hacket, afterward, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry—A Surprise for Dissenters—Stillingfleet: A Controversial Divine—Looking People in the Face—The Rev Charles Barton—An Agreeable Surprise—St. George the Martyr, Queen Square, and St. Andrew's—St. Andrew's Grammar School.*

It is convenient here to devote a paragraph to the general subject of the ward—that of Farringdon Without—in which we now find ourselves. "The whole great Ward of Farindon," says Stow, "both intra and extra (*i.e.*, within and without the walls), took name of W. Farindon, goldsmith, alderman of that ward, and one of the sheriffs of London in the year 1281, the 9th of Edward I. He purchased the aldermanry of this ward." Farringdon Without is by far the largest of all the twenty-six wards of London. Its general boundaries are—on the north, Holborn and Smithfield; on the south, the Thames, between Blackfriars Bridge and the Temple Stairs; on the east, New

Bridge Street and the Old Bailey; and on the west, Temple Bar and Chancery Lane. The notorious John Wilkes was chosen alderman of this ward on the 27th of January, 1769, "while yet," says Walpole, "a criminal of State and a prisoner." He was at this time immensely popular with a large party in the City of London, and the election established that connection with the metropolis which was afterwards so profitable to him. This violent politician seems to have exercised a powerful fascination over those he met, by his wit, happy temperament, and tact, and no doubt much of his success with the clear-headed mercantile community of London arose from this. Lord Mansfield, who



had no reason to like him, was once heard to remark, "that he was the pleasantest companion, the politest gentleman, and the best scholar he ever knew." He excited great admiration by his fertility in expedients. "If," said one who knew him, "he were stripped and thrown over Westminster Bridge one day, you would meet him the next in Pall Mall, dressed in the height of fashion, and with money in his pocket."

Farringdon Without has been famous for its banking connections. The founders of the three rich banking-houses in Fleet Street the Childs, the Hoares, and the Goslings—filled at various periods the office of alderman of this ward.

The companion ward of Farringdon Within out of which we passed when we left speaking of Christ's Hospital, has for its general boundaries, on the north, Christ's Hospital (in the hall of which the wardmotes are held), and part of Cheapside; on the south, the Thames; on the east, Cheapside; and on the west, New Bridge Street.

Farringdon Street, which runs from Bridge Street northward to the line of Holborn, is constructed over the celebrated Fleet Ditch. In this street stood Fleet Market. To understand the history of this market the reader must recall what we said when speaking of the Mansion House, that it was erected on the site of the old Stocks Market (*see* Vol. I., p. 436). When that happened, about 1737, and Fleet Ditch was arched over, the business of the Stocks Market was transferred to the ground above the ditch, now called, as we have mentioned, Farringdon Street. Such was the origin of Fleet Market. It was opened for the sale of meat, fish, and vegetables on the 30th of September, 1737; but it did not complete a century of existence here.

In 1829 it was found necessary to widen the thoroughfare from Holborn to Blackfriars Bridge; so Fleet Market was removed from Farringdon Street, and Farringdon Market, in the immediate vicinity, but off the line of the street, was opened in its stead. This comparatively neglected mart covers a site of an acre and a half of ground, and was built by William Montague, the City architect. It has Stonecutter Street for its southern boundary. The cost of the site and buildings was about £280,000. The following description of the market is of the date of its being opened for business, on the 20th of November, 1829:—"It forms a handsome and elevated quadrangle, of 232 feet by 150 feet. The purchase of the ground, and the buildings which stood thereon, is estimated in round numbers at £200,000; the building of the market, including pavements' accounts, &c., is stated at £80,000. The avenue under which are the shops

of the dealers, and which extends round three sides of the building, is 25 feet high, to what are technically termed the tie-beams, with ventilators ranged at equal distances. . . . In the centre of the roof of the principal avenue a turret and clock have been placed. . . . The chief entrance to the market is by two gates, for wagons, &c., in Stonecutter Street, which has been made double its former width, and two smaller ones for foot-passengers; besides these, on each side of the quadrangle, massive oak doors are to be thrown open, from morning till the close of public business."

But careful building and liberal outlay seemed only thrown away. At a meeting of the Court of Common Council, held on the 29th of June, 1874, to consider the advisability of reconstructing the market, it was stated that the receipts during the last five years had only averaged £225. No wonder, then, that the court exhibited very little inclination to expend more money on a site which, exceedingly valuable as it would prove for other purposes, seems little suited for that of a market.

"Many persons," says a recent writer, "are of opinion that it is desirable to maintain the old Farringdon Market. In fact, the Corporation lately invited designs for its improvement, and have actually awarded prizes for the best. There can be no doubt that Farringdon Market, as it stands, is in a very bad position. It is quite behind the times in the matter of accommodation, and the gradients by which access to it is gained are so steep that accidents to carts and horses not unfrequently happen. It may be open to improvement by the alteration of the levels as proposed, but the latest disposition of the Corporation appears to be to leave the old market to its fate, and build a new one west of that now in process of construction at Smithfield, a course which certainly would have many advantages. As regards the existing market, it may be said to do a fairish middle-class trade. Its produce, however, is very humble, and rarely rises above the rank of the modest onion, the plebeian cabbage, the barely respectable cauliflower, the homely apple, and other unpretending fruits and vegetables. Pine-apples and hot-house grapes are unknown to its dingy sheds, and, as a sorrowing tradesman remarked, 'We never see such things as pears at 5s. a dozen!' The market for vegetables, in fact, is supplied chiefly from the gardens in the immediate vicinity of London, say within a ten or twelve miles' radius, while the fruit comes almost exclusively from Kent. The more important supplies, from distant parts of the country, go to Covent

Garden and the Borough. It is supposed that a better class trade would be done at Smithfield, but this is a disputed point.

"In one commodity Farringdon does a great business. It is *the* market, *par excellence*, for watercresses. Of these there are about a score of vendors in the market, and sometimes as much as twenty tons a week are brought up for sale. The general market opens at four a.m., but the retailers

market value of a shilling. The price ranges from twelve to eighteen hands; but the buyer is always careful to see that he or she gets proper measure, calculated in a rough-and-ready sort of fashion, and one often hears the admonition, 'Don't pinch your hand, governor.'"

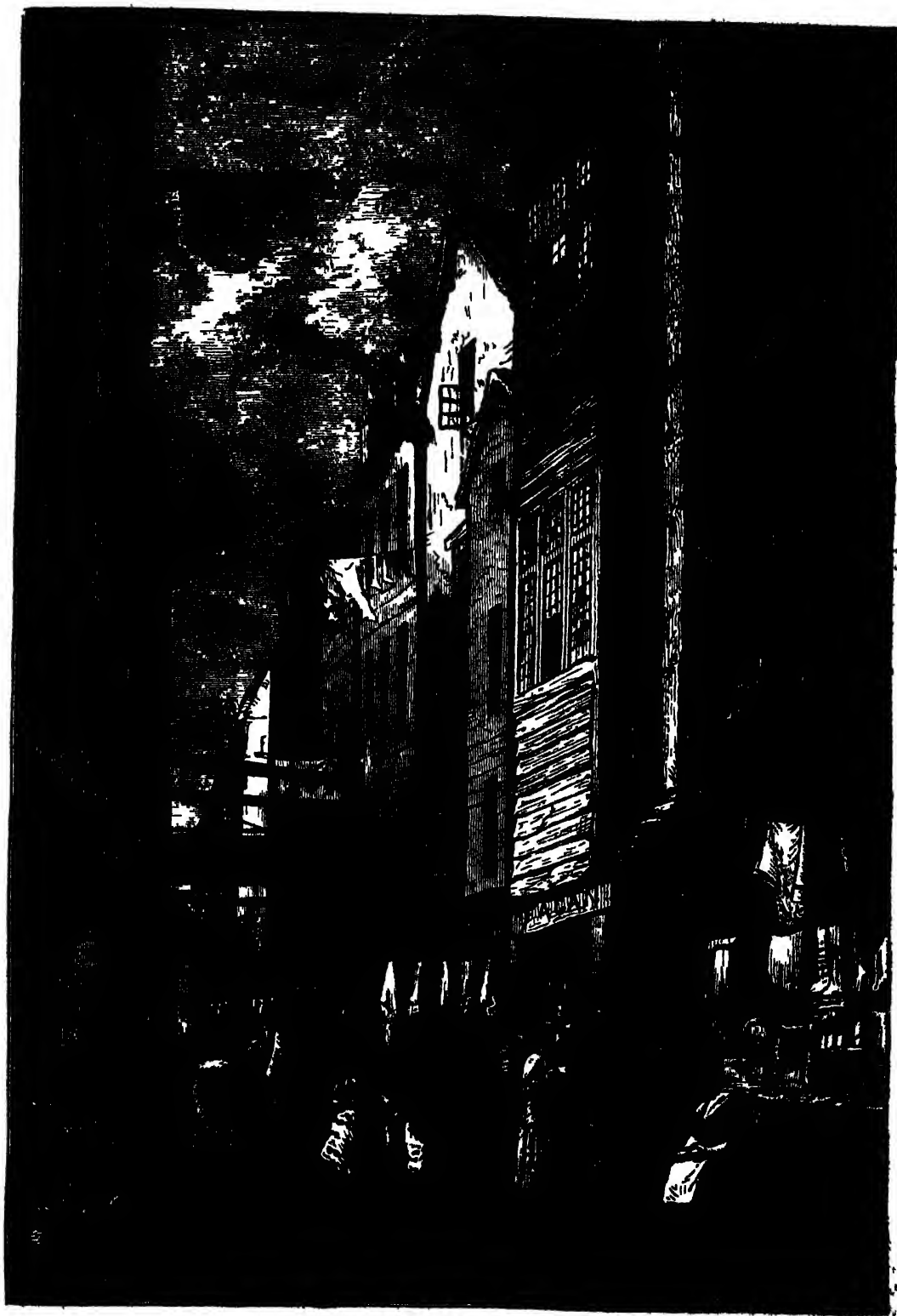
A visit to Farringdon Market in early morning, Mr. Henry Mayhew holds, is the proper way to form an estimate of the fortitude, courage, and



FLEET MARKET, ABOUT 1800. From a Drawing in Mr. Gardner's Collection. (See page 497.)

of the watercress are allowed to enter an hour earlier, and they flock thither—men, women, boys, and girls—by hundreds at a time. The 'watercresses' are brought in hampers, and in smaller baskets, called pads and flats. The toll for a hamper is twopence, and for a pad or flat one penny. The pleasant vegetable is sold by the 'end,' the 'middle,' and the 'side' of the basket—those in the middle, as they are, of course, fresher than the rest, fetching the best price. The value of a hamper of watercresses is sometimes as high as twenty shillings, and as low as five, that of a pad or flat being half as much. But the most popular way of buying watercresses is 'by the hand;' that is, the salesman sells as many handfuls—of his own hand, of course—as may be equivalent to the

perseverance of the poor. These watercress sellers are members of a class so poverty-stricken that their extreme want alone would almost justify them in taking to thieving, yet they can be trusted to pay the few pence they owe, even though hunger should pinch them for it. As Douglas Jerrold has truly said, "there is goodness, like wild honey, hived in strange nooks and corners of the earth." It must require no little energy of conscience on the part of the lads to make them resist the temptations around them, and refuse the cunning advice of the young thieves they meet at their cheap lodging-houses. Yet they prefer the early rising, the walk to market with naked feet over the cold stones, and the chance of earning a few pence by a day of honest labour, to all the comparative ease



FIELD LANE ABOUT 1840. (See page 542.)

of a career of fraud. "The heroism of the unknown poor," adds Mr. Mayhew, "is a thing to set even the dullest marvelling, and in no place in all London is the virtue of the humblest—both young and old—so conspicuous as amongst the watercress buyers at Farringdon Market."

Mr. Mayhew visited it one November morning. The poor, he says, were there, in every style of rags, laying in the necessary stock for their trade. "As the morning twilight drew on, the paved court was crowded with customers. The sheds and shops at the end of the market grew every moment more distinct, and a railway van, laden with carrots, came rumbling into the yard. The pigeons, too, began to fly into the sheds, or walk about the paving-stones, and the gas-man came round with his ladder to turn out the lamps. Then every one was pushing about, the children crying as their naked feet were trodden upon, and the women hurrying off with their baskets or shawls filled with cresses, and the bunch of rushes in their hands. In one corner of the market, busily tying up their bunches, were three or four girls, seated on the stones, with their legs curled up under them, and the ground near them was green with the leaves they had thrown away. A saleswoman, seeing me looking at the group, said, 'Ah, you should come here of a summer's morning, and then you'd see 'em, sitting tying up, young and old, upwards of a hundred poor things, as thick as crows in a ploughed field.'"

On the east side of Farringdon Street, and on a part of the site of the old Fleet Prison, stands the Congregational Memorial Hall and Library, a handsome new building, the foundation-stone of which was laid on the 10th of May, 1872. This hall has been erected by the Congregationalists of England and Wales, in commemoration of the ejection from their charges, two hundred years ago—it was on the 24th of August, 1662—of more than two thousand ministers of the Church of England, because they could not conscientiously subscribe to the Act of Uniformity. The ground purchased in Farringdon Street consisted of 9,000 feet of freehold land, with 84 feet frontage to the main road, and 32 feet to old Fleet Lane, and having a depth of about 100 feet. It cost £28,000. The design for the memorial building, prepared by Mr. Tarring, comprised a hall capable of holding 1,200 to 1,500 people; a library, with accommodation for 300; a board-room, and twenty-five other offices, which it was calculated would be amply sufficient for all the societies connected with the denomination in London.

We come now to speak of one of the greatest

and most successful works ever undertaken in the city of London—the Holborn Valley improvements, an undertaking which will ever be quoted as a notable example of the energy and public spirit of our time. We have already spoken of the inconvenience and disagreeableness of the approach to the City from the west by Holborn. To avoid the dangerous descent of Holborn Hill, it was at last resolved to construct a viaduct and high-level bridge over Farringdon Street, and so to supplant Skinner Street, and form a spacious and pleasant thoroughfare connecting the City with that great Mediterranean of western traffic, Holborn and Oxford Street. This was done after long consultation, the consideration of many different schemes, and many attempts, not always successful, to reconcile conflicting interests. The works were commenced in May, 1863, and if it was more than six years before the valley was bridged over, and the viaduct opened to the public, we must consider the gigantic nature of the undertaking, and the delays in effecting the demolition of the old structures and roadway, embarrassed, too, by much litigation. The cost of the improvements considerably exceeded two millions.

The scheme was originally calculated to cost about £1,500,000, the Corporation recouping themselves to the extent of from £600,000 or £700,000, by the sale of building land on the sides of the new viaduct. It was resolved to remove the whole of the houses and shops on the south side of Skinner Street, Snow Hill, from the Old Bailey to Farringdon Street, and thence to the summit of Holborn Hill, while all the houses on the northern side were to be removed, enormous sums being paid in compensation—in one case alone about £30,000 being awarded.

The central object of this scheme was a stately and substantial viaduct across the Holborn Valley, between Hatton Garden and the western end of Newgate Street. A new street was also to open from opposite Hatton Garden, and pass by the back of St. Andrew's Church, to Shoe Lane, which was to be widened as far as Stonecutter Street. Thence another new line of street, fifty feet wide, and with easy gradients, was to be formed at the east end of Fleet Street, near its junction with Farringdon Street. The viaduct across Holborn Hill was to be eighty feet wide, and was to commence at the west end of Newgate Street.

"The impression left upon the mind after a first walk from Holborn to Newgate Street, along the Viaduct, is," says a writer in the *Builder*, "that of a wide and level thoroughfare raised above the old pavement, and of a spacious bridge crossing the

busy line of Farringdon Street below. The improvement is so grand and yet so simple, and the direction taken by the new road is so obviously the easiest and the best, that difficulties of construction and engineering details are in a manner lost sight of, and it is not until the work concealed from the eye is dived into, that the true nature of the undertaking is understood. To know what has been accomplished, and to appreciate it rightly, the observer must leave the upper level, and penetrate the interior; to comprehend his subject, he must do as all patient learners do—commence at the foundation.

"The problem that the engineer had to work out appears at first sight a simple one. The postulates were a bridge crossing the great artery of Farringdon Street, and a level causeway on either side from Holborn to Newgate Street. Then came considerations of detail that soon assumed a complex and difficult shape. Sewers, and gas, and water-pipes had to be carried, levels to be regarded, and connection with lateral thoroughfares had to be maintained. Then arose questions of modes of construction. Obviously, a solid embankment was not possible, and an open arcade would be a waste of valuable space. So the design gradually shaped itself into what may be briefly and accurately described as a plan consisting of two lateral passages, one on either side supporting the pavement, and cross arches, forming vaults between, and carrying the carriage roadway above.

"As the great depth of the Holborn Valley caused the viaduct to be of considerable height at its point of crossing Farringdon Street, the engineer took advantage of this to subdivide his vaulted passages into storeys, and these accordingly are one, two, or three, as the dip of the level permits. First is appropriated a space for areas and vaulted cellars of the houses, and then against these is at top a subway, in which are the gas, water, and telegraph pipes; then a passage, and below these a vaulted chamber constructed with damp-proof courses through its walls, and of considerable depth, at the bottom of which, resting on a concrete bed, is the sewer. . .

"The height of these subways is 11 feet 6 inches, and their width 7 feet. They are constructed of brickwork, excepting where carried over the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, at which point they are of tubular form, and are constructed of iron. . .

"The subways contain ventilating shafts, which are connected with trapped gullies in the roadway above; also with the pedestals of the lamp-posts, perforated for the purpose, and with flues expressly directed to be left in party-walls of buildings; all these contrivances being made for the carrying off

gases that may escape, especially from leakage from the gas-mains. Provision is made for the easy ingress of workmen and materials, and the subways are lighted by means of gratings filled with globules of thick glass."

The great ornamental feature of the Viaduct is the bridge across Farringdon Street. Unfortunately for the effect, it is a skew-bridge—that is, it crosses the street obliquely—but the design is rich and striking. It is a cast-iron girder-bridge, in three spans, divided by the six granite piers which carry the girders. These piers are massive hexagonal shafts of polished red granite, resting on bases of black granite, and having capitals of grey granite with bronze leaves, the outer piers being, however, carried above the railing on the parapet of the bridge, and terminating in pedestals, on which are placed colossal bronze statues. These statues represent Commerce and Agriculture on the south, and Science and Fine Art on the north side. The iron palisading consists of circular panels united by scrolls, and bearing emblazonings of civic crests and devices, with the City arms on a larger scale. At the four corners of the bridge, and forming an intrinsic part of the design, are lofty houses, of ornate Renaissance character, within which are carried flights of steps, giving means of communication to pedestrians between the level of the Viaduct and that of Farringdon Street. The fronts of these houses are adorned with the statues of four civic worthies of the olden time. On the north are Sir Hugh Middleton (born 1555, died 1631) and Sir William Walworth (Mayor 1374 and 1380); and on the south are Henry Fitz-Aylwin (Mayor 1189 to 1212) and Sir Thomas Gresham (born 1519, died 1579).

On the south side of the Viaduct are the Viaduct Hotel, the station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, and the new Congregational City Temple, erected by the congregation of Dr. Joseph Parker. The latter is in a light Italian style of architecture. The chapel has its floor on a level with the roadway of the Viaduct, and is seated for 2,500 persons. Underneath it are spacious school and class-rooms, entering from Shoe Lane. Dr. Parker's congregation used to meet in the old chapel in the Poultry, but that building was found too small; it was therefore sold, and the present one was erected, at a cost of £60,000, including the price (£25,000) paid for the site.

The length of the Viaduct from Newgate Street to Holborn is about 1,400 feet, and the width between the building-line 80 feet, affording space for a 50-feet carriage-way in the centre, and two pavements, each 15 feet wide, at either side. The



surface of the carriage-way is paved with cubes of granite 9 inches by 3 inches, and the side pavements are laid with York flags, with perforated gratings to light the subways.

During the demolition of the old streets and houses, for the purpose of clearing the ground for the Viaduct, nothing of any special value or interest was brought to light. The most noteworthy incidents, says a writer in the *Builder*, of April 24th, 1869, were "the frequent discovery of all sorts of concealed passages for escape, and nooks for hiding plunder in the villainous old houses of Field Lane and its unsavoury neighbourhood, the removal of which alone should cause the Holborn Valley Improvement to be considered a blessing to this part of London. In carrying the new road through St. Andrew's Churchyard, a large slice of the ground was required, and this compelled the removal of a great number of human remains; between 11,000 and 12,000 were therefore decorously transferred to the City Cemetery at Ilford."

The opening of Holborn Viaduct by the Queen took place on the 6th of November, 1869, the same day as that on which Her Majesty opened the new bridge over the Thames at Blackfriars. The ceremony was an imposing one, and excited uncommon interest and enthusiasm amongst all classes in the metropolis. The day fortunately was bright and fair, and, leaving out of account a momentary interruption of its sunshine, was as good as could have been looked for in November. Blackfriars Bridge having been opened, and a loyal address from the Corporation of London having previously been presented, the combined royal and civic processions passed up Farringdon Street amidst an immense assemblage of people, the roadway in the middle being kept clear by soldiers and policemen. The Queen's carriage stopped for a moment before the Viaduct Bridge, that Her Majesty might observe the structure from below. She then passed under it, and turned up Charterhouse Street into Smithfield, which she traversed on the west side of the Meat Market. Her attention was particularly directed to the market-building, which was gorgeously decorated with flags and streamers. From West Smithfield the procession turned into Giltspur Street, and soon the neighbourhood re-echoed with the cheering of the Bluecoat boys, who, to the number of 750, were assembled in their playground, to give their sovereign a loyal welcome. Under St. Sepulchre's Church were ranged several hundreds of the boys and girls of the parish and charity schools; and what with their shrill acclamations, and those of the Bluecoat boys opposite, the effect is said to have been startling.

"Here was the east end of the Holborn Valley Viaduct, close to Newgate Prison and St. Sepulchre's Church. Two colossal plaster statues, one bearing the palm of Victory, the other the olive-branch of Peace, were set up at the entrance, and numerous banners helped the general effect. Along the level approach to the Viaduct, which was from end to end strewn with yellow sand, seats were placed under cover, and in well-arranged blocks, for the guests of the Corporation. Above these streamed in the fresh breeze bannerets of the dagger and St. George's Cross on a white ground, from days immemorial the arms of the City of London; and the masts to which they were attached were painted and gilt. The pavilion, which had seats for 600 spectators, was constructed of red and white striped canvas at the sides, but of gold-coloured hangings, with devices in colour at the end, and with curtains of maroon to keep out the draughts. The royal arms, in rich gilding, surmounted the main entrance, supported on each hand by the City arms above the side divisions. Four female figures, bearing golden baskets of fruit, were placed against the gilt divisions of the pavilion; and between each couple of fruit-bearers was a large statue, chosen from the best works in the possession of the Crystal Palace Company." In the centre of the pavilion the roadway was narrowed, so that the dais might be carried close to the royal carriage, and at this point were assembled as a deputation to receive Her Majesty, Mr. Deputy Fry, the chairman of the Improvement Committee, Alderman Carter, Sir Benjamin Phillips, and several members of the Common Council.

The visitors accommodated in the reserved places all rose as they heard the welcome of the boys and children at Christ's Hospital and St. Sepulchre's, and then took up the cheering. The procession slowly passed along the viaduct. More than once it came to a stop as the carriage of the Lord Mayor or an alderman halted at the platform in the pavilion, and its occupants alighted. When Her Majesty reached the platform and the carriage halted, the Lord Mayor presented Mr. Deputy Fry and Mr. Haywood, the engineer of the viaduct. Mr. Fry then handed to the Queen a volume elaborately bound in cream-coloured morocco, relieved with gold, and ornamented with the Royal arms of England, in mosaic of leather and gold; and Her Majesty declared the viaduct open for public traffic. The Lord Mayor and the other civic dignitaries then took leave of Her Majesty and returned to their carriages, and the procession again got under weigh. But it broke up immediately on passing through the gates of the temporary barrier and



the Lord Mayor and his company turned towards the City, whilst Her Majesty drove quickly up Holborn, and so by Oxford Street to Paddington Station, from whence she returned by special train to Windsor.

No sooner was this gigantic undertaking completed, and the viaduct open for traffic, than an alarm was raised—cracks had appeared in some of the great polished granite pillars which supported the bridge over Farringdon Street. A lively newspaper correspondence was the result, and many wise things were said on both sides; but the pillars have borne heavy traffic and all the changes of temperature since then without any perceptible extension of the flaw, and the safety of the work is no longer, if it ever was seriously, in doubt.

The present church of St. Andrew's, Holborn, was erected by Wren, in 1686, on the site of the old church, in the Ward of Farringdon Without. Let us begin by speaking of the history of the old building. The exact date of its foundation is uncertain, but in 1297 we find it given by one Gladerinus to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's; it being stipulated at the same time that the church should be held of them by the Abbot and Convent of Bermondsey. The monasteries being dissolved in the reign of Henry VIII., the right of presentation devolved to the Crown, and the king made it over to Thomas Lord Wriothesley, afterwards Lord Chancellor and Earl of Southampton, who died July 30th, 1550, and was buried in St. Andrew's. At a later date the right of presentation became vested in the Duke of Buccleuch. The first vicar mentioned by Newcourt goes under the name of Richard de Tadeclowe; he was appointed before the year 1322, and among those who succeeded him in the old church were Thomas de Cottingham, in 1343, keeper of the Great Seal, and Gilbert Worthington, in 1443.

As to the appearance of the original building, we learn from the will of Gilbert Worthington, printed by Strype, that there were four altars in it, if not more. The steeple was commenced in 1446, but from some cause or other it was not finished till 1468. During the interval the north and south aisles were rebuilt. At the general clearance of the Reformation St. Andrew's fared no better than its neighbours: in the first year of Edward VI. most of the altars and statues were removed, and in that year and in the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth the numerous monumental brasses of this church were converted into current coin of the realm.

When the Great Fire ravaged the City, this church escaped; but being in a hopelessly ruinous condition it was taken down, with the exception of the

tower, about ten years after that event, and a new building was in course of time erected in accordance with designs furnished by the great architect, Sir Christopher Wren.

The interior of this new church consisted of a nave, two aisles, and chancel; and has been praised by many writers for its magnificence and beauty. Mr. Godwin, however, remarks that "an alteration in taste, as regards architectural productions, has been produced. The value of simplicity and breadth of parts, in opposition to minute divisions and elaborate ornament, has been admitted; and therefore, although it may be regarded as a large and commodious church—a good specimen of the style in which it is built, and as a construction well executed—it will not again obtain the unconditional praise which was formerly bestowed upon it.

"Pillars," adds Mr. Godwin, describing the church interior as it appeared when he wrote, in 1839, "cased with wainscot, support a gallery on either side; and at the west end, and from the top of the gallery front, rise diminutive Corinthian columns bearing small blocks intended to represent an entablature, reminding one of the columns with the two chapiters or capitals, called Jachin and Boaz, mentioned in the description of Solomon's Temple. A wagon-headed ceiling of large span, in panels, supported on these blocks, and adorned with festoons of flowers and fruit, covers the body of the church. The ceiling of the aisles is groined, and opens into the wagon-headed ceiling, forming an arch between each of the columns. At the west end of the church there is a second gallery, at a great height from the ground, which is appropriated to the children of the Sunday schools. On the wall behind it were formerly some large paintings, but these have been obliterated.

"The chancel is somewhat richly adorned with paintings, gilding, and stained glass; and the walls are covered with wainscot, which is veined to imitate Sienna marble, as high as the ceiling. Above the carved altar-piece is a large Palladian window in two storeys, containing in stained glass a representation of the Last Supper, and of the Ascension, executed by Price of York, in 1718. The colours are for the most part brilliant; but as a work of art, the window is not deserving of commendation. On either side of it are two large paintings (apparently in fresco) of St. Andrew and St. Peter, and two smaller panels representing the Holy Family and the infant St. John. In the ceiling of the chancel is introduced a glazed light, whereon is painted the dove. There are two other windows at the east end of the church which

are filled with stained glass, namely, one in the north aisle containing the royal arms, and those of the donor, inscribed: '1687. Ex dono Thomæ Hodgson de Bramwill in Agro Eboracen. Militis;' and another, at the end of the south aisle, representing the arms of John Thavie, Esq., who, in the year 1348, 'left a considerable estate towards the support of this fabric for ever.'"

Towards the close of 1872, St. Andrew's under-

In addition to these alterations, the church was re-decorated. The nave ceiling and groined ceilings of the galleries were painted in panels of a tempered turquoise blue as a ground-colour, with margins in stone and vellum, the enrichments being in white. The blue grounds were filled with a classic diaper, in self-colouring and white, the walls being a neutral of silver grey. The shafts of columns were finished in Indian red. The chancel



THE WEST END OF ST. ANDREW'S, 1837.

went a most thorough restoration, and was re-opened for public worship on Sunday, the 13th of October of that year. The ancient tower, which used to be separated from the nave of the church by a screen-wall, with a gallery in front, was thrown open to the nave by the removal of the wall and gallery.

A ritual chancel was formed at the east end, the floor-level of which was raised two feet above the floor-line of the nave, and choir-stalls were arranged north and south of the same. The old high-backed square pewing was removed, and in its place new low oak seating was substituted. The old windows were done away with, and new iron ones took their place, glazed with tinted cathedral glass.

ceiling was treated in the same manner as that of the nave, with this exception, that the enrichments to the panels were gilded.

A new organ was also constructed. It spans over the Gothic arch, and rests upon the galleries on either side.

The church contains a carved oak pulpit, and a sculptured marble font, displaying four cherubim. The whole length of the building is stated as 105 feet, the breadth 63 feet, and the height 43 feet.

The old organ of St. Andrew's, made by Harris, was celebrated as being part of the discarded instrument in the contest for superiority between Father Schmydt and Harris, at the Temple Church. This contest has been described by us at page 145

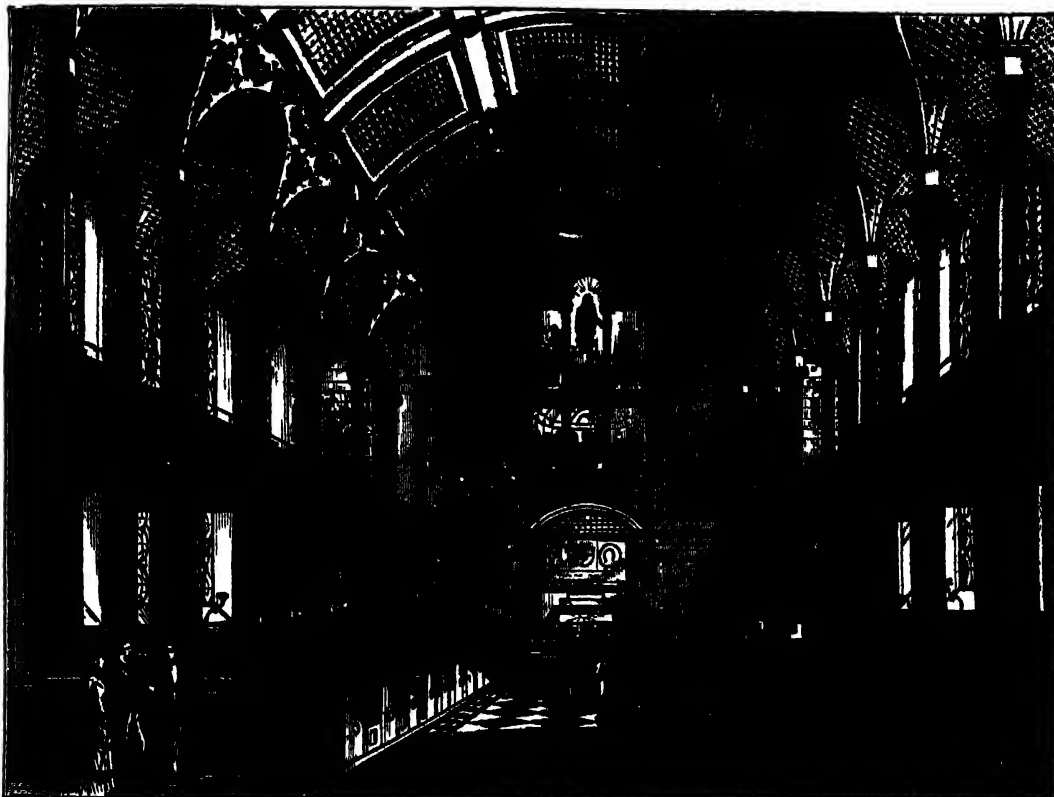
Vol. I. When Dr. Sacheverell entered upon the living of St. Andrew's, he found that the organ, not having been paid for, had, from its erection in 1699, been shut up, he therefore had a collection made among his parishioners, raised the amount, and paid for the instrument.

There are no remarkable features to be pointed out in connection with the exterior of the church. It is divided into two storeys, and terminates with

that the basement is there considerably elevated above the houses."

Among the tablets in the church is one mentioned by Godwin as affixed to the north wall, and inscribed to Mr John Emery, the famous comedian, who died on the 25th of July, 1822. It bears the following couplet:—

"Each part he shone in, but excelled in none  
So well as husband, father, friend, and son."



INTERIOR OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH (See page 504)

a cornice and balustrade. "The old Gothic tower," says Mr. Godwin, "notwithstanding it was re-cased and adorned with vanes and pine-apples at the four corners, is still to be detected by the large buttresses left standing at the angles, and the small pointed windows remaining in the lower storey. The windows in the belfry are singularly confused and ugly." The height of the tower is reported to be 110 feet; there are 188 steps from the bottom of it to the top.

St. Andrews, says Mr. Godwin, is one of the best-placed churches in London, "for as the west end is nearly at the summit of Holborn Hill, the foundation was necessarily continued throughout on this level, to the east end in Shoe Lane; so

Emery was born at Sunderland, on the 22nd of December, 1777, and was educated at Ecclesfield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire; and it was there doubtless that he acquired that knowledge of the Yorkshire dialect which obtained for him so much celebrity. His first appearance on the stage was at Brighton, in "Crazy" ("Peeping Tom"). He was excellent in his representation of the stupid dolt, and the arch, unsophisticated child of nature. "His forte," says Talfourd, "lay in showing the might of human passion and affection, not only unaided by circumstance, but attended by everything which could tend to associate them with the ludicrous or the vulgar. The parts in which he displayed this prodigious power were as far as pos-

sible removed from the elegant and romantic, and his own stout frame and broad iron countenance did not give him any extrinsic aid to refine or exalt them. But in spite of all these obstacles, the energy of passion or the strength of agony was triumphant. Every muscle was strained to bursting, and every fibre informed with sense and feeling; every quiver of the lip, and involuntary action of the hands, spoke the might of that emotion which he was more than counterfeiting; and all little provincialisms, all traits of vulgarity, were forgotten in wonder and sympathy. . . . His 'Tyke' was the grandest specimen of the rude sublime; his 'Giles,' in the *Miller's Man*, was almost as intense, and the whole conception of a loftier cast."

A fiery zealot of the days of English history lies buried here—Thomas Wriothesley, Lord Chancellor in the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. This influential statesman was no wiser than his generation in respect to persecution. "Not content with seeing the amiable Anne Askew put to the torture," says Pennant, "for no other crime than difference in faith, he flung off his gown, degraded the Chancellor into the Bourreau, and with his own hands gave force to the rack. He was created Earl of Southampton just before the coronation of Edward VI., but obstinately adhering to the old religion, he was dismissed from his post, and confined to Southampton House, where he died in 1550."

One of the congenial tasks Wriothesley had to perform during the reign of Henry VIII., was to impeach and arrest the queen, Catherine Parr, for her supposed heterodoxy. When he arrived, however, to take her into custody, the king had made friends again with his sixth and last wife, and the chancellor was dismissed, his Majesty calling him knave, an arrant knave, a fool, a beast, and such-like complimentary names. It was the influence of Wriothesley which chiefly led to the execution of the Earl of Surrey, and the attainder of the Duke of Norfolk, in 1547. He was one of the executors of Henry VIII., and an opponent of the Protector Somerset.

Another of those buried in this church was Henry Sacheverel, who died in 1724. He was laid in the chancel, where there is an inscription on the pavement to his memory. It may well be left to another occasion to tell the story of this divine, and of the two famous sermons which he preached at Derby and at St. Paul's, with the object of exciting alarm for the safety of the Church, and creating hostility against the Dissenters. Being impeached in the House of Commons, in the year

1710, he was sentenced to be suspended from preaching for three years. But this prosecution established the popularity of the preacher; and the very month that his suspension terminated, he was appointed to the valuable rectory of St. Andrew's, Holborn. Like many who owe their popularity to circumstances, rather than to any merit of their own, Sacheverel dropped, in Holborn, into comparative obscurity, and nothing worthy of note is told of him, but that his quarrels with his parishioners were by no means unfrequent—just as one might have expected from so pugnacious a character. He had the good luck, during his latter days, to inherit a considerable fortune.

There is much of interest connected with the registers of St. Andrew's. Some of the books are dated as far back as 1558, the first year of Queen Elizabeth's reign. One of the volumes, containing entries from 1653 to 1658, is wholly occupied with proclamations of marriage during the interregnum, when they were published in the market-place. For example: "An agreement and intent of marriage between John Law and Frances Rile, both servants to the Lady Brooke, of this parish, was published three several market-days in Newgate Market; and in three several weeks, that is to say, &c." In various parts of this book the church is spoken of as the "Public Meeting-place, commonly called St. Andrew's, Holborn."

The extract quoted above from the register is an illustration of a curious chapter in the history of marriage customs and laws in England. By a statute of August, 1653, the betrothed couple were allowed to choose whether they would be "asked" in church or chapel on three several Sundays, or cried in the open market on three consecutive market-days, at the town nearest their ordinary place of worship. This was the assertion with a vengeance of the civil nature of the marriage contract. If the lovers chose the latter method, their proposed union was in most cases proclaimed by the bellman, though the kind offices of that official were not legally required for making the announcement. "In the absence of conclusive evidence on the matter," says Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson, the historian of "Brides and Bridals," "I have no doubt that the street banns of our forefathers, in Cromwell's England, were rarely proclaimed by clergymen. On the other hand it is certain that the bellman was, in many places, regularly employed to cry aloud for impediments to the wedding of precise lovers."

The parish register contains two interesting entries of marriage, the first of which is that of Edward Coke, "the Queen's Attorney-General,"

and "my Lady Elizabeth Hatton," in 1598. This lady was the relict of Sir William Hatton, and the daughter of the celebrated Thomas Lord Burleigh, afterwards Earl of Exeter. She became Coke's second wife, his first having been a lady of the ancient and highly-connected family of the Pastons, by whom he had the large sum (for those days) of £30,000. By the widow of Sir William he also obtained a considerable addition to his property; but his marriage with her is only another example to be added to the list of the unfortunate matrimonial alliances of distinguished men. The celebration of the ceremony involved both parties in some difficulty. There had been, the same year, a great deal of notice taken of irregular marriages, and Archbishop Whitgift had intimated to the bishops of his province that all who offended in point of time, place, or form were to be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. Coke, however, seems to have presumed on his own and the lady's position, or on his acquaintance, if not friendship, with the prelate, and he disregarded the statute, and was married in a private house, without even having had the banns published or a licence obtained. But this act of contumacy was not passed over. Coke, the newly-married lady, the minister who officiated, Lord Burleigh, and several other persons, were prosecuted in the ecclesiastical court; but upon their submission by their proxies, the whole affair ended in smoke; they were absolved from excommunication, and the penalties consequent upon it, because, says the record, they had offended not out of contumacy, but through ignorance of the law in that point. It strikes one, at this distance of time, that the suit may have been commenced merely for the sake of public example.

Lady Elizabeth Hatton proved a Tartar. When, many years afterwards, Sir Edward Coke proposed a marriage between his younger daughter by Lady Hatton and Sir John Villiers, she raised a tempest, and resenting her husband's attempt to dispose of the daughter without asking her consent, carried the young lady off, and lodged her at Sir Edmund Withipole's, near Oatlands. Sir Edward complained to the Privy Council, and then went with his sons to Oatlands and captured his daughter, a proceeding which induced Lady Hatton to complain to the Privy Council in her turn. Much confusion followed, but at last the marriage of the young couple actually did take place. Then the ill-will between the old people broke out again, and many letters are still in existence, showing a great deal of heat and resentment in both parties. At one time Sir Edward publicly accused his wife of having purloined his plate, and substituted counterfeited

*altumy* in its place, with intent to defraud him; but she had quite as good to say about him. In about four years their reconciliation seems to have been effected, and that by no less a mediator than James I., but they never enjoyed anything like domestic happiness.

The other entry of marriage is that of Colonel Hutchinson and Lucy Apsley, in 1638. And here, by way of contrast to the last, we have one of the most touching instances of womanly affection that ever was set down in writing. Mrs. Hutchinson is best known by her "Memoirs" of the life of her husband, a charming volume of biography. The account given by her of the courtship which led up to the ceremony before the altar of St. Andrew's is a narrative which all should read, and which all will enjoy.

Mr. Hutchinson fell in love with the lady before seeing her. He had been invited to go to Richmond by his music-master, a man who stood high in his profession, and had been warned by a friend to take heed of the place, for it was so fatal to love, that never any young disengaged person went thither who returned again free. He determined, however, to run the risk, and went. The musician's house was a lively one, frequented by much good company, including gentlemen and ladies connected with the court, and many of the king's musicians.

There happened to be boarded there, for the practice of the lute, and till the return of her mother, a younger daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, late Lieutenant of the Tower. The mother had gone into Wiltshire to complete a treaty, in which some progress had been made, about the marriage of her elder daughter. "This young girl," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "that was left in the house with Mr. Hutchinson, was a very child, her elder sister being at that time scarcely past it, but a child of such pleasantness and vivacity of spirit, and ingenuity in the quality she practised, that Mr. Hutchinson took pleasure in hearing her practise, and would fall in a discourse with her. She having the keys of her mother's house, some half a mile distant, would sometimes ask Mr. Hutchinson, when she went over, to walk along with her.

"One day, when he was there, looking upon an odd by-shelf in her sister's closet, he found a few Latin books. Asking whose they were, he was told they were her elder sister's, whereupon, inquiring more after her, he began first to be sorry she was gone before he had seen her, and gone upon such an account that he was not likely to see her. Then he grew to love to hear mention of her, and the other gentlewomen who had been her companions



used to talk much to him of her, telling him how reserved and studious she was, and other things which they esteemed no advantage; but it so much inflamed Mr. Hutchinson's desire of seeing her, that he began to wonder at himself that his heart, which had ever had such an indifferency for the most excellent of womenkind, should have so strong impulses towards a stranger he never saw; and certainly it was of the Lord (though he perceived it not), who had ordained him, through so many providences, to be yoked with her in whom he found so much satisfaction." Her praises continued to be daily sounded in his ears; but at last news arrived which led all the company present one day at table to conclude that Miss Lucy—or "Mrs." Lucy, as young ladies used to be called then—was really married. Mr. Hutchinson immediately turned pale as ashes, and had to retire from table to conceal his agitation.

But it proved a false alarm, and some little time after she made her appearance, and the lover, who had fallen in love with a shadow, met the reality. "His heart, being prepossessed with his own fancy, was not free to discern how little there was in her to answer so great an expectation. She was not ugly, in a careless riding habit; she had a melancholy negligence both of herself and others, as if she neither affected to please others, nor took notice of anything before her; yet in spite of all her indifferency, she was surprised with some unusual liking in her soul when she saw this gentleman, who had hair, eyes, shape, and countenance enough to beget love in any one at the first, and these set off with a graceful and generous mien, which promised an extraordinary person; he was at that time, and indeed always, very neatly habited, for he wore good and rich clothes, and had variety of them, and had them well suited, and every way answerable; in that little thing showing both good judgment and great generosity, he equally becoming them and they him, which he wore with such unaffectedness and such neatness, as do not often meet in one. Although he had but an evening sight of her he had so long desired, and that at disadvantage enough for her, yet the prevailing sympathy of his soul made him think all his pains well paid; and this first did whet his desire to a second sight, which he had by accident the next day, and, to his joy, found she was wholly disengaged from that treaty which he so much feared had been accomplished; he found withal, that though she was modest, she was accostable, and willing to entertain his acquaintance. This soon passed into a mutual friendship between them, and though she innocently thought nothing of love,

yet was she glad to have acquired such a friend, who had wisdom and virtue enough to be trusted with her councils, for she was then much perplexed in mind. Her mother and friends had a great desire she should marry, and were displeased that she refused many offers which they thought advantageous enough; she was obedient, loath to displease them, but more herself, in marrying such as she could find no inclination to."

It was not long before friendship on her part passed into love; but of their mutual affection in its full height Mrs. Hutchinson limits herself to saying this, "There never was a passion more ardent and less idolatrous; he loved her better than his life, with inexpressible tenderness and kindness; had a most high obliging esteem of her, yet still considered honour, religion, and duty above her, nor ever suffered the intrusion of such a dotage as should blind him from marking her imperfections; these he looked upon with such an indulgent eye as did not abate his love and esteem of her, while it augmented his care to blot out all those spots which might make her appear less worthy of that respect he paid her; and thus, indeed, he soon made her more equal to him than he found her; for she was a very faithful mirror, reflecting truly, though but dimly, his own glories upon him, so long as he was present. But she, that was nothing before his inspection gave her a fair figure, when he was removed, was only filled with a dark mist, and never could again take in any delightful object, nor return any shining representation. The greatest excellency she had was the power of apprehending, and the virtue of loving his; so, as his shadow, she waited on him everywhere, till he was taken into that region of light that admits of none, and then she vanished into nothing."

Unfortunately, the very day the friends on both sides met to conclude the marriage, she fell ill of the small-pox. "First her life was almost in desperate hazard, and then the disease, for the present, made her the most deformed person that could be seen for a great while after she recovered. Yet Mr. Hutchinson was nothing troubled at it, but married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her; but God recompensed his justice and constancy by restoring her, though she was longer than ordinary before she recovered, as well as before. . . . On the third day of July, 1638, he was married to Mrs. Lucy Apsley, the second daughter of Sir Allan Apsley, late lieutenant of the Tower of London, at St. Andrew's Church, in Holborn." The newly-



married couple lived for some time afterwards in this neighbourhood.

Their subsequent career need only be glanced at. In 1642 Mr. Hutchinson became a lieutenant-colonel in the parliamentary army, and in 1643 was appointed governor of Nottingham Castle. He took an active part in the struggles of the civil war, and in the government of the days of the Commonwealth, and proved himself honest and earnest in his endeavours to serve the interests of the Parliament. He was an uncompromising republican, brave, high-minded, and unaffectedly pious. At the Restoration he was discharged from Parliament, and from all offices of state for ever. In October, 1663, he was arrested, imprisoned at Newark, thence carried to the Tower, and in the next year removed to Sandown Castle, where he fell ill and died on the 11th of September, 1664. His noble wife was refused permission to share his confinement.

Richard Savage, the poet, son of the unnatural Countess of Macclesfield, was, according to Dr. Johnson, christened in this church by the direction of Lord Rivers, his reputed father, in 1697-8.

In the register of burials of St. Andrew's parish, under the date August 28, 1770, appears the following entry:—"William Chatterton, Brooks Street;" to which has been added, probably by an after incumbent, "the poet," signed "J. Mill." The addition is perfectly correct, although the poet's Christian name was Thomas, not William, and this slight memorial is the only record in the church of the end of a short chapter in the annals of genius. We shall have more to say on the subject of this unfortunate bard, as well as on the equally melancholy career of Richard Savage, when we come shortly to speak of Brooke Street, Holborn, and its neighbourhood.

In the churchyard of St. Andrew's, Holborn, lie the remains of another poet, Henry Neele, author, among other works, of the "Romance of English History." He was born in the Strand, on the 29th of January, 1798, and early in life was apprenticed to a solicitor. During his clerkship—namely, in 1817—he made his first appearance as an author before the public, and from that time continued to publish occasionally, until 1828, on the 8th of February of which year, in a fit of insanity, incipient, it is true, but encouraged by excessive reading, he unhappily destroyed himself. Against the west wall of the churchyard is a gravestone commemorative of his father, and bearing an epitaph written by Henry Neele. On the same stone, together with the names of several others of the family, is the record of the poet's own pre-

mature death. The epitaph written by him is as follows:—

"Good night, good night, sweet spirit! Thou hast cast  
Thy bonds of clay away from thee at last;  
Broke the vile earthly fetters, which alone  
Held thee at distance from thy Maker's throne.  
But, oh! those fetters to th' immortal mind  
Were links of love to those thou'st left behind.  
For thee we mourn not; as the apostle preest  
His dungeon pillow, till the angel guest  
Drew nigh; and when the light that round him shone  
Beamed on the prisoner, his bands were gone:  
So wert thou captive to disease and pain,  
Till death, the brightest of th' angelic train,  
Poured heaven's own radiance, by divine decrees,  
Around thy suffering soul, and it was free."

St. Andrew's has been called "the poet's church," from the sons of song who have in some way or other been connected with it. We have named three already, and have here to speak of a fourth. John Webster, the dramatist, is said to have been parish clerk in St. Andrew's, but there is, unfortunately, no confirmation of this in the register. The clerkship, however, being in the gift of the rector, the vestry register could afford no direct evidence on the subject. Webster has, to us, an obscure personal history, but by those who love an old play he will ever be remembered as the author of the *White Devil* and the *Duchess of Malfy*—two performances, says Hazlitt, which upon the whole, perhaps, come the nearest to Shakespeare of anything we have on record. Charles Lamb had a great admiration of our parish clerk's *White Devil*. "I never saw anything," he writes, "like the funeral dirge in this play for the death of Marcello, except the ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in the *Tempest*. As that is of the water, watery, so this is of the earth, earthy. Both have that intensity of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the element which it contemplates." Let us, while we have the chance, repeat, in honour to the memory of Webster, the exquisite lines alluded to by Lamb:—

"Call for the robin redbreast, and the wren,  
Since o'er shady groves they hover,  
And with leaves and flowers do cover  
The friendless bodies of unburied men.  
Call unto his funeral dole  
The ant, the fieldmouse, and the mole,  
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,  
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm;  
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,  
For with his nails he'll dig them up again."

The *Duchess of Malfy*, Webster's second great play, "is not," remarks the critical Hazlitt, "in my judgment, quite so spirited or effectual a performance as the *White Devil*. But it is distinguished by the same kind of beauties, clad in the same terrors.

I do not know but the occasional gleams of passion are even profounder and more Shakesperian; but the story is more laboured, and the horror is accumulated to an overwhelming and insupportable height."

In the church register there is also entered the burial of Nathaniel Tomkins, executed for his share in Waller's plot. Tomkins was Waller's brother-in-law. The plot for which he suffered is

Tomkins and Challoner were hanged, the one in Holborn, and the other in Cornhill, both within sight of their own dwelling-houses; Blinkhorne, Hassell, White, and Waller were, by the mercy of Parliament and the Lord-General Essex, reprieved, and eventually saved. Waller, the chief of them, was detained in the Tower, but, about a year after, upon payment of £10,000, was pardoned 'and released to go travel abroad.'



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, FROM SNOW HILL, IN 1850. (See page 505.)

one of the noted conspiracies of history. Waller, the poet, in conjunction with Tomkins, Challoner, Blinkhorne, and a few others, had undertaken to seize the persons of the leading members of the House of Commons, and to deliver up the City of London to Charles, who had sent in a commission of array very secretly, by means of the Lady Aubigny, whose husband had fallen at Edgehill. "A servant of Tomkins overheard the conversation of the conspirators, and revealed what he knew to Pym, who presently seized their chief and brought him to trial, where he confessed everything with amazing alacrity, and crawled in the dust, in the hope of saving his life. The jury of Guildhall found a verdict of guilty against all the prisoners.

Another burial we must notice is that, in 1802, of Joseph Strutt, the author of "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," and several other works of an antiquarian character. Strutt was born at Springfield, in Essex, on the 27th of October, 1749, and was educated as an artist. In 1770 he became a student at the Royal Academy, and was successful in winning both the gold and silver medals there. He served an apprenticeship to the unfortunate Ryland, and when his term expired, began to unite literary labours of an antiquarian character with those of his artistic profession. In 1773 he published his first book, "The Regal and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of England," and subsequently a "Complete View of the Manners and



*Others would swell with Pride, if thus cared to  
But he bears humble Thoughts within his Breast.*



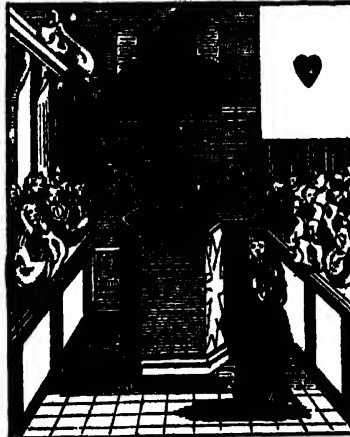
*Without Concern he from his Coach alights,  
To stand a Trial which its Bearers frights.*



*The College with alacrity received  
Her Son returned for whom amidst the great*



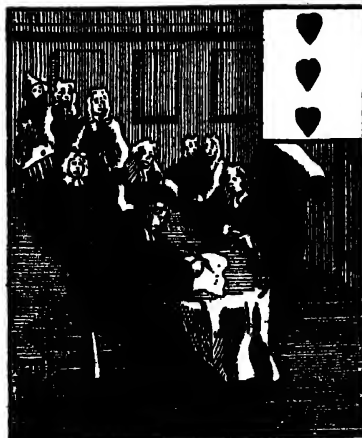
*St. Asaph's Bishop, for his Flocks Instruction  
Allows Him Institution and Induction.*



*From hence the Church's Restoration rose,  
And made Discovery of her Secret Foes.*



*The Derby Sheriff doth of him request,  
That his Office Discourse may be improved.*



*The Duke and his Friends in Consultation,  
How to reply to Commons' Accusation.*



*Into the Church the Sheriff introduces,  
The Duke who laments his Fees Abuses.*



*At Banbury the Courtiers' Dinner  
Salutes him who returns the Salutation.*

"SACHEVERELL" CARDS.

(Selected from a Pack illustrating the Reign of Queen Anne.)

Customs, Arms, Habits, &c., of the Inhabitants of England;" a "Chronicle of England" (a "heavy book," Chalmers says); a "Dictionary of Engravers;" "The Sports and Pastimes of the People of England;" "Queen Hoo Hall, a Romance," and several other works. He died on the 16th of October, 1802, in Charles Street, Hatton Garden. His biographer sums up his character in these words:—"The calamities incident to man were indeed his portion on this earth, and these greatly augmented by unkindnesses where he least deserved to have met with them. He was charitable without ostentation; a sincere friend, without intentional guile; a dutiful son; a faithful and affectionate husband; a good father; a worthy man; and, above all, it is humbly hoped, a sincere Christian. His natural talents were great, but little cultivated by early education. The numerous works which he gave to the world as an author and as an artist, prove that he employed his time to the best advantage."

That celebrated preacher, William Whiston, once made himself rather troublesome in connection with this church. He constantly attended and partook of the communion. On his principles becoming known he was warned by Sacheverell to forbear partaking of the sacrament. "Wicked Will" Whiston, however, persisted, and at last the rector fairly turned him out. Whiston aired his grievances in print, and then shifted his camp into another parish. Pennant says that on the occasion of his ejection from the church, he had taken it into his head to disturb Dr. Sacheverell while he was in the pulpit, giving utterance to some doctrine contrary to the opinion of that heterodox divine. His lawyer, who had no liking for Dr. Sacheverell, tried to induce Whiston to prosecute the doctor for the insult, and offered to take the business in hand without fees; but this Whiston refused, replying, "If I should give my consent, I should show myself to be as foolish and passionate as Sacheverell himself."

Whiston was born in 1667, and died in 1752. During his life he had many ups and downs, and seems to have been long tossed to and fro on a sea of religious doubt and metaphysical uncertainty. Towards the close of his career he distinguished himself by an abortive attempt to discover the longitude, and by his opinions on the Millennium and the restoration of the Jews. He was a favourite with Queen Caroline, who presented him with £50 every year from the time she became queen, which pension was continued for some time after her death. We get a glimpse of the queen and the eccentric divine in the following anecdote

told by Whiston's son. The queen, who liked Whiston's free conversation, once asked him what people in general said of her. He replied that they justly esteemed her as a lady of great abilities, a patron of learned men, and a kind friend to the poor. "But," says she, "no one is without faults, pray what are mine?" Mr. Whiston begged to be excused speaking on that subject, but she insisting, he said her majesty did not behave with proper reverence at church. She replied, the king would persist in talking with her. He said, a greater than kings was there only to be regarded. She acknowledged the truth of this, and confessed her fault. "Pray," said she, "tell me what is my next?" He answered, "When your majesty has amended of that fault I will tell you of your next;" and so it ended.

But we must not be carried away, by recollection of such tales, to forget St. Andrew's. Hacket, who afterwards became a bishop, was rector here for several years. This divine was born near Exeter House in the Strand, on the 1st of September, 1592, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He took orders in the year 1618, and we find him passing through various stages of advancement till in 1623 he landed in the post of chaplain to James I., with whom he became a favourite preacher. In 1624, upon the recommendation of the Lord Keeper, Dr. Williams, he was made rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn. His patron also procured him, in the course of the same year, the rectory of Cheam, in Surrey, telling him that he intended Holborn for wealth and Cheam for health.

During the time of the Civil War he was in danger, through his allegiance to the unpopular party, of getting into trouble. "One Sunday," says Cunningham, "whilst he was reading the Common Prayer in St. Andrew's, a soldier of the Earl of Essex came, clapped a pistol to his breast, and commanded him to read no farther. Not at all terrified, Hacket said he would do what became a divine, and he might do what became a soldier. He was permitted to proceed."

At the Restoration he was made Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and set a noble example by exhibiting a degree of munificence worthy of his station. He expended £20,000 in repairing his cathedral, and was, besides, a liberal benefactor to the college of which he had been a member. He was the author of the *Life of Archbishop Williams*, a quaint and learned work, half made up of quotations, like Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

As for his character, he is described as having

been exemplary in behaviour, cheerful in conversation, hospitable, humble and affable, though subject to great eruptions of anger, but at the same time very placable and ready to be appeased, and altogether of too generous a nature to be really vindictive.

The Dissenters once got an agreeable surprise whilst Hacket was rector of St. Andrew's. Soon after the Restoration, having received notice of the interment of a Dissenter belonging to his parish, he got the burial service by heart. He was a fine elocutionist, and besides felt deeply the propriety and excellence of what he had to deliver; so he went through the service with such emphasis and grace as touched the hearts of all who were present, and particularly of the friends of the deceased, who unanimously gave it as their opinion that they had never heard a finer discourse. Their astonishment may be conceived when they learned that it was taken word for word from the Liturgy, a book which, though they had never read it, they affected to hold in contempt and detestation. Other clergymen, it is said, have been known to practise the same pious fraud as Mr. Hacket, and with a like success.

During Mr. Hacket's time St. Andrew's was old and decayed. He took in hand to rebuild it, and for that purpose got together a great sum of money, but on the breaking out of the Civil War the funds were seized by Parliament, as well as those which had been gathered for the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral, so that he was unable to carry out his praiseworthy intentions.

Another eminent rector of St. Andrew's was Stillingfleet, who was afterwards raised to the see of Worcester. Stillingfleet was truly a controversial divine, his life being one long warfare with Romanists, Nonconformists, Socinians, and the philosopher, John Locke. Among his Nonconformist opponents were Owen, Baxter, and Howe. He was born in 1635, and died in 1699. He was presented to the living of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in 1665, by Thomas, Earl of Southampton. His biographer describes his person as tall, graceful, and well-proportioned; his countenance as comely, fresh, and awful. "His apprehension was quick and sagacious; his judgment exact and profound; and his memory very tenacious; so that considering how intensely he studied, and how he read everything, it is easy to imagine him what he really was, one of the most universal scholars that ever lived."

Stillingfleet was at one time chaplain to King Charles II., and in that capacity exhibited considerable ability as a courtier. On one occasion it

is told that his majesty asked him "how it came about that he always read his sermons before him, when he was informed he invariably preached without book elsewhere?" He told the king that "the awe of so noble an audience, where he saw nothing that was not greatly superior to him, but chiefly the seeing before him so great and wise a prince, made him afraid to trust himself." With this answer, which was not very becoming in a divine, the king was well content. "But pray," said Stillingfleet, "will your majesty give me leave to ask you a question, too? Why do you read your speeches, when you have none of the same reasons?" "Why, truly, doctor," said the king, "your question is a very pertinent one, and so will be my answer. I have asked them so often, and for so much money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face."

Amongst the rectors of St. Andrew's was the Rev. Charles Barton, who died in 1805, and of whom an anecdote worth repeating is given by the historian of the churches of London. He had acted diligently as curate of the church for several years, when the previous rector died, and presuming on length of service, he waited on the Duchess-Dowager of Buccleuch to ask for the living. "You have come soon, and yet too late," said her Grace; "for having made up my mind a dozen years ago as to whom I would give St. Andrew's, I have sent my servant with the presentation." Mr. Barton bowed in silence, and returned home, where he found his wife and family rejoicing over the duchess's letter. "Ah," said he, "her Grace loves a joke," and of course went back immediately to thank her. When he died the duchess continued her kindness to the family, and presented a living to his eldest son, who was also in the Church. Mr. Charles Barton was buried in St. Andrew's, and is commemorated by a tablet in the north gallery.

Under an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of Queen Anne, and in consequence of the proceedings that took place in connection with it, the parish of St. George the Martyr, Queen Square, which before had formed part of St. Andrew's, Holborn, was erected into a distinct parish for spiritual purposes, although still united with St. Andrew's as regards the poor, and other secular matters.

Newcourt informs us that a public grammar-school was among the adjuncts of the church. It was one of those erected by Act of Parliament in the reign of Henry VI., and, according to Maitland, stood on the right side of the church, and was taken down in 1737.



## CHAPTER LVIII.

## ELY PLACE.

*Ely Place: its Builders and Bishops—Its Demolition—Seventy Years ago—"Time-honoured" Lancaster's Death—A King admonished—The Earl of Sussex in Ely Place—The Hatching of a Conspiracy—Ely Place Garden—The Duke of Gloucester's Dessert of Strawberries—Queen Elizabeth's Handsome Lord Chancellor—A Flowery Lease—A Bishop Extinguished—A Broken Heart—Love-making in Ely Place—"Strange Lady," Hatton shows her Temper—An Hospital and a Prison—Festivities in Ely Place—The Lord Mayor offended—Henry VII. and his Queen—A Five Days' Entertainment—The Last Mystery in England—A Gorgeous Anti-masque—Two Bailiffs baffled, and a Bishop taken in—St. Etheldreda's Chapel—Its Interior—The Marriage of Evelyn's Daughter—A Loyal Clerk.*

A LITTLE north of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and running parallel to Hatton Garden, stand two rows of houses known as Ely Place. To the public it is one of those unsatisfactory streets which lead nowhere; to the inhabitants it is quiet and pleasant; to the student of Old London it is possessed of all the charms which can be given by five centuries of change and the long residence of the great and noble. The present Ely Place, and a knot of neighbouring tenements, streets, and alleys, occupy the site of the town house, or "hostell," of the Bishops of Ely. And to the history of the old mansion, and its sometimes gay and sometimes sober inmates, we shall devote the following chapter.

The earliest notice of Ely Place belongs to the close of the thirteenth century. John de Kirkeby, Bishop of Ely, died in the year 1290, and left to his successors in the see a messuage and nine cottages in Holborn. His intention was to found a London residence for the Bishops of Ely, suitable to their rank. Previous to this time they had their London residence in the Temple, but things do not seem to have gone smoothly with them there. In 1250 Bishop Balsham was denied entrance there by the master, when Hugh Bigod was Justiciary of England. He insisted, however, on the rights which his predecessors had enjoyed, from the Conquest, of using the hall, chapel, chambers, kitchen, pantry, buttery, and wine-cellar, with free ingress and egress, by land and water, whenever he came to London, and he laid his damages at £200. The master not being able to overthrow the claim, the bishop won the case. But this was not an agreeable way of obtaining town lodgings, so no wonder John de Kirkeby was induced to bequeath the Holborn property for the benefit of his successors. The next bishop, William de Luda, probably built the chapel of St. Etheldreda, and we find him adding a further grant to the bequest of John de Kirkeby, accompanied by the condition that "his next successor should pay one thousand marks for the finding of three chaplains" in the chapel there. The next benefactor to the episcopal residence was John de Hotham, another bishop, who added a vineyard,

kitchen-garden, and orchard, and, altogether, seems to have given the finishing touch to the premises; so that Camden speaks of Ely Place as "well beseeeming bishops to live in; for which they are beholden to John de Hotham, Bishop of Ely under King Edward III." Other and subsequent prelates did their duty by building, altering, and repairing, and conspicuous amongst these was the well-known Arundel, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who erected a large and handsome "gate-house or front," towards Holborn, in the stone-work of which his arms remained in Stow's time. Thus Ely Place, by the liberality of many successive prelates, came to be one of the most magnificent of metropolitan mansions.

In the reign of Elizabeth, Sir Christopher Hatton was the occupant of Ely Place; and we shall tell in a few words the interesting story of his coming in, and the bishop's going out. Meanwhile—pursuing our rapid notice of the history of the house—let us only say that Sir Christopher died, in Ely Place, in 1591, and was succeeded in his estates by his nephew, Newport, who took the name of Hatton. When he died, his widow, "the Lady Hatton," who married Sir Edward Coke, the famous lawyer, held the property. The Bishops of Ely, upon her death, came in again, though in what appears a confused and unsatisfactory sort of way; and the subsequent history has been thus summarised by Mr. Peter Cunningham:—"Laney, Bishop of Ely, died here in 1674-5, and in Bishop Patrick's time (1691-1707) a piece of ground was made over to the see for the erection of a new chapel, and the Hatton property saddled with a rent-charge of £100 per annum, payable to the see. In this way matters stood till the death, in 1762, of the last Lord Hatton, when the Hatton property in Holborn reverted to the Crown. An amicable arrangement was now effected, the see, in 1772, transferring to the Crown all its right to Ely Place, on an act (12 Geo. III., c. 43) for building and making over to the Bishops of Ely a spacious house in Dover Street, Piccadilly, still in possession of the see, with an annuity of £300 payable for ever."

In Ralph Aggas's map of London, in the reign of



Elizabeth, we see the vineyard, meadow, kitchen-garden, and orchard of Ely Place, extending northward from Holborn to the present Hatton Wall and Vine Street, and east and west from Saffron Hill to nearly the present Leather Lane. Except a cluster of houses—Ely Rents—standing on Holborn Hill, the surrounding ground was about that time entirely open and unbuilt upon. In the names of Saffron Hill, Field Lane, Turnmill and Vine Streets, we get a glimpse of the rural past. In the Sutherland View (1543) the gate-house, banqueting-hall, chapel, &c., of this house are shown.

During the imprisonment of Bishop Wren by the Long Parliament, most of the palatial buildings were taken down, and upon the garden were built Hatton Garden, Great and Little Kirby Streets, Charles Street, Cross Street, and Hatton Wall. The present Ely Place was not built till about 1773. We find a fragment of the old episcopal residence preserved in, and giving its name to, Mitre Court, which leads from Ely Place to Hatton Garden. Here, worked into the wall of a tavern known as "The Mitre," is a bishop's mitre, sculptured in stone, "which probably," Mr. Timbs conjectures, "once adorned Ely Palace, or the precinct gateway.

A writer in Knight's "London" has been at the pains to put together, from existing material, a description of Ely Place as it existed immediately before the bishop's residence was levelled to the ground. "Let us imagine ourselves," he says, "entering the precincts from Holborn. The original gate-house, where the bishop's armed retainers were wont to keep watch and ward in the old style, is now gone, and we enter from Holborn at once upon a small paved court, having on the right various offices, supported by a colonnade, and on the left a wall, dividing the court from the garden.

"Passing from the court, we reach the entrance to the great hall, which extends along in front, and to our left. This fine edifice, measuring about 30 feet in height, 32 in breadth, and 72 in length, was originally built with stone, and the roof covered with lead. The interior, lighted by six fine Gothic windows, was very interesting. It had its ornamental timber roof, its tiled and probably originally chequered floor, its oaken screen at one end, and its dais at the other; and when filled with some of the brilliant and picturesque-looking crowds that have met under its roof, must have presented a magnificent spectacle.

"Beyond the hall, and touching it at the north-west corner, were the cloisters, enclosing a quadrangle nearly square, of great size, and having in

the midst a small garden—made, perhaps, after the grant of the principal garden to Hatton. Over the cloisters were long, antique-looking galleries, with the doors and windows of various apartments appearing at the back; in the latter, traces of painted glass—the remnants of former splendour—were still visible. Lastly, at the north-west corner of the cloisters, *in a field* planted with trees and surrounded with a wall, stood the chapel—now all that remains of what we have described, and of the still more numerous buildings that at one time constituted the palace of the Bishops of Ely."

Having now got an idea of the appearance of Ely Place, and a notion of, at least, the skeleton of its history, we may proceed to add to our information, and to tell of the characters who have lived in it, and the incidents of which it has been the scene.

A famous character in English history—"Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster"—resided here at the close of his eventful life. He died here in 1399. How this came to be his residence is unknown. It is conjectured by Cunningham, and with some show of probability, that the bishops occasionally let the house—or rather, perhaps, the greater part of it—to distinguished noblemen. Certainly John of Gaunt stood at this time in need of a town-house, for his palace of the Savoy had been burned to the ground by the insurgents during Wat Tyler's rebellion. Froissart thus speaks of his death:—"So it fell that, about the feast of Christmas, Duke John of Lancaster—who lived in great displeasure, what because the king had banished his son out of the realm for so little cause, and also because of the evil governing of the realm by his nephew, King Richard—(for he saw well, if he long persevered, and were suffered to continue, the realm was likely to be utterly lost)—with these imaginations and others, the duke fell sick, whereon he died; whose death was greatly sorrowed by all his friends and lovers."

Shakespeare, in his play of *Richard II.*, Act ii., sc. 1, represents the dying nobleman in Ely House admonishing with his last breath his dissipated nephew, the king:—

"A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,  
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;  
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,  
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.  
Oh, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,  
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,  
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,  
Deposing thee before thou wert possessed,  
Which art possessed now to depose thyself.  
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world  
It were a shame to let this land by lease;  
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame to shame it so?  
Landlord of England art thou, and not king."

Another nobleman who at one time resided in Ely Place was Henry Radclyff, Earl of Sussex. We find him writing to his countess "from Ely Place, in Holborn," to tell her of the death of Henry VIII. And in Ely Place—then the residence of the Earl of Warwick (afterwards Duke of Northumberland—the council met and planned

of the coronation of the young King Edward V. The Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., enters, and after a few words exchanged with Buckingham, turns—possibly to conceal his deep and bloody design—to the bishop:—

"My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,  
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;  
I do beseech you, send for some of them!  
*Ely.* Marry, I will, my lord, with all my heart."



WILLIAM WHISTON. (See page 512.)

the remarkable conspiracy which resulted in the execution of the Protector Somerset.

The pleasant gardens which surrounded Ely House rejoiced in the growth of fine strawberries, and it is in connection with this fruit that the name of Ely Place has been enshrined in the memory of all readers of Shakespeare. No one needs to have recalled the scene in the Tower which ended in the execution of Hastings. Buckingham, Hastings, the Bishop of Ely, and others, are talking together

He goes out, and shortly returning, finds Gloucester gone.

"*Ely.* Where is my lord the Duke of Gloucester? I have sent for those strawberries.

*Hastings.* His grace looks cheerful and smooth this morning.

There's some conceit or other likes him well,  
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit."

Ill-judging Hastings! Little did he guess that a few minutes after he would hear the Lord

Protector thundering out, with reference to himself, "Thou'rt a traitor! Off with his head!" After the execution the cold-blooded Gloucester likely enough sat down with relish to a dessert of the bishop's strawberries.

How closely in this scene Shakespeare followed the historical truth we may see in this passage from Holinshed:—"On the Friday (being the 13th of June, 1483) many lords were assembled in the Tower, and there sat in council, devising the honourable solemnity of the king's (the young

better thing as ready to your pleasure as that.' And therewithal, in all haste, he sent his servant for a mess of strawberries."

In the time of Richard III., it may be added, strawberries were an article of ordinary consumption in London. In Lydgate's poem of "London Lyckpeny" we learn as much:—

"Then unto London I did me hie,  
Of all the land it beareth the prize;  
'Good peascod!' one began to cry—  
'Strawberry ripe! and cherries in the rise!'"



ELY HOUSE—THE HALL. (From Grose's "Antiquities," 1772.)

Edward V.'s) coronation, of which the time appointed then so near approached, that the pageants and subtleties were in making day and night at Westminster, and much victuals killed therefore, that afterwards was cast away. These lords so sitting together, communing of this matter, the Protector (Gloucester) came in amongst them, just about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, and excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merrily that he had been a sleeper that day. After a little talking with them, he said unto the Bishop of Ely, 'My lord, you have very good strawberries at your garden in Holborn; I require you let us have a mess of them.' 'Gladly, my lord,' quoth he. 'Would God I had some

To make clear the connection existing between Lord Chancellor Hatton and Ely Place, to which we alluded at the beginning of this chapter, it will be necessary to give a short sketch of that worthy man who, says Malcolm, was "the cause of infinite loss and trouble to the Bishops of Ely for upwards of an hundred years." He was the youngest of three sons of William Hatton, of Holdenby, a gentleman of good family. In early life he was entered at one of the inns of court, where he studied law, but as a gentleman lawyer only, and not with the view of deriving any advantage from it as a profession. Whilst engaged in this way he had the good fortune to attract the notice of Queen Elizabeth, and became in turn Gentleman Pensioner

Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, Captain of the Guard, Vice-Chamberlain, Member of the Privy Council, and Lord Chancellor. It seems he was possessed of many graces of person, and had great ability as a dancer. Elizabeth's fancy for him grew to such a height, that Leicester did his best to make his rival ridiculous, by offering to introduce to the queen a dancing-master whose abilities far excelled those of Hatton. But his project was not successful. "No," said Elizabeth, "I will not see your man; it is his trade." She abandoned herself to her extravagant passion, and Hatton and she corresponded in the most fond and foolish style, of which there exists plenty of proof on the shelves of the State Paper Office.

But it can hardly be said that by dancing alone he skipped up to position and influence. He had many good mental qualities, and his advancement is one of the numerous proofs the queen gave of her penetration in the choice of great State officers. On his becoming Lord Chancellor, the lawyers were unable to stifle their indignation. Some of the serjeants-at-law even refused to plead before him. But Hatton, though deficient in reading and practice as a lawyer, had common sense enough to hold his place, and at the same time to prove himself qualified for it. In all doubtful cases he was in the habit of consulting one or two learned legal friends, and the result was that his decisions were by no means held in low repute in the courts of law.

In 1576, to oblige Queen Bess, Richard Cox, Bishop of Ely, granted to her Majesty's handsome Lord Chancellor the gate-house of the palace (excepting "two rooms used as prisons for those who were arrested or delivered in execution to the bishop's bailiff, and the lower rooms used for the porter's lodge"), the first courtyard within the gate-house, the stables, the long gallery, with the rooms above and below it, and some other apartments. Hatton also obtained fourteen acres of ground, and the keeping of the gardens and orchards; and of this pleasant little domain he had a lease of twenty-one years. The rent was not a heavy one. A red rose was to be paid for the gate-house and garden, and for the ground ten loads of hay and ten pounds sterling per annum. The grumbling bishop had to make the best of a bad bargain; and the only modification he could obtain in the terms was the insertion of a clause giving him and his successors free access through the gate-house, and the right to walk in the garden, and gather twenty baskets of roses yearly.

Once in possession of this property, Hatton began building and repairing, and soon contrived to expend £1,897 5s. 8d (about £6,000 of our

money), part of which amount, we may as well say here, was borrowed from his royal mistress. As he went on, his views expanded, and, not satisfied with what he had, he petitioned Queen Elizabeth to alienate to him the whole house and gardens. This, in days when sovereigns laid greedy hands on so many acres of rich Church property, was no unusual request, and the queen wrote to the bishop requesting him to demise the lands to her till such time as the see of Ely should reimburse Sir Christopher for the money he had laid out, and was still expending, in the improvement of the property. The bishop wrote an answer befitting the dignity of his position. "In his conscience," he said, "he could not do it, being a piece of sacrilege. When he became Bishop of Ely he had received certain farms, houses, and other things, which former pious princes had judged necessary for that place and calling; that these he had received, by the queen's favour, from his predecessors, and that of these he was to be a steward, not a scatterer; that he could not bring his mind to be so ill a trustee for his successors, nor to violate the pious wills of kings and princes, and, in effect, rescind their last testaments." And he concluded by telling her that he could scarcely justify those princes who transferred things appointed for pious purposes to purposes less pious.

But arguments and moral reflections were thrown away on the queen, and the bishop had to consent to a conveyance of the property to her Majesty, who was to re-convey it to Hatton, but on condition that the whole should be redeemable on the payment of the sum laid out by Sir Christopher.

On the death of Dr. Cox, his successor, Dr. Martin Heton, seemed extremely unwilling to carry out this agreement, and in a fit of fury the queen sat down and wrote him one of her most characteristic epistles:—

"PROUD PRELATE!—I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement: but I would have you know that I, who made you what you are, can unmake you; and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by — I will immediately unfrock you. "ELIZABETH."

According to some writers, this letter was addressed to Bishop Cox; but it is of no great consequence: the sender is of more interest here than the receiver.

The debt of the Lord Chancellor to the Queen had now reached some forty thousand pounds. His prudence had fallen asleep when he allowed her Majesty to become his principal creditor. She required a settlement of their account, and poor Hatton was unable to produce the necessary funds. It killed him. There is something pathetic in the

quaint account which Fuller gives of the close of his prosperous life and fortunes. "It broke his heart," says the biographer of the "Worthies," "that the queen, which seldom gave loans, and never forgave due debts, rigorously demanded the present payment of some arrears which Sir Christopher did not hope to have remitted, and did only desire to have forborne : failing herein in his expectation, it went to his heart, and cast him into a mortal disease. The queen afterwards did endeavour what she could to recover him, bringing, as some say, cordial broths unto him with her own hands ; but all would not do. There's no pulley can draw up a heart once cast down, though a queen herself should set her hand thereunto.' He died in Ely House in 1591.

The scenes in Ely Place during Hatton's days must often have been gay enough

"Full oft within the spacious wails,  
When he had fifty winters o'er him,  
My grave lord-keeper led the brawls—  
The seal and mace, danced before him.  
His bushy beard and hoe-strings green,  
His high-crowned hat and satin doublet,  
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,  
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

So Gray, in his "Long Story," wrote of Hatton in his manor house of Stoke Pogis ; and in his town residence we can picture him quite as eager as in the country to shake the light fantastic toe, and cutting quite as quaint a figure as there.

It was in Ely House that Sir Edward Coke courted the rich widow, Lady Hatton, relict of the nephew of Sir Christopher, Queen Elizabeth's Lord Chancellor. The lady was young, beautiful, eccentric, and, it would seem, possessed of a most vixenish temper. As she was rich, she had no scarcity of wooers, and among them were two celebrated men, Coke and Bacon. Many a curious scene must Hatton House have witnessed, as those two rivals in law pursued their rivalry in love, and cherished their long-felt enmity towards each other. Bacon's ever-faithful friend, the unfortunate Earl of Essex, pled his cause hard with the enchanting widow and with her mother. To the latter he says, in one of his letters, "If she were my sister or my daughter, I protest I would as confidently resolve to further it as I now persuade you ;" and in another epistle he adds, "If my faith be anything, I protest, if I had one as near me as she is to you, I had rather match her with him than with men of far greater titles." However, Sir Edward Coke carried off the prize, such as it was, and bitterly did he afterwards repent it.

That the marriage was not a happy one we have already told when speaking of the entries in

the register-books of St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. After her quarrel with her husband, Lady Hatton betook herself again to Ely House, and there she effectually repelled the entrance of Sir Edward. In Howell's "Letters" we catch a sight of her in one of her peculiar humours. He is speaking of Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador. "He hath waded already very deep," he says, "and ingratiated himself with divers persons of quality, ladies especially : yet he could do no good upon the Lady Hatton ; whom he desired lately, that in regard he was her next neighbour [at Ely House], he might have the benefit of her back-gate to go abroad into the fields, but she put him off with a complimen : whereupon, in a private audience lately with the king, among other passages of merriment, he told him that my Lady Hatton was a strange lady, for she would not suffer her husband to come in at her fore-door, nor him to go out at her back-door, and so related the whole business."

The "strange lady," as she is called by Howell, "died in London on the 3rd January, 1646, at her house in Holborne."

During the anxious period of the civil war, Ely Place was turned to good account, and made use of both as an hospital and a prison. We may show this by the following extracts from the Journals of the House of Commons :—

"1642-3. Jan. 3. The palace was this day ordered to be converted into a prison, and John Hunt, sergeant-at-arms, appointed keeper during the pleasure of the House. He was at the same time commanded to take care that the gardens, trees, chapel, and its windows, received no injury. A sufficient sum for repairs was granted from the revenues of the see."

"1660. March 1. Ordered, that it be referred to a committee to consider how and in what manner the said widows, orphans, and maimed soldiers at Ely House may be provided for and paid, for the future, with the least prejudice, and most ease to the nation, and how a weekly revenue may be settled for their maintenance ; and how the maimed soldiers may be disposed of, so as the nation may be eased of the charge, and how they may be provided of a preaching minister."

"March 13. £1,700 was voted for the above purpose, and for those at the Savoy, and certain members of the committee were named to inquire into the receipts and expenditures of the keepers of the hospitals."

Malcolm gives a lamentable account of the inconvenience and mortification to which the bishops were in succession subjected in consequence of the unfortunate lease given to the Hatton family.

He is speaking of the latter part of the seventeenth century:—"The guildhouse was taken down, and great part of the dwelling, and their lordships were compelled to enter the apartments reserved for their use by the old back way; several of the cellars, even under the rooms they occupied, were in possession of tenants; and those intermixed with their own, all of which had windows and passages into the cloisters.

"One half of the crypt under the chapel, which had been used for interments, was then frequented as a drinking place, where liquor was retailed; and the intoxication of the people assembled often interrupted the offices of religion above them. Such were the encroachments of the new buildings, that the bishop had his horses brought through the great hall, for want of a more proper entrance."

Some of the most memorable of feasts have been held here, the Bishops of Ely, in the true spirit of hospitality, having apparently been in the habit of lending their hall for the festive gatherings of the newly-elected serjeants of law. No doubt the halls of the Inns of Court were often too small to accommodate the number of guests. We shall notice three of these serjeants' merry-makings. The first took place in Michaelmas Term, 1464, and is noticeable for the fact that the Lord Mayor took great offence at a slight which the learned gentlemen unthinkingly put upon him. He came to the banquet, and found a certain nobleman—Grey of Ruthin, then Lord Treasurer of England—preferred before him, and sitting in the seat of state. That seat, by custom, he held, should have been occupied by himself; so, in high dudgeon, his lordship marched off, with his following of aldermen, to his own house, where he compensated his faithful adherents by a splendid entertainment, including all the delicacies of the season. He was wonderfully displeased, says Stow, at the way in which he had been treated, "and the new serjeants and others were right sorry therefore, and had rather than much good (as they said) it had not so happened."

Another banquet took place in 1495, and on this occasion Henry VII. was present, with his queen. This was one of the occasions, it has been pointed out, when the victor of Bosworth strove to correct a little the effect of his sordid habits, his general seclusion, and his gloomy, inscrutable nature, which altogether prevented him from obtaining the popularity which is agreeable to most monarchs—even to those the least inclined to purchase it at any considerable cost. "The king," says his great historian, Bacon, "to honour the feast, was present with his queen at the dinner,

being a prince that was ever ready to grace and countenance the professors of the law; having a little of that, that as he governed his subjects by his laws, so he governed his laws by his lawyers."

But the last feast we shall mention was the most splendid of all. Eleven serjeants had been created in November, 1531, and it was resolved to celebrate the event on an unparalleled scale of magnificence. The entertainment lasted five days, and on the fourth day the proceedings were graced by the presence of Henry VIII. and his queen, Catherine of Aragon; but these two dined "in two chambers," Stow parenthetically observes. At this very time the final measures were in progress for the divorce of the unfortunate queen, and Henry's marriage with Anne Boleyn. Besides these distinguished personages, the foreign ambassadors were there, and they also had a chamber to themselves. In the hall, at the chief table, sat Sir Nicolas Lambard, Lord Mayor of London, and with him were the judges, Barons of the Exchequer, and certain aldermen. The Master of the Rolls and the Master of the Chancery were supported at the board on the south side by many worshipful citizens, and on the north side of the hall there were other aldermen and merchants of the City. The remainder of the company, comprising knights, esquires, and gentlemen, were accommodated in the gallery and the cloisters, and, there being, apparently, a great scarcity of room, even in the chapel.

"It would be tedious," says Stow, to set down all "the preparation of fish, flesh, and other victuals, spent in this feast;" and he hints that no one would believe him if he did. To excite the wonder and the appetite of his readers, however, he gives a few particulars. There were twenty-four "great beefs," or oxen, at 26s. 8d. each, and one at 24s.; one hundred "fat muttons," at 2s. 10d.; fifty-one "great veals," at 4s. 8d.; thirty-four "porks," or boars, at 3s. 3d.; ninety-one pigs, at 6d.; ten dozen "capons of Greece of one poulter (for they had three)," at 1s. 8d.; nine dozen and six "capons of Kent," at 1s.; nineteen dozen "capons course," at 6d.; innumerable pullets, at 2d. and 2½d.; pigeons, at 10d. the dozen; larks, at 5d. the dozen; and fourteen dozen swans at a price not mentioned. And the feast, says the honest historian, "wanted little of a feast at a coronation."

No doubt it was at Ely Place that a ludicrous scene took place between the Bishop of Ely and two bailiffs, about the close of the seventeenth century—the conclusion of an adventure with the celebrated comedian, Joe Haines. Haines (who died in 1701) was always indulging in practical jokes and swindling tricks, and meeting with



comical adventures. One day he was arrested by two bailiffs for a debt of twenty pounds, just as the Bishop of Ely was riding by in his carriage. Quoth Joe to the bailiffs, "Gentlemen, here is my cousin, the Bishop of Ely; let me but speak a word to him, and he will pay the debt and costs." The bishop ordered his carriage to stop, whilst Joe—quite a stranger to him—whispered in his ear, "My lord, here are a couple of poor waverers, who have such terrible scruples of conscience that I fear they will hang themselves." "Very well," replied the bishop. So, calling to the bailiffs, he said, "You two men, come to me to-morrow, and I will satisfy you." The bailiffs bowed, and went their way. Joe, tickled in the midriff, and hugging himself with his device, took himself off. The next morning the bailiffs repaired to Ely Place. "Well, my good men," said his lordship, "what are your scruples of conscience?" "Scruples!" replied they, "we have no scruples; we are bailiffs, my lord, who yesterday arrested your cousin, Joe Haines, for twenty pounds. Your lordship promised to satisfy us to-day; and we hope you will be as good as your word." The bishop, to prevent any further scandal to his name, immediately paid all that was owing.

A scene almost without a parallel was once arranged in Ely Place. This was a famous masque, with its attendant anti-masque, which came off during the brilliant part of the reign of the ill-fated Charles I. "Not the least interesting circumstances," it has been observed, "attending the splendid pageant, are the character and position of the men who had the management of the affair, and of him who has made himself its historian." This last was Whitelock, the learned and estimable lawyer, who, during the period preceding, comprising, and following the Commonwealth, enjoyed the respect of all parties, and has left us one of the most valuable records of the momentous events he witnessed and in which he took a part. That his heart was in this masque and anti-masque is evident from the enthusiasm with which he describes both, and the space which he devotes to them in his great work.

The year before this gorgeous display, the irrepressible Mr. Prynne had published his "*Histrio-Mastix*," in which he discharged a perfect broadside of abuse against plays and players, masques and masquers, and generally against all kinds of sport and pastime. The Queen Henrietta Maria, not long before, had engaged in some sort of theatrical performance with her maids of honour. The book was therefore offensive to the whole court, and no doubt to this circumstance the writer owed in part the infamous severity of his punish-

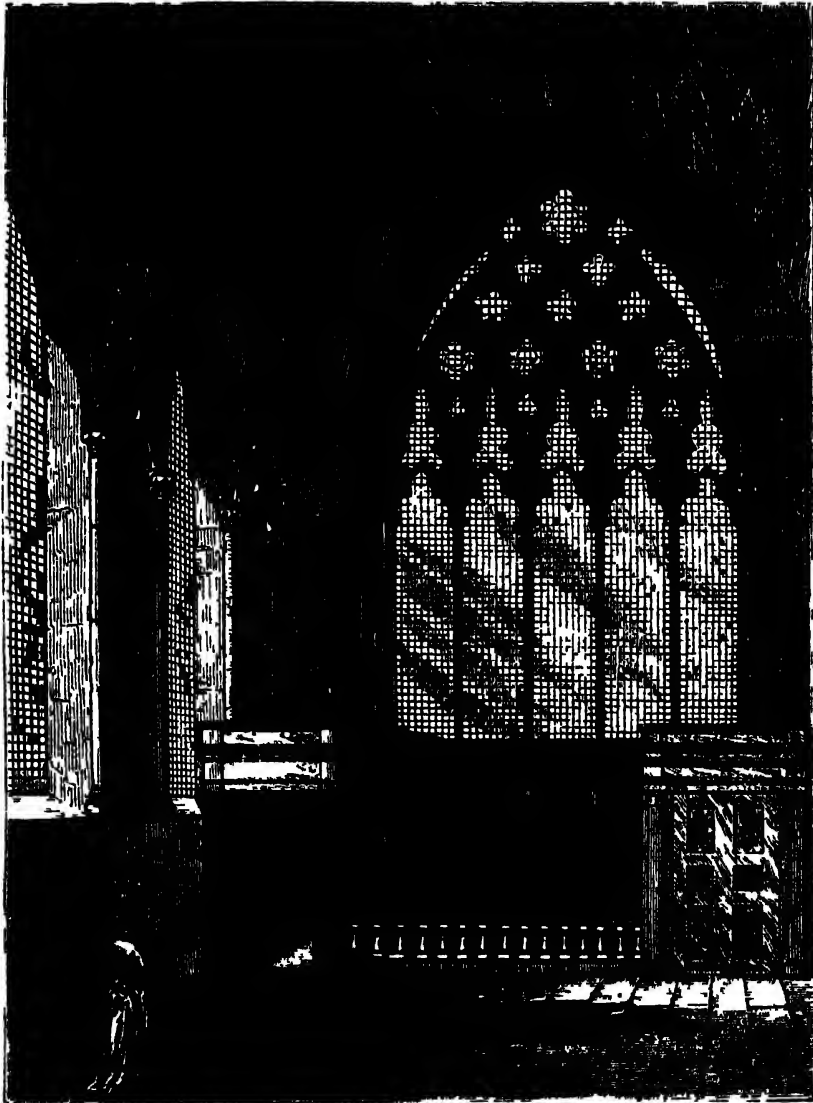
ment. But before he took his turn in the pillory, and lost his ears, the members of the four Inns of Court designed a masque, "as an expression of their love and duty to their majesties." It was whispered to them from the court that it would be well taken from them; and some held it the more seasonable, because this action would manifest the difference of their opinion from Mr. Prynne's new learning, and serve to confute his "*Histrio-Mastix*" against interludes. It was therefore agreed by the benchers to have the solemnity performed in the most nobly and stately manner that could be invented.

A committee was formed, consisting of two members from each House; among the committee-men being Whitelock himself, Edward Hyde (who afterwards became Lord Clarendon), and the famous Seklen. They set to work, and Whitelock's part in the arrangements was to superintend the music. This he did with energy. "I made choice," he says, "of Mr. Simon Ivy, an honest and able musician, of excellent skill in his art, and of Mr. Lawes (a name familiar to every lover of Milton) to compose the airs, lessons, and songs for the masque, and to be master of all the music, under me." He goes on to tell what meetings he had of "English, French, Italian, German, and other masters of music; forty lutes at one time, beside other instruments in concert." At last everything was arranged, and one Candlemas, in the afternoon, "the masquers, horsemen, musicians, dancers, and all that were actors in this business, according to order, met at Ely House, in Holborn; there the grand committee sat all day to order all affairs; and when the evening was come, all things being in full readiness, they began to set forth in this order down Chancery Lane to Whitehall." And here we can picture to ourselves the crowded streets, the enthusiastic spectators, the loyal lawyers, and Prynne and his sympathisers scowling and muttering in the background, all on a sharp evening in February, 1633.

"The first that marched were twenty footmen in scarlet liveries, with silver lace, each one having his sword by his side, a baton in one hand, and a lighted torch in the other; these were the marshal's men, who made way, and were about the marshal, waiting his commands. After them, and sometimes in the midst of them, came the marshal—then Mr. Darrel, afterwards knighted by the king: he was of Lincoln's Inn, an extraordinary handsome proper gentleman. He was mounted upon one of the king's best horses and richest saddles, and his own habit was exceeding rich and glorious, his horsemanship very gallant; and besides his marshal's men, he

had two lackeys who carried torches by him, and a page in livery that went by him carrying his cloak. After him followed one hundred gentlemen of the Inns of Court, five-and-twenty chosen out of each house, of the most proper and handsome young gentlemen of the societies. Every one of them was

lackeys carried torches, and the page his master's cloak. The richness of their apparel and furniture, glittering by the light of a multitude of torches attending on them, with the motion and stirring of their mettled horses, and the many and various gay liveries of their servants, but especially the personal

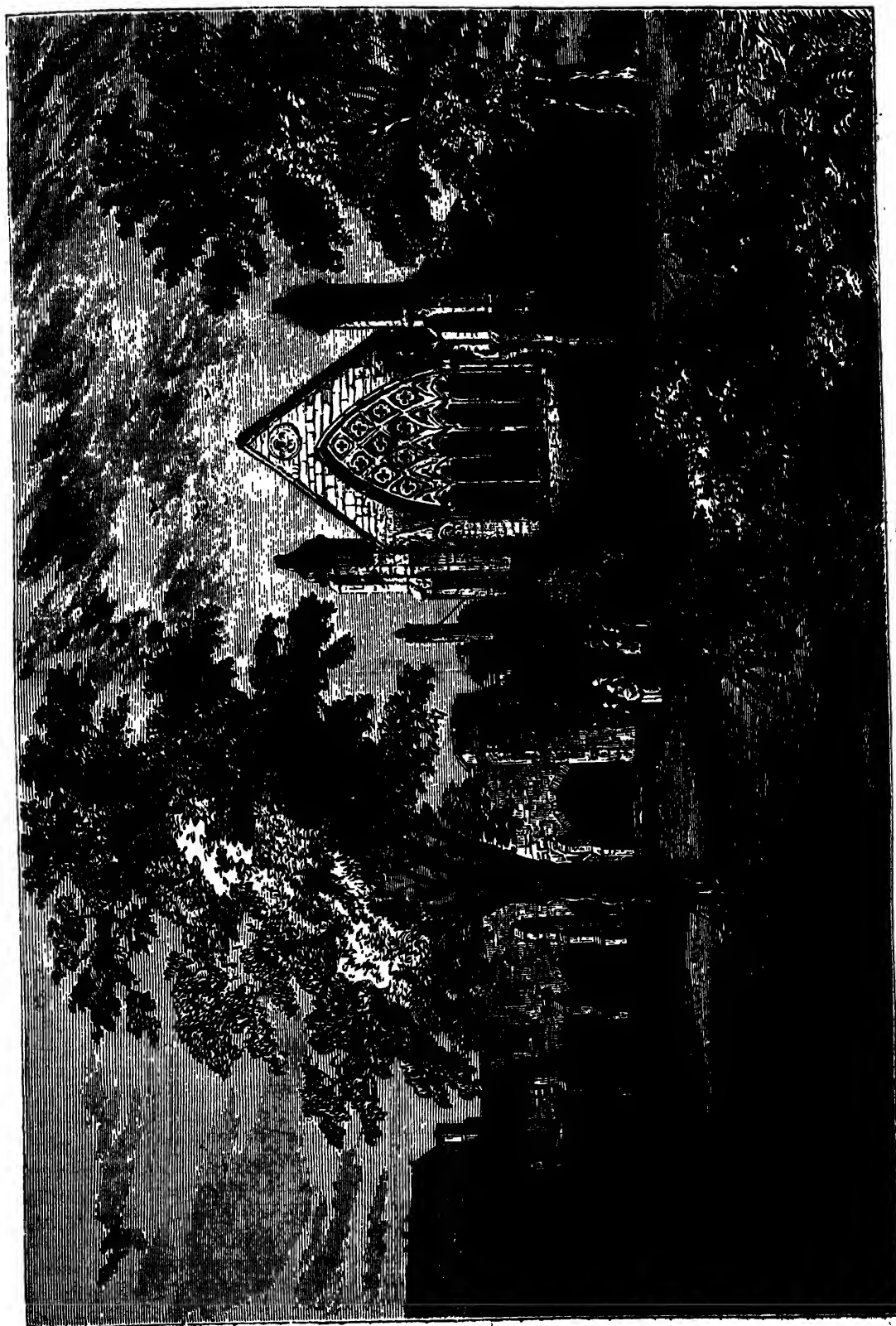


ELY CHAPEL. (*From a View by Malcolm.*)

mounted on the best horses, and with the best furniture that the king's stables, and the stables of all the noblemen in town, could afford; and they were forward on this occasion to lend them to the Inns of Court. Every one of these hundred gentlemen was in very rich clothes—scarce anything but gold and silver lace to be seen of them; and each gentleman had a page and two lackeys waiting on him, in his livery, by his horse's side; the

beauty and gallantry of the handsome young gentlemen, made the most glorious and splendid show that ever was beheld in England.

"After the horsemen came the anti-masquers, and, as the horsemen had their music—about a dozen of the best trumpeters proper for them, and in their livery—sounding before them—so the first anti-masquers, being of cripples and beggars on horseback, had their music of keys and tongs.



ELLY HOUSE. (From a Drawing made in 1772.)

and the like, snapping, and yet playing in a concert, before them. These beggars were also mounted, but on the poorest, leanest jades that could be gotten out of the dirt-carts or elsewhere; and the variety and change from such noble music and gallant horses as went before them unto their proper music and pitiful horses, made both of them more pleasing. The habits and properties of these cripples and beggars were most ingeniously fitted (as of all the rest) by the committee's direction; wherein (as in the whole business) Mr. Attorney Noy, Sir John Finch, Sir Edward Herbert, Mr. Selden, those great and eminent persons, and all the rest of the committee, had often meetings, and took extraordinary care and pains in the ordering of this business, and it seemed a pleasure to them.

"After the beggars' anti-masque came men on horseback playing upon pipes, whistles, and instruments sounding notes like those of birds of all sorts, and in excellent concert, and were followed by the anti-masque of birds. This was an owl in an ivy-bush, with many several sorts of other birds in a cluster, gazing, as it were, upon her. These were little boys put into covers of the shapes of those birds, rarely fitted, and sitting on small horses, with footmen going by them with torches in their hands; and there were some, besides, to look unto the children; and this was very pleasant to the beholders.

"After this anti-masque came other musicians on horseback, playing upon bagpipes, hornpipes, and such kind of northern music, speaking the following anti-masque of projectors to be of the Scotch and northern quarters; and these, as all the rest, had many footmen, with torches, waiting on them. —First in this anti-masque rode a fellow upon a little horse with a great bit in his mouth, and upon the man's head was a bit, with headstall and reins fastened, and signified a projector, who begged a patent that none in the kingdom might ride their horses but with such bits as they would buy of him. Then came another fellow, with a bunch of carrots upon his head, and a capon on his fist, describing a projector who begged a patent of monopoly as the first inventor of the art to feed capons fat with carrots, and that none but himself might have use of that invention, and have the privilege for fourteen years, according to the statute. Several other projectors were in like manner personated in this anti-masque; and it pleased the spectators the more because by it an information was covertly given to the king of the unfitness and ridiculousness of these projects against the law; and the Attorney Noy, who had most knowledge of them,

had a great hand in this anti-masque of projectors."

Other anti-masques followed, and then came chariots with musicians, chariots with heathen gods and goddesses, then more chariots with musicians, "playing upon excellent and loud music," and going immediately before the first grand masquer's chariot. This "was not so large as those that went before, but most curiously framed, carved and painted with an exquisite art, and purposely for this service and occasion." Its colours were silver and crimson: "it was all over painted richly with these colours, even the wheels of it, most artificially laid on, and the carved work of it was as curious for that art, and it made a stately show. It was drawn with four horses, all on breast, and they were covered to their heels all over with cloth of tissue, of the colours of crimson and silver, huge plumes of red and white feathers on their heads and buttocks; the coachman's cap and feather, his long coat, and his very whip and cushion, of the same stuff and colour. In this chariot sat the four grand masquers of Gray's Inn, their habits, doublets, trunk-hose, and caps of most rich cloth of tissue, and wrought as thick with silver spangles as they could be placed; large white silk stockings up to their trunk-hose, and rich sprigs in their caps, themselves proper and beautiful young gentlemen. On each side of the chariot were four footmen, in livrées of the colour of the chariot, carrying huge flambeaux in their hands, which, with the torches, gave such a lustre to the paintings, the spangles, and habits, that hardly anything could be invented to appear more glorious." Similar chariots, similarly occupied, followed from each of the other three Inns of Court, the only difference being in the colours. And in this manner the procession reached Whitehall, where the king, from a window of the Banqueting House—it might possibly be the very one out of which he stepped to the scaffold—saw, with his queen Henrietta Maria, the whole pageant pass before him. The royal spectators were so pleased with the show, that they sent a message to the marshal requesting him to conduct his following round the Tilt Yard opposite, that they might see it a second time. This done, they entered the palace, where the masque, to which all this gorgeous spectacle was but a preliminary, began, and, says Whitelock, it was "incomparably performed, in the dancing, speeches, music, and scenes; the dances, figures, and properties; the voices, instruments, songs, airs, and composures; the words and actions were all of them exact, and none failed in their parts." Henrietta Maria was so charmed, that she resolved to have the whole

repeated shortly afterwards. The festivities concluded with dancing, when the queen and her ladies of honour were led out by the principal masquers. The expense of this spectacle was not less than £21,000. Some of the musicians had £100 apiece for their blowing and fiddling.

The last "mystery" represented in England was that of "Christ's Passion," in the reign of James I., which, Prynne tells us, was "performed at Elie House, in Holborne, when Gondomar lay there, on Good Friday, at night, at which there were thousands present."

This incident suggests one or two facts relating to the performance in England of miracle-plays and mysteries. These were founded on the lives of the saints, and on those parts of the Scriptures best represented by the latter term. About the earliest mention of a miracle-play is of the date of 1110, when one was performed in the Abbey of St. Albans. Whether Geoffrey, a learned Norman, who composed this religious drama, then first introduced the custom of acting such pieces, is by no means certain. London had plays representing the working of miracles and the sufferings of the saints about the year 1170; so we learn from the monk Fitz-Stephen. That these exhibitions "were well attended," says Malcolm, in his "Manners and Customs of London," "we cannot doubt for a moment, as there was a double inducement, compounded of curiosity and devotion. Piers Plowman and Chaucer both confirm the fact of the general approbation with which they were received." They were, it is certain, introduced into England from the Continent.

As an interesting specimen of the "mysteries," we may take the play of *Noah*, preserved in the Towneley collection. It will serve as an example of the corrupt and not very reverent manner in which the events of Scripture history were, during the Middle Ages, communicated to the common people. When Noah carries to his wife the news of the impending Flood, she is introduced abusing him for his credulity, sneering at him as an habitual bearer of bad tidings, and complaining of the hard life she leads with him. He tells her to "hold her tongue," but she only becomes more abusive, till he is provoked to strike her. She returns the blow with interest, and they fall to fighting, till Noah has had enough of it, and runs off as hard as he can to his work. When the ark is finished there is another quarrel, for Noah's wife laughs at the structure, and declares she will never go into it. But the water rises fast, and the danger becomes so great, that she changes her mind and jumps on board, only, however, to pick another quarrel with

her husband. They fight again, but this time Noah comes off victorious, and his partner complains of being beaten "blue," whilst their three sons lament over the family discord.

The chapel of Ely Place, still standing, was dedicated to St. Etheldreda. And who was she? She was the daughter of Anna, King of the West Angles, and was born in Suffolk, about the year 630. She took part in the erection of the cathedral of Ely, and in course of time was elected to fill the position of its patron saint. She died, in 679, the abbess of the convent of Ely. Sometimes St. Etheldreda is called by the more homely name of St. Audry; and from this second appellation is derived the familiar adjective *lawdry*. It is a digression, but we may as well tell how this came about. At the fair of St. Audry, at Ely, in the olden time a description of cheap necklaces used to be sold, which under the name of *lawdry laces*, were long very popular. In process of time the epithet *lawdry* came to be applied to any piece of glittering unseel or shabby magnificence.

The builder of the chapel is unknown, but Malcolm conjectures that it is to Thomas Arundel that we are indebted for this beautiful but solitary fragment, "now left for the admiration of the antiquary and man of taste—the product of an architect familiar with the rich fancy of the Edwardian style, fully indulged in the grand east window."

"In spite of patchings and modernisings," says Mr. J. Saunders, in 1842, "St. Etheldreda's Chapel retains much of its original aspect. On looking at the exterior, if we shut our eyes to the lower portion, where a part of the window has been cut away, and an entrance made where evidently none was ever intended to exist, we perceive the true stamp of the days when men built the cathedrals—works which no modern art has rivalled, and which yet seemed so easy to them, that the names of the architects have failed to be preserved. And in the interior the effect of the two windows, alike in general appearance, yet differing in every respect in detail, is magnificent, although the storeyed panes, which we may be sure once filled them, are gone. The bold arch of the ceiling, plain and whitewashed though now be its surface, retains so much of the old effect, that, though we miss the fine oak carvings, we do not forget them. The noble row of windows on each side are in a somewhat similar condition. All their exquisite tracery has disappeared, but their number, height, and size tell us what they must have been in the palmy days of Ely Place; and if we are still at a loss, there is fortunately ample evidence remaining in the ornaments which surround the upper por-

tions of the windows in the interior, and divide them from each other. We scarcely remember anything more exquisite in architecture than the fairy workmanship of the delicate, pinnacle-like ornaments which rise between and overtop these windows. Of the original entrances into the chapel one only remains, which is quite unused, and is situated at the south-west corner of the edifice. Stepping through the doorway into a small court that encloses it, we perceive that it has been a very beautiful, deeply-receding, pointed arch, but now so greatly decayed, that even the character of its ornaments is but partially discoverable. Here, too, is a piece of the wall of one of the original buildings of the palace—a stupendous piece of brickwork and masonry; and on looking up, one of the octagonal buttresses, with its conical top, which ornamented the angles of the building, is seen. Descending a flight of steps, we find a low window looking into the crypt. . . . It is now filled with casks, and we can but just catch a glimpse of the enormous chestnut posts and girders with which the floor of the chapel is supported.”

There are five windows in the length. As for the west and east windows, the former differs from the latter, but it is at present hidden from view by a gallery and a small organ.

The diarist, Evelyn, has two notices of Ely Place chapel which may be worth our attention. The first runs thus:—“November 14th, 1668. In London. Invited to the consecration of that excellent person, the Dean of Ripon, Dr. Wilkins, now made Bishop of Chester. It was at Ely House: the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Cosin (Bishop of Durham), the Bishops of Ely, Salisbury, Rochester, and

others, officiating. Dr. Tillotson preached. Then we went to a sumptuous dinner in the hall, where were the Duke of Buckingham, Judges, Secretaries of State, Lord Keeper, Council, noblemen, and innumerable other company, who were honours of this incomparable man, invariably beloved by all who knew him.” The other is of a domestic character, and gives us a pleasant glimpse of the kindly parental feelings of this estimable man:—“27th April, 1693. My daughter Susanna was married to William Draper, Esq., in the chapel of Ely House, by Dr. Tenison, Bishop of Lincoln (since Archbishop). I gave her in portion £4,000. Her jointure is £500 per annum. I pray God Almighty to give her his blessing on this marriage.”

The chapel was at one time leased to the National Society for a school-room, after which it remained for a while untenanted; but on the 19th of December, 1843, it was opened for the service of the Established Church in the Welsh language, being the first service of the kind ever attempted in London. In 1874 it was bought by the Roman Catholic Church.

An amusing incident took place in Ely Chapel on the arrival of the news of the defeat of the young Pretender by the Duke of Cumberland, in 1746. The clerk allowed his loyalty to overcome his devotion, and struck up a lively ditty in praise of the reigning family. Cowper thought this worthy of notice in his “Task:”—

“So in the chapel of old Ely House,  
When wandering Charles, who meant to be the third,  
Had fled from Wilham, and the news was fresh,  
The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce,  
And eke did roar, right merrily, two staves  
Sung to the praise and glory of King George.”

## CHAPTER LIX.

### HOLBORN, TO CHANCERY LANE.

The Divisions of Holborn—A Miry Thoroughfare—Oldbourne Bridge—In the Beginning of the Century—Holborn Bars—The Middle Row—On the Way to Tyburn—A Sweet Youth in the Cart—Clever Tom Clinch—Riding up Heavy Hill—The Hanging School—Cruel Whippings—Statue to the late Prince Consort—The “Rose” Tavern—Union Court—Bartlett’s Buildings—Dyers’ Buildings—A Famous Pastry-cook—Castle Street—A Strange Ceremony—Cursitor Street—Lord Chancellor Eldon—A Runaway Match—Southampton House—An old Temple—Southampton Buildings—Flying for Dear Life—Jacob’s Coffee House—Ridiculous Enactments—Dr. Birkbeck and Mechanics’ Institutions—An Extraordinary Well—Fulwood’s Rents—Ned Ward and the “London Spy”—Selling a Horse—Dr. Johnson—A Lottery Office—Lotteries: Their History and Romance—Praying for Luck—A £20,000 Prize—Lucky Numbers—George A. Stevens—Gerarde, the old Herbalist, and his Garden—The Flying Pieman of Holborn Hill—An old Bellman of Holborn.

LEAVING the gates of Ely Place we turn westwards, and pursue our way along the main thoroughfare of Holborn. And, to begin, let us speak of the divisions of this street. From Farringdon Street to Fetter Lane used to be known as Holborn Hill; from Fetter Lane to Brooke Street as Holborn, and from Brooke Street to Drury Lane

as High Holborn. Since the recent alterations and improvements, Holborn extends from Holborn Viaduct to Holborn Bars, and High Holborn from the Bars to Drury Lane.

One of the first great improvements effected in Holborn was its being paved, in 1417, at the expense of Henry V., when the highway, we learn



from Rymer's "Fœdera," "was so deep and miry that many perils and hazards were thereby occasioned, as well to the king's carriages passing that way as to those of his subjects."

In Holborn, at what is now Farringdon Street, there was of old a stone bridge over the Fleet, called "Oldbourne Bridge." Stow thus describes this locality:—"Old borne or Hilborne, breaking out about the place where now the Bars do stand, and it ran down the whole street till Oldborne Bridge, and into the river of the Wells or Turnemill Brook. This bourn was likewise long since stopped up at the head, and in other places where the same hath broken out, but yet till this day the said street is here called High Oldborne Hill, and both the sides thereof, together with all the grounds adjoining, that lie betwixt it and the river of Thames, remain full of springs, so that water is there found at hand, and hard to be stopped in every house."

Agas's map of London, in the time of Elizabeth, represents Holborn as a very different sort of a place from what it is now. All the ground from Shoe Lane to Chancery Lane was then gardens with trees and shrubs; and long before Agas's day part of that space was a rural region belonging to the see of Bangor.

Holborn in the beginning of this century is described by Malcolm, the careful compiler of "Londinium Redivivum." "Holborn," he says, writing in 1803, "is an irregular long street, narrow and inconvenient at the north end of Fleet Market, but widening from Shoe Lane, up the hill, westward; thence to Middle Row, or the south end of Gray's Inn Lane. It is an excellent broad and dry place, or oblong square." In the additional Act for rebuilding London, 1670, it was enacted "that the passage to Holborn Bridge is too strait and narrow, incommodious for the many passengers daily using and frequenting the same, and it is therefore necessary to be enlarged: that it may be lawful for the Mayor, &c., to make it run in a bevil line from a certain timber-house on the north side thereof, named the Cock, to the Swan Inn, on the north side of Holborn Hill."

Holborn was anciently of much consequence, not only on account of the many eminent people who resided here, but because of the Inns of Court, which graced both its north and south sides. Besides, it contained an hospital for the poor, and a cell to the house of Clugny, in France, suppressed with the Priors Alien.

"Holborn Bars" used to stand a little west of Brooke Street. They marked the termination of the City Liberties in that direction. The spot is now shown by two granite obelisks bearing the

City arms. The Corporation of London formerly received a penny and two-penny toll from the carts and carriages of non-freemen entering the City. These tolls were levied at the six bars, including Holborn Bars. The richest inlets were Temple Bar and Whitechapel Bar.

The Middle Row, Holborn, has disappeared, like the Bars. This was a block of houses which stood half blocking up the street at the south end of Gray's Inn Lane. For at least a couple of centuries it was considered an obstruction. Howell, in his "Perustration of London," 1657 (p. 344), says:—"Southward of Gray's Inn Lane there is a row of small houses, which is a mighty hindrance to Holborn, in point of prospect, which if they were taken down there would be from Holborn Conduit to St Giles-in-the-Fields one of the fairest rising streets in the world." The obstructive buildings were at last made an end of in 1868. There is a view of the old Row in Faithorne's ichnographical delineation of London in the reign of Charles I.

Holborn was the old road from Newgate and the Tower to the gallows at Tyburn. At regular and frequent intervals both sides of the way were lined and all the windows were covered with curious and often sympathising spectators to see light-fingered gentlemen, murderers, forgers, and such like, riding to their doom.

"Now I am a wretch indeed," says Polly, in the *Beggars' Opera*, alarmed on account of Captain Mac-heath; "methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay"—which he had received at St Sepulchre's—"in his hand! I hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity! What volleys of sighs are sent from the windows of Holborn that so comely a youth should be brought to disgrace! I see him at the tree! the whole circle are in tears! even butchers weep! Jack Ketch himself hesitates to perform his duty, and would be glad to lose his fee by a reprieve! What then will become of Polly?"

Swift gives us a picture of an execution procession in his "Clever Tom Clinch going to be hanged:—"

"As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,  
Rode stately through Holborn to die in his calling,  
He stopt at the George for a bottle of sack,  
And promised to pay for it when he came back.  
His waistcoat and stockings and breeches were white,  
His cap had a new cherry ribbon to tie 't.  
The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,  
And said, 'Lack-a-day! he's a proper young man!'  
But as from the windows the ladies he spied,  
'Like a beau in the box he bowed low on each side!  
And when his last speech the loud hawkers did cry,  
'He swore from his cart, 'It was all a ——— lie!'  
The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee,  
Tom gave him a lick—for his fee."

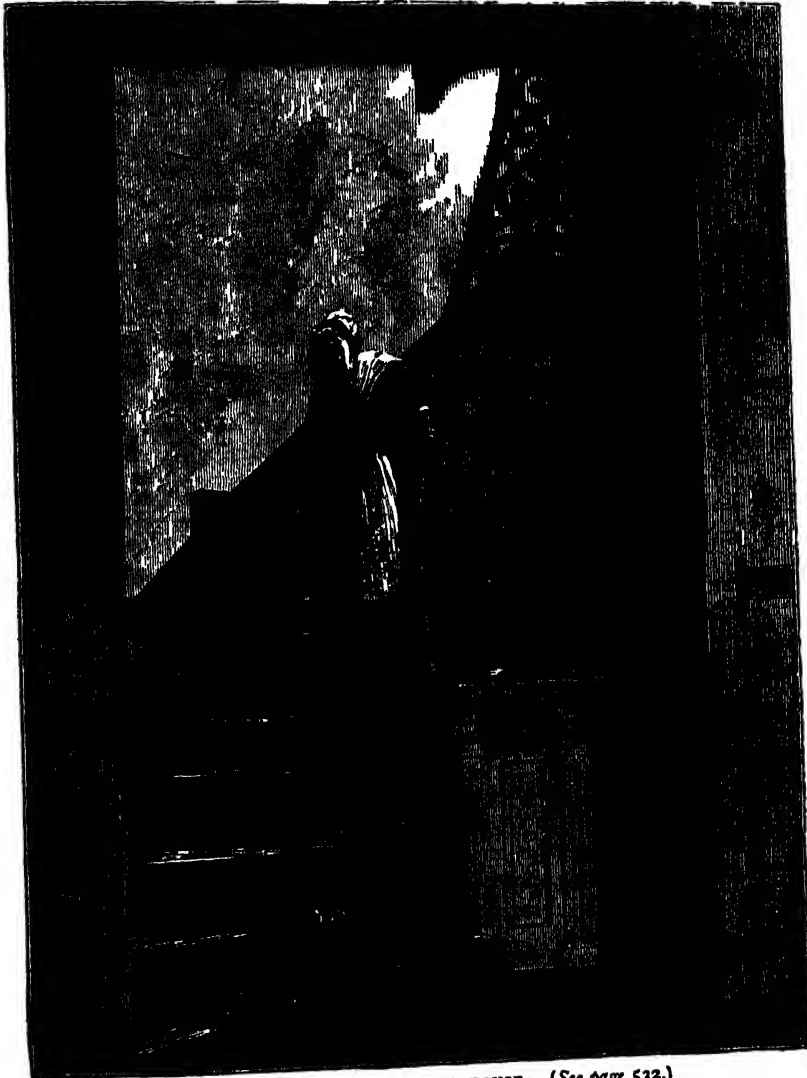


MIDDLE ROW HOLBORN (From a Drawing taken shortly before its Demolition)

Then said, 'I must speak to the people a little ;  
But I'll see you all —— before I will whittle.  
My honest friend Wild (may he long hold his place!)  
He lengthened his life with a whole year of grace.  
Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,  
Nor slip this occasion to follow your trade;

procession ascending it, bound for Tyburn, in our old authors :—

"Sirrah," says Sir Sampson, in Congreve's *Love for Love* (1695), "you'll be hanged ; I shall live to see you go up Holborn Hill."



STAIRCASE IN SOUTHAMPTON HOUSE. (See page 532.)

My conscience is clear, and my spirits are calm,  
And thus I go off, without Prayer-book or Psalm :  
Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,  
Who hung like a hero and never would flinch "

Holborn Hill, we mentioned in a previous page, was sometimes known as "Heavy Hill." To speak of any one having the privilege of riding in a cart up "the Heavy Hill," was equivalent, in the free and easy talk of our forefathers, to saying that he was sure to be hung.

There are many allusions to Heavy Hill, and the

"Daughter Pad," says Aldo, in Dryden's *Limberham* (1678), "you are welcome. What! you have performed the last Christian office to your keeper ; I saw you follow him up the Heavy Hill to Tyburn."

And in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* we have the following :—

"*Knockem* : What ! my little lean Ursula ! my she-bear ! art thou alive yet with thy litter of pigs to grunt out another Bartholomew Fair ? ha !

*Ursula* : Yes, and to amble a-foot, when the Fair is

done; to hear you groan out of a cart up the Heavy Hill—

*Knockem*: Of Holborn, Ursula, mean'st thou so?"

It is told in Tom Brown's works that an old counsellor who lived in Holborn used every execution-day to give his clerks a half-holiday, sending them to see the show, and giving them this piece of advice: "Go, ye young rogues, go to school, and improve!"

The Holborn line of road was selected for the whippings which Doctor Titus Oates and Dangerfield had to suffer, in the reign of James II. Titus Oates, as every one knows, was the chief informer in what was called the Popish plot—a plot, as he pretended to prove, that was promoted for the destruction of the Protestant religion in England. Several persons of quality were tried and executed chiefly on his evidence, and Oates, in return for his kind and timely information, received a pension of £1,200 a year, and was lodged in Whitehall. Scarcely, however, had King James II. ascended the throne, than he was cast into prison, and tried for perjury with respect to what he had asserted regarding the alleged plot. Being convicted, he was sentenced to stand in the pillory five times a year during his life, to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate, and from thence to Tyburn; which sentence, says Neal, was exercised with a severity unknown to the English nation. "The impudence of the man," says the historian Hume, "supported itself under the conviction, and his courage under the punishment. He made solemn appeals to Heaven, and protestations of the veracity of his testimony. Though the whipping was so cruel that it was evidently the intention of the Court to put him to death by that punishment, yet he was enabled, by the care of his friends, to recover, and he lived to King William's reign, when a pension of £400 a year was settled upon him. A considerable number of persons adhered to him in his distress, and regarded him as a martyr to the Protestant cause." He died in 1705. Hume describes him as the most infamous of mankind, and tells us that in early life he had been chaplain to Colonel Pride, and that he was afterwards chaplain on board the fleet, whence he had been ignominiously dismissed. He then became a convert to the Roman Catholics, but used to boast in after years that his conversion was a mere pretence, which he made in order to get into their secrets and betray them.

The gentle Evelyn saw the Holborn part of Oates' punishment inflicted. He has this entry in his "Diary," on the 22nd of May, 1685: "Oates, who had but two days before been pilloried at

several places, and whipped at the cart's tail from Newgate to Aldgate, was this day placed on a sledge, being not able to go, by reason of so late scourging, and dragged from prison to Tyburn, and whipped again all the way, which some thought to be very severe and extraordinary: but if he was guilty of the perjuries, and so of the death of so many innocents, as I fear he was, *his punishment was but what he deserved*. I chanced to pass just as execution was doing on him—a strange revolution."

Dangerfield, who had been the inventor of the "Meal-Tub Plot," was condemned, in the same year, to about as severe a punishment as Oates. He was ordered to stand twice in the pillory; to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate on one day, and from Newgate to Tyburn on another; and to pay a fine of £500. He was not made of such tough material as his brother scoundrel, Oates. He "was struck with such horror at this terrible sentence, that he looked upon himself as a dead man, and accordingly chose a text for his funeral sermon, but persevered in asserting that all he had delivered in evidence before the House of Commons was true. The whipping was executed with full rigour, as before upon Oates, and was scarce over before one Mr. Robert Francis, a barrister, of Gray's Inn, gave him a wound with his cane in or near the eye, which, according to the deposition of the surgeon, was the cause of his death." This furious barrister, Mr. Francis, was consequently tried for the murder, and as it was found that the popular feeling was very violent against him, it was judged a politic proceeding to permit his conviction and execution.

So much for general observations upon Holborn. The first object which catches the eye as we look about for particulars on which to comment, is the statue erected to the memory of the late Prince Consort in Holborn Circus. This statue was unveiled on Friday the 9th of January, 1874. It was a gift from a patriotic gentleman, who desired to remain unknown, to the Corporation of London. The prince is represented as responding to a salute. The pedestal, which is composed of stones weighing two to ten tons each, includes two sitting figures illustrating History and Peace, and bas-reliefs illustrating important events in Prince Albert's life. The statue is the work of Mr. Bacon. The pedestal is the joint design of the sculptor and Mr. William Haywood.

We must not forget to speak of an inn called the "Rose," which stood formerly on Holborn Hill, and disappeared only within the recollection of the present generation. From it Taylor the

water-poet started in the Southampton coach for the Isle of Wight on the 19th of October, 1647, while Charles I. was there.

"We took one coach, two coachmen, and four horses,  
And merrily from London made our course,  
We wheeled the top of the heavy hill called Holborn  
(Up which hath been full many a sinful soul borne),  
And so along we jolted past St. Giles's,  
Which place from Brentford six or seven miles is."

So says Taylor in the beginning of his "Travels from London to the Isle of Wight."

Union Court, situated over against St. Andrew's Church, was originally called Scroop's Court. It derived this name from the noble family of Scrope of Bolton, who had a town house here, which was afterwards let to the serjeants-at-law. It ceased, it is said, to be a serjeants' inn about the year 1498.

Bartlett's Buildings, on the south side of Holborn, is described by Strype as "a very handsome place, graced with good buildings of brick, with gardens behind the houses," and he adds, that it is a region "very well inhabited by gentry, and persons of good repute." Were Strype to come alive again, he would not recognise the locality. Bartlett's Buildings are mentioned in the register of St. Andrew's as far back as 1615. The place is now chiefly occupied by warehouses and offices, and by the Farringdon Dispensary and Lying-in Charity.

We read in Thoresby's Diary, 13th May, 1714:—"At the meeting of the Royal Society, where was Sir Isaac Newton, the president. I met there, also, with several of my old friends, Dr. Sloane, Dr. Halley, &c. But I left all to go with Mr. Chamberlayn to Bartlett's Buildings, to the other society, viz., that for promoting Christian Knowledge, which is to be preferred to all other learning."

In Dyers' Buildings, the site of some almshouses of the Dyers' Company, lived William Roscoe, when he published his edition of Pope's Works, with notes and a life of the poet, 10 vols. 8vo, 1824. One of the principal objects of this new edition was to give a fuller and more accurate life of the poet than had yet appeared. Of the various biographical notices of him, it is not unjust to say that there was not one worthy of the subject. The *Quarterly Review* (October, 1825), in summing up the merits of Mr. Roscoe's work, says, "His original criticism is not much, but is enlightened and liberal; and the candour with which that and the life are written, is quite refreshing after the blighting perversity of the preceding editors, whose misrepresentations and calumnies he has industriously examined and patiently refuted, with a lucid arrangement both of facts and arguments."

At the corner of Furnival's Inn, on the opposite

side of the street from Dyers' Buildings, Edward Kidder, the famous pastry-cook, had a school. He had another establishment in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and in these two places is said to have taught, from first to last, nearly six thousand ladies the delightful art of making pastry. Kidder published his receipts, engraved on copper, in a thin 8vo volume, with his portrait as a frontispiece. He died in April, 1739, in his seventy-third year. His book is somewhat dull reading, being unenlivened by any of those touches of fancy and eccentricity which make a work like Dr. Kitchener's "Cook's Oracle" so delightful to spend half an hour over.

And now crossing the street again we come to Castle Street, which runs from Holborn into Cursitor Street. Its proper name is Castle Yard, perhaps from the name of Castle Inn, on the site of which it is built. Lord Arundel, the great collector of art and antiquities, was living in 1619-20 in "Castle Yard, in Holborn." And here died Lady Davenant, the first wife of Sir William Davenant, the poet.

And having by Castle Street reached Cursitor Street, we may as well say a little about it, having omitted to do so in the beginning of our pilgrimage when speaking of Chancery Lane, of which it is a tributary. It is named after the Cursitor's Office or Inn, founded by Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, and father of the famous Lord Bacon. Stow, speaking of Chancery Lane, says, "In this street the first fair building to be noted on the east side is called the Cursitor's Office: built with divers fair lodgings for gentlemen, all of brick and timber, by Sir Nicholas Bacon, late Lord Keeper of the Great Seal." Cursitor is said to be a corruption of chorister, and this seemeth the more probable, because "anciently all or the most part of the officers and ministers of Chancery, or Court of Conscience (for so the Chancery hath been called) were churchmen, divines, and canonists." The business of the Cursitors is to make out and issue writs in the name of the Court of Chancery.

When passing once through Cursitor Street with his secretary, Lord Chancellor Eldon said: "Here was my first perch; how often have I run down to Fleet Market with sixpence in my hand to buy sprats for supper."

It was here he lived with that pretty young wife whom he married so imprudently, though he used in after life to reflect upon the step as one of the most fortunate of his early career. "The romance of the law," says Mr. Jeaffreson, "contains few more pleasant episodes than the story of the elopement of Jack Scott (afterwards Lord Eldon) with Bessie

Surtees. There is no need to tell in detail how the comely Oxford scholar danced with the banker's daughter at the Newcastle assemblies; how his suit was at first recognised by the girl's parents, although the Scotts were but rich 'fitters,' whereas Aubone Surtees, Esquire, was a banker and gentleman of honourable descent; how, on the appearance of an aged and patrician suitor for Bessie's hand, papa and mamma told Jack Scott not to presume on their condescension, and counselled Bessie to throw her lover over, and become the lady of Sir William Blackett; how Bessie was faithful and Jack was urgent; how they had secret interviews on Tyne-side and in London, meeting clandestinely on horseback and on foot, corresponding privately by letters and confidential messengers; how, eventually, the lovers, to the consternation of 'good society' in Newcastle, were made husband and wife at Black-shields, North Britain. Who is ignorant of the story? Does not every visitor to Newcastle pause before an old house in Sandhill, and look up at the blue pane which marks the window from which Bessie descended into her lover's arms?" After a short residence at Oxford, the future Lord Eldon naturally came (as mostly all talent does come) to London, and established himself in a humble little house in Cursitor Street. The pretty wife made it cheerful for him. He had in after life to regret her peculiarities, her stinginess, and her nervous repugnance to society; but he remained devoted in his attachment. "Poor Bessie!" he said, in his old age, after she was dead; "if ever there was an angel on earth, she was one. The only reparation which one man can make to another for running away with his daughter, is to be exemplary in his conduct towards her."

Returning to Holborn and proceeding westward, we come to Southampton Buildings, built on the site of Southampton House. They lie on the south side of Holborn, a little above Holborn Bars. Speaking of the old mansion-house, Peter Cunningham, in 1849, remarked that fragments still remained in his day. He was shown, in 1847, what was still called "the chapel" of the house, a building with rubble walls and a flat timbered roof. The occupant also told him that his father remembered a pulpit in the chapel, and that he himself, when forming the foundation of a workshop adjoining, had seen portions of a circular building which he supposed to be part of the old temple mentioned in a passage from Stow, which we shall make the subject of the following paragraphs:—

"Beyond the Bars [Holborn Bars]," says Stow, "had ye in old time a temple built by the Templars, whose order first began in 1118, in the nineteenth

of Henry I. This temple was left and fell to ruin since the year 1184, when the Templars had builded them a new Temple in Fleet Street, near to the river of Thames. A great part of this old temple was pulled down but of late, in the year 1595.

"Adjoining to this old temple was some time the Bishop of Lincoln's inn, wherein he lodged when he repaired to this city. Robert de Curars, Bishop of Lincoln, built it about the year 1147. John Russell, Bishop of Lincoln, Chancellor of England in the reign of Richard III., was lodged there. It hath of late years belonged to the Earl of Southampton, and therefore called Southampton House. Master Roper hath of late much built there, by means whereof part of the ruins of the old temple are seen to remain, built of Caen stone, round in form as the new Temple by Temple Bar, and other temples in England."

We must not forget that in Southampton House, Thomas, the last Earl of Southampton, the faithful and virtuous servant of Charles I., and Lord Treasurer in the beginning of the reign of Charles II., ended his days. Pennant, the historian, when he comes to this point in his "Account of London," writes with all the pathos of an honest and feeling heart. "He died," he says, "in 1667, barely in possession of the white rod, which his profligate enemies were with difficulty dissuaded from wresting out of his dying hands. He had the happiness of marrying his daughter and heiress to a nobleman of congenial merit, the ill-fated Lord Russell. Her virtues underwent a fiery trial, and came out of the test if possible more pure. I cannot read of her last interviews with her devoted lord without the strongest emotions. Her greatness of mind appears to uncommon advantage. The last scene is beyond the power of either pen or pencil. In this house they lived many years. When his lordship passed by it, on the way to execution, he felt a momentary bitterness of death in recollecting the happy moments of the place. He looked towards Southampton House, the tear started into his eye, but he instantly wiped it away."

Southampton House was taken down and private tenements erected on the site in the middle of the seventeenth century. Howel, writing in 1657, mentioning this fact, breaks out in his quaint way: "If any one should ask what the Almighty doth now in London, he might (as the pulse of the times beats) give the same answer that was given by the pagan philosopher, who, being demanded what Jupiter did in heaven, he said, 'Jupiter breaks great vessels, and makes small ones of their pieces.'"

In Southampton Buildings, in the house of a relative, Ludlow, the Parliamentary general, lay



concealed from the Restoration till the period of his escape. And a very narrow escape it was. When the proclamation was issued by Charles II., requiring all the late king's judges to surrender themselves in fourteen days, on pain of being left out of the act of indemnity, he determined to fly the country. He bade farewell to his friends, and went over London Bridge in a coach to St. George's Church in the borough of Southwark, where he took horse, and travelling all night, arrived at Lewes, in Sussex, by break of day next morning. Soon after, he went on board a small open vessel prepared for him; but the weather being very bad, he quitted that, and took shelter in a larger which had been got ready, but it stuck in the sands going down the river. He had hardly got on board this, when some persons came to search that which he had just left. After waiting a night and a day for the storm to abate (during which time the master of the vessel asked him whether he had heard that Lieutenant-General Ludlow was confined among the rest of the king's judges), he put to sea, and landed at Dieppe in the evening, before the gates were shut. Having thus got him out of the reach of danger, we shall leave him, only waiting to tell the reader that he died at Vevay, in Switzerland, in 1693, his last wishes being for the prosperity, peace, and glory of his country.

One of the earliest coffee-houses of London was established in Southampton Buildings. In the autobiography of Anthony à Wood (ii. 65) we come upon the following passage in connection with the year 1650:—"This year Jacob, a Jew, opened a coffee-house at the Angel in the parish of St. Peter, in the East Oxon, and there it was by some, who delighted in noveltie, drank. When he left Oxon, he sold it in old Southampton Buildings, in Holborne, near London, and was living there in 1671."

When coffee was first introduced into England, about the middle of the seventeenth century, the new beverage, as was to be expected, had its opponents as well as its advocates. There were broadsides against coffee, just as there had been counterblasts against tobacco; but in spite of opposition it became a favourite drink, and the shops where it was sold grew to be places of general resort. They were frequented by *quidnuncs*, and were the great marts for news of all kinds, true and false.

In 1675, a paternal Government issued a proclamation for shutting up and suppressing all coffee-houses. They found, however, that in making this proclamation they had gone a step too far. So early as this period the coffee-house had become a power

in the land—as Macaulay tells us—a most important political institution, when public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the machinery of agitation, had not come into fashion, and nothing like a newspaper existed. In such circumstances the coffee-houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself. Consequently, on a petition of the merchants and retailers of coffee, permission was granted to keep the coffee-houses open for six months, under an admonition that the masters of them should prevent all scandalous papers, books, and libels from being read in them, and hinder every person from declaiming, uttering, or divulging all manner of false and scandalous reports against Government or the ministers thereof. The absurdity of constituting every maker of a cup of coffee a censor of the press was too great even for those days: the proclamation was laughed at, and no more was heard of the suppression of coffee-houses.

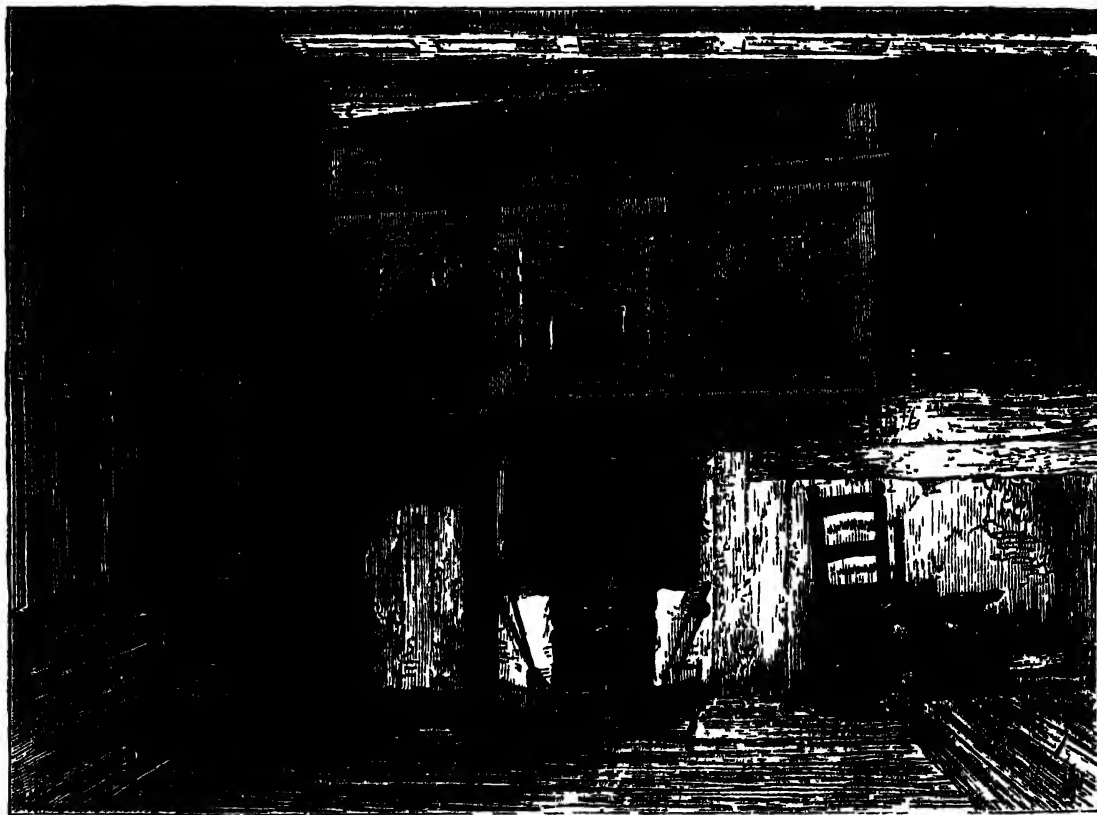
Dr. Birkbeck, in 1823, founded in Southampton Buildings a Mechanics' Institution, for the dissemination of useful knowledge among the industrious classes of the community, by means of lectures, classes, and a library.

"In inquiring," says a writer from whom we have already quoted, "into the origin of that movement for popular instruction which has occupied so broad a space during this century, we are met by the name of George Birkbeck standing out in conspicuous characters. The son of a banker at Settle, in Yorkshire, and reared as a medical practitioner, he was induced at an early period of life to accept a professorship in what was called the Andersonian Institution of Glasgow, a kind of popular university which had just then started into being. Here Birkbeck found great difficulty in getting apparatus made for a course of lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy; and this suggested to him the establishment of popular lectures to working men, with a view to the spread of knowledge in various matters relating to the application of science to the practical arts. This was the germ from which Mechanics' Institutions afterwards sprung. The trustees of the Andersonian Institution had not Birkbeck's enthusiasm; they deemed the scheme visionary, and refused at first to support it. In the autumn of 1800 he went to Yorkshire for a vacation, and there digested a plan for forming a class solely for persons engaged in the practical exercise of the mechanical arts, men whose education in early life had precluded even the possibility of acquiring the smallest portion of scientific knowledge. This mechanics' class was to be held in one of the rooms of the Andersonian Institution.

"On his return to Glasgow, he opened communications with the chief owners of manufacturing establishments, offering to the more intelligent workmen free admission to his class. The first lecture was attended by seventy-five artisans; it excited so much interest, that two hundred came to the second lecture, three hundred to the third, and five hundred to the fourth: His grateful pupils presented him with a silver cup at the close of the course, as a token of their appreciation of his disinterested kindness. He repeated these labours

1821 a School of Arts was established in Edinburgh, chiefly through the instrumentality of Mr. Leonard Horner. In 1823 a Mechanics' Institution was founded at Glasgow, and another in London, of which last Dr. Birkbeck was very appropriately elected president, an office he filled till his death, eighteen years afterwards.

"On the 2nd of December, 1824, being the first anniversary of the formation of the London Mechanics' Institution, the foundation-stone was laid of an edifice to be used as a theatre for deliver-

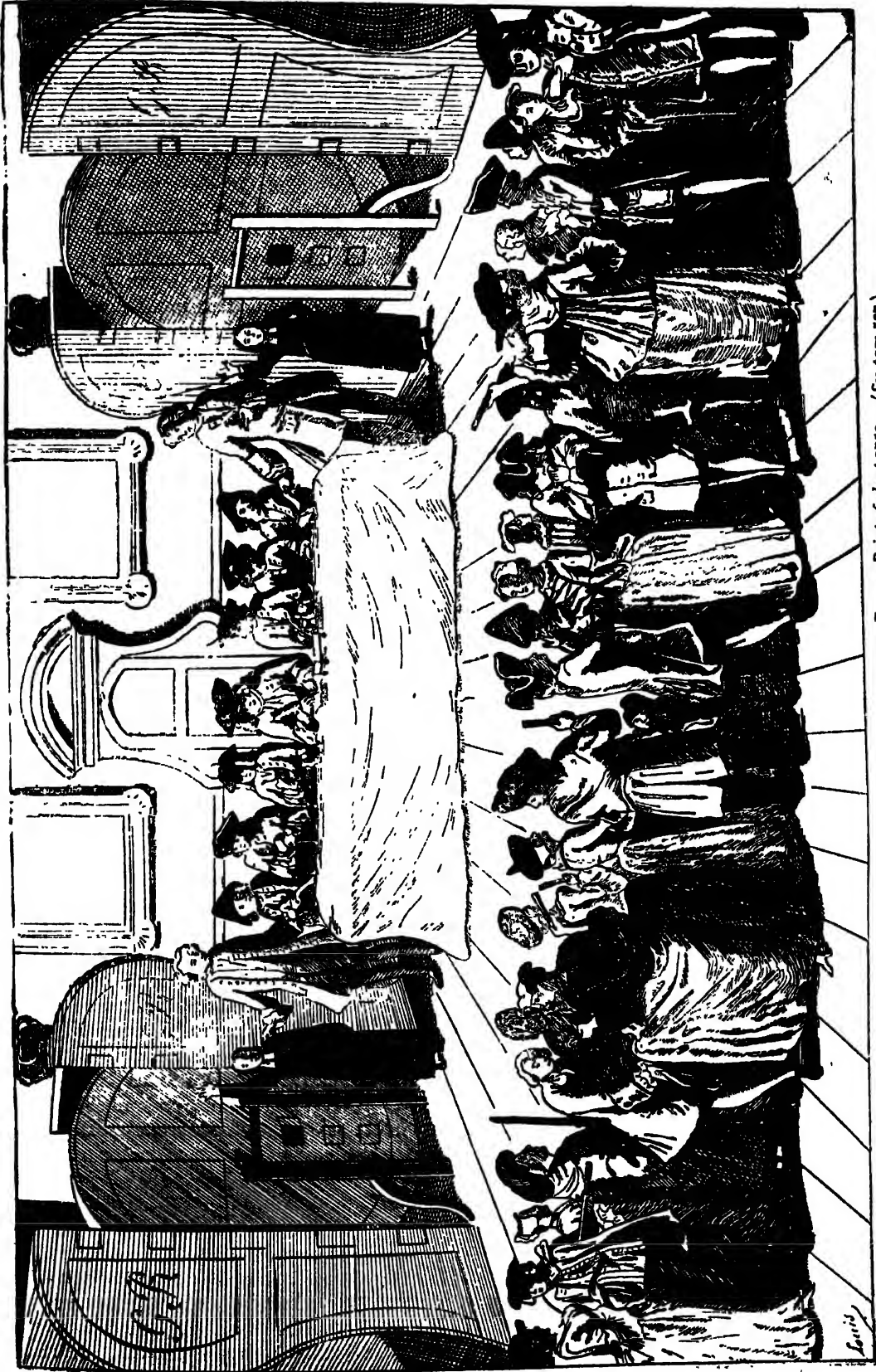


ROOM OF A HOUSE IN FULWOOD'S RENTS. *After Archer.* (See page 536.)

year after year till 1804, when he resigned his position at Glasgow to Dr. Ure, who, like him, was at that time struggling into fame. Birkbeck married, came to London, and settled down as a physician.

"Many years elapsed during which Dr. Birkbeck was wholly absorbed in his professional duties. He did not, however, forget his early schemes, and as he advanced in life, he found or made opportunities for developing them. In 1820 he gave a gratuitous course of lectures at the London Institution. Gradually a wish spread in various quarters to put in operation the plan which had so long occupied the thoughts of Dr. Birkbeck—viz., to give instruction in science to working men. In

ing the lectures of the professors, on the premises occupied by the Institution in Southampton Buildings. The newly-established concern was at first highly successful. Men of great attainments offered their services as lecturers, and the lecture-hall very often contained a thousand persons listening with the greatest attention to discourses on astronomy, experimental philosophy, chemistry, physiology, the steam-engine, &c. Many persons who afterwards attained to a more or less distinguished position in society, owed their first knowledge of the principles of science to the London Mechanics' Institution. The novelty and success of the enterprise were so great that similar institu-



DRAWING THE STATE LOTTERY AT GUILDHALL. From a Print of about 1750. (See page 537.)

tions sprang up rapidly in various parts of the kingdom."

When the first enthusiasm wore off, Mechanics' Institutions hardly realised, perhaps, the expectations of their founders. The reasons for this have been thus set down by a careful observer:—"In large towns," he says, "the energy and enthusiasm that originated them carried them on for a time; but as the novelty wore off the members and revenue decreased, modifications of plan had to be adopted, new features introduced, and radical changes made. If these proved acceptable to the public, the institution flourished; if not, it decayed. If the original idea of giving scientific education only were strictly carried out, the number of members was small, while, if amusement took the place of study, the institution lived in jeopardy from the fickle and changing taste for amusement on the part of the public."

The Mechanics' Institution in Southampton Buildings has now departed considerably from the design of the founder, and flourishes under the title of the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution.

A well by which wonderful cures were effected both on the blind and the lame was discovered in 1649 near Southampton House. It was known as the Soldier's Well, the finder having been of the military profession, and is mentioned in "Perfect Occurrences from August 24th to August 31st, 1649."

Fulwood's Rents, commonly called Fuller's Rents, in Holborn, is a narrow-paved court nearly opposite the end of Chancery Lane. It leads into Gray's Inn Walks, Gray's Inn Gardens. Strype, in 1720, describes it thus:—"Fulwood's Rents, opposite to Chancery Lane, runneth up to Gray's Inn, into which it hath an entrance, through the gate; a place of a good resort, and taken up by coffee-houses, ale-houses, and houses of entertainment, by reason of its vicinity to Gray's Inn. On the east side is a handsome open place, with a freestone pavement, and better built, and inhabited by private housekeepers. At the upper end of this court is a passage into the Castle Tavern, a house of considerable trade, as is the Golden Griffin Tavern, on the west side, which also hath a passage into Fulwood's Rents."

Here stood "John's," one of the earliest coffee-houses. "When coffee first came in (circ. 1656)," says Aubrey, in his "Lives," "he (Sir Henry Blount) was a great upholder of it, and hath ever since been a constant frequenter of coffee-houses, especially Mr. Farre's, at the Rainbow, by Inner Temple-gate, and lately John's Coffee-house, in Fuller's Rents."

Adjoining Gray's Inn Gate, on the west side, was Squire's Coffee-house, from whence several of the *Spectators* are dated.

Ned Ward, the author of the "London Spy," kept a punch-house within one door of Gray's Inn, and here he died, in the year 1731. This writer, whom, in the course of our rambles through Old London, we have already several times quoted, was of low extraction, and born in Oxfordshire, about 1667. His residence was not always in Fulwood's Rents, for we find him living a while in Gray's Inn, then, for some years after, keeping a public-house in Moorfields, and after that in Clerkenwell. In his last establishment, off Holborn, he would entertain any company who invited him with stories and adventures of the poets and authors he was acquainted with. Pope honoured him with a place in the "Dunciad," but Ward took his revenge, and retorted with some spirit. He died on the 20th of June, 1731, and, on the 27th of the same month, was interred in St. Pancras Churchyard, with one mourning coach for his wife and daughter to attend the hearse, as he had himself directed in a poetical will, written by him on the 24th of June, 1725. Ward is best known by his "London Spy," a coarse production, but, in some respects, a true representation of the metropolitan manners of his day.

The "Castle Tavern," of which Strype makes mention, was kept for many years by Thomas Winter, better known as "Tom Spring," the pugilist, who died here on the 20th of August, 1851.

A curious gabled and projecting house, of the time of James I., stands about the centre of the east side of Fulwood's Rents. A ground-floor room of this house is engraved by Mr. Archer, in his "Vestiges of Old London," and is given by us on page 534. The apartment was entirely panelled with oak, the mantelpiece being carved in the same wood, with caryatides and arched niches; the ceiling-beams were carved in panels, and the entire room was original, with the exception of the window. On the first floor, a larger room contained another carved mantelpiece, of very florid construction. The front of the house is said to be covered with ornament, now concealed by plaster.

In the "Banquet of Jests" (1639) we find mention made of a tavern near this, called the "Sun:—"A pleasant fellow, willing to put off a lame horse, rode him from the 'Sunne Tavern,' within Cripplegate, to the 'Sunne' in Holborn, neere the Fuller's Rents; and the next day offering to sell him in Smithfield, the buyer asking him why he looked so leane, 'Marry, no marvell,' answered he,

‘for but yesterday I rid him from sunne to sunne, and never drew bit.’

Dr. Johnson, in 1748, lived at the “Golden Anchor,” at Holborn Bars.

At the east corner of the Middle Row, Sir James Branscombe kept a lottery-office for forty years. He had been footman to the Earl of Gainsborough, and was knighted when Sheriff of London and Middlesex, in 1806.

The history of lotteries in England is an entertaining one. The earliest English lottery was drawn in 1569. The drawing began on the 11th of January, at the west door of St. Paul's, and continued day and night till the 6th of May. The scheme, which had been announced two years before, shows that the lottery consisted of 40,000 lots, or shares, at 10s. each, and that it comprehended “a great number of good prizes, as well of ready money as of plate, and certain sorts of merchandise.” Any profit that might be derived from the scheme was to be devoted to the reparation of harbours and other useful public works. The second lottery, in 1612, was projected to benefit the new colony in Virginia, and there is a tradition that the principal prize—4,000 crowns—was gained by a poor tailor. Down to 1826 (except for a short time following upon an Act of Queen Anne) lotteries continued to be sanctioned by the English Government as a source of revenue. It seems strange, says a popular writer, that so glaringly immoral a project should have been kept up under such auspices so long. The younger people at the present day may be at a loss to believe that, in the days of their fathers, there were large and imposing offices in London, such as this one in Holborn, and pretentious agencies in the provinces, for the sale of lottery-tickets; while flaming advertisements on walls, in new books, and in the public journals, proclaimed the preferableness of such and such “lucky” offices—this one having sold two-sixteenths of the last £20,000 prize, another having sold an entire £30,000 ticket the year before, and so on. It was found possible to persuade the public, or a portion of it, that where a blessing had once lighted, it was the more likely to light again. The competition amongst the lottery-offices was intense. One firm, finding an old woman in the country of the name of Goodluck, gave her £50 a year, on condition she should join them as a nominal partner, for the sake of the attractive effect of her name. In their advertisements each was sedulous to tell how many of the grand prizes had in former years fallen to the lot of persons who had bought at *his* shop.

“The State lottery,” Dr. Chambers remarks,

“was founded on the simple principle that the State held forth a certain sum, to be repaid by a larger. The transaction was usually managed thus:—The Government gave £10 in prizes for every share taken, on an average. A great many blanks, or of prizes under £10, left, of course, a surplus for the creation of a few magnificent prizes, wherewith to attract the unwary public. Certain firms in the City, known as lottery-office keepers, contracted for the lottery, each taking a certain number of shares; the sum paid by them was always more than £10 per share, and the excess constituted the Government profit. It was customary, for many years, for the contractors to give about £16 to the Government, and then to charge the public from £20 to £22. It was made lawful for the contractors to divide the shares into halves, quarters, eighths, and sixteenths, and they always charged relatively more for these aliquot parts. A man with 30s. to spare could buy a sixteenth, and the contractors made a large portion of their profit out of such customers.”

“The Government sometimes paid the prizes in terminable annuities, instead of cash, and the loan system and the lottery system were occasionally combined in a very odd way. Thus, in 1780, every subscriber of £1,000 towards a loan of £2,000,000, at four per cent., received a bonus of four lottery-tickets, the value of each of which was £10, and any one of which might be the fortunate number for a £20,000 or £30,000 prize.”

The culminating point in the history of lottery gambling appears to have been the year 1772. The whole town then went crazed on the chance of making large gains by small ventures. There were lottery magazines, lottery tailors and dressmakers; lottery glovers, hat-makers, and tea-dealers; lottery snuff and pig-tail merchants; lottery barbers, who promised, on payment of 3d., to shave you and give you a chance of being paid £10; lottery shoe-blacks; lottery ordinaries, where one might obtain, for 6d., a plate of beef and the chance of winning sixty guineas; lottery oyster-stalls, where 3d. yielded a dozen of oysters and a very distant prospect of five guineas; and, lastly, a sausage-stall, in a blind alley, where you might, by purchasing a farthing's worth of sausages, should the fates prove propitious, gain a bonus of 5s.

The demoralising effect of this state of affairs may be readily imagined. By creating illusive hopes lotteries supplanted steady industry. Shopmen robbed their masters, servant-girls their mistresses, friends borrowed from each other under false pretences, and husbands stinted their wives and children of necessities—all to raise the



means for buying a portion or the whole of a lottery-ticket. There was no exaggeration in the report of a committee of the House of Commons, a considerable time prior to the abolition of lotteries in 1826, which remarked that "the foundation of the lottery is so radically vicious that under no system can it become an efficient source of gain, and yet be divested of the evils and calamities of which it has proved so baneful a source. Idleness, dissipation, and poverty are increased; sacred and confidential trusts are betrayed; domestic comfort is destroyed; madness often created; crimes subjecting the perpetrators to death are committed. No mode of raising money appears so burdensome, pernicious, and unproductive. No species of adventure is known where the chances are so great against the adventurers, none where the infatuation is more powerful, lasting, and destructive. In the lower classes of society the persons engaged are, generally speaking, either immediately or ultimately tempted to their ruin; and there is scarcely any condition of life so destitute and so abandoned but its distresses have not been aggravated by this allurements to gaming."

Amidst all this immoral and unhealthy excitement, however, many incidents occurred which, to read about at least, afford amusement. In 1767, for example, a lady in Holborn had a lottery-ticket presented to her by her husband, and on the Sunday preceding the drawing, her success was prayed for in the parish church—St. Andrew's, most probably—in this form: "The prayers of this congregation are desired for the success of a person engaged in a new undertaking." Possibly she was one of those who followed the lottery-loving clergy who used to defend the appeal to chance by reference to Scripture, urging that "by lot it was determined which of the goats should be offered to Aaron; by lot the land of Canaan was divided; by lot Saul was marked out for the kingdom; by lot Jonah was found to be the cause of the tempest; by lot the apostles filled up the vacant place of Judas." But "the devil can quote Scripture for his purpose."

In the same year (1767) the prize (or a prize) of £20,000 fell to the lot of a tavern-keeper at Abingdon. We are told, in the journals of the time—"The broker who went from town to carry him the news he complimented with £100. All the bells in the place were set a-ringing. He called his neighbours, and promised to assist this one with a capital sum, that one with another. He gave away plenty of liquor, and vowed to lend a poor cobbler money to buy leather to stock his

stall so full that he should not be able to get into it to work; and, lastly, he promised to buy a new coach for the coachman who brought him down the ticket, and to give a set of as good horses as could be bought for money."

The theory of "lucky numbers" attracted great attention in the days of lotteries. When the drawing took place, papers inscribed with as many different numbers as there were shares, or tickets, were placed in a hollow wheel; one of these was drawn out, usually by a Bluecoat boy, and the number was audibly announced. Another Bluecoat boy then drew out of another wheel a paper, representing either a "blank" or a prize for a certain sum of money, and the purchaser of that particular number got nothing or gained a prize accordingly. With a view to getting lucky numbers, one man would select his own age, or the age of his wife; another would select the date of the year, a third a row of odd or of even numbers. Some, in their excitement, dreamt of numbers, and purchased tickets in harmony with their dreams. There is an amusing paper in the *Spectator* (No. 191, October 9, 1711) in which the subject of lucky numbers is dealt with in a strain of pleasant banter. It tells of one man who selected 1711, because it was the year of our Lord; of another who sought for 134, because it constituted the minority on a celebrated bill in the House of Commons; and of a third who selected the number of the beast, 666, on the ground that wicked beings were often lucky. In 1790 a lady bought No. 17090, because it was the nearest *in sound* to 1790, which had been already sold to some other applicant. A story is told of a tradesman who, on one occasion, bought four tickets consecutive in number. He thought it foolish to have them so close together, and took one back to the office to be exchanged. The one thus taken back turned up a £20,000 prize!

The last "State lottery" was drawn in England on the 18th of October, 1826, at Cooper's Hall, Basinghall Street. Public suspicion had, however, by this time been aroused, and, though such numbers turned out to see the last of a long series of legalised swindles as to inconveniently crowd the hall, the lottery-office keepers could not dispose of all the tickets. The abolition of lotteries deprived the Government of a revenue equal to £250,000 or £300,000 per annum.

In Holborn was born the once popular lecturer and poet, George Alexander Stevens, "a man," says the late Mr. J. H. Jesse, "whose misfortunes were only equal to his misconduct—at one time the idol of a Bacchanalian club, and at another the inmate of a gaol; at one time writing a drinking-



song, and at another a religious poem. Stevens is now, perhaps, best remembered from his 'Lectures on Heads,' a medley of wit and nonsense, to which no other person but himself could have given the proper effect. The lecture was originally designed for Shuter, who entirely failed in the performance. Stevens, however, no sooner attempted the task himself than it became instantly popular."

At the commencement of his career Stevens attempted the stage, a line of life which he soon abandoned. As an actor his merit was below mediocrity. As a humorous writer he acquired considerable fame, but his life being neither regulated by the rules of virtue nor of prudence, his health was soon impaired, his finances were often at a low ebb, and his person was not unfrequently in durance. His pecuniary position, however, was much improved by his happily conceived lecture, by means of which he soon amassed a large sum of money. After delivering it in England and Scotland, with extraordinary approbation, he visited America, and was well received in all the principal towns. In fact, in the course of a few years he became worth about £10,000; but the greater part of this sum had melted from his hands before his death. He died on the 6th of September, 1784, his mind having for some time previous been in a state of hopeless idiotic ruin.

Stevens is the first instance that can be produced of one man, single-handed, keeping an audience amused for the space of four hours. As he was the inventor of this species of entertainment, it may naturally be inquired by what means it was suggested to him. The first idea of his lecture, it is said, was got at a village, where he was manager of a theatrical company. He met there with a country mechanic, who described the members of the corporation with great force and humour. Upon this idea Stevens improved, and was assisted in making the heads by his friend, who little imagined what a source of profit he had established.

Gerarde, the herbalist, had a large physic-garden in Holborn. The site is uncertain, but we may as well notice it here. He dates his "Herbal" "From my house in London, within the suburbs of London, this first of December, 1597." He mentions in his famous work many rare plants which grew well in the garden behind his house.

Of his botanic garden in Holborn, says Chalmers, "Gerard published a catalogue in 1596, and again in 1599. Of this work scarcely an impression is known to exist, except one in the British Museum, which proved of great use in preparing the 'Hortus Kewensis' of Mr. Aiton, as serving to ascertain the time when many old plants were first culti-

vated. It contains, according to Dr. Pulteney, 1,033 species, or at least supposed such, though many, doubtless, were varieties; and there is an attestation of Lobel subjoined, vouching for his having seen nearly all of them growing and flowering. This was one of the earliest botanic gardens in Europe."

This last statement of Chalmers' is a little of an exaggeration. The fact is, there was a botanic garden in England, at Syon House, the seat of the Duke of Somerset, as early as the beginning of the sixteenth century. It was under the superintendence of Dr. Turner, whom Dr. Pulteney considers as the father of English botany. A great deal of interest seems to have been taken in botany during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and many new plants were brought into the country. Gerarde mentions Nicholas Lete, a merchant in London, "greatly in love with rare and fair flowers, for which he doth carefully send into Syria, having a servant there at Aleppo, and in many other countries, for which myself and the whole land are much bound unto him." The same author also gives due honour to Sir Walter Raleigh; to Lord Edward Zouch, who, assisted by the celebrated Lobel, brought plants and seeds from Constantinople; and to Lord Hunsdon, Lord High Chamberlain of England, who, he says, "is worthy of triple honour for his care in getting, as also for his care in keeping, such rare and curious things from the farthest parts of the world."

Gerarde was born at Nantwich, in Cheshire, in 1545. He practised surgery in London, and rose to eminence in that profession. After the publication of his "Herbal," he lived for about ten years, his death taking place in 1607. Many errors have been pointed out in Gerarde's work, but he had the great merit of a practical knowledge of plants, with unbounded zeal and indefatigable perseverance. He contributed greatly to forward the knowledge of plants in England, and his name will be remembered by botanists with esteem, when the utility of his "Herbal" is superseded. "He was patronised," says Pennant, "by several of the first characters of the time. During twenty years he superintended the garden of the great statesman, Lord Burleigh; on his death, he found in Sir Walter Raleigh another patron; and the same in Lord Edward Zouch and Lord Hunsdon, Lord High Treasurer of England. All of those noblemen were much smitten with the useful and agreeable study of botany."

Many districts of London have in past times had the good fortune to be haunted by characters of an original type, and a most interesting volume

might be compiled of these metropolitan oddities. At present we shall notice one who used to frequent the region of Holborn, and who has been noticed by the *City Press* in "London Scenes and London People." This was Peter Stokes, known as "the Flying Pieman of Holborn Hill." He is thus described, dressed in all the finery of an old-fashioned costume, by Mr. Harvey, writing in 1863:—"When I was a youngster, the steep roadway from Hatton Garden to Fleet Market was

tray or board, just large enough to receive an appetite-provoking pudding, about three inches thick. This was divided into twelve slices, which he sold at a penny a slice. A broad blunt spatula, brilliantly bright, which he carried in his left hand, enabled him to dispense his sweets without ever touching them. His countenance was open and agreeable, expressive of intellect and moral excellence."

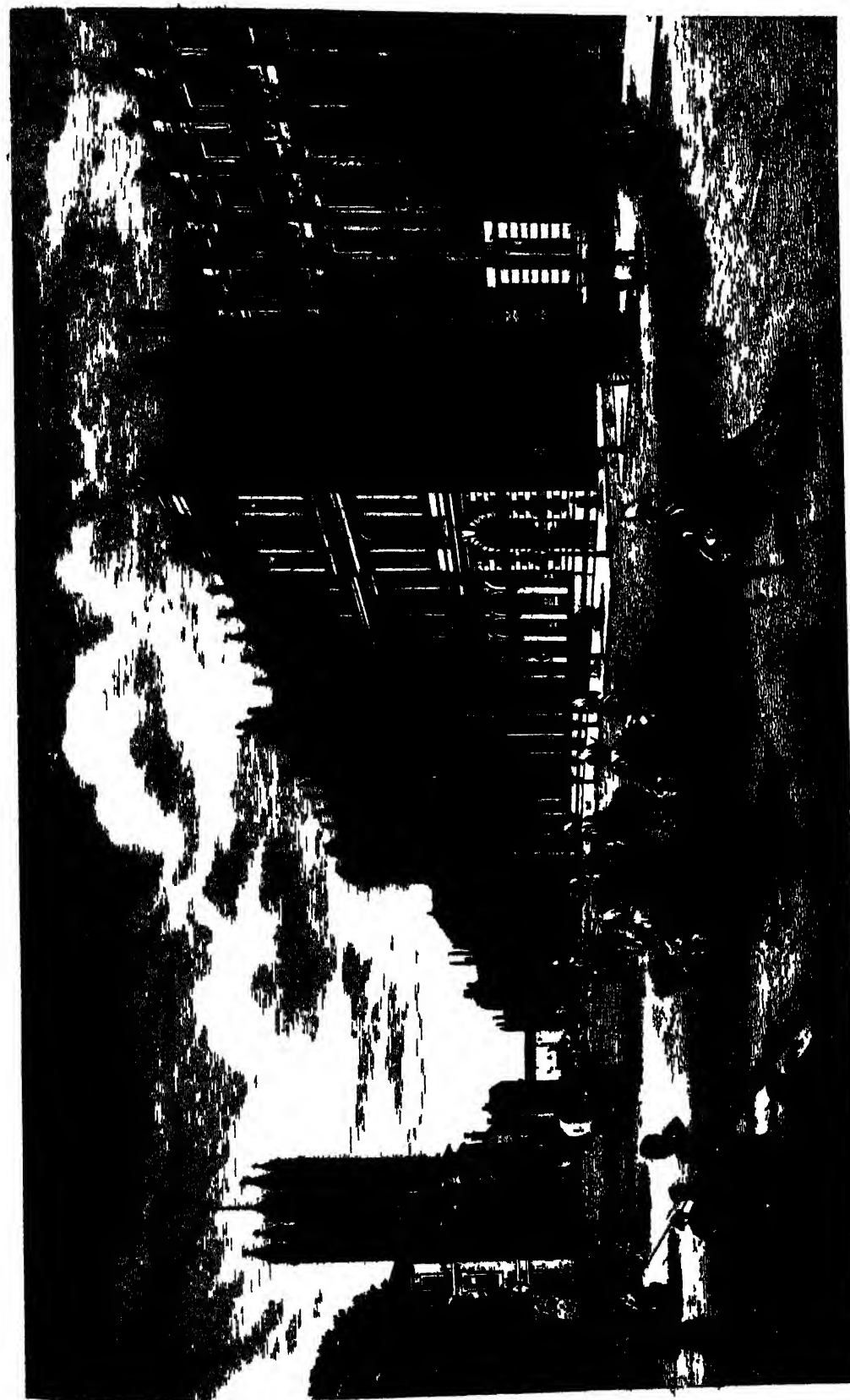
And about this man, engaged in such a humble



OLD HOUSES IN HOLBORN, OPPOSITE GRAY'S INN ROAD. (See page 527.)

highly attractive to me on account of the 'Flying Pieman,' though he did not vend pies, but a kind of baked plum-pudding, which he offered smoking hot. He was a slim, active, middle-sized man, about forty years old. He always wore a black suit, scrupulously brushed, dress-coat and vest, knee-breeches, stout black silk stockings, and shoes with steel buckles, then rather fashionable. His shirt, remarkably well got up, had a wide frill, surmounted by a spotless white cravat. He never wore either hat or cap; his hair, cropped very close, was plentifully powdered, and he was decorated with a delicate lawn apron, which hardly reached to his knees. In his right hand he held a small circular

trade, shone the light of a somewhat romantic history. He was by profession a painter, and, it was believed, possessed considerable talent. When he was a very young man he married, "all for love." His practice as an artist did not keep pace with the growing wants of a small family, and at last, with an eccentricity which, in the circumstances, may be pardoned, he determined to begin a street-trade on Holborn Hill, and conducted this business for many a day. From twelve to four o'clock he was to be seen shouting, "Buy, buy, buy!" as he moved to and fro, from Fetter Lane to Ely Place, thence to Thavies Inn or to Field Lane, Hatton Garden or Fleet Market, rapidly



FASSELLS OLD & NEW LONDON PLATE NO

NEW TREASURY BUILDINGS



getting rid of his tempting wares. After four o'clock he betook himself to genteel lodgings in Rathbone Place, where Stokes was himself again, resumed his palette and easel, and found sitters increase as his means made them less necessary, for the street business proved a money-making one.

Peter Stokes' history recalls that of a remarkable hawker of savoury patties, who might be con-

teenth century," writes Dr. Robert Chambers, "the bellman was the recognised term for what we would now call a night watchman, being derived from the handbell which the man carried in order to give alarm in case of fire. In the Luttrell Collection of Broad-sides (British Museum) is one dated 1683-4, entitled, 'A Copy of Verses presented by Isaac Ragg, Bellman, to his Masters and Mistresses of Holbourn Division, in the Parish of St. Giles-in-the-



BLEEDING HEART YARD. (See page 544.)

stantly seen in the streets of Paris, during the earlier years of Louis XVI. He was of higher origin than our London "Flying Pieman," however, but reckless extravagance had reduced him to poverty while he was yet in the prime of life. His dress was fastidiously elegant, and while standing, basket in hand, on the steps of the Palais Royal, he wore round his neck the decoration of St. Croix. Sterne had seen him, and declares that his manners and address were those of a man of high rank.

Let us now speak about another character of this neighbourhood, namely, an old bellman of Holborn, and take the opportunity of saying a few words about bellmen in general. "In London, and probably in other English cities in the seven-

Fields.' It is headed by a woodcut representing Isaac in professional accoutrements—a pointed pole in the left hand, and in the right a bell, while his lantern hangs from his jacket in front. Below is a series of verses on St. Andrew's Day, King Charles the First's birthday, St. Thomas's Day, Christmas Day, St. John's Day, Childermas Day, New Year's Day, the 13th of January, &c., all of them being very proper, and very insufferable. The 'prologue' indeed is the only specimen worth giving, being the expression of Mr. Ragg's official duty. It runs as follows:—

'Time, master, calls your bellman to his task,  
To see your doors and windows all are fast,  
And that no villany or foul crime be done  
To you or yours in absence of the sun.

If any base lurker I do meet,  
In private alley or in open street,  
You shall have warning by my timely call;  
And so God bless you, and give rest to all."

One of our Holborn bellman's professional brethren, Thomas Law, issued a similar but unadorned broadside in 1666, which has had the good fortune to be preserved for our enlightenment. In it he greets his masters of "St. Giles, Cripplegate, within the Freedom," in no less than twenty-three dull stanzas, of which the last may be given here :—

"No sooner hath St. Andrew crowned November,  
But Boreas from the north brings cold December;  
And I have often heard a many say  
He brings the winter month Newcastle way:  
For comfort here of poor distressed souls  
*Would he had with him brought a fleet of coals."*

At a fixed season of the year—most often, no doubt, Christmas—it seems to have been customary

for the bellman to distribute copies of his broadside through the district of which he had the charge, expecting his masters to favour him in return with some small gratuity. The execrable character which usually belonged to these rhymed productions is shown by the contempt with which the wits used to speak of "bellman's verses."

Robert Herrick has a little poem in which he wishes good luck to his friends in the form of the nightly addresses of the bellman. Like all Herrick's productions, it is daintily musical. With its good wishes applied to the reader, we shall leave him for the present, and conclude this chapter :—

"From noise of scare fires rest ye free,  
From murders benedictite;  
From all mischances that may fright  
Your pleasing slumbers in the night;  
Mercie secure ye all, and keep  
The goblin from ye, while ye sleep.  
Past one o'clock, and almost two:  
My masters all, 'good-day to you!'"

## CHAPTER LX.

### THE NORTHERN TRIBUTARIES OF HOLBORN.

Field Lane—A Description by Dickens—Saffron Hill—Old Chick Lane—Thieves' Hiding Places—Hatton Garden—A Dramatist's Wooing—The Celebrated Dr. Bate—Charles Street—Bleeding Heart Yard—Love or Murder—Leather Lane—George Morland, the Painter—Robbing One's Own House—Brooke Street—The Post Chatterton—His Life in London, and his Death—The Great Lord Hardwicke—A Hard-working Apprenticeship—A Start in Life—Offices of the Prudential Assurance Company—Greville Street—Lord Brooke's Murder—A Patron of Learning—Gray's Inn Road—Tom Jones's Arrival in Town—"Your Money or Your Life"—Poets of Gray's Inn Road—James Shirley, the Dramatist—John Ogilby—John Langhorne—The "Blue Lion"—Fox Court—The Unfortunate Richard Savage.

IN speaking of the tributary streams of human activity which flow into Holborn from the north, we shall begin a little to the east of Ely Place, and mention one which has lately been improved out of existence, namely, Field Lane. Field Lane, extending from the foot of Holborn Hill northward, and in this way lying parallel with Fleet Ditch, used to be an infamous haunt of the "dangerous classes." Now, its site, entered off Charterhouse Street, may be visited by the inquiring stranger with somewhat of a feeling of disappointment that respectability is not half so picturesque as its opposite. In 1837, Field Lane was vividly sketched by Charles Dickens, in his "Oliver Twist." "Near to the spot," he says, "on which Snow Hill and Holborn meet, there opens, upon the right hand as you come out of the City, a narrow and dismal alley, leading to Saffron Hill. In its filthy shops are exposed for sale huge bunches of pocket-handkerchiefs of all sizes and patterns, for here reside the traders who purchase them from pickpockets. Hundreds of these handkerchiefs hang dangling from pegs outside the

windows or flaunting from the door-posts, and the shelves within are piled with them. Confined as the limits of Field Lane are, it has its barber, its coffee-shop, its beer-shop, and its fried-fish warehouse. It is a commercial colony of itself—the emporium of petty larceny, visited at early morning and setting-in of dusk by silent merchants, who traffic in dark back parlours and go as strangely as they come. Here the clothes-man, the shoe-vamper, and the rag-merchant, display their goods as sign-boards to the petty thief, and stores of old iron and bones, and heaps of mildewy fragments of woollen-stuff and linen, rust and rot in the grimy cellars."

Northward from Field Lane ran Saffron Hill, which once formed a part of the pleasant gardens of Ely Place, and derived its name from the crops of saffron which it bore. But the saffron disappeared, and in time there grew up a squalid neighbourhood, swarming with poor people and thieves. Strype, in 1720, describes the locality as "of small account both as to buildings and inhabitants, and pestered with small and ordinary alleys and courts



taken up by the meaner sort of people; others are," he says, "nasty and inconsiderable." Saffron Hill ran from Field Lane into Vine Street, in which we have a name recalling the vineyard of old Ely Palace. Cunningham (1849) mentions that so dangerous was this neighbourhood in his day that when the clergy of St. Andrew's, Holborn (the parish in which the purlieu lies), visited it, they had to be accompanied by policemen in plain clothes.

Old Chick Lane debouched into Field Lane. The beginning of its destruction was in 1844. The notorious thieves' lodging-house here, formerly the "Red Lion" tavern, we have already noticed. It had various cunning contrivances for enabling its inmates to escape from the pursuit of justice. Fleet Ditch lay in the rear, and across it by a plank the hunted vagabonds often ran to conceal themselves in the opposite knot of courts and alleys.

Moving westward, we come to Hatton Garden—so called after the Sir Christopher Hatton whom we have already met as Lord Chancellor in Elizabeth's reign, and after "Christopher Hatton, his godson, son of John Hatton, cousin and heir-male of the celebrated Sir Christopher Hatton, created Baron Hatton of Kirby, in the county of Northampton, July 29th, 1643, and died 1670."

Strype describes Hatton Garden as "a very large place, containing several streets—viz., Hatton Street, Charles Street, Cross Street, and Kirby Street, all which large tract of ground was a garden, and belonged to Hatton House, now pulled down, and built into houses."

We get a glimpse of active building operations going on here in the middle of the seventeenth century, in Evelyn's "Diary:"—"7th June, 1659. To London to take leave of my brother, and see the foundations now laying for a long street and buildings in Hatton Garden, designed for a little town, lately an ample garden."

In Dennis's "Letters," 1721, we come upon a passage relating to an almost-forgotten poet and playwright who, on matrimonial thoughts intent, once haunted this locality. "Mr. Wycherly visited her [the Countess of Drogheda] daily at her lodgings, while she stayed at Tunbridge, and after she went to London, at her lodgings in Hatton Garden, where, in a little time, he got her consent to marry her." This is part of a romantic story told in Cibber's "Lives of the Poets," in repeating which we must begin by informing the reader that one of Wycherly's most successful plays was entitled *The Plain Dealer*. The writer went down to Tunbridge, to take either the benefit of the waters or the diversions of the place, and when walking one day upon the Wells Walk with his friend Mr. Fair-

beard, of Gray's Inn, just as he came up to the bookseller's, the Countess of Drogheda, a young widow, rich and beautiful, came to the bookseller and inquired for *The Plain Dealer*. "Madam," says Mr. Fairbeard, "since you are for *The Plain Dealer*, there he is for you," pushing Mr. Wycherley towards her. "Yes," says Mr. Wycherley, "this lady can bear plain dealing, for she appears to be so accomplished, that what would be a compliment to others, when said to her would be plain dealing." "No, truly, sir," said the lady; "I am not without my faults, like the rest of my sex; and yet, notwithstanding all my faults, I love plain dealing, and never am more fond of it than when it tells me of a fault." "Then, madam," says Mr. Fairbeard, "you and 'The Plain Dealer' seem designed by Heaven for each other."

The upshot of the affair was that Mr. Wycherley accompanied the countess on her walks, waited on her home, visited her daily at her lodgings, followed her to town, and, as we have seen, at Hatton Garden brought his wooing to a successful close.

A gallant beginning should have a good ending. But it was not so here: the lady proved unreasonably jealous, and led the poor poet a sad life. Even from a pecuniary point of view he made a bad bargain of his marriage, for after her death her bequest to him was disputed at law, and, drowned in debt, he was immured in a gaol for seven years.

The celebrated physician, Dr. George Bate, who attended Oliver Cromwell in his last illness, died in Hatton Garden in 1668. He was born in 1608 at Maid's Morton, near Buckingham. He rose to great eminence in his profession, and when King Charles kept his court at Oxford, was his principal physician there. When the king's affairs declined, he removed to London, and adapted himself so well to the changed times that he became chief physician to the Lord Protector, whom he is said to have highly flattered. Upon the restoration he got into favour again with the royal party, and was made principal physician to Charles II., and Fellow of the Royal Society. This, we are told, was owing to a report, raised on very slender foundation, and asserted only by his friends, that he gave Cromwell a dose of poison which hastened his death.

Charles Street, which intersects Hatton Garden, is interesting as that in which Joseph Strutt, the antiquarian writer, died, on the 16th of October, 1802. We have already given some particulars regarding him, when speaking of St. Andrew's Churchyard, in which he was buried. There is a public-house of the name of the "Bleeding Heart" in this street. This is a sign dating from before the Reformation. It is the emblematical representa-

tion of the five sorrowful mysteries of the Rosary—viz., the heart of the Holy Virgin pierced with five swords. Bleeding Heart Yard, adjoining the public-house in Charles Street, is immortalised by Charles Dickens in "Little Dorrit."

Bleeding Heart Yard, says the novelist, "was a place much changed in feature and fortune, yet with some relish of ancient greatness about it. Two or three mighty stacks of chimneys, and a few large dark rooms, which had escaped being walled and subdivided out of the recognition of their old proportions, gave the yard a character. It was inhabited by poor people, who set up their rest among its faded glories as Arabs of the desert pitch their tents among the fallen stones of the Pyramids; but there was a family sentimental feeling prevalent in the yard, that it had a character. . . ."

"The opinion of the Yard was divided respecting the derivation of its name. The more practical of its inmates abided by the tradition of a murder; the gentler and more imaginative inhabitants, including the whole of the tender sex, were loyal to the legend of a young lady of former time closely imprisoned in her chamber by a cruel father for remaining true to her own true love, and refusing to marry the suitor he chose for her. The legend related how that the young lady used to be seen up at her window, behind the bars, murmuring a love-lorn song, of which the burden was 'Bleeding Heart, Bleeding Heart, bleeding away,' until she died. It was objected by the murderous party that this refrain was notoriously the invention of a tambour-worker, a spinster, and romantic, still lodging in the yard. But forasmuch as all favourite legends must be associated with the affections, and as many more people fall in love than commit murder—which, it may be hoped, howsoever bad we are, will continue until the end of the world to be the dispensation under which we live—the Bleeding-Heart, Bleeding-Heart, bleeding-away story, carried the day by a large majority. Neither party would listen to the antiquaries, who delivered learned lectures in the neighbourhood showing the bleeding heart to have been the heraldic cognisance of the old family to whom the property once belonged. And considering that the hour-glass they turned from year to year was filled with the earthiest and coarsest sand, the Bleeding Heart Yarders had reason enough for objecting to be despoiled of the one little golden grain of poetry that sparkled in it."

The next Holborn tributary to be mentioned is Leather Lane, which runs from Holborn to Liquorpond Street. "Then, higher up," says Stow, "is Lithier Lane, turning also to the field, lately replenished with houses built, and so to the bar."

Strype, describing it in his own time, says, "The east side of this lane is best built, having all brick houses. . . . In this lane is 'White Heart Inn,' 'Nag's Head Inn,' and 'King's Head Inn'—all indifferent."

Following Leather Lane northwards, we come to Eyre Street. It is too far removed from our main thoroughfare to be mentioned without an excuse. We make the excuse, however, for the sake of the eminent artist who breathed his last here. Here, in 1804, died George Morland, the celebrated painter. It was in a sponging-house. He had been taken in execution by a publican, for a debt amounting, with costs, to about ten pounds, and was conveyed to this place in Eyre Street Hill, overwhelmed with misfortune, debt, and neglect; every evil being aggravated by the bitterness of self-reproach.

"In this state of desperation," says his biographer, "he drank great quantities of spirits, and more than once attempted to resume the exercise of those talents which hitherto had never failed to procure him the means of relief; but the period was arrived when even that resource failed him, for the next morning he dropped off his chair in a fit, while sketching a bank and a tree in a drawing. This proved to be the commencement of a brain fever; after which he never spoke intelligibly, but remained eight days delirious and convulsed, in a state of utter mental and bodily debility, and expired the 29th of October, 1804, in the forty-second year of his age.

With regard to the works of this unfortunate and dissipated artist, justly entitled to the appellation of "the English Teniers," it is certain that they will be esteemed so long as any taste for art remains in the kingdom. Even his ordinary productions will give pleasure to all who are charmed with an accurate representation of nature. His command over the implements of his profession was very great, so great, indeed, that the use of them became to him a second nature. Thus pictures flowed from his pencil with the most astonishing rapidity, and without that patience and industry which works even of inferior merit so often require. While he was in the prime of life, with a constitution unimpaired, his chief efforts were in picturesque landscape, in which every circumstance was represented with the utmost accuracy and spirit; and it is such subjects as these, to which he devoted his attention for about seven years, that have secured him an imperishable reputation. In such pieces, the figures he introduced were of the lowest order, but they retained a consistency appropriate to the surroundings. When, from increasing depravity of manners,

he left the green woodside, and became the constant inmate of the alehouse, his subjects were of a meaner cast, for he only painted what he saw. "In portraying drovers, stage-coachmen, postilions, and labourers of all descriptions," says Mr. F. W. Blagdon, "he shone in full glory; and his favourite animals, the ass, the sheep, and the hog, were represented with an accuracy peculiar to himself, though with a deficiency of that correctness which is requisite to form a *finished* picture; because a few strokes will represent a *picturesque* character, while beauty of form can only arise from repeated comparisons with and amendments from viewing the object delineated. Morland, however, made his sketches at once, and finished them from recollection, and hence his pictures afford the finest specimens of Nature in her roughest state, but nothing that in point of form can be called beautiful: it has even been said, though with what truth I cannot pretend to determine, that he was never able to draw a beautiful horse, like those delineated by Stubbs or Gilpin. But it will never be disputed that as a painter of old, rugged, and working cattle, together with all the localities of a farm-yard or stable, his equal does not, nor ever did, exist."

He was much given to mischievous amusement, and was fond of making a disturbance in the night, and alarming his neighbours. A frolic of this sort had nearly cost him dear:—Whilst living at Lambeth, he, with the assistance of a drunken companion, actually broke open his own house, and enjoyed beyond description the alarm it occasioned his family, some relations being at the time with him on a visit. He was at length taken up by some persons who witnessed the transaction, when it turned out that he had apprised the watchman of his intentions, and even bribed him to assist.

Brooke Street, Holborn, is familiar enough to the general public as leading to the church of St. Alban's—a church which, for its Ritualistic services, has been of late somewhat prominently before the world. Few, however, of those who pass up and down its well-trodden pavement are aware of the interesting memories which belong to the neighbourhood.

In a lodging in Brooke Street, on the 24th of August, 1770, the marvellous boy, Chatterton, put an end to his life by swallowing arsenic in water. The house was then in the occupation of a Mrs. Angel, a sackmaker. Nearly all the western side of the street was pulled down in 1880 for the purpose of being re-built on an improved scale.

With Chatterton's career in Bristol—where he was born on the 20th November, 1752—with his Rowley forgeries, with his communications with Horace

Walpole, and the discovery of their spurious nature, we shall not meddle at present. But we may profitably spend a short time here in speaking of his life from the time of his arrival in the great metropolis till his sad end. Dissatisfied with Bristol, and feeling certain that in London his talent would be duly honoured, he came here about the end of April, 1770. To his correspondents he boasted that he had had three distinct resources to trust to: one was to write, another was to turn Methodist parson, and the last was to shoot himself. The last resource, unfortunately, is in everybody's power. A friendly group saw him start; he arrived in town, and settled first in lodgings in Shoreditch, but afterwards removed to the above-mentioned address in Brooke Street. For the space of four months he struggled against fate, but the records we have of his doings are obscure and untrustworthy. It is true he sent flaming accounts to friends in Bristol of his rising importance; that he found money to purchase and transmit to his mother and sister useless articles of finery; and also that he did his best to form profitable connections: it may well be doubted, however, whether any large amount of success or remuneration rewarded his extraordinary efforts.

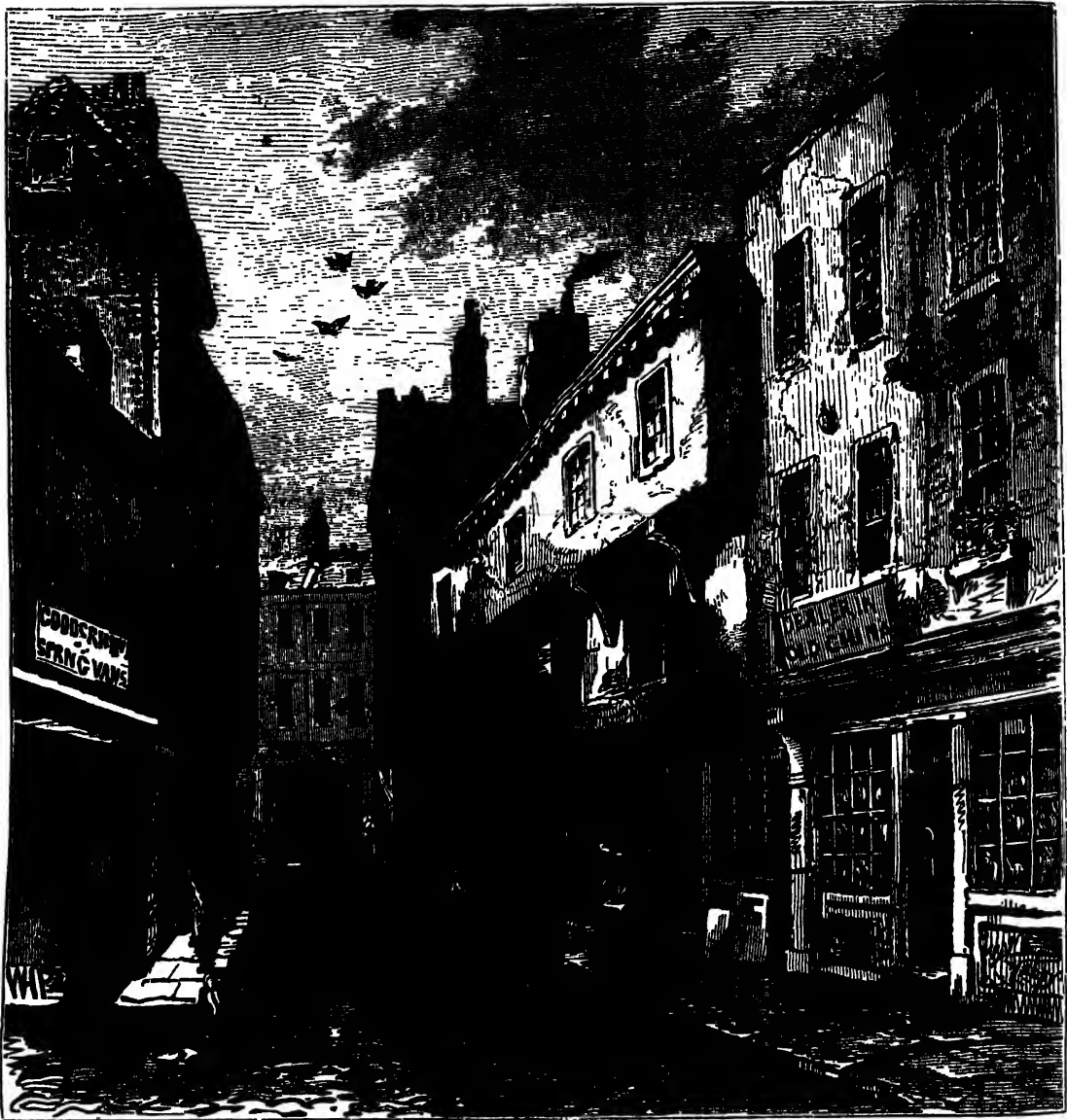
His first literary attempts were of a political kind, and he contrived to write on both sides of the question. He also produced numerous articles of a miscellaneous kind in prose and verse. At one time he seemed in a fair way for fortune, for Lord Mayor Beckford encouraged him, and accepted of the dedication of an essay; but before the essay could appear, Beckford died. He made a profit, however, on the Lord Mayor's death, and wrote down on the back of a MS., "I am glad he is dead, by £3 13s. 6d." Wilkes also took notice of him, but, likely enough, he was more ready with his praise than with his money.

At length, work failed the unfortunate poet, and he began to starve; his literary pursuits were abandoned, and he projected to go out to Africa as a naval surgeon's mate. He had picked up some knowledge of surgery from Mr. Barrett, the historian of Bristol, and now requested that gentleman's recommendation; but he thought proper to refuse. The short remainder of his days was spent in a conflict between pride and poverty.

"Mrs. Angel," says Dix, in his "Life of Chatterton," "stated that for two days, when he did not absent himself from his room, he went without sustenance of any kind. On one occasion, when she knew him to be in want of food, she begged he would take a little dinner with her; he was offended at the invitation, and assured her he was not

hungry. Mr. Cross also, an apothecary in Brooke Street, gave evidence that he repeatedly pressed Chatterton to dine or sup with him, and when, with great difficulty, he was one evening prevailed on to

burial-ground, as mentioned by us already (Vol. I., p. 134); but there is a story, also related by us elsewhere, to which some credit may perhaps be given, that his body was removed to Bristol, and secretly



LEATHER LANE. (See page 544.)

partake of a barrel of oysters, he was observed to eat most voraciously."

When he was found lying on his bed, stiff and cold, on the 25th of August, there were remains of arsenic between his teeth. Previous to committing suicide, he seems to have destroyed all his manuscripts; for when his room was broken open, it was found littered with little scraps of paper.

He was interred, after the inquest, in a pauper's

stowed away in the churchyard of St. Mary Redcliffe. "There can be no more decisive proof," says Mr. Chalmers, "of the little regard he attracted in London, than the secrecy and silence which accompanied his death. This event, though so extraordinary—for young suicides are surely not common—is not even mentioned in any shape in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Annual Register*, *St. James's* or *London Chronicles*, nor in any of the respectable

publications of the day" And so perished in destitution, obscurity, and despair, one who, under happier circumstances, might have ranked among the first of his generation

Of the house in which the poet terminated his strange career, Mr. Hotten, in his "Adversana,"

as in 1770, for the walls were old and dilapidated, and the flooring decayed. It was a square and rather large room for an attic. It had two windows in it—lattice windows, or casements—built in a style which I think is called 'Dormer.' Outside ran the gutter, with a low parapet wall, over which



CHATTERTON'S HOUSE IN BROOKE STREET (See page 545)

gives some interesting reminiscences At the date of Mr Hotten's writing, the house was occupied by a plumber, of the name of Jefford "We know," he says, "from the account of Sir Herbert Croft, that Chatterton occupied the garret—a room looking out into the street, as the only garret in this house does. I remember this room very well as it was twenty-six years ago, soon after which the occupier made some alterations in it It must then have been substantially in the same condition

you could look into the street below. The roof was very low—so low that I, who am not a tall man, could hardly stand upright in it with my hat on, and it had a very long slope, extending from the middle of the room down to the windows. It is a curious fact that, in the well known picture (the 'Death of Chatterton,' by Wallis) exhibited at Manchester, St Paul's is visible through the window; I say a singular fact, because, although this is strictly in accordance with the truth, as now known, the

story previously believed was that the house was opposite, where no room looking into the street could have commanded a view of St. Paul's. This, however, could only have been a lucky accident of the painter's. About the time I have mentioned, the tenant divided the garret into two with a partition, carried the roof up, making it horizontal, and made some other alterations which have gone far to destroy the identity of the room. It is a singular coincidence, seeing the connection between the names of Walpole and Chatterton, that my friend, Mrs. Jefford, the wife of the now occupier, who has resided there more than twenty years, was for some years in the service of Horace Walpole, afterwards Lord Orford. She is a very old lady, and remembers Lord Orford well, having entered his family as a girl, and continued in it till he died, near the end of the last century.\*

The epitaph adopted for Chatterton's monument in Bristol was one written by himself; and with it we leave him, to pass on to a happier subject:—

To the Memory of  
THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Reader, judge not; if thou art a Christian,  
believe that he shall be judged by  
a superior Power; to that Power  
alone he is answerable.

Philip Yorke, the great Lord Chancellor Hardwicke (born 1690), was articled, without a fee, it is said, to an attorney named Salkeld, in Brooke Street. It was rather against the wish of his mother, who was a rigid Presbyterian. She expressed a strong wish, "that Philip should be put apprentice to some '*honest trade*,'" and sometimes she declared her ambition to be that "she might see his head wag in the pulpit." However, an offer having been made by Mr. Salkeld, she withdrew her objections, and Philip was transferred to the metropolis, to exhibit "a rare instance of great natural abilities, joined with an early resolution to rise in the world, and aided by singular good luck." He had received an imperfect education—his family being in narrow circumstances—and whilst applying to business here with the most extraordinary assiduity, he employed every leisure moment in endeavouring to supply the defects of his early training. "All lawyer's clerks," says Lord Campbell, in his "*Lives of the Lord Chancellors*," "were then obliged, in a certain degree, to understand Latin, in which many law proceedings were carried on; but he, not content with being able to construe the '*chirograph of a fine*,'\* or to draw a

'*Nar*,'\* took delight in perusing Virgil and Cicero, and made himself well acquainted with the other more popular Roman classics, though he never mastered the minutiae of Latin prosody, and, for fear of a false quantity, ventured with fear and trembling on a Latin quotation. Greek he hardly affected to be acquainted with."

By these means he gained the entire good-will and esteem of his master, who, observing in him abilities and application that prognosticated his future eminence, entered him as a student in the Temple, and suffered him to dine in the Hall during the terms. But his mistress, a notable woman, thinking she might take some liberties with a *gratis clerk*, used frequently to send him from his business on family errands, and to fetch in little necessities from Covent Garden and other markets. This, when he became a favourite with his master, and entrusted with his business and cash, he thought an indignity, and got rid of it by a stratagem which prevented complaints or expostulation. In his accounts with his master there frequently occurred "*Coach hire for roots of celery and turnips from Covent Garden, and a barrel of oysters from the fishmonger's, &c.*" This Mr. Salkeld observed, and urging on his wife the impropriety and ill housewifery of such a practice, put an end to it.

There were at that time in Mr. Salkeld's office several young gentlemen of good family and connections, who had been sent there to be initiated in the practical part of the law. With these Philip Yorke, though an articled clerk, associated on terms of perfect equality, and they had the merit of discovering and encouraging his good qualities.

"But the young man," continues Lord Campbell, "still had to struggle with many difficulties, and he would probably have been obliged, from penury, to go upon the roll of attorneys, rising only to be clerk to the magistrates at petty sessions, or, perhaps, to the dignity of town clerk of Dover, had it not been for his accidental introduction to Lord Chief Justice Parker, which was the foundation of all his prosperity and greatness. This distinguished judge had a high opinion of Mr. Salkeld, who was respected by all ranks of the profession, and asked him one day if he could tell him of a decent and intelligent person who might assist as a sort of law-tutor for his sons—to assist and direct them in their professional studies. The attorney eagerly recommended his clerk, Philip Yorke, who was immediately retained in that capacity, and, giving the highest satisfaction by his assiduity and his

\* The record of a fictitious suit, resorted to for the purpose of docking estates tail, and quieting the title to lands.

\* Familiar contraction of *Narratio*, the "Declaration" or Statement of the plaintiff's grievance, or cause of action.



obliging manners, gained the warm friendship of the sons, and the weighty, persevering, and unscrupulous patronage of the father." In Brooke Street

"Three years he sat his smoky room in,  
Pens, paper, ink, and pounce consumin';"

but he now bade adieu to that legal haunt, and had a commodious chamber assigned him in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Released from the drudgery, not only of going to Covent Garden Market, but of attending captions and serving process, he devoted himself with fresh vigour to the abstruse parts of the law, and to his more liberal studies. He rose, by gradual steps, to the Lord Chancellorship, an office which he held for twenty years. His reputation as a judge was very high, during his Chancellorship not one of his decisions was set aside, and only three were tried on appeal.

At the corner of Brooke Street and Holborn, and occupying part of the site of old Brooke House, is the new office of the Prudential Assurance Company, a lofty and imposing edifice of red brick, built from the designs of Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, A.R.A. The style of architecture is a modification of the Gothic; the noble pile of buildings rise to a height of 117 feet from the level of the street, and the area of the entire site is 30,000 square feet. Both externally and internally the two great objects of the architect seem to have been a judicious combination of elegance and convenience; the building conveying the impression of a baronial castle or the hall of one of our wealthy city guilds, and at the same time being well adapted to the discharge of a large commercial undertaking.

Greville Street, running off Brooke Street, as well as Brooke Street itself, derives its name from Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, "servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney." Brooke House was subsequently known as Warwick House, and stood, according to Mr. Cunningham, where Greville Street now stands.

It was in Brooke House that, on the 1st of September, 1628, Lord Brooke met with his tragical fate. He had been attended for many years by one Ralph Haywood, a gentleman by birth, who thought that the least his master could do for him would be to reward his long services by bequeathing him a handsome legacy. It fell out, however, that Lord Brooke not only omitted Haywood's name from his will, but unfortunately allowed him to become cognisant of the fact. Irritated at this, and, besides, at having been sharply reprimanded for some real or imaginary offence, Haywood determined to have his revenge. He entered Lord Brooke's chamber, had a violent dispute with him,

and ended by stabbing him in the back. The assassin then retreated to his own apartment, locked himself in, and committed suicide, killing himself by the same weapon with which he had stabbed his master. Lord Brooke survived only a few days.

Lord Brooke was born at Beauchamp Court, in Warwickshire, in 1554, and was educated at Oxford. Upon his return to England, after a Continental tour to finish his education, he was introduced to the Court of Elizabeth by his uncle, Robert Greville. He speedily became a favourite with the Queen, though he did not fail to experience some of the capriciousness, as well as many of the delights, of royal favour. He and Sir Philip Sidney became fast friends, and when, in 1586, the latter unfortunately closed his earthly career, he left Lord Brooke (then simply Mr. Greville) one-half of his books. The reign of James I. opened happily for him. At the king's coronation he was made K.B., and an office which he held, in connection with the Council of the Court of Marches of Wales, was confirmed to him for life. In the second year of James I., he obtained a grant of Warwick Castle. This seems to have gratified him exceedingly; and the castle being in a ruinous condition, he laid out £20,000 in repairing it. He afterwards occupied the posts of Under-Treasurer and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord of the King's Bedchamber. On the death of King James, he continued in the privy council of Charles I., in the beginning of whose reign he founded a history lecture in the University of Cambridge, and endowed it with a salary of £100 a year. He did not long survive this last act of generosity; for though he was a munificent patron of learning and learned men, he at last fell a victim to the extraordinary outrage, as we have seen, of a discontented domestic.

He was the author of several works; but it is for his generosity to more successful authors than himself that he is chiefly to be remembered. "He made Sir Philip Sidney, his dear friend," says Chalmers, "the great exemplar of his life in everything; and Sidney being often celebrated as the patron of the Muses in general, so, we are told, Lord Brooke desired to be known to posterity under no other character than that of Shakespeare's and Ben Jonson's master; Lord Chancellor Egerton and Bishop Overall's patron. His lordship also obtained the office of Clarencieux-at-Arms for Mr. Camden, who very gratefully acknowledged it in his lifetime, and at his death left him a piece of plate in his will. He also raised John Speed from a mechanic to be an historiographer." His kindness to Sir William Davenant must also be mentioned.

He took a fancy to that poet when he was very young, and received him into his family, and it is quite likely that the plan of the earlier plays of Davenant was formed in Brooke House; they were published shortly after Lord Brooke's death.

Gray's Inn Road (formerly known as Gray's Inn Lane) is the last northern tributary we have to mention. It derives its name from the adjacent inn of court. "This lane," says Stow, "is furnished with fair buildings, and many tenements on both the sides leading to the fields towards Highgate and Hampstead."

To the novel-reader Gray's Inn Road will be always interesting. Tom Jones entered the great metropolis by its narrow, dingy thoroughfare, on his way to put up at the "Bull and Gate," in Holborn. Jones, as well as Partridge, his companion, writes Fielding, "was an entire stranger in London; and as he happened to arrive first in a quarter of the town the inhabitants of which have very little intercourse with the householders of Hanover or Grosvenor Square (for he entered through Gray's Inn Lane), so he rambled about some time before he could even find his way to those happy mansions where fortune segregates from the vulgar those magnanimous heroes, the descendants of ancient Britons, Saxons, or Danes, whose ancestors, being born in better days, by sundry kinds of merit have entailed riches and honour on their posterity."

It was there he hoped to find Sophia Western, but "after a successful inquiry, till the clock had struck eleven, Jones at length yielded to the advice of Partridge, and retreated to the 'Bull and Gate,' in Holborn, that being the inn where he had first alighted, and where he retired to enjoy that kind of repose which usually attends persons in his circumstances"—the unquiet sleep that lovers have.

We can picture to ourselves the excitement with which Fielding's hero and his companion first rode down Gray's Inn Road. They had, an hour or two before, had an adventure with a highwayman, an adventure told by the novelist in his chapter on "What happened to Mr. Jones on his Journey from St. Albans," and which we shall repeat here for the benefit of those who, though perhaps on nodding acquaintance with the "Foundling," have not yet had leisure to listen to all his long history. "They were got about two miles beyond Barnet, and it was now the dusk of the evening, when a genteel-looking man, but upon a very shabby horse, rode up to Jones, and asked him whether he was going to London, to which Jones answered in the affirmative. The gentleman replied, 'I shall be obliged to you, sir, if you will accept of my com-

pany; for it is very late, and I am a stranger to the road.' Jones readily complied with the request, and on they travelled together, holding that sort of discourse which is usual on such occasions. Of this, indeed, robbery was the principal topic; upon which subject the stranger expressed great apprehensions; but Jones declared he had very little to lose, and consequently as little to fear. Here Partridge could not forbear putting in his word. 'Your honour,' said he, 'may think it a little, but I am sure if I had a hundred pound bank-note in my pocket as you have, I should be very sorry to lose it. But, for my part, I was never less afraid in my life; for we are four of us'—the guide made the fourth of the party—"and if we all stand by one another, the best man in England can't rob us. Suppose he should have a pistol, he can kill but one of us, and a man can die but once; that's my comfort—a man can die but once."

"Besides the reliance on superior numbers—a kind of valour which hath raised a certain nation among the moderns to a high pitch of glory—there was another reason for the extraordinary courage which Partridge now discovered, for he had at present as much of that quality as was in the power of liquor to bestow.

"Our company were now arrived within a mile of Highgate, when the stranger turned short upon Jones, and pulling out a pistol, demanded that little bank-note which Partridge had mentioned.

"Jones was at first somewhat shocked at this unexpected demand; however, he presently recollected himself, and told the highwayman all the money he had in his pocket was entirely at his service; and so saying, he pulled out upwards of three guineas, and offered to deliver it, but the other answered, with an oath, that would not do. Jones answered, coolly, he was very sorry for it, and returned the money into his pocket.

"The highwayman then threatened, if he did not deliver the bank-note that moment, he must shoot him; holding the pistol at the same time very near to his breast. Jones instantly caught hold of the fellow's hand, which trembled so that he could scarce hold the pistol in it, and turned the muzzle from him. A struggle then ensued, in which the former wrested the pistol from the hands of his antagonist, and both came from their horses on the ground together—the highwayman on his back, the victorious Jones upon him.

"The poor fellow now began to implore mercy of the conqueror, for, to say the truth, he was in strength by no means a match for Jones. 'Indeed, sir,' says he, 'I could have no intention to shoot

you, for you will find the pistol was not loaded. This is the first robbery I ever attempted, and I have been driven by distress to this.'

"At this instant, about one hundred and fifty yards distant, lay another person on the ground, roaring for mercy in a much louder voice than the highwayman. This was no other than Partridge himself, who, endeavouring to make his escape from the engagement, had been thrown from his horse, and lay flat on his face, not daring to look up, and expecting every minute to be shot.

"In this posture he lay till the guide, who was no otherwise concerned than for his horse, having secured the stumbling beast, came up to him, and told him his master had got the better of the highwayman.

"Partridge leaped up at this news, and ran back to the place where Jones stood, with his sword drawn in his hand, to guard the poor fellow, which Partridge no sooner saw, than he cried out, 'Kill the villain, sir! Run him through the body! Kill him, this instant!'

"Luckily, however, for the poor wretch, he had fallen into more merciful hands; for Jones, having examined the pistol, and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the man had told him before Partridge came up—namely, that he was a novice in the trade, and that he had been driven to it by the distress he had mentioned, the greatest, indeed, imaginable—that of five hungry children, and a wife lying-in of the sixth, in the utmost want and misery; the truth of all which the highwayman most violently asserted, and offered to convince Mr. Jones of, if he would take the trouble to go to his house, which was not above two miles off, saying he desired no favour, but on condition of proving all he alleged.

"Jones at first pretended that he would take the fellow at his word, and go with him, declaring that his fate should depend entirely on the truth of his story. Upon this the poor fellow immediately expressed so much alacrity, that Jones was perfectly satisfied with his veracity, and began now to entertain sentiments of compassion for him. He returned the fellow his empty pistol, advised him to think of honest means of relieving his distress, and gave him a couple of guineas for the immediate support of his wife and family, adding, he wished he had had more, for his sake, for the hundred pounds that had been mentioned was not his own."

They parted, and Jones and Partridge rode on towards London, conversing of highwaymen. Jones threw out some satirical jokes on his companion's cowardice; but Partridge gave expression

to a new philosophy:—"A thousand naked men," said he, "are nothing to one pistol; for though, it is true, it will kill but one at a single discharge, yet who can tell but that one may be himself?"

Among the famous residents in Gray's Inn Road were Hampden and Pym. It was here that they held their consultations, when the matter of the ship-money was pleaded in the Star-Chamber.

Three poets are also to be mentioned in connection with the lane. The first of these is James Shirley, the poet and dramatist. This once well-known writer was educated at St. John's College, Oxford, and was destined for the Church. Archbishop Iard advised him against carrying out the design, the reason being, according to Shirley's biographer, that the archbishop, who was a rigid observer of the canons of the Church, had noticed that the future poet had a large mole on one of his cheeks. Notwithstanding this, however, Shirley eventually took orders, and obtained a curacy near St. Albans. He was not, however, satisfied with his position; his religious opinions became unsettled, and leaving the Church of England, he soon went over to Rome. After trying to maintain himself by teaching, he made his way to London, took up his abode in Gray's Inn Road, and became a writer for the stage.

Happily, he lived in a golden age for dramatic genius. Charles I. appreciated him, and invited him to court, and Queen Henrietta Maria conferred on him an appointment in her household. But soon the Civil War broke out. The poet then bade adieu to wife and children, and accompanied the Duke of Newcastle in his campaigns. On the failure of the king's cause he returned to London, ruined and desponding. His patron had perished on the scaffold, and his occupation as a playwright was being denounced from every pulpit in the land. He did the most sensible thing possible in the circumstances—he resumed his occupation of schoolmaster. His success was considerable; and he showed his attention to his profession by publishing several works on grammar.

After a time came the Restoration, and with it the revival of his plays, but it brought no long career of prosperity to the poet. His death was remarkable. His house, which was at that time in Fleet Street, was burned to the ground in the Great Fire of 1666, and he was forced, with his wife, to retreat to the suburbs, where the fright and loss so affected them both, that they died within some hours of each other, and were buried in the same grave.

The second poet to be noticed is John Ogilby, whom the late Mr. Jesse terms "unfortunate," but whom Mr. Chalmers characterises by the juster

terms of "a very industrious adventurer in literary speculation," and "an enterprising and honest man." He was in his youth bound apprentice to a dancing-master in Gray's Inn Road. In this line of life he soon made money enough to purchase his discharge from his apprenticeship. His talents as a dancer led to his introduction at court; but unluckily, at a masque given by the Duke of Buckingham, in executing a caper, he fell, and so severely sprained one of the sinews of his leg as to be incapacitated from such lively exhibitions for the future. He had, however, a resource still left for him, as he continued to teach dancing. After a time he became author by profession, and wrote, translated, and edited all the rest of his days. Towards the close of his career he was appointed cosmographer and geographic printer to Charles II.

The third and last poet is the Rev. John Langhorne, known to every school-boy and girl for his lines "To a Redbreast," beginning—

"Little bird with bosom red,  
Welcome to my humble shed."

His favourite haunt was the "Peacock," in this lane, a house celebrated in the last century for its Burton ale. It is a pity that Langhorne was too fond of the pleasant beverage: over-indulgence in it is said to have hastened his end. Chalmers certainly suggests a lame excuse for his tipping habits—that he had twice lost a wife. Langhorne deserves remembrance, if for nothing else than the excellent translation of Plutarch's "Lives," which he executed in company with his brother William, and which has become so universally popular. To judge from his writings, he was a man of an amiable disposition, a friend to religion and morality; and, though a wit, we never find him descending to grossness or indelicacy. He was born in 1735, and died on the 1st of April, 1779.

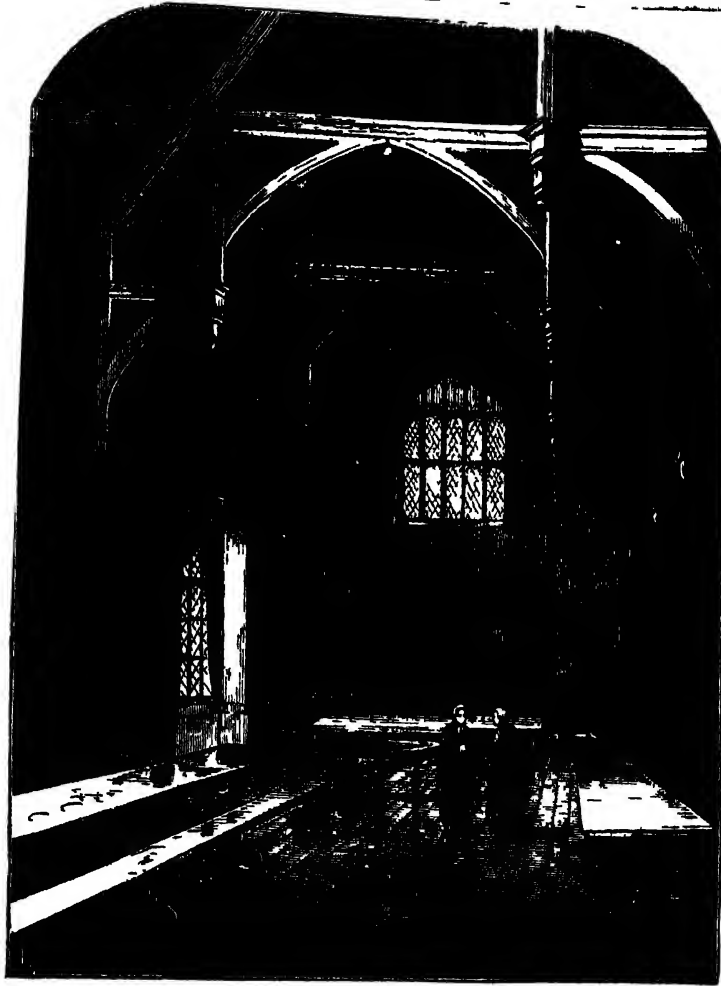
Numerous indeed are the spots in Gray's Inn Road about which some memory hovers, or concerning which some good anecdote might be unearthed. Towards the close of the eighteenth century there was in this lane a public-house called the "Blue Lion;" but the lion being the work of an artist who had not given very deep study to the personal appearance of the monarch of beasts, the establishment was commonly spoken of by its humorous frequenters as the "Blue Cat." It bore no good character. A witness giving evidence, in the year 1835, before a Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to inquire into the state of education of the people of England and Wales, said, "I have seen the landlord of this place come into the long room with a lump of silver in his

hand, which he had melted for the thieves, and paid them for it. There was no disguise about it; it was done openly."

Walking up Gray's Inn Road, the first turning one comes to on the right is Fox Court. There is nothing attractive about its outward appearance, but, like nearly every nook and corner of old London, it has its own story to tell. "In this wretched alley," says Mr. Jesse, "the profligate Countess of Macclesfield was delivered of her illegitimate child, Richard Savage. In 'the Earl of Macclesfield's Case,' presented to the House of Lords, will be found some curious particulars respecting the *accouchement* of the countess, and the birth of the future poet. From this source it appears that Anne, Countess of Macclesfield, under the name of Madame Smith, was delivered of a male child in Fox Court, Holborn, by a Mrs. Wright, a midwife, on Saturday, the 16th of January, 1697, at six o'clock in the morning; that the child was baptised on the Monday following, and registered by Mr. Burbridge, assistant curate of St. Andrew's, Holborn, as the son of John Smith; that it was christened, on Monday, the 18th of February, in Fox Court, and that, from the privacy maintained on the occasion, it was supposed by Mr. Burbridge to be a 'by-blow.' During her delivery, Lady Macclesfield wore a mask. By the entry of the birth in the parish register of St. Andrew's, it appears that the child's putative father, Lord Rivers, gave his son his own Christian name: 'January 1696-7, Richard, son of John Smith and Mary, in Fox Court, in Gray's Inn Lane, baptised the 18th.'"

The life of Savage was a singular one, and, as narrated by his intimate friend, Dr. Johnson, has attracted great interest from all classes of readers. After undergoing experiences of the strangest diversity, at one time living in the most lavish luxury, at another on the brink of starvation; a successful poet to-day, and standing in the felon's dock on a charge of murder to-morrow, he died in 1743, in the debtors' prison at Bristol, exhibiting, as Johnson observes, with characteristic solemnity of antithesis, a lamentable proof that "negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

Fox Court opens into Brooke Street, and Mr. Cunningham points out this strange coincidence between the career of Savage, and that of the equally unfortunate Chatterton: "Savage was born in Fox Court, Brooke Street; Chatterton died in Brooke Street; Savage died in Bristol, and Chatterton was born in Bristol."



THE HALL OF GRAY'S INN (See page 554)

## CHAPTER LXI

## THE HOLBORN INNS OF COURT AND CHANCERY.

Gray's Inn—Its History—The Hall—A Present from Queen Elizabeth—The Chapel—The Library—Divisions of the Inn—Gray's Inn Walks—Bacon on Gardens—Observing the Fashions—Lurks and Flirtations—Old Book Collections—Gray's Inn Gateway—Two Old Booksellers—Alms for the Poor—Original Orders—Eggs and Green Sauce—Sad Livery—Hats Off—Vows of Celibacy—Meetings in Inns of Court—Joyous Revels—Master Roo in Trouble—Rebellious Students—A Brick Fight—An Address to the King—Sir William Gascoigne—A Prince imprisoned—Thomas Cromwell—Lord Burleigh—A Call to Repentance—Simon Ish—Sir Nicholas Bacon—Lord Bacon—A Gorgeous Procession—An Honest Welsh Judge—Bradshaw—Sir Thomas Holt—A Riot suppressed—Sir Samuel Romilly

HOLBORN has long been famous as a law quarter of London. In it are situated Gray's Inn, Staple Inn, and Barnard's Inn, together with what used to be the old legal haunts of Thavie's Inn and Furnival's Inn. Of these we have now to speak, and the most important of them demands the earliest and deserves a large share of our attention.

Gray's Inn, on the north side of Holborn, and to the west of Gray's Inn Road, is the fourth Inn of Court in importance and size. It derives its name from the noble family of Gray of Wilton, whose

residence it originally was. Edmund, Lord Gray of Wilton, in August, 1505, by indenture of bargain and sale, transferred to Hugh Denny, Esq., "the manor of Portpoole, otherwise called 'Gray's Inn,' four messuages, four gardens, the site of a windmill, eight acres of land, ten shillings of free rent, and the advowson of the Chantry of Portpoole."

From Denny's hands the manor passed into the possession of the Prior and Convent of East Sheen, in Surrey, an ecclesiastical establishment celebrated as having been the nursery of Cardinal Pole, and of

many other distinguished churchmen, in the sixteenth century. By the Convent the mansion of Portpoole was leased to certain students of law, who paid, by way of rent, £6 13s. 4d. per annum. This arrangement held good till that lively time when Henry VIII. seized all the monastic property he could lay hands on. The benchers of Gray's Inn were thenceforth entered in the king's books as the fee-farm tenants of the Crown, and paid annually into the Exchequer the same rent as was formerly due to the monks of Sheen. The domain of the society extends over a large tract of ground between Holborn and Theobald's Road.

The name of Portpoole still survives in Portpool Lane, which runs from the east side of Gray's Inn Road into Leather Lane; and Windmill Hill still exists to point out the site of the windmill mentioned in the deed of transfer we have just quoted.

The old buildings of Gray's Inn are spoken of by a contemporary writer as boasting neither of beauty, uniformity, nor capacity. They had been erected by different persons, each of whom followed the dictates of his own taste, and the accommodation was so scanty that even the ancients of the house had to lodge double.

The Hall of the Inn was begun to be built in the reign of Queen Mary. It was finished in the reign of Elizabeth (1560), and cost £863 10s. 8d. In appearance the Hall is acknowledged to be "a very handsome chamber, little inferior to Middle Temple Hall, and its carved wainscot and timber roof render it much more magnificent than the Inner Temple, or Lincoln's Inn Hall." Its windows are richly emblazoned with the armorial bearings of Burleigh, Lord Verulam, Sir Nicholas Bacon, Judge Jenkins, and others. "The roof of oak," we are told by the historian of the "Inns of Court and Chancery," "is divided into six bays, or compartments, by seven arched and moulded Gothic ribs or principals. The spandrels, or spaces, are divided by upright timbers, with a horizontal cornice in the centre. At the extremity of the projecting spandrels is a carved pendant ornament, partaking of the nature of an entablature. The screen of this Hall is supported by six pillars of the Tuscan order, with caryatides supporting the cornice, in accordance with the style of ornament prevalent at that time. The Hall is also lighted by a handsome louvre, on which was formerly a dial, with the motto *Lux Dei, lex Dei*. Paintings of King Charles I., King Charles II., King James II., Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Bacon, and Lord Raymond—Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench—hang upon the walls."

There is a tradition in Gray's Inn that the

Bench tables in the Hall were the gift of Queen Elizabeth, and that Her Majesty once honoured the society by partaking of a magnificent banquet here. "On every grand day," writes Mr. Pearce, in his "Guide to the Inns of Court and Chancery" (1855), "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of Queen Elizabeth is drunk with much formality. Three benchers rise to drink the toast; when they sit down, three others rise; and in this manner the toast passes down the Bar table, and from thence to the Students' table. It deserves to be remarked, too, that this is the only toast drunk in the Hall, and from the pleasure which Elizabeth derived from witnessing the performances of the gentlemen of Gray's Inn at her own palaces, and the distinction with which she on several occasions received them, it seems probable that the tradition to which reference has been made is correct, more especially as the Cecils, the Bacons, the Sidneys, and other illustrious personages of her court, were members of this house."

The Chapel of Gray's Inn is of modern erection. Likely enough, it was built on the site of the "Chantry of Portpoole" mentioned in the grant to Hugh Denny. Divine service was of old performed here daily, and masses sung for the repose of the soul of John, son of Reginald de Gray—certain lands having been left for this purpose to the Prior and Convent of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield.

The Chapel was an important institution in the olden time. All gentlemen of the Inn were ordered, in 1600, to frequent it regularly at service-time, as well as at sermons, and to receive the communion every term yearly, if they were in commons or resided in the house. If they omitted to do so, they forfeited 3s. 4d. for every time they neglected to receive the communion; and if they did not receive it at least once a year, they were liable to be expelled.

The Library of the Inn was rebuilt and enlarged in 1839-41. It consists of three handsome apartments, ceiled and wainscoted with oak. One of these is appropriated to the benchers, and the two larger rooms to the barristers and students of the society. In the principal room is a bust of Lord Bacon. The Library contains a complete series of reports, from the commencement of the year-books to the present day, with a large collection of valuable legal treatises and authorities.

The Inn was originally divided into four courts—viz., Coney Court; Holborn Court, which lay to the south of the Hall; Field Court, between Fulwood's Rents and the shady Walks of the Inn; and Chapel Court, between Coney Court and the



Chapel. Now it comprises South Square, Gray's Inn Square, Field Court, Gray's Inn Place, Raymond Buildings, Verulam Buildings, and the Gardens. The chambers are well adapted for study and retirement; they are commodious, airy, and quiet, and free from the fogs which, in the winter season, afflict the region near the river. The whole Inn is extra-parochial.

Gray's Inn Walks, or Gray's Inn Gardens, form one of the most interesting features connected with this learned region. In Charles II.'s time, and in the days of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, Gray's Inn Walks formed a fashionable promenade on pleasant summer evenings. As late as 1633 one could obtain from this spot a delightful and uninterrupted view of the rising ground of Highgate and Hampstead.

Gray's Inn Gardens had their principal entrance from Holborn by Fulwood's Rents, then a fashionable locality—very unlike what it is now.

"This spot," says the late Mr. J. H. Jesse, "was a favourite resort of the immortal Bacon during the period he resided in Gray's Inn. It appears, by the books of the society, that he planted the greater number of the elm-trees which still afford their refreshing shade; and also that he erected a summer-house on a small mound on the terrace, where it is not improbable that he often meditated, and passed his time in literary composition. From the circumstance of Lord Bacon dating his Essays from his 'Chambers in Graie's Inn,' it is not improbable that the charming essay in which he dwells so enthusiastically on the pleasure of a garden was composed in, and inspired by, the floral beauties of this his favourite haunt. 'God Almighty,' he says, 'first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy-works.' And he adds, 'Because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air—where it comes and goes like the warbling of music—than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air.' As late as the year 1754 there was standing in the Gardens of Gray's Inn an octagonal seat, covered with a roof, which had been erected by Lord Bacon to the memory of his friend, Jeremiah Bettenham."

Howell, writing from Venice, June 5th, 1621, to a friend at Gray's Inn, says, "I would I had you here with a wish, and you would not desire in haste to be at Gray's Inn; though I hold your Walks to be the pleasantest place about London, and that you have there the choicest society."

Our often-quoted Pepys had an eye to the "choicest society," and on the 4th of May, 1662, we find him coming here after church-time, with his wife, to observe the fashions of the ladies; the reason being that Mrs. Pepys was just then bent on making some new dresses. Here pretty Fanny Butler was, in her brief day, the belle of the ground, and perhaps Pepys was thinking about her quite as much as about the latest fashions. He used to express his admiration at Fanny's beauty with a fervid candour by no means agreeable to the fair young wife on his own arm.

Sir Roger de Coverley is mentioned by Addison as walking here on the terrace, "hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems."

In the old dramatists we not unfrequently come across Gray's Inn Walks as a place of fashionable rendezvous. For example, in Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-all* (1668) there is this reference to Gray's Inn Walks—

"*Sir John Shallow.* But where did you appoint to meet him?

*Mrs. Millisent.* In Gray's Inn Walks."

And in the *Miser*, by Thomas Shadwell (1672), Cheatly says: "He has fifteen hundred pounds a year, and his love is honourable too. Now, if your ladyship will be pleased to walk in Gray's Inn Walks with me, I will design it so that you shall see him, and he shall never know on't."

Walking in these Gardens, we may thus call up many old associations. In addition to those just mentioned, we may picture to ourselves how those trees once shaded from the hot summer sun young men who loitered here with Butler and Cleveland. We can imagine Mr. Palmer, of Gray's Inn—the ingenious mechanic—pacing up and down these broad Walks, considering the qualities of the last addition to his collection of "telescopes and mathematical instruments, choice pictures, and other curiosities;" or devising some new contrivance for the improvement of that marvellous clock which roused the diarist's wonder and enthusiasm; or listening to John Evelyn's description of the museum of natural curiosities belonging to Mr. Charlton, of the Middle Temple, which collection eventually passed, by purchase, into the hands of Sir Hans Sloane.

The Gardens became, in time, the resort of dangerous classes; expert pickpockets and plausible ring-droppers found easy prey there on crowded days; and there were, so many meetings

of clandestine lovers, that it was thought expedient to close them, except at stated hours.

Many a married barrister, long ago, had his wife and family residing with him within the precincts of the Inns of Court. When that was the case, the children must have been bound over to keep the peace, and the lady strictly forbidden, during business hours, to practise on the piano. "Under the trees of Gray's Inn Gardens," says Mr. Jeaffreson (1867), "may be seen two modest tenements, each of them comprising some six or eight rooms and a vestibule. At the present time they are occupied as offices by legal practitioners; and many a day has passed since womanly skill decorated their windows with flowers and muslin curtains; but a certain venerable gentleman, to whom the writer of this page is indebted for much information about the lawyers of the last century, can remember when each of those cottages was inhabited by a barrister, his young wife, and three or four lovely children."

The origin of Gray's Inn Gateway we may read of in the following extract from an old author of the beginning of the seventeenth century:—"In this present age there hath been great cost bestowed therein upon faire buildings, and very lately the gentlemen of this House [Gray's Inn] purchased a Messuage and a Curtillage, scituate uppon the south side of this House, and thereuppon have erected a fayre Gate, and a Gate-house, for a more convenient and more honourable passage into the high street of Holborn, whereof this House stood in much neede; for the other former Gates were rather Posterns than Gates.

The celebrated bookseller, Jacob Tonson, had his shop here, within Gray's Inn Gate, next Gray's Inn Lane. Here he published Addison's "Campaign;" and from this place also he wrote the following letter to Pope:—

"Gray's Inn Gate, April 20th, 1706.

"SIR,—I have lately seen a pastoral of yours, in Mr. Walsh's and Congreve's hands, which is extremely fine, and is approved of by the best judges in poetry. I remember I have formerly seen you at my shop, and am sorry I did not improve my acquaintance with you. If you design your poem for the press, no person shall be more careful in the printing of it, nor no one can give greater encouragement to it than, sir, yours, &c.,

"JACOB TONSON."

Tonson was the second son of Jacob Tonson, a barber-chirurgion in Holborn. He was born in the year 1656; and by his father's will, which was executed July 10th, 1668, and proved in the following November, he and his elder brother, Richard, and their three sisters, were each to receive the sum of £100 on their attaining the age of twenty-one—the money to be paid in Gray's Inn Hall. On the 5th of June, 1670, we find him bound appren-

tice for eight years to a bookseller called Thomas Basset, and on the 20th of December, 1677, he was admitted a freeman of the Stationers' Company. His first shop was in Chancery Lane, very near Fleet Street, and was distinguished by the sign of the "Judge's Head." About 1697 he removed to Gray's Inn, where he remained till about 1712, when he removed to a house in the Strand, over against Catherine Street, and here he chose Shakespeare's head for a sign. He died, very rich, on the 18th of March 1735-6.

The successor of Tonson in the Gray's Inn shop was another eminent bookseller, Thomas Osborne, who is oftener than once introduced in the "Dunciad." Pope makes him contend for the prize among the booksellers, and prove the successful competitor:—

'Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,  
Crowned with the jorden, walks contented home."

Osborne is perhaps best remembered by his well-known feud with Dr. Johnson. Of this Boswell writes: "It has been confidently related with many embellishments, that Johnson one day knocked Osborne down in his shop with a folio, and put his foot upon his neck. The simple truth I had from Johnson himself—'Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him; but it was not in his shop, it was in my own chamber.'" Johnson, in his life of Pope, speaks of Osborne as a man entirely destitute of shame—without sense of any disgrace but that of poverty. He is said to have combined the most lamentable ignorance with extraordinary expertness in all the petty tricks of his trade.

Alms were distributed thrice a week at Gray's Inn Gate, for the better relief of the poor in Gray's Inn Lane, in 1587, the 29th year of Elizabeth's reign. The alms consisted of the broken victuals of the Hall table. The third butler was instructed to see that due consideration was had to the poorest sort of aged and impotent persons, and in case the panyer-man and under-cook should appropriate any of the said alms to themselves, they were allowed, by way of lessening the temptation, three loaves a-piece. The panyer-man here mentioned was a waiter. The Inner Temple Hall waiters are still called *panniers*—according to Mr. Timbs, from the *panarii* who attended the Knights Templars.

Some of the orders for the government of Gray's Inn are very curious—a remark, however, which might be applied to the regulations of all the other Inns. Let us notice a few of the more remarkable of these orders, as given by Herbert in his "Antiquities of the Inns of Court and Chancery" (1804).

At a *pension*, or meeting, held in the beginning

of the reign of King James, it was intimated to be the royal pleasure that none but gentlemen of descent should be admitted to the society. The names of all candidates were therefore ordered to be delivered to the Bench, that inquiries might be made as to their "quality."

In the reign of Edward VI. it was ordered that double readers were to have in commons only two servants, and single readers one. If a reader was elected, and he refused to serve, he had to forfeit ten pounds. For his trouble he was allowed thirty-five shillings for a hogshhead of wine, and he fared well also as regards venison. In 28 Elizabeth (6 June) the reader for that summer was allowed "for every week ten bucks, and no more." In 1615 the House allowed the then two readers two hogshheads of wine, thirty bushels of flour, thirty pounds of pepper, and a "reward for thirty bucks and two stags, which were to be equally divided between them."

To ensure the orderly management of the public table, many regulations were made. In 1581 there was a cupboard-agreement regarding Easter Day, from which we learn that the members who came to breakfast after service and communion were to have "eggs and green sauce" at the cost of the House, and that "no calves'-heads were to be provided by the cook." At dinner and supper-time all were to be on their good behaviour. No gentleman was to be served out of his proper course; and by a regulation made in 1598, if any one "took meat by 'strong hand' from such as should serve him, he was to be put out of commons *ipso facto*."

In the sixteenth year of Elizabeth, the subject of dress was discussed, and an order was made "that every man of this society should frame and reform himself for the manner of his apparel, according to the proclamation then last set forth, and within the time therein limited; else not to be accounted of this house;" and that no one should wear any gown, doublet, hose, or outward garment of any light colour, upon penalty of expulsion; and within ten days following it was also ordered that no one should wear any white doublet in the house after Michaelmas Term ensuing.

Hats were forbidden to be worn in the Hall at meal-time, in 27 Elizabeth, under a penalty of 3s. 4d. for each offence. In 1600 the gentlemen of the society were instructed not to come into the Hall with their hats, boots, or spurs, but with their caps, decently and orderly, "according to the ancient orders." When they walked in the City or suburbs, or in the fields, they had to go in their gowns, or they were liable to be fined, and at the third offence to be expelled, and lose their chamber.

One cannot, however, oppose fashion; and though the benchers might talk grandly, in their council-chamber, of its being frivolity, and issue instructions about wearing this, and not wearing that, it is to be feared they did not always get themselves attended to. Was it likely that handsome youngsters were going to make guys of themselves? "Even in the time of Elizabeth," says one writer, "when authority was most anxious that utter-barristers should, in matter of costume, maintain that reputation for 'sadness' which is the proverbial characteristic of apprentices of the law, counsellors of various degrees were conspicuous through the town for 'brave' attire. At Gray's Inn, Francis Bacon was not singular in loving rich clothes, and running into debt for satin and velvet, jewels and brocade, lace and feathers. Even of that contemner of frivolous men and vain pursuits, Edward Coke, biography assures us that 'the jewel of his mind was put into a fair case—a beautiful body with a comely countenance: a case which he did wipe and keep clean, delighting in good clothes well worn; being wont to say that the outward neatness of our bodies might be a monitor of purity to our souls.'"

Among other ancient constitutions of Gray's Inn were the following:—That no officer of this house shall hold or enjoy his office longer than he shall keep himself sole and unmarried, excepting the steward, the chief butler, and the chief cook; that no fellow of the society stand with his back to the fire; that no fellow of the society make any rude noise in the Hall at exercises, or at meal-time; that no fellow of the society, under the degree of an ancient, keep on his hat at readings or moots, or cases assigned; and that search be made every Term for lewd and dangerous persons, that no such be suffered to lodge in the house.

Mootings, or disputations, in the Inns of Court and Chancery have long been disused. Danby Pickering, Esq., of Gray's Inn, was the last who voluntarily resumed them, but they were not of long continuance. Indeed, the course of legal education has greatly changed, and scarcely any of the ancient customs mentioned by authors are known, except as matters of curiosity.

The Inns of Court were, in the olden time, the scene of many joyous masques and revels, thus following the example set by the nobility in their castles and palaces. During the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, masques, and other goodly "disguisings" sanctioned by the "grave and reverend Bench," were frequently performed at Gray's Inn. The first entertainment of this kind of which we have specific notice was a masque performed here

at Christmas, 1527. It was composed by John Roo, serjeant-at-law, and was chiefly remarkable for the great offence which it gave to Cardinal Wolsey, whose ambition and misgovernment it was supposed to satirise. The old chronicler, Hall, giving an account of the events of the eighteenth year of

from him his coif, and sent him to the Fleet; and afterwards he sent for the young gentlemen that played in the play, and highly rebuked and threatened them, and sent one of them, called Master Moyle, of Kent, to the Fleet; but, by means of friends, Master Roo and he were delivered at



GRAY'S INN GARDENS, 1770. (See page 555.)

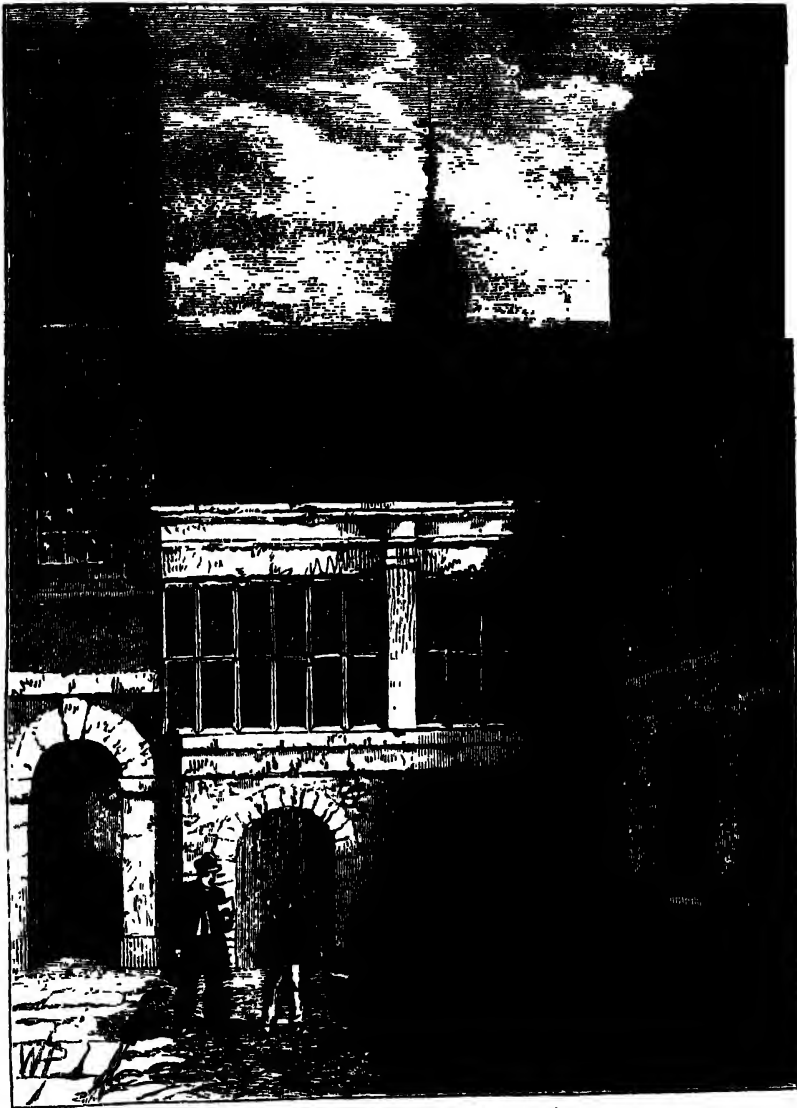
Henry VIII., thus speaks of it:—"This Christmas was a goodly disguising played at Gray's Inn, which was compiled by John Roo, serjeant-at-law, twenty year past, and long before the cardinal had any authority. . . . This play was so set forth with rich and costly apparel, and with strange devices of masks and morrishes, that it was highly praised of all men, except by the cardinal, who imagined that the play had been devised of him. In a great fury he sent for Master Roo, and took

last. This play sore displeased the cardinal, and yet it was never meant for him, wherefore many wise men grudged to see him take it so to heart."

Perhaps Roo, when he wrote his comedy, did not intend any special reference to Wolsey. It seems, however, that the performers were aware that the cardinal would likely take it home to himself. We learn as much from Fox's notice, in his "Acts and Monuments," of a Mr. Simon Fish, one of the gentlemen who acted in the piece,

That the presentation of plays was a customary feature of the festivities at Gray's Inn, we may infer from a passage from Dugdale, in his notes on this society. He says :—"In 4 Edward VI. (November 17) it was also ordered that henceforth there should be no comedies, called interludes, in this

cember (St. Thomas's Eve) the prince (one Master Henry Holmes, a Norfolk gentleman) took up his quarters in the Great Hall of the Inn, and by the 3rd of January the grandeur and comicality of his proceedings had created so much talk throughout the town, that the Lord Treasurer, Burghley, the



BARNARD'S INN. (See page 573.)

house out of Term time but when the feast of the Nativity of our Lord is solemnly observed. And that when there shall be any such comedies, then all the society at that time in commons, to bear the charge of the apparel."

The Prince of Purpoole's revel at Gray's Inn, in 1594, was a costly entertainment, and, in point of riotous excess, not inferior to any similar festivity in the time of Elizabeth. "On the 20th of De-

Earls of Cumberland, Essex, Shrewsbury, and Westmoreland; the Lords Buckhurst, Windsor, Sheffield, Compton; and a magnificent array of knights and ladies, visited Gray's Inn Hall on that day, and saw the masque which the revellers put upon the stage. After the masque there was a banquet, which was followed by a ball. On the day after, the prince, attended by eighty gentlemen of Gray's Inn and the Temple (each of them

wearing a plume on his head), dined in state with the Lord Mayor and aldermen of the City, at Crosby Place. The frolic continued for many days more, the royal Purpoole, on one occasion, visiting Blackwall with a splendid retinue; on another, (Twelfth Night) receiving a gallant assembly of lords, ladies, and knights at his court in Gray's Inn; and on a third (Shrovetide) visiting the Queen herself, at Greenwich, when Her Majesty warmly applauded the masque set before her by the actors, who were members of the prince's court.

"So delighted was Elizabeth with the entertainment, that she graciously allowed the masquers to kiss her right hand, and loudly extolled Gray's Inn as 'an house she was much indebted to, for it did always study for some sport to present unto her;' whilst to the mock prince she showed her favour by placing in his hand the jewel (set with seventeen diamonds and fourteen rubies) which he had won by valour and skill in a tournament which formed part of the Shrovetide sports."

When the Prince of Purpoole kept his court at Gray's Inn on this occasion, we are told that his champion rode into the dining-hall upon the back of a fiery charger, which, like the rider, was clothed in a panoply of steel.

In 1612 the gentlemen of Gray's Inn, in company with those of the other Inns of Court, acted in a great masque at Whitehall, given in honour of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Count Palatine. To cover the expense of this display an assessment was made of £4 from each reader; the ancients paying £2 10s., the barristers £2, and the students 20s. apiece.

The society of Gray's Inn took an active part in the gorgeous masque which we have described as starting from Ely Place at Allhallows-tide, 1633 (see p. 521 *et seq.*). One of the representatives of Gray's Inn on that occasion was a Mr. Read, whom all the women, and some of the men, pronounced "as handsome a man as the Duke of Buckingham." The only accident that happened that day was an unfortunate display of temper towards a Gray's Inn member. "Mr. May," says Garrard, in one of his letters to Lord Strafford, "of Gray's Inn, a fine poet—he who translated Lucan—came athwart my Lord Chamberlain in the banqueting-house, and he broke his staff across his shoulders, not knowing who he was. The king was present, who knew him, for he calls him his poet, and told the Chamberlain of it, who sent for him next morning, and fairly excused himself to him, and gave him fifty pounds in pieces." This hot-headed Lord Chamberlain was Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, the "memorable simpleton" of

Horace Walpole, and one of whom Anthony Wood quaintly observes that he broke many wiser heads than his own.

The students of the Inns were never the quietest members of the community. Among the disturbances of Gray's Inn is one mentioned by Pepys in his Diary, May, 1667:—"Great talk of how the barristers and students of Gray's Inn rose in rebellion against the benchers the other day, who outlawed them; a great to-do; but now they are at peace again."

A few years later we find them up in arms again; but this time their strength is turned against outsiders, and not expended in hitting each other hard knocks. When building operations commenced in Holborn Fields, and the country about Gray's Inn began to give place to streets and squares, the legal fraternity, anxious to preserve the rural character of their neighbourhood, were greatly displeased. Lawyers, it is true, were the earliest householders, but that did not serve to mend the matter. Under date of June 10th, 1684, Narcissus Luttrell wrote in his Diary: "Dr. Barebone, the great builder, having some time since bought the Red Lyon Fields, near Graie's Inn Walks, to build on, and having, for that purpose, employed severall workmen to goe on with the same, the gentlemen of Graie's Inn took notice of it, and thinking it an injury to them, went with a considerable body of a hundred persons; upon which the workmen assaulted the gentlemen, and flung bricks at them. So a sharp engagement ensued, but the gentlemen routed them at last, and brought away one or two of the workmen to Graie's Inn. In this skirmish one or two of the gentlemen and servants of the house were hurt, and severall of the workmen."

The various eminent members of the Inn now claim our notice. Sir William Gascoigne, whose name is familiar to all, was one of the lawyers of the olden time connected with this house. He was reader here till 1398, in which year he was called to the degree of King's Serjeant-at-law. About three years afterwards he was made Chief Justice of the King's Bench. His death took place on the 17th of December, 1413. For his integrity as a judge, as well as for his private virtues, he deserves to be ever held in remembrance.

He distinguished himself on many occasions, particularly in refusing to pass sentence on Archbishop Scroop as a traitor, though commanded to do so by the king; and still more by committing the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V., to prison for contempt of court. This latter incident suggested to Shakespeare one of his most effective scenes.





man, repent! repent of thy horrid time consumed in play, cozenage, and lewdness, or else thou art damned and canst not be saved!' Which being spoken at midnight, when he was all alone, so amazed him, as drove him into a sweat for fear. Most penitent and heavy, the next day, in presence of the youths, he told with trembling what a fearful voice spake to him at midnight, vowing never to play again; and calling for Mr. Cecil, asked him forgiveness on his knees, and restored him all his money, bedding, and books. So two gamesters were both reclaimed with this merry device, and never played more. Many other the like merry jests I have heard him tell, too long to be here noted."

"Who Burleigh's 'playfellows' were," observes Charles Knight in his "London," "nowhere appears; but the future statesman himself was a married man during the greater part of his sojourn at Gray's Inn, and ought to have been more steady than to stake his 'books and bedding,' after losing his money. However, from many memoranda of Gray's Inn which have come down to our time, it would seem that the students of this society were rather an unruly set."

The most distinguished writer on the laws of England who flourished in the sixteenth century was Anthony Fitzherbert, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in the reign of Henry VIII. He once filled the office of reader in Gray's Inn. "His books"—"De Naturâ Brevium," and others—says Fuller, "are monuments which will longer continue his memory than the flat blue stone in Norbury Church, under which he lieth interred." Fitzherbert assisted to draw up the articles of impeachment against Cardinal Wolsey, which concluded by praying King Henry "that he be so provided for, that he never have any power, jurisdiction, or authority, hereafter to trouble, vex, and impoverish the Commonwealth of this your realm, as he hath done heretofore, to the great hurt and damage of almost every man, high and low."

We have already referred to Simon Fish, a student of this inn, who, for taking part in a masque supposed to satirise Wolsey, had to fly the kingdom, in 1527. During his residence in Germany, he composed a work called "The Supplication of Beggars," attacking the monastic orders in England. It was shown by Anne Boleyn to Henry VIII., who was so pleased with it, as falling in with his projects of plunder, that he not only permitted the return of the author to his native land, but took him under his protection. Fish did not long enjoy his good fortune; he died in 1531.

Passing from him, however, we come to two much more celebrated members of our inn. Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England during the greater part of Elizabeth's reign, kept his terms here. In the year 1532 he was admitted a student of Gray's Inn; in 1536 he rose to the degree of ancient in the society, and in 1550 was created a bencher.

Sir Nicholas Bacon had much of that penetrating genius, solidity of judgment, persuasive eloquence, and comprehensive knowledge of law and equity, which afterwards shone forth with so great a lustre in his son, who was, it has been remarked, "as much inferior to his father, in point of prudence and integrity, as his father was to him in literary accomplishments." He was the first Lord Keeper who ranked as Chancellor.

Towards the end of his life he became very corpulent, which gave occasion to Elizabeth to make a jest once: "Sir Nicholas's soul lodged well," she said. To himself, however, his bulk was very cumbersome, insomuch that, after walking from Westminster Hall to the Star Chamber, which was but a little way, he was usually so much out of breath that the lawyers forbore speaking at the bar till he recovered himself and gave them notice of it by knocking with his staff. His death, in 1579, is reported to have happened through a cold, caught from having fallen asleep with his window open, after having been under the hands of his barber.

But the name of which, above all others, Gray's Inn is proud, is that of Francis Lord Bacon, the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon. This great man's history is well known, so we shall not repeat it, but content ourselves with recording the dates of his admission as a student here, and of his various degrees in the society. He was admitted in 1576; became ancient, 21st November, 1576; became barrister, 27th June, 1582; became bencher, 1586; became reader, 1588, and was duplex reader in 1600.

The errors and foibles of this great man were, no doubt, exaggerated by the malice of his enemies, and they have died with him; but his writings will exercise an influence for good on mankind as long as our language lasts; and his "name and memory," which he proudly bequeathed "to foreign nations and to his own countrymen, after some time passed over," will long be regarded as one of the most valuable inheritances of this ancient and honourable legal society.

After his downfall, when he had parted with York House, he resided again at his old chambers at Gray's Inn, whence, in 1626, he went one day, with his physician, towards Highgate, to take the

air. "It occurred to Bacon to inquire if flesh might not be preserved in snow as well as in salt. Pulling up at a small cottage, near the foot of Highgate Hill, he bought a hen from an old dame, plucked and drew it, gathered up snow in his palms, and stuffed it into the fowl." He was smitten by a sudden chill, became too ill to return to Gray's Inn, and was carried to the Earl of Arundel's house, close at hand, where he died within a week. In his brief will it was directed that the lease of his rooms, valued at £300, was to be sold, and the money given to poor scholars.

Francis Bacon's progress from Gray's Inn to Westminster, on the 7th of May, 1617, has been described by many writers, who, however widely they differ in estimating the moral worth of the new Lord Keeper, concur in celebrating the gorgeousness of his pageant:—"On the first day of Trinity Term, May 7th, says Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his "Story of Lord Bacon's Life," "he rode from Gray's Inn, which he had not yet left, to Westminster Hall, to open the courts in state, all London turning out to do him honour, the queen sending the lords of her household, Prince Charles the whole of his followers—the lords of the council, the judges, and serjeants composing his immediate train. On his right hand rode the Lord Treasurer, on his left the Lord Privy Seal, behind them a long procession of earls and barons, knights and gentlemen. Every one, says George Gerard, who could procure a horse and a foot-cloth fell into the train, so that more than 200 horsemen rode behind him, through crowds of citizens and apprentice boys from Cheap, of players from Bankside, of the Puritan hearers of Burgess, of the Roman Catholic friends of Danvers and Armstrong; and he rode, as popular in the streets as he had been in the House of Commons, down Chancery Lane and the Strand, past Charing Cross, through the open courts of Whitehall, and by King Street into Palace Yard. He wore on that day, as he had worn on his bridal day, a suit of purple satin. Alighting at the gates of Westminster Hall, and passing into the Court, he took his seat on the bench; when the company had entered, and the criers commanded silence, he addressed them on his intention to reform the rules and practices of the court."

Lord Bacon's chambers, says Mr. Pearce, "were in No. 1, Coney Court, which formerly stood on the site of the present row of buildings at the west side of Gray's Inn Square, adjoining the gardens. The whole of Coney Court was burnt down by a fire which occurred in the inn about the year 1678."

Gray's Inn can boast of having had as one of its members the patriotic and honest Welsh judge, David Jenkins. He was a famous champion of the royal cause, and in the most troublous time of England's history displayed undaunted courage and unbending devotion to his lawful sovereign. He was admitted a student of Gray's Inn in the year 1602, was called to the Bar in 1609, and on the 28th of May, 1622, was advanced to the degree of ancient in this house. In the discharge of his official duty he imprisoned and condemned several persons bearing arms against King Charles. For this the parliamentarians laid violent hands upon him, and on Monday, 21st of February, 1647, the keeper of Newgate brought Judge Jenkins, described as "Mr. David Jenkins, judge in Wales, now a prisoner in that gaole," to the bar of the House of Commons, upon an impeachment of high treason. The Speaker asked him what he had to say for himself, and David Jenkins was not slow to reply. We are informed by a contemporaneous account of his arraignment, that he said "that they had no power to try him, and at the bar, and in the open house, gave very contemptuous words and reproaches against the Houses and power of Parliament. He threatened Parliament with the king's numerous issue, with divers other reproachful words, such as the like were never offered in the face of a parliament. After he came out of the House, he put off his hat, and spake to this effect before the soldiers of the guard, and divers gentlemen at the doore: 'Gentlemen, God bless you all, protect the laws of the kingdom!'"

His carriage was declared to be a high contempt and misdemeanour, and he was ordered to be fined £1,000, and sent back to Newgate. When in prison he expected daily to be hanged, and formed the original resolution of being suspended from the gallows-tree with a Bible under one arm and Magna Charta under the other. It never came to that, however; and Judge Jenkins escaped with his life.

Bradshaw, who sat as president at the trial of Charles I., was a bencher of Gray's Inn. He was "a stout man," to quote the words of Whitelock, "and learned in his profession; no friend to monarchy." He entered Gray's Inn in the year 1622, was called to the bar on the 23rd of April, 1627, and was advanced to the degree of ancient on the 23rd of June, 1645.

Sir Thomas Holt was once Treasurer of Gray's Inn, and his son, who became Lord Chief Justice, was entered upon the society's books before he was ten years old. Lord Chief Justice Holt is

deservedly regarded as a bright ornament of this Inn, and his escutcheon holds a prominent place in the principal window of the hall. He was born at Thame, in Oxfordshire, about 1642. His rise as a lawyer was very rapid, and in 1689 we find him appointed by King William III. Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, an office which he held till his death. On the removal of Lord Somers he was offered the Chancellorship, but he declined it. On the bench he is said to have conducted himself

writer, "to lay before them the noble character of Verus the magistrate, who always sat in triumph over, and contempt of vice; he never searched after it or spared it when it came before him. At the same time he could see through the hypocrisy and disguise of those who have no pretence to virtue themselves, but by their severity to the vicious. This same Verus was, in times past, Chief Justice, as we call it in Felicia (Britain). He was a man of profound knowledge of the laws of his



STAPLE INN. (See page 575)

in a lofty and dignified manner, and to have set an example of spirit and temper which has continued since his day to adorn the English bench. On several occasions he was forced, in the conscientious discharge of his duty, to resist the encroachments of the Crown as well as of the Houses of Parliament. When he died, in March, 1709, he left behind him, says his biographer, "a reputation for learning, honour, and integrity, which has never been surpassed even among the many eminent individuals who have succeeded him in his dignified office."

There is a sketch of the character of Lord Chief Justice Holt in the 14th number of the *Tatler*. "It would become all men as well as me," remarks the

country, and as just an observer of them in his own person. He considered justice as a cardinal virtue, not as a trade for maintenance. Wherever he was judge, he never forgot that he was also counsel. The criminal before him was always sure he stood before his country, and, in a sort a parent of it; the prisoner knew that, though his spirit was broken with guilt, and incapable of language to defend itself, all would be gathered from him which could conduce to his safety; and that his judge would wrest no law to destroy him, nor conceal any that could save him."

The following story concerning this eminent judge has appeared in many books of anecdote:—A party of the guards was once ordered from

Whitehall to put down a dangerous riot which had arisen in Holborn, from the practice of kidnapping, then carried to a great extent, and at the same time an officer was dispatched to inform the Chief Justice of what was doing, and to desire that he would send some of his people to attend and countenance the soldiers. "Suppose, sir," said Holt—"let us suppose that the populace should not disperse on your appearance, or at your com-

"This story," says Mr. Jeaffreson, in his "Book about Lawyers," "is very ridiculous, but it points to an interesting and significant event. Of course, it is incredible that Holt said, 'the laws of this kingdom are not to be executed by the sword.' He was too sound a constitutional lawyer to hold that military force could not be lawfully used in quelling civil insurrection. The interesting fact is this. On the occasion of a riot in Holborn, Holt



DOORWAY IN STAPLE'S INN.

mand?" "Our orders are then to fire upon them." "Then mark, sir, what I say. If there should be a man killed in consequence of such orders, and you are tried before me for murder, I will take care that you and every soldier of your party shall be hanged. Return to those who sent you, and tell them that no officer of mine shall accompany soldiers; the laws of this kingdom are not to be executed by the sword. This affair belongs to the civil power, and soldiers have nothing to do here." Then ordering his tipstaves and some constables to accompany him, he proceeded to the scene of tumult, and the populace, on his assurance that justice should be done on the objects of their indignation, dispersed in a peaceable manner.

was formally required, as the supreme conservator of the king's peace, to aid the military, and instead of converting a street row into a massacre, he prevailed upon the mob to disperse, without shedding a single drop of blood. Declining to co-operate with soldiers on an unarmed multitude, he discharged the ancient functions of his office with words, instead of sabres—with grave counsels, instead of cruel violence. Under similar circumstances, Chief Justice Odo would have clad himself in mail, and crushed the rabble beneath the feet of his war-horse. At such a summons George Jeffreys, having fortified himself with a magnum of claret and a pint of strong water, would have accompanied the king's guards, and with noisy oaths would have bade them give the rascals a taste of

cold steel. Wearing his judicial robes, and sustained by the majesty of the law, William III.'s chief justice preserved the peace without sacrificing life."

Sir Samuel Romilly, the celebrated English lawyer and M.P. for Westminster, was a member of Gray's Inn. As a student he seems to have had no anticipation of the brilliancy of his future career. We find him writing despondingly to a

friend, in 1783—"I sometimes lose all courage, and wonder what fond opinion of my talents could ever have induced me to venture on so bold an undertaking; but it often happens (and I fear it has been in my case) that men mistake the desire for the ability of acting some distinguished part." He died by his own hand, in November, 1818, during an attack of brain fever, brought on by grief for the death of his wife.

## CHAPTER LXII.

### THE HOLBORN INNS OF COURT AND CHANCERY (*continued*).

Ecclesiastics of Gray's Inn—Stephen Gardiner—Whitgift—Bishop Hall, the "Christian Seneca"—Archbishop Laud—William Juxon—On the Scaffold—The "Bruised Reed"—Baxter's Conversion—Antiquaries and Bookworms—The Irritable Joseph Ritson—John Britton—Hall and his "Chronicles"—Rymer and his "Fœdera"—The Original of "Tom Folio"—George Chapman—A Celebrated Translation—Oliver Goldsmith—A Library of One Book—William Cobbett—Rental of the Inns of Court and Chancery—What are Inns of Chancery?—Furnival's Inn—A Street Row—Sir Thomas More—Snakes and Eels—A Plague of a Wife—A Scene in the Tower—Scourges and Hair Shirts—No Bribery—Charles Dickens and "Pickwick"—Thavie's Inn—Barnard's Inn—The Old Hall—The Last of the Alchemists—A Given Quantity of Wine—The "No Popery" Riots—Staple Inn—Steevens correcting his Proof Sheets—Dr. Samuel Johnson—A "Little Story Book"—Fire! Fire!

THE Inns of Court were instituted chiefly for the benefit of those desiring to devote themselves to the legal profession, but from an early period they were resorted to by Churchmen and sons of the nobility and gentry, to whom it was thought fitting to give some instruction in the principles and maxims of our municipal law. We shall mention a few of the more eminent ecclesiastics who have studied at Gray's Inn.

Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and Lord Chancellor of England, is the first of these. He was Cromwell's great adversary. His abilities it is impossible to over-rate, and one cannot but admire his inflexible courage in the most trying circumstances; but he was artful, ambitious, and revengeful, even to blood. He died in 1555. The dexterous equivocations by which he habitually endeavoured to secure the advantages and escape the penalties of untruthfulness gave rise to the remark, "My Lord of Winchester is like Hebrew, to be read backwards."

Whitgift, the third primate after the Reformation, was admitted to Gray's Inn on the 16th of March, 1592. He was distinguished for his learning, piety, and integrity, and is described by Fuller as "one of the worthiest men that ever the English hierarchy did enjoy." By his influence he obtained the mastership of the Temple for Hooker, and in gratitude for his kindness that famous divine dedicated to the Archbishop his "Ecclesiastical Polity."

In the books of Gray's Inn we find entered the name of another distinguished Churchman, Joseph Hall, successively Bishop of Exeter and Norwich.

His works have gained him the appellation of the "Christian Seneca." His "Meditations" are well known and much esteemed for the force and brilliancy of their language and the fervour of their piety. The knowledge of the world and depth of thought possessed by Bishop Hall place him nearer our own time than many of his contemporaries. He was born at Ashby-de-la-Zouch in 1574, and died in 1656. His last resting-place was the churchyard of Higham, and there he was interred without any memorial. In his will he says, "I leave my body to be buried without any funeral pomp, at the discretion of my executors, with this only monition, that I do not hold God's house a meet repository for the dead bodies of the greatest saints."

Another ecclesiastical member of Gray's Inn was Archbishop Laud. He was admitted on the 1st of November, 1615. Speaking of Laud, Fuller, in his characteristic style, remarks, "Indeed, I could instance in some kind of coarse venison, not fit for food when first killed; and therefore cunning cooks bury it for some hours in the earth, till the rankness thereof being mortified thereby, it makes most palatable meat. So the memories of some persons, newly deceased, are neither fit for a writer's or reader's repast, till some competent time after their interment. However, I am confident, that impartial posterity, on a serious review of all passages, will allow his name to be reposed among the heroes of our nation, seeing such as hold his expense on St. Paul's as but a cypher, will assign his other benefactions a very valuable significance, viz., his



erecting and endowing an almshouse in Reading; his increasing of Oxford Library with books and St. John's College with beautiful buildings." He was beheaded January 10th, 1644.

William Juxon, Bishop of London, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was admitted a member of Gray's Inn on the 2nd of May, 1635. It was this prelate, the reader will remember, who attended Charles I. on the scaffold, and did his best, by suitable exhortations, to prepare the unfortunate king for his end. "There is, sir," said he, "but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven; and there you shall find to your great joy the prize to which you hasten a crown of glory." "I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown;" and a moment afterwards his head, streaming with blood, was being exhibited to the assembled populace as "the head of a traitor."

The author of the "Bruised Reed," which led to the conversion of Richard Baxter, and which Izaak Walton bequeathed to his children, was once the preacher of Gray's Inn. He was Dr. Richard Sibbes. His death took place at his chambers, here, in 1635.

Baxter himself tells us of the happy influence which this book had upon him. His father was pious, but his surroundings generally were adverse to all religious impressions. The neighbourhood in which he passed his youth—a village near the foot of the Wrekin, in Shropshire—was all that Queen Elizabeth or King James could have wished; or, says one writer, "if it exceeded her Majesty's allowance—'two preachers enough for one county,' in complying with her kinsman's 'Book of Sports,' it showed an excess of loyalty." The Maypole was erected beside a great tree, near the dwelling of Baxter's father, and as soon as the reader had rushed through the morning prayer the congregation turned out to the village green, and the lads and lasses began dancing. Young Baxter, however, seems to have been seriously inclined, and the religious teaching of his father was not wholly thrown away. When about fifteen years old, he had, with some other boys, been stealing apples, and whilst his mind was in a state of more than ordinary disquiet, he read a very awakening book called "Bunny's Resolution." He became filled with anxiety and foreboding. In the midst of those gloomy days a poor pedlar came to the door selling books. His stock consisted chiefly of ballads, but he chanced to have one good book, and that was the "Bruised Reed" of

Dr. Richard Sibbes. The elder Baxter bought it, and to the son it proved a messenger of salvation. The perusal of it, and one of Parkins's works, lent him by a servant, established his faith. "And thus," he says, "without any means but books, was God pleased to resolve me unto Himself." Nor is it wonderful, that, as he elsewhere remarks, "The use that God made of books above ministers to the benefit of my soul made me somewhat excessively in love with good books, so that I thought I had never enow, but scraped up as great a treasure of them as I could."

A few members of the picturesque race of antiquaries and bookworms—irritable, eccentric, and hermit-like—have resided in Gray's Inn. Joseph Ritson, for instance, had chambers here. He lived and died in No. 8, Holborn Court. The building stood against the south wall of the chapel, and has since been pulled down.

In that entertaining work, the "Bookhunter," by Mr. John Hill Burton, the historian of Scotland gives some curious particulars regarding Ritson. He was a man endowed with almost superhuman irritability of temper, and he had a genius fertile in devising means of giving scope to its restless energies. One of his obstinate fancies was, when addressing a letter to a friend of the male sex, instead of using the ordinary prefix of Mr. or the affix of Esq., to employ the term *Master*, as—when writing to two well-known fellow-workers in the ways of old antiquity—Master John Pinkerton, Master George Chalmers. The agreeable result of this eccentricity was that his communications on delicate and antiquarian disputes were invariably delivered to, and perused by, the young gentlemen of the family, so opening up new little delicate avenues, fertile in controversy and misunderstanding.

But he had another and more varied peculiarity. In his numerous books he insisted on a peculiar spelling. It was not phonetic, nor was it etymological, it was simply Ritsonian. To understand the efficacy of this arrangement as a source of controversy, it must be remembered that the instinct of a printer is to spell according to rule, and that every deviation from the ordinary method can only be carried out by a special contest over each word. Ritson, in seeing his works through the press, fought every step of the way, and such peculiarities as the following, profusely scattered over his books, may be looked upon as the names of so many battles or skirmishes with his printers: "Compillür," "writür," "wil," "kil," "onily," "probably." Even when he condescended to use the spelling common to the rest of the nation he insisted on the employ-

ment of little irritating peculiarities ; as, for instance, in the word "ass," a word pretty often in his mouth, he would not follow the practice of his day, in the use of the long and short "fs," but inverted the arrangement thus, "sf."

"This strange creature," adds Mr. Burton, "exemplified the opinion that every one must have some creed—something from without having an influence over thought and action, stronger than the imperfect apparatus of human reason. Scornfully disdaining revelation from above, he groped below, and found for himself a little fetish made of turnips and cabbage. He was as fanatical a devotee of vegetarianism as others have been of a middle state or adult baptism ; and after having torn through a life of spiteful controversy with his fellow-men, and ribaldry of all sacred things, he thus expressed the one weight hanging on his conscience, that 'on one occasion, when, tempted by wet, cold, and hunger, in the south of Scotland, he ventured to eat a few potatoes dressed under the roast, nothing less repugnant to feelings being to be had.'"

Opposite Ritson's chambers lived John Britton, the eminent writer on topography and architecture, for three years clerk to one Simpson, an attorney, at the handsome salary of fifteen shillings a week. "Yet," he says, "with this small income, I felt comfortable and happy, as it provided me with a decent lodging, clothes, and food, and with the luxury of books." Britton's account of his master is a strange one, and gives an instructive picture of our legal friends at work amassing their six and eightpences. "At eleven o'clock he came to the office to receive business letters, each of which he read several times, with pauses between each sentence ; by which process six short letters would occupy at least an hour of his time. He devoted more than another hour to dictating equally laconic letters in reply ; whilst a third was employed in reading those answers when written. This vapid waste of time was the practice of every succeeding day for three years." Britton used occasionally to visit Ritson in his chambers.

Most of Britton's works were devoted to topography and architectural antiquities, biography, and the fine arts. Amongst these may be named his "Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain," and the "Cathedral Antiquities of England," works of national value, which will secure lasting fame for their author. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, to which Britton was a frequent contributor, thus speaks of him :—"To his labours, the architecture, and particularly the ecclesiastical and domestic architecture, of the country, is deeply indebted for the restoration of what was decayed,

and the improvement of what was defective ; and in his beautiful sketches and masterly engravings, extending through many volumes, he has given us a treasure-house of antiquarian art, and made the pencil and the graver not only perpetuate and preserve much that has long been mouldering into shapeless ruin, but has also supplied many a new model of improved beauty, suggested by his own genius, and carried into effect by his own zeal and perseverance." Britton was born in 1771, and died in 1857.

The well-known historian, Edward Hall, who wrote the "Chronicles," a work which furnished material for so many of the dramatic productions of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was a reader, at one time, in Gray's Inn. We find his name mentioned in connection with a pension of the bench of Gray's Inn, held 16th May (31 Henry VIII.), when the king's command that all images of Thomas à-Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Henry II., should be removed from churches and chapels, was taken into consideration. It was then ordered that Edward Hall should see to the taking out of a certain window in the chapel of this house, "wherein the picture of the said archbishop was *gloriously* painted," and place another in its stead, descriptive of Christ praying on the mount. Hall was born about the last year of the fifteenth century, in the parish of St. Mildred's, London. He died in 1547, and was buried, but without any memorial, in the church of St. Benet Sherehog, London. His "Chronicles" has been differently appreciated by antiquaries. Bishop Nicholson speaks of it disrespectfully, and says it is but a record of the fashions of summer clothes ; but Peck vindicates Hall with some energy. Hall was no favourer of the clergy.

Amongst other antiquarian members of Gray's Inn we may mention Rymer, whose work, the "Fœdera," has given him a European reputation. Rymer was born in Yorkshire, and after studying at Cambridge removed to Gray's Inn. He adopted the profession of the law, and in 1692 succeeded Shadwell in the post of historiographer to King William III. His death took place on the 10th of December, 1713, and he found a grave in St. Clement Danes.

In Gray's Inn lived Dr. Rawlinson, who stuffed four chambers so full of books that he had to sleep in the passage. He was the original of Tom Folio, so pleasantly described in No. 158 of the *Tatler* : "Tom Folio is a broker in learning, employed to get together good editions, and stock the libraries of great men. There is not a sale of books begins till Tom Folio is seen at the door. There is not

an auction where his name is not heard, and that, too, in the very nick of time, in the critical moment, before the last decisive stroke of the hammer. There is not a subscription goes forward in which Tom is not privy to the first rough draft of the proposals, nor a catalogue printed that does not come to him wet from the press. He is an universal scholar, so far as the title-page of all authors; knows the manuscripts in which they were discovered, the editions through which they have passed, with the praises or censure which they have received from the several members of the learned world. He has a greater esteem for Aldus and Elzevir than for Virgil and Horace. If you talk of Herodotus, he breaks out into a panegyric upon Harvey Stephens. He thinks he gives you an account of an author when he tells you the subject he treats of, the name of the editor, and the year in which it was printed. Or, if you draw him into further particulars, he cries up the goodness of the paper, extols the diligence of the corrector, and is transported with the beauty of the letter. This he looks upon to be sound learning and substantial criticism. As for those who talk of the fineness of style and the justness of thought, or describe the brightness of any particular passages; nay, though they write themselves in the genius and spirit of the author they admire, Tom looks upon them as men of superficial learning, and flashy parts."

The quiet seclusion of Gray's Inn has, in by-gone times, formed the retreat of many distinguished poets and literary men. It was the residence of George Chapman, the poet, who was born in 1557, and died, honoured and beloved, in 1634.

Chapman deserves best to be kept in remembrance for his translation of Homer, whom he speaks of as "the prince of poets, never before truly translated"—a production which has excited the admiration of many distinguished critics. Coleridge, in sending it to a friend for perusal, specially recommends the "Odyssey." "The 'Iliad,'" he says, "is fine, but less equal in the translation, as well as less interesting in itself. What is stupidly said of Shakespeare is really true and appropriate of Chapman—mighty faults, counterpoised by mighty beauties. Excepting his quaint epithets, which he affects to render literally from the Greek,

. . . it has no look, no air of a translation. It is as truly an original poem as the 'Fairy Queen.' It will give you small idea of Homer, though a far truer one than Pope's epigrams or Cowper's cumbersome, most anti-Homeric Miltonism. For Chapman writes and feels as a poet—as Homer might have written had he lived in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In short, it is an ex-

quisite poem, in spite of its frequent and perverse quaintnesses and harshnesses, which are, however, amply repaid by almost unexampled sweetness and beauty of language, all over spirit and feeling. In the main, it is an English heroic poem, the tale of which is borrowed from the Greek."

Sir Philip Sidney, the author of "Arcadia," and the gallant Governor of Flushing, was at one time a student here. And Butler, the immortal author of "Hudibras," seems also, says Mr. Pearce, "to have had a chamber some time in the inn, as one of his biographers has supposed he was a member of the house."

About the year 1756 Dr. Johnson was a resident in Gray's Inn, but for a short time only.

Oliver Goldsmith occupied chambers in Gray's Inn early in 1744, while his attic in the library staircase of the Temple was preparing. He was now at work for the Dodsleys, and we get a glimpse of his straitened circumstances in the following brief note to Mr. James Dodsley:—"Sir," it runs, being dated from "Gray's Inn," and addressed "to Mr. James Dodsley in Pall Mall," on the 10th of March, 1764, "I shall take it as a favour if you can let me have ten guineas per bearer, for which I promise to account. I am, sir, your humble servant, OLIVER GOLDSMITH. P.S. I shall call to see you on Wednesday next with copy, &c." Whether the money was advanced, or the copy supplied in time, does not appear.

A nephew of Goldsmith, when in town with a friend, proposed to call on Uncle Oliver, in Gray's Inn, when he was setting to work on his "Animated Nature." They expected to find him in a well-furnished library, with a host of books; when, greatly to their surprise, the only book they saw in the place was a well-thumbed part of Buffon's "Natural History."

The outspoken William Cobbett, the writer of the famous "Political Register," and as true a representative of the John Bull character as ever lived, was for some years a clerk in the chambers of a gentlemen of this inn.

We may conclude this notice of Gray's Inn with the following table, exhibiting the yearly rental of the Inns of Court and Chancery, as given in Murray's "Handbook to Modern London," 1874.

Lincoln's Inn.....	£33,329	Clement's Inn.....	£1,653
Inner Temple.....	25,676	Clifford's Inn.....	818
Gray's Inn.....	16,035	Lyon's Inn.....	423
Middle Temple.....	12,640	New Inn.....	1,646
Furnival's Inn.....	4,386	Serjeants' Inn.....	1,600
Staple's Inn.....	2,553		
Barnard's Inn.....	1,031	Total.....	£101,790

Besides Gray's Inn, there lie in Holborn, Furni-

val's Inn, Thavie's Inn, Barnard's Inn, and Staple's Inn. Of these the first two have ceased to be directly representative of the law; the other two Inns of Chancery, however, still retain many legal features of interest.

To some an explanation of the nature and object of the Inns of Chancery may here be acceptable. These then will welcome the following extract from the interesting work of Mr. J. C.

Inn of Court higher admission fees were charged to students coming from Inns of Chancery over which it had no control, than to students who came from its own primary schools. If the reader bear in mind the difference in respect to age, learning, and privileges between our modern public school-boys, and university undergraduates, he will realise with sufficient nearness to truth the differences which existed between the Inns of Chancery



EXTERIOR OF FURNIVAL'S INN, 1754.

Jeaffreson, "A Book about Lawyers." "The Inns of Chancery," he says, "for many generations maintained towards the Inns of Court a position similar to that which Eton School maintains towards King's at Cambridge, or that which Winchester School holds to New College at Oxford. They were seminaries in which lads underwent preparation for the superior discipline, and greater freedom of the four colleges. Each Inn of Court had its own Inns of Chancery, yearly receiving from them the pupils who had qualified themselves for promotion to the status of Inns-of-Court-men. In course of time students, after receiving the preliminary education in an Inn of Chancery, were permitted to enter an Inn of Court, on which their Inn of Chancery was not dependent; but at every

students and the Inns of Court students in the fifteenth century; and in the students, utter-barristers, and benchers of the Inns of Court at the same period he may see three distinct orders of academic persons closely resembling the undergraduates, bachelors of arts, and masters of arts in our own universities."

Furnival's Inn, between Brooke Street and Leather Lane, was originally the town mansion of the Lords Furnival. It belonged some time, says Stow, "to William Furnivall, knight, who had in Holborn two messuages and thirteen shops, as appeareth by record of Richard II., in the 6th of his reign." It was an Inn of Chancery in the 9th of Henry IV., was held under lease in the time of Edward VI., and was sold, early in Elizabeth's



INTERIOR OF FURNIVAL'S INN (after *Nichols*), 1754



reign, to the benchers of Lincoln's Inn, who appear to have formerly had the lease of it.

In Charles I.'s time the greater part of the old inn described by Stow was taken down and a new building erected in its stead. "The Gothic Hall," says Cunningham, "with its timber roof (part of the original structure), was standing in 1818, when the whole inn was rebuilt by Mr. Peto, the contractor, who obtained a lease of the ground." In the square is a statue of Peto. Furnival's Inn is let in chambers, but is no longer an Inn of Chancery. Part of its interior is occupied by a hotel. The Society of Furnival's Inn ceased to exist as a community about 1817.

The arms of Furnival's Inn are—argent, a bend between six martlets, with a bordure azure.

A street disturbance is mentioned by Stow, in his "Annals," in which the leading member of this Inn got into trouble:—"In the 32nd of Henry VI. a tumult betwixt the gentlemen of Inns of Court and Chancery and the citizens of London, happening in Fleet Street, in which some mischief was done, the principals of Clifford's Inn, Furnival's Inn, and Barnard's Inn were sent prisoners to Hartford Castle."

The famous Sir Thomas More was "reader by the space of three years and more" in this Inn. He was a member of Lincoln's Inn. Of this great Lord Chancellor of the reign of Henry VIII., one of the most illustrious men of that period, how much might be told! He was the son of Sir John More, an honest judge of the King's Bench, who had some humour in him, if what Camden records be true. Speaking of the lottery of marriage, he used to say, "I would compare the multitude of women which are to be chosen for wives unto a bag full of snakes, having among them a single eel. Now if a man should put his hand into this bag, he may chance to light on the eel, but it is a hundred to one he shall be stung by a snake." It has been observed, however, that he himself ventured to put his hand three times into the bag, for he married three wives; nor was the sting so hurtful as to prevent his arriving at the age of ninety, and even then he did not die of anything else than a surfeit, occasioned by eating grapes.

Sir Thomas was his son by his first wife. He also was not afraid of snakes. "Having determined," we are told, "by the advice and direction of his ghostly father, to be a married man, there was at that time a pleasant conceited gentleman, of an ancient family in Essex, one Mr. John Colt, of New Hall, that invited him into his house, being much delighted in his company, proffering unto him the choice of any of his daughters, who were

young gentlewomen of very good carriage, good complexions, and very religiously inclined; whose honest and sweet conversation, and virtuous education, enticed Sir Thomas not a little; and although his affection most served him to the second, for that he thought her the fairest and best favoured, yet when he thought within himself that it would be a grief and some blemish to the eldest to have the younger sister preferred before her, he, out of a kind of compassion, settled his fancy upon the eldest, and soon afterwards married her, with all his friends' good liking."

This marriage proved fairly happy, but, before many years had passed, Jane Colt died. More then put his hand a second time into the bag, and this time had the ill luck to draw out a scorpion. He proposed to a widow, named Alice Middleton, who would have done well enough for a superior domestic servant: his good judgment and taste deserted him when he decided to make her a closer companion. Bustling, loquacious, tart, the good dame scolded servants and petty tradesmen with admirable effect; but, even at this distance of time, the sensitive ear is pained by her sharp, garrulous tongue, when its ascerbity and virulence are turned against her pacific and scholarly husband. She had no sympathy for, no feelings in common with him; he had as little in common with her.

Both humorous and pathetic, it has been remarked, was that memorable interview between More and Mrs. Alice, in the Tower, when she, regarding his position by the light with which she had been endowed by Nature, advised him to yield even then to the king. "What the good-year, Mr. More!" cried she, bustling up to the tranquil and courageous man. "I marvel that you, who have been hitherto always taken for a wise man, will now so play the fool as to lie here in this close-fitting prison, and be content to be shut up thus with mice and rats, when you might be abroad at your liberty, with the favour and good will of the king and his council, if you would but do as the bishops and best learned of his realm have done. And seeing you have at Chelsea a right fair house, your library, your books, your gallery, and all other necessities so handsome about you, where you might, in company with me, your wife, your children, and household, be merry, I muse what, in God's name, you mean here thus fondly to tarry." Having heard her out, preserving his good-humour, he said to her, with a cheerful countenance, "I pray thee, good Mrs. Alice, tell me one thing." "What is it?" saith she. "Is not this house as near heaven as my own?" The two were thinking of very different things. Sir Thomas More had his eye on



heaven. Mrs. Alice had hers on "the right fair house at Chelsea."

More, with all his talent, learning, and wit, had in him a great deal of bigotry and superstition. When about twenty years old he began to practise monkish austerities, wearing a sharp shirt of hair next his skin, which he never left off entirely, even when he was Lord Chancellor. As a lay Carthusian he at one time disciplined his bare back with scourges, slept on the cold ground or a hard bench, with a log for a pillow, allowed himself but four or five hours' sleep in the night, and by a score of other strong measures sought to preserve his spiritual by ruining his bodily health.

He comes before us, very life-like and pleasing, in connection with the charges of bribery, which at the time of his fall were preferred against him before the Privy Council. One story of this period has been often repeated. A Mrs. Croker being opposed in a suit to Lord Arundel, sought to win Sir Thomas More's favour; so she presented him with a pair of gloves containing forty angels. With a courteous smile he accepted the gloves, but constrained her to take back the gold. The gentleness of the rebuff is charming.

In Furnival's Inn Charles Dickens lived from shortly after his entering the reporters' gallery till 1837, and it was here that the proposal that originated "Pickwick" was made to him. Dickens has himself described to us what passed at an interview which must be regarded as a happy one by all admirers of the novelist. Mr. Seymour, the artist, had proposed to do a series of cockney sporting plates, which it was thought would take with the public, if accompanied by letterpress, and published in monthly parts. "The idea," says Dickens, "propounded to me was that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour; and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist, or of my visitor, Mr. Hall, that a 'Nimrod Club,' the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, I would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that although born and partly bred in the country, I was no great sportsman, except in regard to all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had already been much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I would like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My

views being deferred to, I thought of 'Pickwick,' and wrote the first number; from the proof-sheets of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the club and his happy portrait of its founder. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour." Between the first and second number of "Pickwick," Mr. Seymour died by his own hand, and Mr. H. K. Browne was eventually chosen to fill his place as illustrator. But that is apart from Furnival's Inn history, so we may leave the rest of the story untold.

Thavie's Inn was formerly an Inn of Chancery, appertaining to Lincoln's Inn. It was sold, however, by that society in 1771 to a Mr. Middleton. Having been subsequently destroyed by fire, a range of private buildings was erected on its site. The name it bears is derived from John Thavie, a liberal-minded armourer, with whom we have already met when speaking of St. Andrew's. In 1348 he bequeathed certain houses in Holborn, returning a large rental, for the support of the fabric of that interesting edifice.

"I must and will begin with Thavies Inne," says Sir George Buc, "for besides that at my first coming to London, I was admitted for probation into that good house, I take it to be the oldest Inn of Chancery, at the least in Holborn. It was before the dwelling of an honest citizen called John Thavie, an armourer, and was rented of him in the time of King Edward III. by the chief professors then of the law, viz., Apprentices, as it is yet extant in a record in the Hustings, and whereof my Lord Coke showed to me the transcript, but since that time it was purchased for the students and other professors of the Law of Chancery by the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, about the reign of King Henry VII., and retaineth the name of the old landlord or owner, Master Thavie."

Barnard's Inn is an Inn of Chancery appertaining to Gray's Inn. Formerly it was called Mackworth's Inn, and in the days of Henry VI. we find it a messuage belonging to Dr. John Mackworth, Dean of Lincoln. At the time of its conversion into an Inn of Chancery, it was in the occupation of one Barnard, and his name it has retained ever since.

The arms of Barnard's Inn are those of Mackworth—party per pale, indented ermine and sables, a chevron, gules, fretted or.

The old hall of Barnard's Inn is the smallest of all the halls of the London Inns; it is only thirty-six feet long, twenty-two feet wide, and thirty feet high. It contains a fine full-length portrait of the upright and learned Lord Chief Justice Holt, for

some time principal of Barnard's Inn ; and also of Lord Burleigh, Lord Bacon, Lord Keeper Coventry, and other eminent men.

In the time of Elizabeth there were 112 students in this Inn in term, and 24 out of term ; in 1855 there were, including the principal, ancient, and companions, in all, 18 members.

A believer in alchemy, Mr. Peter Woulfe, F.R.S., lived, about seventy years ago, in Barnard's Inn, No. 2, second-floor chambers. He was an eminent chemist, and, according to Mr. Brande, "the last true believer in alchemy." But little is known of his life. "Sir Humphrey Davy tells us," says Mr. Timbs, in his "Century of Anecdotes," "that he used to hang up written prayers and inscriptions of recommendations of his processes to Providence. His chambers were so filled with furnaces and apparatus that it was difficult to reach the fireside. Dr. Babington told Mr. Brande that he once put down his hat and could never find it again, such was the confusion of boxes, packages, and parcels, that lay about the room. His breakfast hour was four in the morning ; a few of his friends were occasionally invited, and gained entrance by a secret signal, knocking a certain number of times at the inner door of the chamber. He had long vainly searched for the elixir, and attributed his repeated failure to the want of due preparation by pious and charitable acts. Whenever he wished to break with an acquaintance, he resented the supposed injuries by sending a present to the offender and never seeing him again. These presents sometimes consisted of an expensive chemical product or preparation. He had an heroic remedy for illness, which was a journey to Edinburgh and back by the mail-coach ; and a cold taken on one of these expeditions terminated in inflammation of the lungs, of which he died."

His last moments were remarkable. In spite of his serious illness, he strenuously resisted all medical advice. By his desire his laundress shut up his chamber, and left him. She returned at midnight, when he was still alive ; next morning, however, she found him dead, his countenance being calm and serene ; apparently he had not moved from the position in which she had seen him last.

A contemporary of Woulfe, also an alchemist, is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, in his paper on astrology and alchemy, in the *Quarterly Review* (1821). About 1801 this enthusiast lived, or rather starved, in the metropolis, in the person of an editor, of an evening journal. He expected to compound the alkahest, if he could only keep his materials digested in a lamp-furnace for the space

of seven years. The lamp burnt brightly during six years, eleven months, and some odd days besides, and then unluckily it went out. Why it went out the adept never could guess ; but he was certain that if the flame could only have burnt to the end of the septennary cycle, his experiment must have succeeded.

An order made by the authorities of Barnard's Inn, in November, 1706, throws some light on legal manners in the beginning of the eighteenth century. This order named two quarts as the allowance of wine to be given to each mess of four men, on going through the ceremony of "initiation." Of course this amount of wine was an "extra" allowance, in addition to the ale and sherry allotted to members by the regular dietary of the house. "Even Sheridan," Mr. Jeaffreson remarks, "who boasted he could drink any *given* quantity of wine, would have thought twice before he drank so large a given quantity, in addition to a liberal allowance of stimulant. Anyhow, the quantity was fixed—a fact that would have elicited an expression of approval from Chief Baron Thomson, who, loving port wine wisely, though too well, expressed at the same time his concurrence with the words and his dissent from the opinion of a barrister who observed, 'I hold, my lord, that, after a good dinner, a certain quantity of wine does no harm.' With a smile, the Chief Baron rejoined, 'True, sir, it is the uncertain quantity that does the mischief.'"

During the "No Popery" riots of 1780, Barnard's Inn very nearly fell a sacrifice to one of those wild acts of incendiarism which at that time disgraced the metropolis. It stood next to the extensive premises of Langdale's distillery, and Mr. Langdale was both the object of indignation and interest to the mob : in the first place, he was a Roman Catholic ; and in the second, he had a plentiful store of tempting liquor in his hands. The attack on Langdale's distillery, and its subsequent destruction by fire, were among the most striking scenes of the famous riots. What ardent spirits escaped from the flames were swallowed by the rioters. Many of them are said to have literally drunk themselves dead ; women and children were seen drinking from the kennels, which flowed with gin and other intoxicating liquors ; and many of the rabble, who had drunk themselves into a state of insensibility, perished in the flames. A Dr. Warner, who had passed the night in his chambers in Barnard's Inn, writes thus on the following morning to George Selwyn :—"The staircase in which my chambers are is not yet burnt down, but it could not be much worse for me if it were. However, I fear there are many scores of

poor creatures in this town who have suffered this night much more than I have, and with less ability to bear it. Will you give me leave to lodge the shattered remains of my little goods in Cleveland Court for a time? There can be no living here, even if the fire stops immediately, for the whole place is a wreck; but there will be time enough to think of this. But there is a circumstance which distresses me more than anything, I have lost my maid, who was a very worthy creature, and I am sure would never have deserted me in such a situation by her own will, and what can have become of her is horrible to think. I fervently hope that you and yours are free from every distress. . . . Six o'clock. The fire, I believe, is truly stopped, though only at the next door to me. But no maid appears. When I shall overcome the horror of the night, and its consequences, I cannot guess. But I know, if you can send me word that things go well with you, that they will be less sad with me."

Staple Inn is an Inn of Chancery appertaining to Gray's Inn. The tradition is that it derives its name from having been originally an inn or hostel of the merchants of the (wool) staple. With this explanation, until a better is given, we must rest satisfied. It became an Inn of Chancery in the time of Henry V., and the inheritance of it was granted, 20th Henry VIII., to the Society of Gray's Inn. The Holborn front is of the time of James I., and is worthy of notice as one of the oldest existing specimens of our metropolitan street architecture. The hall is of a later date, has a clock turret, and originally possessed an open timber roof. Some of the armorial glass in the windows of the hall date as far back as 1500. There are a few portraits—amongst them are those of Charles II., Queen Anne, the Earl of Macclesfield, Lord Chancellor Cowper, and Lord Camden—and at the upper end is the woolsack, the arms of the Inn. Upon brackets are casts of the twelve Cæsars. In the garden adjoining used to be a luxuriant fig-tree, which had spread itself over nearly all the south side of the hall. Upon a terrace opposite, the offices of the taxing-masters in Chancery are situated. They were completed in 1843, and are in the purest style of the reign of James I. The arched entrances and semi-circular oriels are highly effective. The open-work parapet of the terrace, and the lodge and gate leading to Southampton Buildings, are very picturesque. The Inn is divided into two courts, with a pleasant garden behind.

The doorway shown in our illustration on page 365 is mentioned by Dickens in "Edwin Drood."

By it one entered the chambers of Mr. Grewgious. What P. J. T. meant, carved on the stone above the door—whether Possibly John Thomas, or Possibly Joe Tyler, or what—the reader will recollect occasionally formed an innocent subject of speculation to Mr. Grewgious.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, there were 145 students in Staple Inn, in term, and 69 out of term—the largest number in any of the houses of Chancery.

Reading and mootings were observed here with commendable regularity. Sir Simon d'Ewes mentions that, on the 17th of February, 1625, he went in the morning to Staple Inn, and there argued a moot point, or law case, with others, and they did not abandon the exercise till near three o'clock in the afternoon.

Isaac Reed who died in 1807, had chambers here. It was in Reed's chambers that Steevens collected the proof-sheets of his well-known edition of Shakespeare. His habits were peculiar. He used, says Peter Cunningham, to leave his house at Hampstead at one in the morning, and walk to Staple Inn. Reed, who went to bed at a reasonable hour, allowed his facetious fellow-commentator the luxury of a latch-key, so Steevens stole quietly to his work, without disturbing the repose of his friend.

Dr. Samuel Johnson removed to chambers in this Inn, on the breaking up of his establishment in Gough Square, Fleet Street, where he had resided for ten years. We find him writing, under date of 23rd March, 1759, to Miss Porter:—

"Dear Madam,—I beg your pardon for having so long omitted to write. One thing or other has put me off. I have this day moved my things, and you are now to direct to me at Staple Inn, London. . . . I am going to publish a little story book, which I will send you, when it is out. Write to me, my dearest girl, for I am always glad to hear from you.—I am, my dear, your humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

The "little story-book" was "Rasselas," which he seems to have written here, at least, in part. Of this entertaining and, at the same time, profound performance, Boswell says:—"Johnson wrote it, that with the profits he might defray the expense of his mother's funeral, and pay some little debts which she had left. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he composed it in the evenings of one week, sent it to press in portions, as it was written, and had never since read it over. Mr. Stahan, Mr. Johnston, and Mr. Dodsley purchased it for £100, but afterwards paid him £25 more, when it came to a second edition."

"Considering the large sums which have been

required for compilations, and works requiring not much more genius than compilations, we cannot but wonder," adds Boswell, "at the very low price which he was content to receive for this admirable performance, which, though he had written nothing else, would have rendered his name immortal in the world of literature. None of his writings has been so extensively diffused over Europe; for it has been translated into most, if not all, of the modern languages. This tale, with all the charms of Oriental infatigery, and all the force and beauty of which the English language is capable, leads us through the most important scenes of human life, and shows us that this stage of our being is full of 'vanity and vexation of spirit.' To those who look no further than the present life, or who maintain that human nature has not fallen from the state in which it was created, the instruction of this sublime story will be of no avail; but those who think

justly, and feel with strong sensibility, will listen with eagerness and admiration to its truth and wisdom."

There was an alarming fire in Staple Inn, 27th November, 1756. It consumed several chambers, and two women and two children perished in the flames. The hall fortunately escaped destruction.

With this description of Holborn and the Inns of Court, which form its most interesting feature, we terminate our account of Old and New London east of Temple Bar. In the succeeding volumes we shall move westward, from the same starting point, along the Strand, through Westminster, and the western portions of London, and across the water into Southwark. The ground over which we shall travel will be found as replete with memories and associations of past history, and striking features of modern progress, as any of that which we have already surveyed.